

Concordia Seminary - Saint Louis

Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary

The Lutheran Pioneer

Print Publications

1-1-1885

The Lutheran Pioneer 1885

R. A. Bischoff (Editor)

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran_pioneer



Part of the [Missions and World Christianity Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1885" (1885). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 7.
https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran_pioneer/7

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Print Publications at Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lutheran Pioneer by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary. For more information, please contact seitzw@csl.edu.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1885.

No. 1.

A Little While.

"A little while" of mingled joy and sorrow,
A few more years to wander here below,
To wait the dawning of that golden morrow,
When morn shall break above our night of woe.

A few more thorns about our pathway growing,
Ere yet our hands may cull the heavenly flowers,
The morn will come; but first the tearful sowing,
Ere we may rest these weary souls of ours.

A little longer in this vale of weeping,
Of yearning for the sinless home above;
"A little while" of watching, and of keeping
Our garments, by the power of Him we love.

"A little while" for winning souls to Jesus,
Ere yet we see His beauty face to face;
"A little while" for healing soul diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

"A little while" to tell the joyful story
Of Him who made our guilt and curse His own;
"A little while," ere we behold the glory,
To gain fresh jewels for our heavenly crown.

"A little while," and we shall dwell forever
Within our bright, our everlasting home,
Where time, or space, or death no more can sever
Our grief-wrung hearts, and pain can never come.

'Tis but "a little while"—the way is dreary,
The night is dark, but we are nearing land:
Oh for the rest of heaven, for we are weary,
And long to mingle with the deathless band!

—G. S.

Whiter Than Snow.

It was a cold winter's morning, and the poor in their cabins among the hills felt the pinch of want in many ways. In one of these cabins lived Aunt Susan. She had long known the sorrows that follow in the train of poverty and sickness, and often had she moistened her scanty meal of bread and water with bitter tears, yet she knew not God's way of peace. She had tried to find peace and rest by her own doings, and on that New Year's morning she again resolved to do this and to do that, yet she was not at rest. A Christian friend that morning stopped in to see her and spoke about the new year and about death and the grave being nearer. "Oh," said Aunt Susan, "I've

been a sinner all my days, and my heart is black and filthy, and I dread to die." "Yes," said her friend, "'Tis all true what you say about yourself, for God who knows all things has given us a terrible picture in the Bible of what is in our hearts. But He has also given us another picture, and that of His heart. It is seen in those words which tell us of the Saviour born at Bethlehem, whose name was called Jesus, because He saves us from all our sins. It is seen in such loving words as these: 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John 3, 16.) Now, I do believe in Him who has done and suffered all for me. And since I thus rest my soul on Jesus, I am not afraid to die, for all my sins are forgiven, as God assures me in His word. He is the eternal truth and cannot lie."

"O, sir," sighed Aunt Susan, "I wish my heart was as good as yours."

"My heart," said her friend, "is very bad, and black by nature and by actual sins, but the Lord has cleansed me, and made me 'whiter than snow.' Just look at the beautiful snow which is coming down so fast; it has covered all that black, dirty earth since I have been talking with you. Now listen to what God says: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool'" (Isa. 1, 18.).

And as old Auntie looked out of the window and saw the beautiful white robe of snow that had covered the filthy ground, she cried out, "Oh, how beautiful!" "Yes," said her friend, "and this is how God sees all who trust in Jesus; they are covered with His beautiful white robe of righteousness, so that nothing is seen but Christ." "Oh, I see it now," said old Auntie, "the righteousness of Jesus, and not our own, is the white dress with which we can come before God. It is spotless, and whiter than the beautiful snow." And thus looking away from her own sinful self unto Jesus, she lost her burden, and joy took the place of grief.

Dear reader, the new year tells you that you are nearer the grave and the judgment. Are you covered with that white robe that has not a spot upon it—the righteousness of Christ?

Or are you yet in your sins, because of unbelief, and vainly seeking by your own doings to fit yourself for that day when you must appear before that Judge who will make no mistake? O look unto Jesus and accept Him as your only Saviour! You can then say with sure confidence in God: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." (Isa. 61, 10.)

Daily Prayer.

The fishermen of Brittany (so the story goes) are wont to utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide." How touchingly beautiful the words and the thought! Might not the same petition be uttered with as much directness every morning and every evening of our daily life—"Keep me, God; for my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide"? Keep me, my God, keep me from the perils and temptations that throng around me as I go about my daily duties. "My boat is so small"—I am so weak, so helpless, so prone to wander, so forgetful of thy loving kindness! I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of the world; I am buffeted about by sharp adversity, and driven before the storms of grief and sorrow. Except thou dost keep me I must perish. Keep me, my God, for "Thy ocean is so wide"—the journey is long, and the days and years are many. "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust. Deliver me in Thy righteousness."

Rest in Christ.

The needle in the compass never stands still till it comes right to the north pole. The wise men of the East never stood still till they were right against the star which appeared unto them; and the star itself never stood still till it came right against that other Star which shone more brightly in the manger than the sun in the firmament. So we must not stand still till our hearts rest against the heart of Jesus.

An Epiphany Lesson.

In the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew we read that the wise men from the East, after having found and seen the Saviour in the manger of Bethlehem, *opened their treasures unto Him*. There is an important lesson to be learned by all the children of God. They have found the Saviour in the manger of the Gospel, they behold Him with the eye of faith, and in living gratitude they should open their treasures unto Him. They do this by aiding those who are in need. Dr. Luther says to all Christians: "Whosoever with his money and property assists poor and forsaken persons, or contributes liberally to the support of schools and institutions in which young persons are educated in the word of God and in the sciences to become useful in the Church, gives in reality his offerings unto Jesus."

The Epiphany festival especially reminds us of the duty we have in regard to our mission work. The glad tidings of the Saviour born at Bethlehem shall be to *all* people. Not only the shepherds of Bethlehem, but also the gentiles from the far East worshipped at the manger of the Christ-Child and found in Him eternal salvation. The Gospel of this Saviour is still to be brought to those who know it not, and to this end our labor and our money are needed. If our hearts have been opened unto Jesus, we will also gladly open our treasures unto Him for the spread of His kingdom. Let me tell you

A STORY OF A LITTLE BOYS' MISSIONARY OFFERING.

A Lutheran pastor, in whose congregation great zeal had been awakened for mission work among the Africans, relates the following: Some months ago a young married couple set out to pay me a visit. As they left home, their little boy, of four years, ran out and begged to be taken with them. When I had ended my counsel to the parents, I showed the little fellow, who had been very quiet and attentive, a picture of the birth of Christ (it was Christmas time), and as I told him about the Child Jesus, his face grew bright with smiles. "Now," I said, "I shall sing you a verse about Jesus," and as I sang, his face grew brighter still, and he asked me to sing it again. We prayed together, and they went home. A short time after, the child got very ill; the first time I visited him, he could speak quite well about Jesus and heaven and the angels, but they sent for me a week after, saying, he would not be comforted unless he heard me sing that Christmas hymn again. They had tried, but only the pastor would satisfy him. So we sang, and spoke, and prayed, and the next day he fell asleep in Jesus. A few days after, his parents brought to me a purse in which he had kept all his gifts and little treasures, and said, "That is for the heathen." It was nearly \$10. The little boy had told them to give it all for mission work. He had learned to love Jesus and opened his treasures unto Him.

Something to Hold On By.

How loudly the flight of time speaks to us! Another year is gone, and eternity is nearer. The new year might be our last year upon earth. It will be well for us to have something to hold on by in our last hour.

A woman who had been a prominent lecturer on infidelity came to her dying pillow. Being much disturbed in her mind, her friends gathered about her and exhorted her to "hold on to the last."

"Yes, I have no objection to holding on," said the dying woman, "but will you tell me what I am to hold on by?"

These words so deeply impressed an infidel standing by that he was led to renounce the delusion.

False doctrine will not do "to hold on by" in the solemn hour of death.

"Father," said a young man as he lay dying, "I find eternal punishment which I have so long disputed, now to be in awful reality." At another time he said, "As soon as I am dead, write to brother E., and to Z. T., and S. T., that the doctrine we have tried to propagate is an awful delusion—that it forsook me on my deathbed."

Said another under similar circumstances, "For several years past I have followed the doctrines of W. and B., Universalist preachers, and believed as they did; but I find it all a delusion now. Tell my old friends not to trust in such a refuge of lies, but to repent and be converted."

How different it was with D. A. Tyng, called away so suddenly from life. "Oh, how dearly I love you all," he said. "But I would rather be with Jesus. Lay me straight in the bed, father, and cover me up, and let me wait my Father's time." When sight and hearing were growing dull, he seemed not to recognize his friends, but on his father's asking, "My darling son, do you know Jesus?" he answered with sudden animation, "Oh, yes; oh, yes. I know Jesus! I have a steadfast trust in Jesus—a calm and steadfast trust." That was something by which he could hold fast to the end. And such trust may we all have on our dying bed.

What is Your Life?

What is your life? The Bible says, "It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." It flies away as a dream, and cannot be found. Our life is wind. It moves swifter than a weaver's shuttle. It is as a tale that is told. It is swifter than a post.

Short as life is, we strangely desire each period of it shortened. The child longs to be full grown. The youth at school wishes for the day when he will assume the duties of manhood. The man of business lives in hope of the time when he shall retire. It is marvelous how men waste their present moments.

Short as life is, it is the seed-time of eternity.

Whatsoever a man sows here, he shall be reaping to all eternity. If he sows the wind, he shall reap the whirlwind. If he sows to the flesh, he shall reap corruption. If he sows in righteousness, he shall reap in mercy. If he sows to the Spirit, he shall reap life everlasting. This life is the day of grace, the season of mercy, when enduring riches may be secured. Many have seized the moments as they passed, and become immensely rich in faith, in good works, in bright hopes, and in a blessed inheritance beyond the skies.

To every man life is the beginning of endless, shoreless, fathomless, inconceivable happiness or misery. To the wicked the end of life is the end of all sinful mirth and pleasure. To the righteous the end of their earthly existence is the end of all doubt and pain. There is no middle course. "The man who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose." Time mis-spent is not lived, but lost.

In former days public executioners carried an hour-glass to the place of death, and set it down before the unhappy criminal, telling him that when the sands were all run, he must close his eyes on earth. Sometimes his spiritual adviser said to him, "Your sands are almost run," and he saw it was so. But the sands that measure our days are hidden from our eyes. They have been running for some time. They are running now. They may all be run in another minute. But we may live some days, or months, or years. This is our solemn condition. Yet how few are impressed by it.

Some indeed are wise. They live very much each day as they would if they knew it would be their last. They are waiting and watching. Should they at any time hear the cry, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh, they would respond, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." These are wise. They are wise unto salvation. They shall shine as the firmament. They shall be forever with the Lord.—*W. P.*

The Reason.

When the first missionaries of Madagascar had been successful in the conversion of some of the islanders there, a Christian sea Captain asked a former chief what it was that first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard, or book which you read?" asked the captain.

"No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book or sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day long; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man get something inside him, which makes him different; so I became a Christian too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me, to keep me from being bad."

WHAT God gives men as stepping-stones, they often make into stumbling-blocks.



Seeing I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides me daily food,
And His lamb by name doth call,
For He knows and loves them all.

Guided by His gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need.
When I thirst, my feet he brings
To the fresh and living springs.

Shall I not rejoice for this?
He is mine, and I am His:
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in His arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven;
Ah, what joy hath Jesus given!

The Shepherd.

How often is our Lord Jesus set before us in the Scriptures under the title of the shepherd! As the good shepherd (John 10, 14.), He came down from heaven to seek and to save that which was lost; as the smitten shepherd (Zech. 13, 7.), He endured the wrath and bore the judgment due to sinners; and as the great Shepherd (Heb. 13, 20.), He is now the Risen One watching over and caring for His flock, leading and guiding them upon their way, and supplying their every need out of His unsearchable riches. Happy is he who, on entering the new year, can say with a believing heart: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," Psalm 23.

Each Day, Its Verse.

In an old German village in the heart of Bavaria, in a queer old house, that looked as if it had never been built but sprouted and grown, and had never been pruned, one day long ago sat by her sunny, deep window, an old lady, who herself looked as if she had only grown, like a prune or a fig, into something sweet and good, and would keep forever.

She was knitting now, and had been knitting always, and it seemed she might continue to knit, as well, if not a little better, till the end of time. I dare say she had covered many miles of hands and feet in her life time, and made them warm. How much of her had gone into needle and yarn, who can tell?

But other things are knitting and are knitted day by day. Heads and hearts and souls are knitting all the time.

So as the needles flashed in the light, old Mathilde said, "No day without its verse."

Before her sat a young girl as fair of face as apple-bloom; white and pink and red blended from her cheek to brow, and yellow strands of hair lay down to her waist. A great Bible lay in her lap, from which she was about to read. Now she paused and listened, and lifted her clear, blue, untaught eyes.

"They are Master Luther's words," said Mathilde, "and good words they are, my dear, true as the sun."

"Stitch by stitch,
Minute by minute,
Verse by verse,

That is the way all good work comes,
No day without its verse."

The woman paused. The young girl went on reading the wonderful old words of inspiration that have thrilled millions of hearts down through all the centuries to this day.

She read, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. Whither I go ye know and the way ye know."

At every added sentence the old lady swayed back and forth, and muttered, "Yes, yes, yes. That is enough, my child, to-day—enough and enough, and more than enough. To-day we will have, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' and our hearts will not be troubled. They will be quiet as the warm sunlight falling in the window, untroubled as the birds flitting hither and thither through the vines. We Children of the Christ may not be afraid, or dismayed or discouraged when He saith, 'Let not thy heart be troubled.' 'Aye, 'tis a precious verse, for He stands on the other side, beyond our seeing, and sees the things we may not see, and knows the things we may not know; and so He whispers all the day, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' for He knows the worst that can come to any one is not fatal; no, not if this old body is tied to the stake and the flames consume it," and she dropped her knitting and uplifted her two hard old hands—"not fatal so long as this is secure," and she laid her hand on her heart, and her aged face was lit with a strange radiance. "For, as Master Luther learned, 'The just shall live by faith,' why, therefore, be troubled? why? And when he had learned that lesson, he goes on and on, with every day its verse, its blessed verse, until all are in our hands, too. To-morrow, child, we will think about the many mansions, and after that about the Comforter, even the Spirit

of truth, Who in troubled times brings to the remembrance the precious words a poor old head cannot always hold when other things crowd in.

"So, so, so! little by little, stitch by stitch, day by day, and verse by verse, does everything go on, and truth is the same forever, as the trembling leaves and the bursting flowers, and the waters, with the breeze across it."

The little girl turned her blue eyes out of the little casement and wondered what good Mathilde could mean, and wondered too, why she liked to be beside the old lady and read the good Book to her. And she wondered, too, if she would know all about it from first to last. And then she thought "May be, I shall, if I go stitch by stitch in patience and in love."

—R. H.

A Strange Playmate.

Away in a pioneer home a father was starting off on his horse one morning, when his little girl of three pleaded to go with him for a little ride. She had often been with him before, and the little hands were lifted up so eagerly, he could not well refuse. So little Lucy was lifted to the saddle before him, and taken on a few rods from the cabin door, and then dropped down to the ground again and bidden to "run home to her mother."

The father looked back more than once, and saw that the little one was standing still in the road, and that finally she sat down in the sand to play. Still thinking all was well with home so near, he went on his way. What was his dismay to find on his return that Lucy was not there. The mother supposed she had "gone with father," and so worked on without anxiety.

Hope died in their hearts when they went to the spot where she was last seen. There in the sand were the prints of a great bear's feet. How could they hope ever to see their darling child again? But they must know her fate. So bands of men were hastily gathered to follow the trail, and search in every possible haunt of bears in that region. Oh, how a mother's heart must have prayed for her little one, and how long the hours seemed! Night wore away and no tidings yet.

But in the morning two hunters who had joined in the search heard a child's voice in a very dense swampy thicket. They called to her to come to them, but she replied the bear would not let her. Then the men crept through the bushes, and the bear splashed in the water and ran away. It was a great cinnamon-bear and had not harmed her, except as thorns and bushes had scratched her. Sometimes she said he would set her down to rest, and then would put his nose up to her face. She did not like his affection and would slap him. Then he would hang his head and rub against her, purring like a cat. When asked if she was not cold in the night, she said no, for the old bear put his arms around her, and kept her warm, but she did not like his long hair.

There were not many happier homes in the land that day than little Lucy's. How wonderfully God had changed the bear's fierceness into gentleness, and made use of its natural love for its own young, to make it loving to this little one! We can see very well how God took care of Lucy, but we do not know in how many unseen dangers he protects us every day.

Olive.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE present issue begins the Seventh volume of THE LUTHERAN PIONEER. It is a cause for gratitude to the Master to learn from letters recently received that He has used it also during the past year for the spread and the growth of His kingdom. We consider it a precious privilege to minister to a congregation of 5000 readers, but under the burden of other labors we also feel the responsibility resting upon us, and gladly would we have laid down our pen. But it seems to be the will of the Lord that we continue in our work and we do it with the prayer that He may be pleased to use "the weak things" in His kingdom also in the coming year.

—THE New York Nation, commenting on the panic and the business failures of the past year, says: "The great trouble of the day is, that religion does not interfere enough with business life. The separation of religion and business has long been painfully evident. It is too much the custom for business men to leave their religion up town during business hours. It is told of one of our prominent financiers, that, being reproached with some sharp practice in Wall Street, as unbecoming in so prominent a professor of religion as he was, he said, 'Up town I endeavor to do my duty to God, the Church and my family, but down town I have to take care of myself.'"

—DURING the Romish Council, recently held in Baltimore, one of the bishops said, "Protestantism did nothing for liberty." The bishop perhaps does not know that one of the greatest Roman-catholic writers of recent times says: "It is not incorrect to say, that Luther has been the restorer of liberty in modern times. . . . To whom do I owe the power of publishing what I am now inditing except to this liberator?"

—COMMENTING on the claim made by the Romish bishops in Baltimore that the world owes all liberty to the pope's church, Harper's Weekly says: "They claim for their church what the facts of history positively deny. They can hardly expect Americans to accept such an astounding statement. The liberty which the Roman-catholic church enjoys in the United States is the product of Protestantism—a liberty which the Roman church never conceded when possessed of political power. At the time of the Reformation this church was crushing liberty, and but for the intervention of the Reformer would have held the world in bondage until this day. Luther spoke the truth when he said that but for the revival of which he was the leader, religion would have become extinct in Germany. The most superficial acquaintance with modern history is sufficient for the refutation of these episcopal perversions of plain matters of fact."

—A CORRESPONDENT of a Philadelphia paper, speaking of the Romish council in Baltimore, writes: "There was a grand reception given to the Romish dignitaries in one of our public

halls, but poor Patrick and his Bridget were not there; neither were my Irish servant and her beau, Mike O'Flannagan. It cost too much."

—THERE was an addition of twenty thousand pupils to the schools of the Norwegian Lutheran missions in the interior of Madagascar last year.

—How wonderfully the Spirit of God works through the Word of God! A touching incident is given by an English missionary in Central Africa concerning a slave boy, Dumurila, who had read the Testament with him for a while, but afterward was missed, and it was not known where he was. One day a heathen lad brought to the missionary a copy of the Testament, saying that Dumurila had died, and the day before his death had read the Gospel all day long; that he had asked this companion to bring water from a pool near by, and when it was brought bade him sprinkle it upon his head, and name over him the names of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He charged his friend to take the Testament to the missionary, and soon after died.

—THAT is a pleasant and touching story told of the work of Miss Isabella A. Nassau on the Western coast of Africa, who was for several years the only white person in her locality. She devoted most of her time to teaching little African boys. After the lessons of the day were over the evening hours were devoted to their amusement. She would chat with them about her far-off country, sing to them beautiful hymns, and show them entertaining and instructive pictures. Tenderly and patiently she taught them, till they received a culture that would do honor to students of our own land. The Master was ever near, blessing the work so lovingly and faithfully done for Him. One after another of those boys—there were twenty of them—was brought to a personal knowledge of Him.

—CLOSING our window, we wish all our contributors—where are they?—and all our friends and readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Short Stops.

—A PREACHER remarked one Sunday that it was said that liberalism is creeping into all the churches. "If that is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

—A CERTAIN little Pharisee, who was praying for his big brother, showed a good deal of human nature, even if he was only six years old. He prayed, "Oh Lord, bless brother Bill, and make him as good a boy as I am."

—A CHRISTIAN rode in a stage-coach with a young man who swore a great deal. When they stopped to change horses the Christian said to him, "Young man, I perceive from the registry books that you and I are going to travel together a long distance in this coach. I have a favor to ask of you. I am getting to be an old man, and if I should so far forget

myself at any time as to swear you will oblige me if you will caution me about it." The young man instantly apologized, and offended no more. Do not allow profaneness or obscenity in your presence.

Something for Women.

A preacher said there were three things a woman should be and not be at the same time. First, she should be like the snail, always keeping within her own house; but she should not do like the snail, which carries all it has upon its back. Second, she should be like an echo, and speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, which always manages to have the last word. Third, she should be like the town clock, and always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like the town clock, which speaks so loud that all the town can hear it.

TRIALS and crosses are part of your daily portion; but God promises you strength according to your day, therefore expect strength in every trying season.

BOOK-TABLE.

GOTT SEGNE DICH! Eine Auswahl von Stammbuchversen, Neujahrs-, Geburtstags-, Paten-, Hochzeits- und sonstigen Segenswünschen, gesammelt von August Crull, Professor am Concordia College zu Fort Wayne, Ind.—Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.25, postage 10 cts.

DER TOD DES FROMMEN UND DER TOD DES GOTTLOSEN. Eine Sammlung von geschichtlichen Begebenheiten aus alter und neuer Zeit. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 30 cts., postage included.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalla Strs.

Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.

Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10—12.
Catechumen class meets from 7—8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8—9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1885.

No. 2.

Only Trust Him.

"BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT TRUSTETH IN HIM."

Psalm 31, 8.

Trust in the *Loving One*,
Jesus, thy Friend,
Who loveth thee always,
And loves to the end.
John 13, 1.

Trust in the *Dying One*:
Atonement He made:
The wrath He has borne,
Thy debt He has paid.
Rom. 5, 6.

Trust in the *Risen One*,
Mighty to save;
For He did destroy
Both death and the grave.
1 Cor. 15, 55-57.

Trust the *Ascended One*,
Seated on high;
Through Him to the Father
Alone we draw nigh.
Heb. 4, 14-16.

Trust in the *Living One*:
None can thee sever
From Him who was dead,
But now liveth ever.
John 14, 19.

Trust in the *Coming One*,
Coming for thee;
Soon with Him in glory
Safe home thou shalt be.
John 14, 3.

Trust in the *Reigning One*,
Never to fall;
Trust, love, and praise Him,
Christ, All in All.
Col. 3, 11.

—Selected.

Salvation Prepared.

In Christ salvation is fully prepared for all sinners. In the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke we read that Simeon, a just and devout man, waiting for the consolation of Israel, took the child Jesus up in his arms, and blessed God, and said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the

Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." The sinner is not to prepare his salvation. It is prepared already. Neither is he to add anything in order to make it perfect or suited to his need. It is a salvation which God has prepared, and hence it must be perfect, and exactly suited to the need of every sinner. Simeon taking the Christ-child up in his arms in true faith; and the outcast woman, weeping at the feet of Jesus; and the chief of publicans, welcoming the Saviour to his home and to his heart; and the dying thief, looking to the Crucified One, found salvation prepared in Him and rejoiced.

Not only for the Jews, but also for the Gentiles—for all sinners this salvation is prepared in Christ, who united our human nature with His divine nature in His own Person. Therefore all sinners are called to the marriage feast of the Son of God. The Father invites all. "Behold, I have prepared my dinner; my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: Come unto the marriage," (Matt. 22, 4.). The dinner is already prepared; the sacrifice has been offered and accepted; the Father's arms are ready to welcome the sinner; the Holy Spirit is ready to comfort him; the angels are ready to minister unto him; all heaven is ready to receive him. Reader, how can you escape if you neglect this great salvation? If you make light of it, you will be speechless with shame and confusion and terror, when the King comes. Do not reject this salvation in unbelief or in selfrighteousness. God is satisfied only with the salvation prepared in His beloved Son. Be you also satisfied with this full and free salvation and rejoice over it. An old saint was asked by a skeptic, "What is the Gospel you believe, and how do you believe it?" The answer was, "God is satisfied with the work of His Son; this is what I believe, and I am satisfied with it; this is how I believe."

Communion with God.

The editor was busy in his study, when his "sweet pet" suddenly came into the room. "What do you want, little one?" he asked,

as he raised his eyes. "Nothing, papa," she answered, "I just want to be with you." She did not come to ask for something, but simply wanted to be with him, and this sent a joyful thrill through his heart.

It is the sweet privilege of every child of God, not only to come to our heavenly Father in supplication, but to be in constant communion with Him. And what is the ground of this communion? Jesus Christ in whom God is well pleased as His beloved Son, and when we are well pleased with Him as our beloved Saviour, God and we have a common interest and delight, there is Communion with God. We will then just want to be with Him, apart from all thought of personal advantage.

A story of the excellent commentator Bengel is going the rounds that is in illustration of a true Christian's communion with God. "An American minister was once a guest at Bengel's house, and had an intense curiosity to see and know more of the secret life of the man whose simple and saintly piety was even more remarkable than his learning. One night after he had taken leave of his host, he lingered in an adjoining apartment with the door ajar so that he could hear the last words of his evening devotions. In a little while Bengel put aside his papers and books, and closing his Bible knelt down and uttered this simple prayer: 'Lord Jesus, things are still the same between us;' and then retired for the night."

Beautiful fellowship! The childlike Christian walked so closely and constantly with his Lord that neither business nor conversation could interrupt his communion, and life was all one service and devotion.

Children.

"These are my jewels," said a poor Roman lady, pointing to her two boys, when she was asked by a rich lady to show her treasures. Her children were not baptized. How much more may the Christians look upon their children as treasures after they have been baptized and made heirs of heaven.

GOD is more willing to give than we are to ask.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

As it might be of some interest to the readers of the PIONEER to learn what has been done in the field of our Colored Mission during the past year, we will here give a condensed statement. With the year that once was future and once was ours we started out with many good resolutions and many bright hopes. But as we now reflect a little on the past, we find, like many others, perhaps, that we have not been able to carry out all our resolutions, and all our hopes have not been realized. We did not indulge in any silly reveries, nor did we build castles in the air, but we cherished the hope that we would be instrumental in bringing a larger number of redeemed souls into the fold of the church than the year previous. "But my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord." So far from being disappointed because our plans and hopes have not been realized, we are content with and thankful for whatever little God has been pleased to accomplish through his servants.

Our sanctuaries have not always been thronged with hearers hungry for the bread of life. We have, indeed, had many a large assembly, that has listened devoutly and attentively to the preaching of the Gospel, but the average attendance has not exceeded sixty. The Lord's Supper, celebrated once every six weeks, has been administered to 116 communicants. To the number of members 20 have been added and 24 have been received into the church through Holy Baptism. The majority of these were catechumens. The colored people, as a general thing, do not baptize children in their infancy; with some it is utter negligence, with others principle, but whether it be the one or the other the Savior's command as well as the Savior's promise are disregarded. We have thought it our sacred duty to admonish all parents who send unbaptized children to our schools to bring them to Jesus Christ in Holy Baptism. In this as in many other things it takes time before the people can be convinced and persuaded to obey the will of the Lord. But our endeavors have not been entirely without success. Eight are now being instructed preparatory to Baptism and fifteen are preparing for Confirmation. To Church, mission and other purposes our congregations and schools have this year contributed about \$200.00, not a very small sum considering the number of contributors and their straightened circumstances.—190; mostly regular scholars, have crowded our school-rooms. Numerous applications have been and are still being made for admission, but the teachers have more already than they in justice to themselves can attend to. The deportment of the children is not so much complained of as before, and the diligence with which they pursue their studies is every thing that could be

wished for. There are exceptions of course. In the Sunday School which numbers 200 scholars Miss Mary Joseph and Mr. Berkhalter are assisting. Mr. Berkhalter takes an active part in our mission work.

On Christmas eve young and old flocked to their respective houses of worship. After appropriate services, the Christmas-trees were lighted and presents distributed to the children. Mrs. Benfore, a member of the St. Paul's congregation, presented the church with a neat contribution plate, for which we hereby return our grateful acknowledgment.—During summer vacation the Mt. Zion Church received some needed repairs. The ceiling being in a dangerous condition it was taken down and replastered and the walls whitewashed. Congregation and Sunday School have presented the Church with beautiful chandeliers, which will do away with the smoking reflector, reduce the gas bills, and be an ornament to the church. Rev. Prof. A. Crull of Fort Wayne, who was here on a short visit, preached for us last Sunday, but owing to disagreeable, bad weather the colored people did not turn out as they otherwise would have done.—At the last meeting of the Synodical Conference, the Honorable Board of Mission was empowered to increase the missionary force in New Orleans as soon as sufficient means were on hand. It is to be hoped that the friends of our mission will at an early date send in their contributions and thus enable the Board to send us the much needed help. May the Lord, who has begun the work and hitherto richly blessed it, continue to respond to our prayers, and in our churches and schools add blessings to the works of our hands.

New Orleans, La., January 14th, 1885.

MISSIONARY.

What do the Colored People Need?

"What do the Colored people in the South need?" was asked of some one who had been traveling in that part of our country. "The spelling book," was the answer. Well, yes, they need the spelling book. But this alone will not do. A secular education is not enough. A clergyman writing from a part of the South says that the brighter ones among the colored people are beginning to reach up after the intelligence of which they get some conception from the schools and teachers, and they also turn away from the superstition which passes among the colored masses for religion. But they at the same time turn away from all religion as if it was all alike ridiculous. Some of them have even grown so far as to ape some foolish white people and announce themselves "skeptics" and "agnostics." The danger is that as intelligence increases the old "religion" will be exchanged, not for true Christian religion, but for downright unbelief, and that the whole colored population may thus be turned in the direction of indifference and infidelity.

The colored people need not only the spelling book, but the Bible along with the spelling book. They need the Gospel. It is this which will save them. This cannot be given them in the public schools. The State does not and cannot aim to make people religious. To the Church Christ gave the command, "Preach the Gospel." The Church alone can give the colored people what they need—a thorough religious education. The work of our Lutheran missionaries among the colored people in church and in the day-school may be thought light of by many, but it amounts to far more than all the costly efforts recently made on a large scale in the direction of a secular education. In our schools the colored pupils not only learn what they need for this life, but also what they need for the life to come. May God bless the work of our self-denying missionaries! And may our Lutheran people be awakened to a greater interest in this most important work; for the duty of sending the colored people the Gospel—the Bible along with the spelling book—is one that no Christian should disregard.

Persecution in Madeira.

A Portuguese servant girl has been living for some time in an English family, and has been taught Scripture texts, and many hymns, which were translated into Portuguese by Dr. Kalley; latterly she has expressed great dislike for the mass and other ceremonies of the Church of Rome, refusing to attend them, and showing real conversion of heart to God's truth as it is set forth in His Word. She repeats with great facility whole chapters of the New Testament in Portuguese. Her father is a bigoted Romanist, and the other day demanded her Bible; the girl cried bitterly, and positively declined to part with it unless it was returned to her. This was promised. The Bible was taken to the bishop, who is a Jesuit. He said, "The Book has some good and some bad things in it." After the bishop's opinion had been given the father took the Bible to some Jesuit Sisters of Charity of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, who have succeeded in getting a great deal of money from the Protestant visitors to the island by means of bazaars, &c.; these sisters said, "The Book is a very bad one, and ought to be burned immediately." The father, however, had promised his daughter to give the Book back to her, and this he did. He has since made a great effort to get the girl removed from her situation, and on one occasion, when he had taken her out by the front door, she ran down a side street and went into the house by the back door. Since then she has been left in comparative peace. Occasionally she visits her father, and always begins and ends her conversation with the Bible.

A DEAR old Christian woman said, "If God saw nothing in me to love before I was born, I am sure He has seen nothing since."

The Sailor Boy's Bible.

I have been a sailor for many years, writes one who is now a pastor, and have served in both the naval and merchant services; in the latter service I filled the position of chief officer on board a large vessel off Old Calabar, on the coast of Africa, at a time when "Yellow Jack" (fever) was committing fearful ravages among our poor fellows. It was my melancholy duty to go down each morning to the lower deck to see if any had died during the previous night.

On one occasion I was fulfilling this sad but necessary duty, and after passing from hammock to hammock on that portion of the deck given to the sick, I was grasped by a cold and clammy hand, and turning, I beheld a dying shipmate, for whom no earthly hope could be entertained, as he showed all the symptoms of having reached that crisis in his fearful disease known as "black vomit."

With great effort he was able to address me; and in a tone of voice so unearthly and pitiful as even to arrest the attention of many sufferers around him, he said; "Oh, sir! for God's sake let some one read the Bible to me, for I'm dying; if you pass the word, sir, surely some one will have a Bible."

I immediately did so, but not a single seaman in the ship had a Bible. However, a little boy, who was an apprentice on board, came up to me and said: "Sir, I have a Bible in my chest in the half-deck, and I will bring it and read for poor Richards, if you will allow me.

"God bless you, my boy," said the dying man in reply, as I gave him the order to bring the Bible.

During the time the little boy was bringing the Word of God, many of the sailors and Kroo-men collected around the hammock of

the dying. They did not come to see the poor fellow die, for the sight of death there was a daily occurrence: it was, as one of the Kroo boys expressed it, to see what "dem good book to do for poor Massa Richie, dat time he no ketchy toder place."

The apprentice returned in a few moments, holding in his hand a new Bible; he came close to the dying man, and having opened the Bible at the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John, he read these words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

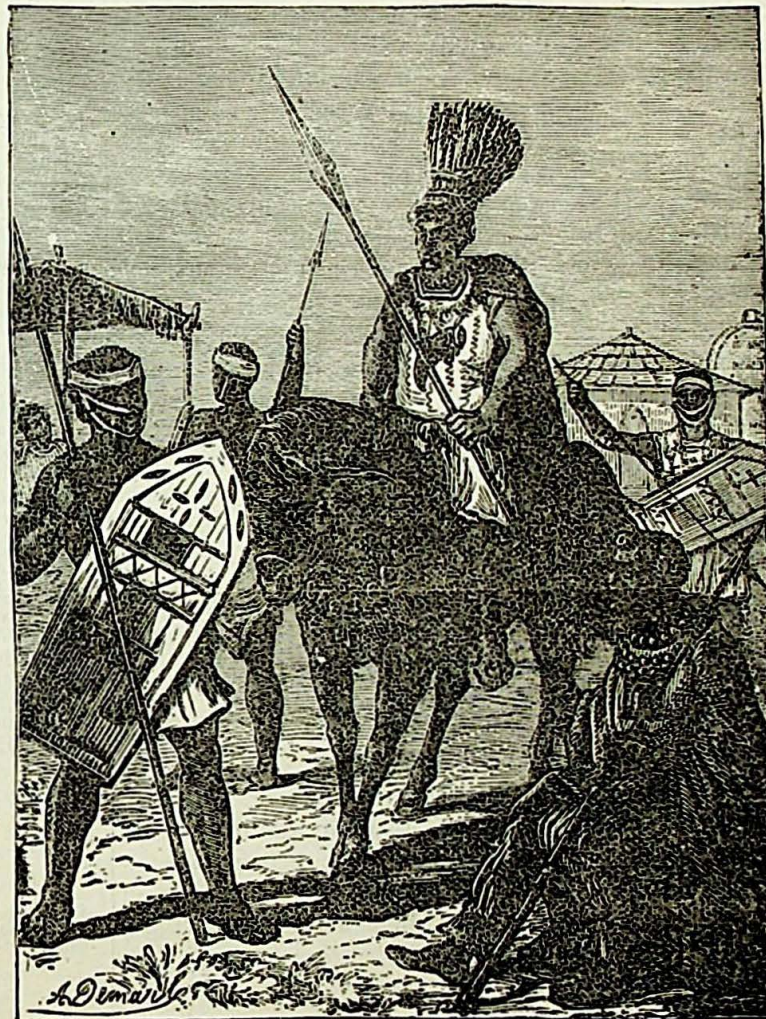
All our attention was fixed on the dying man while those words were solemnly and quietly read. The little boy was continuing to read when he was interrupted by Richards exclaim-

ing in a loud and excited tone, "Stop, my boy, stop! read that again; and again the boy read the words, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And again he was interrupted a second, a third, and a fourth time by the dying request, "Stop, my boy, stop! read that again," until the struggling soul learned by heart these precious words, and the departing spirit was employed in faintly repeating the sacred text, upon which it was enabled with true faith to rest.

words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This narrative affords an instance of what one single copy of the Bible may achieve, when the blessing of God attends its reading. The great day alone will tell how much good the reading of that text, so singularly chosen by the Spirit's teaching and direction, will have accomplished upon those others who were impressed, and have been lost sight of by the author.



Natives of Western Africa.

After a short pause, I looked around, and beheld the tears rolling down many a weather-beaten face, and observed even the dark countenances of the Kroo-men to turn pale.

It is difficult, and I may say impossible, to describe the solemn, impressive awe which pervaded the whole circle from the time the Bible was brought in. It made a lasting impression upon myself, which was considerably increased when I afterwards learned that the Bible was the gift of a widowed mother to her only child on his parting with her in Liverpool.

Often, months after, when keeping my watch and walking the deck, that entire scene came before me; and my heart is now but too anxious to testify how God hath mercifully dealt with my soul in conversion through this incident, and by the power of His grace on these

up to the desk and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of the diptheria?"

"No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you be if you thought you would be sick and die?"

"No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher for a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted, as she said, "Oh, I know! you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide!"

Yes, this is the only true hiding-place for old, for young, for rich, for poor—all.

Do any of you know of a safer or a better?

—Dr. Norton.

Hidden and Safe.

One morning a teacher went, as usual, to the school-room, and found many vacant seats. Two little scholars lay at their homes cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered the village, and the few children present that morning at school gathered around the teacher, and said, "Oh, what shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick, and die too?"

She gently touched the bell as a signal for silence, and observed, "Children, you are all afraid of this terrible disease. You mourn for the death of our dear little friends; and you fear that you may be taken also. I only know of one way of escape, and that is to hide."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on; "I will read to you about this hiding-place;" and read Psalm 91: "Whoso dwelleth under the defense of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and the morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl sidled up to the desk and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of the diptheria?"

"No, my child," she answered.

"Well, wouldn't you be if you thought you would be sick and die?"

"No, my dear, I trust not."

Looking at the teacher for a moment with wondering eyes, her face lighted, as she said, "Oh, I know! you are hidden under God's wings. What a nice place to hide!"

Yes, this is the only true hiding-place for old, for young, for rich, for poor—all.

Do any of you know of a safer or a better?

—Dr. Norton.

HE who belongs only half to God belongs wholly to the devil.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A PITTSBURGH correspondent states that the largest denomination in the cities of Pittsburgh and Alleghany is the Lutheran with 11,350 members.

—It has been said that only the common people, and not the men of high standing among the heathen in India, are won for Christ by the work of the missionaries. Recently, however, a Moslem of considerable influence in Calcutta renounced Mohammedanism and accepted the Gospel. He had been a champion of Islam against Christian teachers. Another, in Northern India, who has adopted Christianity, has been abandoned by his Mohammedan wife, and is, of course, subjected to bitter persecution by his former heathen friends.

—THE New York *Evening Post* publishes a letter from Montreal regarding the immorality existing among the Romish clergy in that province of Canada. A priest at the Cathedral was removed from the pulpit in a helpless state of intoxication. Two others were brought into court charged with scandalous living and gross immorality. Several cases have also recently occurred which are opening the eyes of the people of the Province to the fact that the management of the asylums and other institutions conducted by the Romish Sisters of Mercy is not just as it should be. The startling fact that a sane woman can be confined in a lunatic asylum for three years to gratify the vengeance of an unfaithful husband, as proved by the recent trial of Mrs. Lyman, has also had the effect of rousing the public mind to the dangers attending institutions conducted by the nuns with no proper system of Government or medical inspection.

—A MISSIONARY society of married Christian Chinese women in San Francisco meet monthly and support a Bible agent in their native land.

—THE New York *Independent* says: The publication of the various Lutheran year books and almanacs again emphasizes a fact that has been noticed before. The statistics all go to show that in the somewhat remarkable growth of this denomination within the past decade or two, the various bodies have increased in proportion as they are distinct and outspoken in their confessionalism.

—Two of the most influential of the African King Mtesa's daughters have been received into the Mission church in Uganda, since which time they have been engaged in giving instruction to others. One of the king's favorite daughters, who formerly came to the missionaries for instruction, died not long since of small-pox. The missionaries trust that she had found the pearl of great price. There is a great change since that day, not very long ago, when the King of Uganda impressed the first explorers with his skill in the use of firearms by marching out some of his women as targets.

—THE prison inspectors of Rhenish Prussia give it as their unanimous opinion that at least

three fourths of the prisoners under their care become lawless through drunkenness.

—FOUR years ago the Romish bishop of Montreal visited Rome, and, as is common with relic hunters of his sect, bought a lot of old bones said to be those of St. Claudius and St. Juliana. The elated bishop bore back his prizes to Canada and with much ostentation presented the bones to two of his churches. Special altars were erected for the reception of the precious relics and amid great pomp and ceremony they were blessed. The Romish people rejoiced in the possession of such "holy gifts," and when parts of the bones were burnt, they invested thousands of dollars in the "sacred dust." It now turns out that the relics are not genuine at all. A cunning Jewish relic merchant doing business in Rome palmed the old bones off upon the bishop as the real thing, but whose they were when living no one knows. The bogus relics will now be cast out, but how will the poor people get back their money? The Romish sect received many thousand dollars from this source, but then this sect never returns the money it has once gotten hold of. It would soon be bankrupt if it had to return all the money out of which the Romish people are daily cheated. Poor deluded souls! Their money is thrown away even if such relics were genuine. We thank God for the pure gospel light of salvation through Christ alone given to us through the Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther.

Short Stops.

—DEFONT, a Romish priest, was a rather tedious speaker. His custom was to tell his hearers over and over again the praises of the Romish saints, and especially of the founder of the Jesuits. One day he in his sermon compared him with all the angels, and could find no place honorable enough for him, and at a loss for further words cried out: "Where shall we place this great man?" A gentleman in the congregation, whose patience was exhausted, arose and said: "Since you are so puzzled, you may give him my place, for I am going."

—BOTH DISHONEST. "How is it, Mr. Brown," said a miller to a farmer, "that when I came to measure those ten barrels of apples I bought from you I found them nearly two barrels short?" Singular, very singular; for I sent them to you in ten of your own flour barrels." "Ahem! Did, eh?" said the miller, "well, perhaps I made the mistake."

—WHEN a pagan ambassador asked Queen Victoria the secret of England's national greatness, she gave him a Bible and said: "That is the secret of the greatness of England."

Take the Safe Path, Papa.

A father, who was picking his way carefully along the mountain side, heard the voice of his child, saying, "Take a safe path, papa, I'm

coming after you." Ah! if fathers would only, while climbing the rugged hill of life, notice that as they walk, so their children coming on after them will walk, how much more careful they would be about their path.

When a Mother's Duty begins.

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over the infant's cheek your opportunity begins."

BOOK-TABLE.

PICTURE OF CHRIST; size 24×32 inches. Louis Lange, Jr., cor. Clara & Miami Sts., St. Louis, Mo. Price \$2.00.

This is an excellent lithograph after a painting of Raphael, the "great master-artist." It represents the Saviour crowned with thorns and bowed down under the burden of the cross on His way to Calvary. It depicts with grandeur and simplicity the deep agony of the suffering God-Man, the unfathomable love of the weeping Jesus, bowed down under the sins of a ruined world. We heartily recommend it to our readers as a most beautiful and befitting ornament in every Christian home.

BIBLICAL HISTORY. Comprising Old and New Testament. Told in Words of Holy Scripture. Explained by Catechism, Parallel Bible Verses and Hymn Stanzas, and Illustrated with 125 engravings and Maps. OLD TESTAMENT, 12 mo., pp. 150. Price, 30 cts.; per doz., \$3.00. Allentown: Brobst, Diehl & Co.

STORIES FROM BIBLE HISTORY, for Home and School. Illustrated. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price: Boards, leather back, single copy, 40 cts.; per dozen \$3.60; per hundred \$28.00. Cloth 45 cts.; per doz. \$4.20; per hundred \$32.00.

The object of the book is "to meet the wants of the younger children; to increase their love for the Bible; and to lead the way to the use of the larger Biblical History."

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10-12.
Catechumen class meets from 7-8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8-9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1885.

No. 3.

"Christ Crucified."

"I, IF I BE LIFTED UP FROM THE EARTH, WILL
DRAW ALL MEN UNTO ME."

John 12, 32.

Oh teach me what it meaneth,
That cross uplifted high,
With One, the Man of Sorrows,
Condemned to bleed and die.
Teach me awhile to ponder
What human guilt hath done
To Thee, the King of Glory,
And God's beloved Son.

Oh teach me all their meaning—
Torn hands and thorn-clad brow;
And teach me why, with anguish,
Thy heart is breaking now.
Oh teach me what it cost Thee
To make a sinner whole;
And teach me, Saviour, teach me,
The value of a soul.

Oh teach me what it meaneth—
That sacred crimson tide—
The blood and water flowing
From Thine own wounded side.
Oh teach me it availeth
To wash the darkest stains,
Till on my soul polluted
No spot of sin remains.

Oh teach me what it meaneth—
Thy love beyond compare;
The love that reacheth deeper
Than depths of self-despair.
Yea, teach me, till there gloweth
In this cold heart of mine
Some feeble, pale reflection
Of that pure love of Thine!

Oh Infinite Redeemer,
I bring no other plea—
Because Thou dost invite me,
I cast myself on Thee!
Because Thou dost accept me,
I love and I adore!
Because Thy love constraineth,
I'll praise Thee evermore!

—Selected.

For Me.

In the time of Lent we behold the Son of God on His way of sorrow. We behold Him in Gethsemane, where "being in agony He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the

ground." One of His disciples betrayed Him; another denied that He had ever known Him; they all forsook Him and fled. He was seized by the multitude and dragged to the bar of the high-priest, where, after a hurried trial, He was condemned to death, and spit upon, and buffeted, and treated most shamefully. He was taken to Pilate, the Roman governor, who, though finding no fault in Him, confirmed the sentence of death, the people crying, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" He had been severely scourged, and a crown of thorns was pressed upon His head. A cross was laid upon His shoulders, and he was led away to be crucified. With faint and weary step He walked beneath His heavy burden, until unable to carry it longer. At length Calvary is reached. He is nailed to the cross. There He hangs on that fatal wood between two thieves. He is mocked, He is scorned, He is laughed at. Vinegar is given Him to quench His thirst. God's wrath is poured out over Him, and in His deep agony of soul that piercing cry breaks forth from His lips: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And again He "cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost." "And when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man."

Now, why did this Righteous One, this Sinless One, in whom there was no fault, endure these great sufferings and agony of soul? Let the Bible tell you. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He has bruised for our iniquities," Isa. 53. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. 5, 8. "Christ died for our sins," 1 Cor. 15, 3. "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," Gal. 3, 13. "He hath made Him to be a sin for us, who knew no sin," 2 Cor. 5, 21. He "bare our sins in His own body on the tree," 1 Pet. 2, 24. The same Bible which tells us that we as sinners are under the curse and doom of eternal death, also tells us that Christ suffered in our place, that He as our substitute took all our sins and the curse and wrath of God upon Himself and satisfied the claims of divine justice. Thus He redeemed us from the curse and doom of eternal death.

If you, my dear reader, wish to enjoy this finished work of redemption, it is not enough for you to know that Christ died for men in general, but you must believe in your heart that He suffered and died *for you*. You must see Him by faith hanging upon the cross for *your* sins, suffering in *your* stead, taking *your* place under the curse of God's broken law, making atonement with His precious blood for *your* soul. Thus beholding the suffering and dying Saviour and crying out in true faith, "Jesus suffered and died *for me*, the poor, lost and condemned sinner, and now I am saved," you will enter into the gladness of knowing that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1.

Saving the Lost.

Christ came that He might save the lost. When a sinner has come to the end of himself—takes the place of one utterly lost, then God can deal with him in grace, and give him life. Christ came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance. "Why did you not rush after your friend, when he fell into the water?" was once asked; to which was replied, "He was trying to save himself; if I had gone to him at first, then we might have both been lost. I waited till he had come to the end of his own strength, and then it was easy to save him." You understand. When a man takes his place as one who is lost, and gives up all his self-righteousness, and finds himself under sentence of death, then he is thankful to be saved by grace—then he will come to the Saviour of sinners.

Suffering.

Christ suffered for sin that we might not have to suffer for it. He endured the wrath of God that we might not have to endure it. This is the ground of our peace. But as regards suffering from man, we shall always find that the more faithfully we follow in the footsteps of Christ, the more we shall suffer in this respect; but this is a matter of gift, a matter of privilege, a favor, a dignity.

Uncle John's Soliloquy.

"Why did I not see this thing before? Ten dollars for foreign missions, and one year ago I only gave fifty cents. And that half dollar hurt me so much, and came so reluctantly! And the ten dollars—why, it is a real pleasure to hand it over to the Lord! And this comes from keeping an account with the Lord. I am so glad Brother Smith preached that sermon. He said we should all find it a good thing to have a treasury in the house from which to draw whenever our contributions are solicited! He asked us to try the experiment for one year, to set apart a certain portion of our income for the Lord's work. I thought it over. I thought about those Jews, and the one-tenth they gave to the Lord's treasury. I thought what a mean and close-fisted Jew I should have been had I lived in those days. Then I counted up all I had given for the year and it was just three dollars. Three dollars! And I had certainly raised from my farm, clear of expense, one thousand two hundred dollars. Three dollars is one four hundredth part of one thousand two hundred dollars.

"The more I thought, the wider I opened my eyes." Said I, "I am not quite ready for the Jew's one-tenth, but I will try one-twentieth and see how it works! I got a big envelope and put it down in the corner of my trunk, and as soon as I could I put sixty dollars in it. Said I, 'Here goes for the Lord.' It cost me a little something to say it at first; but when it was done how good I felt over it! When this appeal came for foreign missions, all I had to do, was just to run to my treasury, and get the money. And this all comes from keeping an account with the Lord. How He has blessed me this year! I never had better crops. Now I am going to try another plan. I am going to give the Lord the profits from one acre, one of my best yearlings, and one tenth of the profits from my orchard, that will surely carry the Lord's fund up to \$75.00; and if it don't, I will make it up from something else." Thus uncle John soliloquized; and the more he thought the subject over, the more he wondered he had not seen things in the right light before. If the farmers of our land would only try uncle John's experiment, they would fill the treasuries of our Missionary Societies full to overflowing. No more would the shameful cry of "retrenchment" be heard. No more would our poorly paid "Home Missionaries" have to wait for their small quarterly dues. No more would the aggressive work of the church be stopped. Let us try the experiment. Let us begin to keep a debit and credit account with the Lord, and then we shall realize what the failures of the past have been. May the Lord open our eyes as He did the eyes of uncle John!

—Selected.

A Remarkable Fact.

"I am not disappointed!" was the significant dying testimony of the beloved Rev. Janes. We do not enough emphasize this most remarkable fact, that in all the history of human life and death there is not on record a solitary instance of any Christian ever having turned away from Christ in the dying hour, disappointed, deceived and regretful! Mark this. Has infidelity a similar record to show?

"Thank God!" exclaims a back-slider, who had wandered away from God into infidelity, and came back to the old Gospel again on his



"My burden, dearest Saviour,
Hast thus Thou borne for me,
My sinful misbehaviour
Has caused Thine agony."

death-bed. "Thank God! back again on the old Rock to die!"

A famous man on his dying bed was addressed by a friend who spoke to him of the Saviour.

"As to the Bible," replied the dying man, "it may be true, I don't know."

"What then," asked his friend, "are your prospects?"

The answer, whispered with pallid lips, sounded like the knell of doom: "Dark—very dark!"

"But have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness? have you done justice to the Bible?"

"Perhaps not," he replied; "but it is now too late—too late!"

A mother, who had laughed at and ridiculed religion and religious people, was seen restless and miserable on her death-bed. She desired

that her children should be called. They came. With intense feeling she addressed them:

"My children, I have been leading you in the wrong road all your life. I now find the broad road ends in destruction. I did not believe it before. Oh, seek to serve God, and try to find the gate of heaven, though you may not find your mother there."

With these affecting words the poor mother's lips closed forever, and her spirit passed into eternity, while the household looked on the sad scene in helpless terror and awe.

Nothing can sustain and satisfy the soul when heart and flesh are failing save Christ. Everything else disappears and fails. Even if tempted to turn away from him the clear-sighted soul would cry out: "To whom shall I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Thee will I trust; to thee will I cling." R. C. A.

Native Chinese Preachers.

At a missionary meeting a missionary from China was asked many questions concerning the progress of Christ's work in that interesting country. One of the questions touched upon the preparation made by the Chinese converts, who are called into the ministry of the Gospel, and the missionary stated that their study was confined almost wholly to the Bible. With this, however, he said they are wonderfully familiar, many of them having committed to memory the entire New Testament, and quoting it with an accuracy and readiness humiliating to most of the English and American missionaries, holding the sacred book in their hand while they preach, and appealing to it as the supreme authority.

A Dying Child's Request.

The little daughter of a native judge, in one of the mountain towns of Japan, whose wife had become a Christian, loved to hear her mother read the New Testament, and was particularly fond of Luke's Gospel. She listened eagerly to the story of Jesus' birth in the manger and all the wonders of his life and death, and was eager to tell her heathen playmates the news of his love and mercy. But she was taken sick with diphtheria, and soon lay at the very door of death. While her mother, who had loved her just as mothers in Christian lands love their children, sat weeping beside her, she opened her eyes and said: "Mother, please put your Gospel of Luke under my head for a pillow, for it is so beautiful." It was done according to her wish, and while she thus rested on her loved Saviour's Word He called her away.

THE Holy Spirit brings Christ home to us. Where the Holy Spirit does not preach, there is no church.—*Luther.*

"The Lord hath laid on Him the Iniquity of us All."

A pastor was asked to visit a dying person, who was unknown to him. Arriving at the house, he found an old man, seventy-six years of age. In the early life he had been a soldier in the British army, and afterward a seaman, sharing for many years both in the dangers and in the iniquities to which his calling exposed him. Through these he had been preserved by the mercy of God; but now a fatal sickness had suddenly seized him.

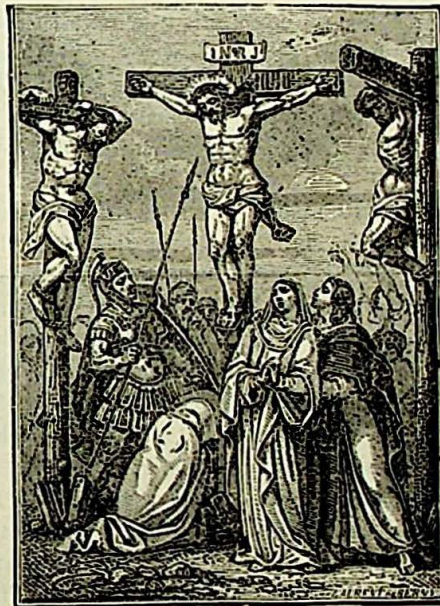
After answering a few questions about the illness that was carrying him to the grave, he said in distinct tones, "I am the chief of sinners, and unless there is a free pardon, there is no hope for me." "This is just what I have come to tell you about," was the reply; "a free pardon, a free salvation; for the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Salvation through faith in the finished work of the Redeemer was laid before him, and as passages of the Bible which speak of Christ's sufferings for sinners were quoted, he would frequently interrupt with the remark, "I remember that; I learned that years ago." The difficulty, however, in his way was to believe that after such a life of wickedness he could be forgiven, without *doing* something. He was shown that he was "dead in trespasses and sins," and that a dead man cannot do anything until he has life, and that over and over again it is said in God's word, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Still the news seemed too good to be true.

At length it was said to him, "There is one verse in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which you surely remember, and I beg you to fix your mind upon it, as it is read. 'All we like sheep have gone astray': God says that of you and me. Do you believe it? Is it true?" "Yes, sir, it is true" said the old man, "and it describes me exactly; for I have gone astray like a sheep all my life." "The next clause says, 'We have turned every one to his own way': God says that. Do you believe Him?" "Yes, I do," was the reply; "I have turned my own way, much to my sorrow now." "The next clause says, 'And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' God says that too. Do you believe Him?" it was solemnly asked. The dying man was silent for a moment, and then the tears started to his eyes, as he looked up and said, "Yes, sir, I believe, and I am satisfied." "Well, if God is satisfied with the work of His Son, and you are satisfied, there is nothing more to be done, is there?" "Nothing but to thank Him for His wonderful love to the chief of sinners, and for a free pardon." He lived for more than a week after this, rejoicing in the mercy that had plucked a brand out of the fire, and then departed in peace through faith in the finished work of the Redeemer.

More than fifteen years passed away, when the same pastor was called upon to visit an old lady, who was drawing near to the grave, and

desired to see him. Going to the house, which had a familiar look, he was shown into an upper room, and saw a white-haired old woman, who was reclining in an easy chair. She was totally deaf, but an open Bible lay upon her lap, and she wrote upon a slate, "You called to see my dying husband, and told him about Jesus Christ, and read to him, 'The Lord hath laid on HIM the iniquity of us all.' I could hear then, and the message was blessed to my own soul. Since that time I have rejoiced to believe that He bore my sins in His own body on the tree, and I too am satisfied. As I am about to depart to be with Him, I thought I would send for you, and tell you that the same text which gave my husband peace gave me peace also."

How many more have been saved by means of the same text, eternity alone will reveal. The soul that rests upon the assurances of God's unchanging word, will not be confounded in the day of Jesus Christ.



"They crucified Him, and two others with Him, and Jesus in the midst," John 19, 18.

"Rain From Heaven."

Once a little girl, who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her minister with some money for the Church Missionary Society. He opened the paper and found eighteen shillings.

"Eighteen shillings, Mary! How did you collect so much—is it all your own?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought how He had died for me, I wanted to do something for him, and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news to the heathen."

"Well, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I had no money of my own, and I wanted to earn some, and I thought a long time, and it came to me how there were

many washerwomen that would buy soft water. So I got all the buckets and cans I could collect, and all the year I've been selling the soft water for a halfpenny the bucket: that's how I got the money, sir."

The minister looked at the little girl who had been working so long and patiently for her Master, and his eyes glistened.

"My dear child," he said, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to do this work for Him; now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"O no, sir, not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I'd rather no one know but Him. If it must be put in, please to write, 'Rain from Heaven.'—And so little Mary went away. —*Juvenile Instructor.*

The Brave Sailor Lad.

A few days out from New York a great ship was overtaken by a terrible storm which lasted nearly a week.

One day at the height of the tempest the rigging at the mainmast got tangled. Some one had to go up and straighten it. The mate called a boy belonging to the ship and ordered him aloft.

The lad touched his cap, but hesitated a moment. He cast one frightened look at the swaying mast, and then rushed down into the forecabin.

In a couple minutes he appeared and seizing the rope-ladders, hurried up the rigging like a squirrel. With dizzy eyes the weather-beaten crew watched the poor boy at his fearful task. "He will never come down alive," they said to each other.

But in twenty minutes the perilous job was done and the boy safely down with a smile on his face.

"What did you go below for when ordered aloft?" asked a passenger of the brave boy.

"I went—to pray," replied the boy with a blush, and a quiver of the lip.

Jesus "Take Poor Thief!"

"What made your heart sing, Susan?" asked a missionary in Western Africa, of one of the people amongst whom he labored.

"Ah! you see that poor thief you talk about; he no good at all; he be bad when they hang him on the cross. God teach; he show him bad heart! he make him pray to Jesus Christ, 'Lord, remember me.' Jesus no say, 'Me no want you; you be too bad; thief too much.' No, he no say so, but take and tell him, 'To-day thou shalt be with me in heaven.' I see Christ take poor sinner, made me glad too much. He take poor thief; He take me—the same."

A BELIEVER'S dying day is his crowning day.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—WE hope all our readers observe the good Christian custom of asking grace before partaking of their meals. They will not need the cure of which we lately read. A gentleman whose custom was to entertain very often a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determined to cure him. Upon a repetition of the offence, he said, "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us all truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.

—BABIES often become a disturbing element in church, yes. Still we would not recommend to our churches the remedy of which a Virginia paper speaks. It says: There is a church in Pittsylvania county in which is kept a cradle. During a single sermon often as many as half a dozen babies are rocked to sleep in it. A child is not half so apt to make itself disagreeable in a cradle as in its mother's arms even, and hence, as soon as one such begins to give trouble it is placed in the church cradle.

—NEITHER would we recommend for the cure of those who come too late to church, although they live near by, the remedy applied by the Rev. W. Witherell, of Massachusetts. On a certain Sunday morning a member of his church, Mr. Bryant, came into the building just as Mr. Witherell was ending his second prayer. Mr. Witherell addressed him promptly and sternly, saying: "Neighbor Bryant, it is to your reproach that you have disturbed the worship by entering late, living, as you do, within a mile of this place—especially so since here is Goody Barstow, who has milked seven cows, made a cheese and walked five miles to the house of God in good season."

—"WHERE there's a will there's a way," says the proverb. The trouble is that when called upon to help others the will is often lacking and there is no way found. But people easily find a way to help themselves, even if it is a queer way. A colored man living in the southern portion of Macon Co., Ga., Aaron Calhoun, made last year five bales of cotton without the assistance of a mule, ox, or a beast of any kind. He lost his mule in the first part of the year, and, owing about twenty-five dollars for advances the previous year, he determined not to go into debt any more. As a resort he made a set of harness for himself, and took the place of the mule with the above result.

—THE trouble with many also is that they indeed feel for others when they see them in distress, but they don't feel in the right place. They are like the gentleman who one day related to a farmer a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically by saying, "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the farmer, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

—PEOPLE who think that culture and learning will keep men from sin are mistaken. Indian Commissioner Price says of the national capital, "There are 200,000 inhabitants in this city, which is the capital of this great nation, and the central point of its refinement and culture, and yet there is more drunkenness and crime here than among the 250,000 Indians who are savages and have never felt the influence of our modern civilization."

—THE Mayor of Wapello, Ia., lately hunted the public schools for youngsters carrying revolvers, and found four pistols in the pockets of boys less than fourteen years of age. We are glad to hear that the cowhide was applied to that part of their bodies where it will do the most good.

—EVERY British soldier among the troops sent to Egypt was presented with a New Testament by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and with a package of pamphlets by the London Tract Society.

—THE present pope has said in a published letter "that if he had the power which he claims, he would employ it to close all Protestant schools and places of worship in Rome." And this is just what the popes did in Rome when they had secular authority, and it is just what they would do in America, if they could, to-day.

—A YOUNG reader writes us that she would "rather read short sweet stories than long ones." Well, here is a short story which we consider very sweet and pretty: A Baltimore policeman found a little boy wandering about one of the wharves of the city about 10 o'clock at night; and took him to the station-house. The little fellow was fair-haired and rosy-cheeked, and could speak German only. He had lost his hat. A comfortable bed was made for him on one of the settees. He laid down, but remembering himself, he said, in his native tongue: "I have not prayed yet." Then, while three reporters and two policemen reverently bowed their heads, the little hands were clasped, and in childish accents the prayer ascended to Him who loves to hear and answer. When he concluded a reporter tucked a policeman's coat around the child, who, in angelic charge, dropped to sleep.

—WE could now close our window, but there are readers who wish to see more statistics in the Outlook. Well, we will please them also. We clip the following "Lutheran statistics" from a New York paper: The Lutherans throughout the world number about 45,000,000, or nearly one-half of Protestant Christendom. The Lutheran church has in this country 3,708 ministers, 6,634 churches, about 1,800 Parochial schools, 2,300 Sunday-schools, 891,931 communicants, 20 theological seminaries, 21 colleges, 35 classical seminaries, 14 young ladies' seminaries, 43 orphan homes and asylums, and 119 Periodicals (40 English, 49 German, 15 Norwegian, 9 Swedish, 4 Danish, 1 Finnish, and 1 Icelandic). In 1850 the Scandinavian Lutherans had in the northwest 10 ministers; now there are 600

ministers, 1,800 congregations, 200,000 communicants, 5 theological seminaries, 13 colleges and classical seminaries, 9 orphan homes and asylums, and 28 church periodicals. All the work of their own hands, with but little missionary aid! Of the 22 Lutheran foreign missionary societies, Germany has 10, Sweden 2, Norway 1, Denmark 1, Finland 1, Russia 1, Switzerland 1, France 1, United States 2. They have 413 European ordained missionaries, 422 European helpers, 45 native ordained missionaries, 1,821 native helpers, 62,530 communicants, and \$835,906 as annual receipts. In Russia, excluding Finland and Poland, the Lutheran church has 31 provostships, 427 pastors, 525 pastors, 1,140 church edifices, 2,100 Parochial schools, 3,051 teachers, 110,059 scholars, 43,420 confirmations and 1,922,777 parishioners. Last year the Lutherans erected in the United States about 300 houses of worship, and 19 of these were in the State of Nebraska. Their net gain in communicants was 73,431. The Missouri Lutherans are conducting missions with considerable success among the colored people of the South. They furnish white pastors.

—WELL, plenty statistics! Our readers are all pleased, and the editor is also pleased; for he can now lay down his pen and close the window.

BOOK-TABLE.

PASSIONSPREDIGTEN. Vol. II. By Rev. G. Stoeckhardt. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00.

Those who have read the first volume of Rev. Stoeckhardt's Lenten sermons and have been enriched by the nuggets of pure Bible gold presented to them on every page, will gladly welcome this second volume.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10—12.
Catechumen class meets from 7—8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8—9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1885.

No. 4.

Our Confirmed Children.

Standing forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh, we know not what ere long
May betide them.
'Neath the shadow of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them;
'Mid the sorrows of the road,
Do Thou cheer them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

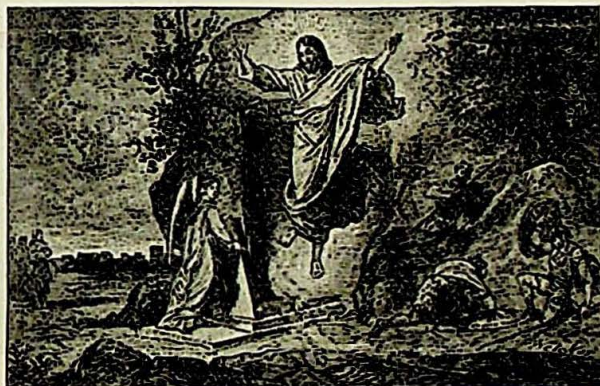
Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them;
Many striving, oft and strong,
To deceive them;
Trustful, in Thy arms of love
Safe we leave them.

—W. B.

Our Peace.

Of Christ, the risen Saviour, it is said, "He is our peace," Eph. 2, 14. He secured our peace by His sufferings and death. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him," says the prophet. He "made peace through the blood of His cross," says the apostle. He met every claim of the divine law and justice against the sinner and thus made peace between the offended Creator and the offending creature. For this very purpose He came into this world of sin and woe. Therefore the shout of the angel host at His birth was, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." And His glorious resurrection from the dead is the sure proof that the work which He came to do has been finished, that peace has been made. It assures us that God is perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son. "The God of peace brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant" (Heb. 13, 20.). By bringing Him again from the dead

He absolved Him from all sin, and since it was our sin which He bore as our substitute, we were absolved in Him—peace was secured for all sinners. Therefore on the evening of the day He came forth from the grave, the first word He addressed to His assembled disciples was, "Peace be unto you" (John 20, 19.). It is as if He had said, I have gone down into the dark domain of death, I have entered the eternal world, and have come back to assure you that every enemy is conquered, every accuser is silenced. I have stood in the presence of my Father, and your Father, of my God, and



HE IS RISEN.

your God, and nothing anywhere remains against you. No wonder the disciples were glad; for the risen Saviour brought to them forgiveness of sins and all that He had secured for man.

He still comes to us as our peace as surely as He did come to His disciples on the day of His resurrection. He comes to us in the Gospel, for in the Gospel He preaches peace to sinners. Christ "preached peace to you that were afar off, and to them that were nigh" (Eph. 2, 17.). The peace which the risen Saviour brought to His disciples was secured for all men. Therefore He said unto them: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." They too should be preachers of the Gospel of peace. This Gospel is still brought to sinners as a message of peace. All our mission work is nothing else but "the preaching of peace" to poor restless sinners. Those who reject the

Gospel and die without peace cast themselves into the eternal restlessness of hell. Do not reject that Gospel in which the risen Saviour comes to you, although you see Him not, and says for your comfort, "Peace be unto you." Accept the Gospel! By accepting the Gospel and thus being in fellowship with the risen Jesus through faith, you will have peace. He who has the Saviour has peace; for "HE IS OUR PEACE."

No Condemnation.

When in the night of Israel's deliverance from Egypt the Lord smote all the first-born in the land, there was security from all harm for all the children of Israel who had sheltered themselves within the blood-sprinkled door-post; they were in the place of safety, where there was "no condemnation." And so now; the blood of the Lord Jesus shelters all who believe in His name, and the risen Saviour is the mercy-seat—the sure hiding-place—for all who flee to Him; and whoso cometh to Him He will in no wise cast out, (John 6, 37.). He having been made a curse for us—having borne our sins in His own body on the tree, and put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and having risen

from the grave as the conqueror over all our enemies—no anger, no wrath, nothing condemnatory remains; so that the apostle can boldly say, and with him all true believers can say, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again," Rom. 8, 33—34.

Separation to Christ.

Mary on the morning of the resurrection was so occupied with the Lord, that it was no affliction to her that she could not have the world with all its follies instead of Him! When will Christians learn wherein consists the true power for a holy separated life and walk? Separation unto Christ is the only true way of being separated from this world.

In China.

Our picture takes us to China. It shows us the Chinese worshipping one of their many idols. China is a vast country, embracing 5,300,000 square miles or one tenth of the habitable globe. The millions of that mighty empire are still Gentiles, "carried away unto dumb idols." What they need is not "culture and modern civilization," but the Gospel of Jesus. There are, however, but few laborers of the Gospel in that vast country. In all of China there are but 480 missionaries, of whom 241 are from various Christian bodies in Great Britain, 214 from the different evangelical denominations of America, and twenty-five from the Continental Protestant Churches. The number of Chinese who have been led to confess Christ has rapidly increased under their labors; as there were but 350 native converts in 1853, while there were 2,000 in 1863, 8,000 in 1873, and 22,000 in 1883.

But all put together, what are they to a population numbering at the lowest estimate 250,000,000 souls? The China Inland Mission has penetrated into the large province in the interior, where the foot of a Protestant never trod before; and in the 18 provinces occupied by the various bodies combined, allowing one missionary to 100,000 heathen, there would still remain more than 183,000,000 human beings entirely destitute of the Gospel.

It is appalling to think of such a people living without Christ, and therefore without God, and without hope, and out in the dark world, dying at the rate of perhaps 1000 every hour, and dying without the Saviour. We must therefore be thankful to God for moving the hearts of Christians to respond to the cry of those perishing millions, "Come over, and help us." Some months ago the Rev. Taylor, the founder of the "China Inland Mission," returned to England to obtain recruits, and he procured 49 in three days. The latest intelligence shows that this number has since increased to more than 100, embracing the sons and daughters of many wealthy parents. Within the past few weeks the best "cricketer" in England not only sailed as a missionary, but gave the whole of his large fortune to the cause, and he was followed by the "strokesman" of the Cambridge University boating club, and by others who would be considered in elegant society as belonging to the most highly educated and refined circles.

Cut it Out.

Two Christian men were talking about assurance of salvation, and one said "he thought it a kind of presumption for any to say that they were saved;" the other replied, "Friend, hand me your Bible;" he opened it at 1 John 5, then taking out his penknife, said, "Brother, I am going to cut out verses twelve and thirteen, you don't believe them, they are no use to you, therefore they are better out than in."—"Stop, stop," cried the other; but before he could rise up to prevent him, his friend had them out and laid them on the table. There they were:

"12. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."



"13. These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God."

At first the man was very angry and vexed that his Bible had been spoiled, but taking up the cut-out verses he began to read them over, and soon the light began to dawn on him. "What a fool I have been!" he exclaimed. "I say I believe God's Word—yes, it is true from first to last—but I have not believed this, and yet it is very plain; henceforth I will not doubt what He says. Thank you, brother, for such a sharp, cutting reproof; the holes in my Bible shall stand as a witness against my unbelief; the words are in my heart now." Reader, how much of God's Word ought to be cut out of your Bible?—E. R.

FAITH makes the Christian; life proves the Christian; suffering confirms the Christian; death crowns the Christian.

Lesson by a Swiss Guide.

"In the summer of 1879," says the writer, "I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of Swiss guides. Beyond the services of the day, he gave me, unconsciously, a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulders. In doing this he called for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hinderance to the freedom of my movement; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to where I was resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpinestock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way.

And now, in my freedom, I found that I could make double speed with double safety. Then a voice spake inwardly: 'O foolish, willful heart; hast thou, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them.' I saw it all in a flash; and then as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain-side, I said within myself: 'And ever thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon him, for he careth for me.'"

Luther's Description of a Christian.

A Christian is a child of God, a brother of Christ, a temple of the

Holy Ghost, an heir of the kingdom, a companion of the angels, a lord of the world and a partaker of the divine nature. The Christian's honor is Christ in heaven, and Christ's honor is a Christian on earth. He is a dear child of God, clothed in Christ's righteousness, living in holy fear and cheerful obedience before the Father. He shines as a light in the world and as a rose among the thorns; he is a wonderfully beautiful creature of God's grace, in whom the holy angels rejoice and whom they continually accompany with joy. He is a miracle to the world, a terror to the devils, an ornament to the church, a desire of Heaven. His heart is all ablaze, his eyes full of tears, his mouth full of sighs, and his hands full of good works.

THE general ends both of the Old and New Testaments are one; the only difference between them being this, that the Old made wise by teaching salvation through Christ that should come, and the New by teaching that Christ our Saviour is come.

An English Bible Reader.

He lived and labored in the great city of London. With his Bible under his arm he was visiting one day a large tenement house occupied by the poor. As he reached the landing in the fourth story, he saw a rough-looking man, with his arms folded, leaning against the wall. Holding the Bible in his hand he went up to him and said, "My friend, I have a book here which tells the secret of true happiness. May I not read some of it to you?"

With a frown upon his face the man replied, "Get away with your book, or I'll kick you down stairs."

Several doors opened into that landing. One of these stood ajar. From the room to which it led he heard a feeble voice saying, "Come in here with your book."

He entered the room. In one corner of it he saw a sick woman lying on a heap of straw. Picking up a wooden stool, he went and sat down by her side. As he did so, she looked at him earnestly, and asked, "Does your book tell anything about the blood that cleanseth from all sin?"

"And why do you want to hear about that blood, my friend?" asked her visitor.

Leaning on her arm and looking earnestly towards him, "Why do I want to know about it?" she asked. "Why, man, I'm dying. I have lived a very wicked life, and with all my sins about me, I'm afraid to go into the presence of God. One day, in going through the streets, I was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain. Seeing an open door near me, I stepped in to avoid the rain. It proved to be a church. It was the only time I ever was in one. The minister was preaching about 'the blood that cleanseth from all sin.' This is what I need now. Oh, sir, does your book tell anything about that blood?"

Her visitor turned to the first chapter of the first epistle of St. John and read it. In the seventh verse of that chapter are found these precious words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth from all sin." Then he talked to her about Jesus, who suffered and died for our sin and rose again for our justification. While he was doing this he noticed that the man who had spoken so roughly to him on the landing had entered the room and was listening to what he was saying. It seemed he was the son of the sick woman. The Bible reader visited the poor woman every day for a week. Then she died a happy death, rejoicing in the thought that her sins were all forgiven through the precious blood of Christ.

The Bible reader attended her funeral, and at the close of the service, the son of the poor woman came up to him and said, "Sir, I want to thank you for your kindness to my mother. The words that were such a comfort to her have been a great blessing to me. They have brought me to Jesus. I am now happy in him. And I wish to spend the rest of my life as a Bible reader."—*Dr. Newton.*

"My Mother's God."

At a fashionable party, a young physician present spoke of one of his patients whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was "very sorry to lose him, for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and the Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying with him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture and intelligence."

A young lady sitting near said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. My mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room, and, with her hand upon my head, she has prayed that God would give her grace to train me for the skies. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she so loved during life, sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to the bedside, and, with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven, and we promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is all a delusion? that my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? that she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, I will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her, for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No," said she, "brother, let me alone, I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply, and soon left the room. He was found shortly afterwards pacing the floor of an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of spirits. "What is the matter?" a friend inquired. "O," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the conviction thus awakened was, that he became a useful member of the church of Christ.

Young friends, stand up for Jesus at all times and in all places, wherever you hear His name reviled, or His word set at naught. Rather let the language of your heart be, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—*Selected.*

Duke Wellington, the Hero of Waterloo.

The Duke of Wellington, who with Bluecher, gained the memorable battle against the great Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, in the year 1815, was an exemplary character. Being advised to buy an estate adjoining his own, he agreed and bought the estate. The manager of his affairs congratulated him on this profitable bargain, because need had compelled his neighbor to make the sale. The duke asked his manager: "What do you understand by a profitable bargain?" "Well," said the manager, "the estate is worth 1100 pounds of ster-

ling (\$5500), and we got it for 800 (\$4000)." The duke replied, "If such be the case, then I want you to pay the former owner the other 300 pounds (\$1500), and never speak again to me of such profitable bargains."

Asking God's Blessing.

Charlie was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. Those little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth, boy," said his uncle.

"Mayn't I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, "but mother always tells us not to take anything without first asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to that, and Charlie knelt down, just as he did by his own little bed at-home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children, but never take it without first asking.

The Converted Indian.

In the year 1742, a veteran warrior of the Lenape nation and Monsey tribe, renowned among his friends for his bravery, and dreaded by his enemies, joined the Christian Indians at Bethlehem, Pa. He was now at an advanced age, full of scars, and all over tattooed with the scenes of the actions in which he had been engaged. All who heard his history thought that it could never be surpassed. This man was brought under the influence of religion; and when he was afterwards questioned respecting his warlike feats, he modestly replied, "that being now taken captive by Jesus Christ, it did not become him to relate the deeds done while in the service of the evil spirit: but that he was willing to give an account of the manner in which he had been conquered."

What a Strange Man!

The Gallas in South America were much amused when Mr. Wakefield, a missionary, entered their country.

"How many toes have you?" they asked.

"Just as many as you have," he answered.

"Will you pull that off, and let us see?" they said, pointing at his boot and shaking their heads.

When he had done so, they all laughed; for even now they could not, for his stockings, see his toes. At last one exclaimed,—

"What a strange man this is, to put his foot in a bag! We never heard of a man putting his foot in a bag before!"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—GENERAL GORDON, the hero of Khartoum, who was killed by the hands of traitorous Arabs, was known not only as a brave soldier of the British Crown but also as a valiant soldier of the Cross of Christ. There is a pathetic interest attaching to one of his last letters that reached England. Writing to his sister General Gordon said in that letter: "Remember our Lord did not promise success or peace in this life—He promised tribulation, so if things do not go well after the flesh, He still is faithful. He will do all in love and mercy to me. My part is to submit to His will, however dark it may be."

—DURING the six years preceding 1871, when General Gordon was stationed at Gravesend, on the Thames, he led a singularly devoted life. No wonder that the poor boys whom he befriended chalked on the fences the well-meant tribute, "God bless the Kernel!" The following is taken from a sketch of his life and labors at Gravesend: "He lived for others. His house was school, and hospital, and almshouse, in turn; was more like the abode of a missionary than of a commanding officer of engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door. He always took a great delight in children, especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his house. For their benefit he established reading classes, over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardor as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his 'kings,' and for many of them he got berths on board ships. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world all over his mantle-piece; he was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages, that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went, night and day."

—FROM this Christian life there is a lesson to be learned by the blaspheming infidel who in a lecture recently spoke of the "meanness of Christians as contrasted with the generosity of infidels." A New York paper well says: "We might ask the foolish lecturer whether a poor stranger was ever known to inquire where the infidels of the town lived, or whether a person in any sorrow was ever known to seek out an infidel to afford him comfort. Will the man who goes about ridiculing Christianity tell his audience the next time he lectures where they can find an infidel hospital, or refuge of any kind for poverty or distress, or any society composed of infidels which seeks out and relieves the suffering, in this country or in any other on the face of the earth?"

—THE papers report a shocking and horrible deed of a wretched and ungrateful son who is a

rich farmer in West Virginia. A year ago he sent his mother, who was helpless, to the poorhouse, but the authorities, knowing her son to be able to give her better accommodation than she could get at the infirmary, compelled him to take her home. He then built her a pen in the yard and gave her the same care as he gave his horses. During the extreme cold weather of the winter she suffered much, and her limbs were frozen. One night, in the cold weather, she crawled from her cold pen to her son's door and begged admission, which was refused, according to the story told by one of her grandchildren. Next morning she was found in the yard frozen to death. As soon as the neighbors learned the facts they organized in order to secure the punishment of the miserable wretch. God says: "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother," Deut. 27, 16.

—"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"—A physician in one of the large charitable institutions of New England devoted to the cure of bodily infirmities, told an attendant to note the number of patients, who expressed thanks for their recovery. The result was that out of 3,000 patients whom he attended in a given time, only three expressed any gratitude to the physicians who were instrumental in restoring them to health.

—THERE are now 264 evangelical congregations in Mexico, with 30,000 permanent adherents.

—THE Lutheran Church of Denmark has the honor of being the first to send the Gospel to the West Indies, as well as to the East Indies.

—THE Norwegian Lutheran schools among the heathen in Madagascar gained twenty thousand children last year.

—IT is noted by the *Christian World* (London) that the last three Lord Chancellors of England, the eminent lawyers Earl Cairns, Lord Hatherly and the Earl of Selbourne, have all been Sunday-school teachers, and well known for their Christian character.

—THE Universities Mission of England has been engaged for a number of years in educating boys in the mission schools of Zanzibar, Mombasa, and other places on the African continent. Many of these boys were torn from their homes in the interior of Africa and sold into slavery. These young men are now going back to Lake Nyassa, where they are to be stationed in the towns along its coast in the missionary work. A little steamboat, costing \$15,000, has been built for their use. It is to be taken in small pieces to the lake, where it will be put together. It will leave the young men at the villages to which they are assigned.

—LARGE numbers of colored people who emigrated to Kansas a year or two ago now find the climate too severe, and are reported to be leaving for New Mexico and other points in the Southwest.

—A correspondent of a New York paper reports this characteristic fact: "A poor one-armed lad who is doing his best to support his

mother, sisters and brother, the father being a miserable drunkard, has been in my employ in the capacity of office boy for several years. Recently, thinking to increase their scanty income, he started his mother in a small grocery store. It is in a Roman Catholic neighborhood, and most of the customers were of that faith. They did quite well for a time in a small way until one day a priest came along asking for a subscription to some Catholic institution. The mother told him politely that she was a Protestant. Since that day her trade has been completely broken up."

—WAH SIN LEE, a Chinaman, who has made \$15,000 at the laundry business, has applied for admission into the Cornell University to prepare himself for mission work in China.

Short Stops.

—IN a place of public resort a sceptic was haranguing a crowd of young men, and was denouncing the Scriptures. A plain looking old man, who was standing by, seizing an opportunity to reply, said: "See here, boys, here is a man reviling the Book which contains the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the parable of the Prodigal Son." The infidel was staggered by the simple statement and the crowd dispersed.

—A LITTLE girl said to her mother, "Mama, do schools ever freeze?" "No, my daughter; why do you ask such a question?" "Because they sometimes stop when it gets cold."

—"WHERE does Jesus live?" asked a missionary once, in a mission school. "Please, sir, he lives in our alley now, said a little boy who had lately found the Saviour."

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.
Cor. Franklin and Thalla Sts.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10-12.
Catechumen class meets from 7-8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8-9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. O. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1885.

No. 5.

Baptismal Hymn.

At the baptism of the infant Duke of Albany, the following hymn was one of those used in the service:

"Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share:

"Now this little one receiving,
Fold him in Thy gracious arm:
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

"Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let him be the lion's prey.
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep him all life's dangerous way.

"Then within Thy fold eternal
Let him find a resting place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace."

H. R. H. the Prince Consort.

The Mission of the Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit comes to save men by making that salvation their own which Christ procured for all sinners. Christ took our sins upon Himself and bore our punishment. Thus He secured for all men salvation from sin and from eternal death. But this salvation must be brought to us and must be taken by us as our own if we are to enjoy its benefits. A treasure which has been secured for me, of which, however, I know nothing and which is not made my own personal possession will do me no good. The great treasure of eternal salvation is brought to us in the Gospel and is taken as our own by the hand of faith. But this is not done by any power in ourselves. Man by nature is "dead in trespasses and sin," and there is not the least particle of strength in him by which he could bring himself to spiritual life or in any wise assist in this work. It is wholly the work of the Holy Spirit. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned," 1 Cor. 2, 14. "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to do anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God," 2 Cor. 3, 5.

"No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost," 1 Cor. 12, 3. Such are the plain statements of God's Word. We therefore confess in our Catechism: "I believe that I cannot by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to Him; but the Holy Spirit hath called me through the Gospel, enlightened me by His gifts, and sanctified and preserved me in the true faith." And in the Larger Catechism Dr. Luther says: "Neither you, nor I could ever know anything of Christ, nor believe in Him and have Him for our Lord, except as it is offered to us, and granted to our hearts by the Holy Ghost through the preaching of the Gospel. The work is finished and accomplished; for Christ, by His suffering, death, resurrection, etc., has acquired and gained the treasure for us. But if the work remain concealed, so that no one knew of it, then it were in vain and lost. That this treasure, therefore, might not lie buried, but be appropriated and enjoyed, God has caused the Word to go forth and be proclaimed, in which He gives the Holy Ghost to bring this treasure home and apply it unto us."

How important is this work of the Holy Spirit! Only they that believe shall be saved. Without true faith in the Redeemer we must perish in our sins. Only by the work of the Holy Spirit through the means of grace we are brought to this faith and kept in this faith until the end. As we call to mind the important work of the Holy Spirit, and praise the mercy of our God for His mission, may we also be urged to greater earnestness in the use of the means of grace by which the Spirit works, and to greater zeal in bringing those means of grace to those who are still sitting in the darkness of sin and death without Christ and without hope in this world.

On Infidelity.

Did you ever hear of a Christian in his dying hour giving up Christianity? You never did. Did you ever hear of Christians regretting that they had accepted the Gospel, and in their dying hour embracing infidelity? You never did. But how many times have Christians

been called to the bedside of an infidel in his dying hours, and heard him crying for mercy? There is no power and no comfort for the soul in infidelity. It is said of West, an eminent man, that he was going to take up the doctrine of the resurrection, and show the world what a fraud it was, while Lord Lyttleton was going to take up the conversion of Saul, and just show the folly of it. These men were going to annihilate that doctrine and that incident of the Gospel. They were going to follow the example of the infidel Frenchman, who said it took twelve fishermen to build up Christ's religion, but one Frenchman would pull it down. Through the eighteen hundred years the doctrine of the resurrection came down to us, and West got at it and began to look at the evidence; but instead of being able to cope with it he found it perfectly overwhelming—the proof that Christ had risen, that He had come out of the sepulchre, and ascended to heaven leading captivity captive. The light dawned upon him, and by the power of God's grace he became an expounder and champion of Christianity. And Lord Lyttleton, that infidel and skeptic, had not been long at the conversion of Saul before the God of Saul broke upon his sight and he too embraced the Gospel of the risen and ascended Saviour.

The Life-Boat.

Our own government, and the governments of most civilized nations, which possess a coast line have established and maintain at considerable expense what is known as a life-saving service. The life-boat, which is so constructed that it can live in any sea, has been the means of saving a great many lives. All such humane associations are, of course, highly creditable to the government which maintain them. But while it is praiseworthy to care for the body and the physical life, that is a still higher service which looks after the safety of the spiritual life, which is to continue its existence when the other is ended. The sea of life is swept by storms and tempests and many souls go down under their wrathful outbursts, but Christ is a life-boat which will bear us safely through all into the desired haven.

Letter from Little Rock.

DEAR PIONEER:—

At last I find time to let you hear something again from our mission field. Mr. Burgdorf, who had taken charge of the mission in the interval between the death of Rev. Meilaender and the arrival of the present missionary, had endeared himself greatly to the members of our mission and his departure was deeply regretted by all.

It is rather late to give you any details about our Christmas festival. We will only say that it was an occasion of great joy to us all.

had been baptized on the 29th of December last year, and was ready for confirmation as soon as he would be strong enough, died suddenly on the 27th and was buried on the 30th of March. He died very peacefully in firm reliance on his Saviour, whom he affectionately called his Great Physician. Another sad event was the sudden death of Lilian Emma Jones. She was one of the most regular attendants in school.

The mission work is necessarily slow at present as my school takes up almost all my time, so that I hardly find time to visit the members and cheer them up to a more diligent attendance. God grant that we may have a teacher next year, for indeed we need one very much. The

How Do You Give?

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your father which is in heaven," Matthew 6, 1. You may have seen the liberal giver in church. One of them will not let the left hand know what the right hand giveth—he drops his money without show into the basket; but the other one strokes the bill out to its full proportions and flourishes it almost overhead into the basket. During the late yellow fever siege large contributions were given for the afflicted. A large glass vase stood in a public place in Philadelphia, it was



Pupils of a Protestant Mission School in India.

The attendance in our day-school was very large about Christmas time; but it has somewhat diminished, partly because some had to be expelled as incorrigible and partly because some voluntarily left for other schools, where the discipline seems to be more congenial to their disposition. Others have found work in the city, and others again have removed to the country, so that at present the average daily attendance is about 55. The number of scholars in our Sunday-school is larger and we hope it will keep on increasing. The average attendance is about 37, ranging between 20 and 50.

Mrs. Brooks, wife of Joseph Brooks, one of our most diligent members, will be confirmed in a short time.

Our dear brother, J. Bransford, who had received instructions from Mr. Burgdorf and

night-school, which I started shortly after New Year, has been pretty regularly attended by 7 scholars. The object is to fit them to read the Bible and enable them to sing in the services. We have already begun to read the Bible. God grant that this may become an overflowing source of strength and consolation to them. It is simply appalling to think that only a few, a very few of the grown colored people are able to read or write, and their faith is therefore almost entirely dependent upon what others assert, without being able to examine the doctrine according to the Light of the Holy Writ.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." Matth. 9, 37. 38.

GEO. ALLENBACH.

fast filling with silver, gold, and bills. An anxious giver stood before it one day, but it took so long until some one passed by to observe his magnanimity of heart. He lingered with the bill in his hand. At last a crowd gathered, then he went up as if he had just come that way, lifted it on high until all could see its value, and when he had dropped the bill into the vase, he proudly passed on. He gave his money before men, to be seen of them. He let the left hand know what the right hand gave.—Selected.

I LIKE that old Scotchman's word, when he was puzzled about a matter of duty and wanted to end the debate: "Reach me the Bible; that settles all."

Saved by a Bible.

Some years ago there was a forester, named Grimez, who lived in a lonely place in the thick woods of the Silesian mountains, in Prussia. His family consisted of his wife and his mother, with a little daughter, about seven years of age. His wife and mother were Christian women; but he himself was not a Christian. He did not believe the Bible, and often used to ridicule his wife for her prayers, and what he called "her foolish trust in God."

The time to which our story refers was a dark and stormy evening in autumn. The two women and the little child sat round the fire in their house. The forester had not yet come home from the neighboring town. The family were beginning to feel very anxious about him. And they had good cause to feel so. A band of robbers had been infesting that part of the forest of late, and had made it very unsafe. This forester was the officer of the King of Prussia. His duty was to take care of the forest. After long efforts he had just succeeded in capturing all this band of robbers, except their leader. He was a very strong, and cunning, but wicked man. And he had vowed to have his revenge on the forester and his family, for breaking up his band. The women of that lonely family knew this. No wonder that they felt very anxious as they sat round the fire on that stormy evening.

At last the grandmother said it would do no good to go on talking so, and giving way to their fears; and that it would be much better to seek comfort from God's Word, and ask His protection.

Then the wife brought out their family Bible, and read aloud from it the seventy-first psalm. These are some of the words that she read:—"In thee, O Lord, I put my trust; let me never be put up to confusion. *Deliver me, O my God, out of the hands of the wicked, out of the hands of the unrighteous and cruel man.*"

When the psalm was finished she read an evening hymn in keeping with the psalm. After singing this they knelt down together in prayer. They told God about their fears, and asked him to protect them, as well as their beloved husband and father. They prayed for the poor and the sick of their parish; for all evil doers, and especially for the wicked robber in their neighborhood, that the Lord would have mercy on him, and change his heart, and turn him from his evil ways.

They had hardly finished their prayers, when they heard the well-known footsteps of him, whom they were looking for, approaching the house. He was brought home in safety.

Before they went upstairs to bed the forester examined the doors and windows to see that they were fastened; he loaded his fire-arms, and thought that he could lie down and sleep without any cause for fear.

Well, an hour or two passes away. All is quiet in the forester's house. No sound is heard but the rustling of the trees as the wind sweeps

through them. But hark! what is that? There is a movement—a quick movement in the room where the forester's family had been spending the evening. And now look! there is a man—a desperate looking man—creeping out from under the settle, or old wooden bench, which stood there. It is the robber of whom they were so much afraid. He had managed to steal in about sundown, when nobody saw him, and to hide himself under the settle. There he had heard all that had been said. He goes softly and silently to the table. He lays down on it a large, sharp knife. He picks up the Bible. The words of that psalm have had a wonderful effect upon him. Then he stands by the table for a few moments, hesitating what he had better do. Two or three times he picks up the knife, and resolves to have revenge by plunging it into the bosom of the sleepers upstairs. But each time he lays the knife down again. He thinks of the words of that wonderful psalm, and he is afraid to do it. Then he goes to the window and opens it very gently. He leaves the knife on the table, but takes the Bible in his hand; he gets up on the window-ledge, and creeps out cautiously, and in a few moments disappears in the dark shadows of the wood.

When the forester and his family came down the next morning and found the window open, and a great sharp knife lying on the table, and the Bible gone, they were, of course, very much surprised. The open window showed that somebody had been in the house. The great knife showed that his object had been murder; while the missing Bible seemed to show that somehow or other that had been the means of saving them. The pious wife thanked God for their protection.

Some time after this, in the year 1813, there was war between the French and the Prussians. The king of Prussia had raised a large army. Grimez, our forester, had a position as captain in this army. The French army had taken a strong position in a part of the country where there were several lakes, all the shores of which were covered with dense woods. On the borders of the largest of these lakes were several huts inhabited by fishermen. The Prussian army was ordered to drive the French away from that position. This led to a very severe battle. The Prussians gained the victory, and drove the French away. But they gained it with the loss of a great many men. Among those who fell, on that day, was our brave captain, the forester. His men thought he was killed, and left him on the field for dead. But he was only badly wounded. After his friends had gone he lay groaning in pain among the dead. A fisherman was coming cautiously up in his boat, to see if a little hut of his on the shore had been destroyed by the army. He heard the groans of the wounded man. He rowed his boat to land, and went up to the spot from which the cry of pain was heard. When he found the Prussian officer, he gave a low whistle, and some of his companions came up. They carried the wounded man to their

boat, and rowed him to the opposite shore of the lake. They landed in the neighborhood of several cottages. Into one of these the wounded man was carried. The fisherman and his wife received him with great kindness. They dressed his wound and nursed him with tender care. He began to get better. The fisherman wrote to the captain's family to tell them how and where he was. His wife and daughter came to nurse him, and be with him.

As he lay upon his sick bed he could not help thinking of all that had happened to him. He thought of the wonderful way in which God had protected himself and his family from the robber on that memorable night. He thought of the way in which he had been taken care of, when left for dead on the battle field. He saw God's Hand in it all. He was led to pray to him earnestly, and became a Christian.

And now he was well enough to go home. He thanked the kind fisherman for all that he had done for him, and wished to pay him for the great trouble he had caused him. But to their surprise he would take nothing. When they pressed it on him, he said he was much more indebted to them than they were to him. He said further that he had a great treasure of theirs which he had once taken away, and now wished to restore. Then he went to a closet and brought out a Bible. As soon as the forester's wife saw it she recognized it as their dear old Bible which had disappeared so strangely on that night that never could be forgotten. She caught it eagerly in her hands and pressed it to her bosom. Then the fisherman told them the story, and how he was the very robber who had intended to kill them, and how through the reading of that Bible he had been led to change his purpose, and afterwards by reading it, how he became a Christian.—C. M.

The Way of Faith.

If we are living and walking by faith, we shall be abiding in the grace of God, for faith always looks to Christ; we shall be feeling our weakness, learning more and more our deep necessity of Christ, and realizing increasingly that all His fulness is ours. Such do not lean on their store of knowledge, their past experience, their gifts, their graces, their brethren, nor even on their prayers, but on Christ. They know Christ to be a sure Rock to build upon, a safe Hidingplace, a never failing Refuge, an exhaustless Spring of joy, a River of peace, a Fulness of strength, their Life, Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption; their Bridegroom, Husband, Friend; their Altar, their all-sufficient Sacrifice, their all-prevailing High Priest; the Renewer of their strength, the Restorer of their souls, the Keeper of their feet, their Head, their Lord, their ALL.—Selected.

—A CHRISTIAN is never satisfied with himself; but this is no wonder, as he is not fully satisfied with any one but Christ.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE Martin Luther College recently opened in New Ulm, Minn., numbers at present thirty five scholars and there are fair prospects for a steady growth.

—A BIBLE society agent called on 3,210 families in Concord, N. H., recently, and found 29 only with copies of the Bible. He sold 629 copies and gave away 107.

—WITTENBERG will on June 24th next solemnly commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Bugenhagen, and dedicate to his honor a monument on the church green in front of the parsonage which was once his official residence. Bugenhagen was professor of theology and pastor at Wittenberg in 1522. He was a devoted friend of Luther and assisted him in translating the Bible. He preached the funeral sermon of the great Reformer.

—WHERE in 1804, there were only 150 pastors in the Protestant Church in France, there are now more than 800, and in some purely Catholic districts Protestant churches have sprung up of late years.

—A PASTOR in Texas writes: "Holding services at a place one time I took up a collection for the support of missions. There was a poor old lady present who I noticed dropped a \$5 gold piece in the hat. I knew she was very poor and not able to afford so much, and thought she had intended to throw in a quarter, but made a mistake. So next day I met her husband and said to him: 'Look here, your wife put a \$5 gold piece in the hat yesterday; I think she must have made a mistake.' 'No, no,' he replied, 'my wife didn't make no mistake. She don't fling often, but let me tell you, when she flings she flings.'"

—E. A. GOODNOW, of Worcester, has pledged the sum of \$10,000 to the Huguenot Seminary of South Africa.

—THE missionaries of the London Missionary Society in the Loyalty Islands have been ordered, by the French authorities, to cease teaching in their own language, as they wish the natives to receive instruction in French, and, of course, in the Romish faith. A fortnight was allowed in which to consider the matter, and the missionaries stood firm, saying that they would obey no government agent in religious matters.

—MISSIONARIES in far-off countries, like Burmah, say that a great deal of infidel literature is being distributed among the natives, especially among teachers. Bundles of documents, including Ingersoll's lectures, in the native tongues, are sent into towns and villages for free circulation.

—"You talk of converting India to Christianity," said the Hindoo to a missionary; "you might as well talk of cutting down that forest," pointing to a forest some ten miles in extent, "with a single ax." "Done," said the European; "but then every tree that I level shall be the handle for another ax, and another, and

another, and until the forest shall resound, and every tree shall be laid low."

—A LETTER from Japan says: "Villages are now opening near all the towns and cities where work is carried on, and the first to hear and follow are the most influential persons in the several places. These village people are even more eager to hear than the townspeople. A sermon of an hour's length is deprecated, and the preacher urged to stretch a point, and give them at least a two hours' discourse! And when that sermon is ended the audience is ready for another equally long!"

—THE increase of the Christian population in the province of Madras, India, in the ten years from 1871 to 1881 was 165,682, or over 30 per cent. The Government Census Report, from which these figures are taken, says: "It is in no sectarian spirit that this may be declared wholly a matter for congratulation. There is no enlightened Madras Brahmin who does not rejoice equally with the missionaries to see the work of the latter in redeeming the degraded castes of Tinnevelly and the devil-worshippers of South Canara from their debased cults to a pure faith and a higher morality."

—AN English merchant from India recently lectured in London on Foreign Missions. In his lecture he said: "The first thing to be put in the forefront of Missions is preaching the gospel—going out in the highways and byways preaching the good news that Jesus Christ died and rose again to save fallen man. I fear there is not so much of that going from village to village proclaiming the glad news as one would like."

—J. A. MARGAHAN, the distinguished newspaper correspondent whose remains were brought from Constantinople, a few months ago and buried in Perry Co., O., says of the inhabitants of Greenland after having visited and become acquainted with them: "They are all good Christians and Church-going people, belonging as do all the Esquimaux of Greenland, to the Lutheran faith, to which they have been converted by the kindly influence of the Danes. They have a neat little church where they hold religious services every Sunday. To all appearances they are happy, and lead a quiet, innocent and virtuous life in their little sea-bound world."

—A BROOKLYN Justice has established a valuable precedent in the matter of indecent show-bills. A bill-poster charged with putting up such bills in public places was brought before the court, tried and convicted. The Justice in passing sentence took occasion to remark on the demoralizing effects of indecent posters, and said that he proposed to use his influence in putting a stop to the nefarious business. He will certainly have the support of all respectable people in his efforts.

—KING LEOPOLD, of Belgium, being asked once the secret of his enthusiasm and interest in the evangelization of Africa, for which he had contributed over a million of dollars, replied, "When the Lord took away my only son I felt that I had nothing to live for, until God seemed to say, 'Live for Africa.'"

Short Stops.

—THERE are a goodly number of authors and talkers who write and speak after the fashion of the young theological student, who, on delivering his first sermon before the celebrated Mr. Simeon, of Cambridge, thundered out the following sentence:—"Amid this tumult the son of Amram stood unmoved." "Stop there!" interrupted his critic. "Whom do you mean by the 'son of Amram'?" "Please, sir, Moses," replied the orator. "Then if you mean Moses, why don't you say Moses?" said the other.—How many people who "mean Moses" say Moses?

—A CONVERTED actor once pointed a Christian friend to a play-house in which he used to perform and said, "Behind those curtains lies Sodom."

—AN Irish priest told a man who had a Bible in his possession that "he had no business with the Bible; for St. Peter said it was not the Word, but the milk of the Word he ought to have," and he confirmed his assertion by 1 Pet. 2, 2: "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the Word." "I know that well, please your reverence," replied the poor man, "but for fear the milk should be adulterated, I like to keep the cow that gives it with me in the house!"

BOOK-TABLE.

THE PRIMER for Ev. Lutheran Parochial Schools. Price 20 cents. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

This is a splendid little Primer, well adapted as a first book for the little ones. It is beautifully illustrated, admirably printed and handsomely bound.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION-CHURCH.
Cor. Franklin and Thalla Strs.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10-12.
Catechumen class meets from 7-8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8-9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1885.

No. 6.

"Send For Our Coachman."

A pastor relates the following touching narrative. A gentleman of wealth and of high social position, living in the suburbs of London, was suddenly stricken down by a dangerous illness. Darkness as from an overhanging storm-cloud fell upon the bright and happy home, and the children crept noiselessly through the elegantly furnished rooms, or sat in silence waiting the result. Through the long night the faithful wife sat by the bed-side, and the next morning again, as already before, ventured the request that a clergyman should be called. "No," the husband replied; "send for our coachman."

Not knowing what to think of the strange command, she did as she was directed, and soon the humble servant stood respectfully at the foot of the bed. "John," said the master, "three weeks ago I heard you speak to some poor people. You did not see me, but I stood near by, and listened to every word you said. You told them that on account of what Jesus Christ did on the cross, every sinner may be saved just now, and just as he is, and that he may know he is saved by the sure word of God. I have sent for you that you may prove to me out of the Bible the truth of what you said."

This was a delightful service to the grateful coachman, who at once began to read, "Man, thy sins ARE forgiven thee," (Luke 5, 20.); "And he said to the woman, Thy faith HATH saved thee; go in peace," (Luke 7, 50.); "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was LOST," (Luke 19, 10.); "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," (John 3, 36.); "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," (Rom. 5, 8.); "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh," (Rom. 8, 3.); "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree," (1 Pet. 2, 24.); "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," (1 John 1, 7.); "These things have I written

unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may KNOW that ye have eternal life," (1 John 5, 13.).

Many similar passages did the happy servant read from his Bible, for he was "deeply read in the oracles of God." He showed clearly that we are not saved by doing, but by believing, and that through believing alone, without the addition of feelings, resolutions, or anything else, we have a present and certain salvation, of which we are assured by the word that liveth and abideth forever. The Scriptures, unlike any other book, contain living words, because they are the words of the living God, and the words of the Gospel, which is a power of God unto salvation, brought comfort and assurance to the heart of the sick listener, and soon master and servant rejoiced together in the common salvation.

Thus the poor coachman, giving testimony in love for Christ and for souls, was the instrument in God's hand to bring the soul of his master into the way of salvation.

Jesus is still saying to every one whom He has delivered from the power of the devil, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee," (Mark 5, 19.). He who has heard and accepted the Gospel call to salvation will consider it his duty and his privilege to bring that Gospel to others. "Let him that heareth, say, Come," (Rev. 22, 19.).

God Loves You.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." You are not lovely, but you are one of that loved world; neither may you desire to be loved, and yet you are one of that "so loved" world. Nor do you deserve to be loved; yet still loved you are, in spite of all; yes, loved by God, and you know it not, and have never yet believed it. But, dear reader, you are not left without proof of it (John 3, 16.). You have often been told by others that they loved you, but they as often failed to prove it; sometimes rather proved the reverse. Not so with God. "He gave His only-begotten Son;" yes, as a free gift unasked,

undesired, and undeserved. Oh, the amazing love of God! God has given the gift already—the gift of His Son. As I write these lines to you, unsaved one, I hold in my hand a gift, it was offered me three months ago by a child of God. I accepted it with thanks on the spot. I did not ask for it; nor did I offer to pay for it; nor did I reject it. No! I prize it much. It is to me a token of the giver's love; but, dear reader, God's priceless gift He offered and pressed me to accept for many years, and I all that time kept rejecting it until I saw without Him I must perish eternally. Christ was given by God to the World; more than eighteen hundred years ago; therefore, given to you as one of the world; you have been till now rejecting Him, and if you reject Him until the end, you will perish in Hell for ever. You cannot reject him and be happy or safe; neither can you accept Him and be unhappy or perish. Mark these words—"Whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." "He that believeth on Him is not condemned." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." Mark this, dear reader, for you may be saved as you read. It is not needful for you to weep one tear, to pray one prayer, do one good work, or take one step to the right or to the left; but where you are, and as you are, all you have to do is to accept God's gift, Christ, and you are saved for ever. Then you may pray, and praise, and work for Him who died for you on Calvary's Cross, and tell other poor sinners that they, too, are loved of God. —W.

No Middle Ground.

The man who is not in Christ is in his sins. There is no middle ground. You must be either in Christ or out of Him. There is no such thing as being partly in Christ. If there is a single hair's breadth between you and Christ, you are in an actual state of wrath and condemnation. But on the other hand, if you by faith are in Him, then are you "as He is" before God and so looked upon in the presence of infinite holiness.

Obituary.

In the death of Mrs. Mathilde Nicholls the Ev. Luth. Mt. Zion Congregation has lost an active and faithful member. Sister Nicholls was born in South Carolina. When the late unpleasantness between the North and South was happily settled and the Colored people were permitted to go out of the house of bondage she went to Mississippi and lived there for some 15 or 16 years. During the last 6 years of her life she resided with her daughter, Mrs. Lightfoot, in this city. After having been duly instructed in the doctrines of the Christian religion she was baptized and confirmed in the Ev. Luth. Mt. Zion church on the 11th day of February, 1883.

The deceased was a pious woman, a devout and attentive hearer of the Word of God and a regular participator in the Lord's Supper. She was one of those who with the Psalmist of old could truly say: "My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. One day in thy courts is better than a thousand." When unable on account of sickness, to walk to the house of God she entreated the sisters that came to see her to help her thither that she might once more in fellowship with them offer up to the Lord her prayers and praises and participate with them in the holy Sacrament. But owing to the nature of her disease her wishes could not be carried out.—The deceased was an unassuming member of the kingdom of Christ, "adorned with that meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God of great price," content to learn from the divine Word and to manifest in her daily walk her love to and her faith in the blessed Redeemer, "Her beauty this, her glorious dress: Jesus, his blood and righteousness."

But though of a quiet and retiring disposition she was well versed in the Word and doctrines of Holy Scripture and could, if need be, give answer to every one that asked a reason for the hope that was in her. Her sufferings were at times painful, but not a word of complaint or murmuring escaped her lips; like a true and tried disciple of Christ she patiently bore the cross, silently praising him in her tribulation, and looking for the blessed hour of deliverance.

After four months sickness that hour came. On the 29th of April she died in Christ, in whom she had trusted while living. Her funeral took place on the day following from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Lightfoot. The Missionary delivered the funeral discourse based on Psalm 90, 12., to a large assembly who had come to pay the last respects to the deceased who was loved by all that knew her. Her remains were then deposited in the Gerod Cemetery there to await the resurrection of the just.

"Her trials and her griefs are past.
A blessed end is her's at last,
Christ's yoke she bore and did His will
And though she died she liveth still."

New Orleans, La., May 18th, 1885.

MISSIONARY.

Our Colored Mission in New Orleans.

From a correspondence of *The Workman* we clip the following report of our Mission in New Orleans:

The Colored Mission is under the pastoral care of Rev. Bakke, who likewise preaches for the Scandinavian seamen who come to this port. The Colored Mission consists of two congregations. A Parochial School is connected with each congregation. The one congregation already numbers forty-two communicants, with one hundred children in the day school. The other, called the Chapel, has twenty-six communicants, with eighty in the school. We attended services at both the congregations and were pleased with the orderly deportment of the worshippers. We also visited one of the schools and were really surprised at the good order, the eagerness to learn, and the creditable recitations of hard lessons.

From all that we can learn, we are convinced that this beginning, though small as yet, is the commencement of a great work among the despised and neglected of this race. The public schools for these colored children are said to be very poor. The teachers are incompetent and the pay insufficient.

These two Lutheran Parochial Schools are doing solid work. They are turning out excellent scholars. The pupils are not only instructed in the ordinary secular branches but they are taught Luther's catechism, Bible history, and our evangelical hymns, which they sing beautifully. The missionary informed us that all over the neighborhood of his two schools he can hear the colored children singing these precious hymns and melodies. These two little schools are already making an impression and are becoming known. The teachers are compelled to turn away applicants every week for want of room. The congregations are growing out of the schools. And we are glad to learn that these colored people, after having been instructed in the catechism, become truthful, honest, pure and consistent Christians. We are glad also to learn that the same Synod expects to send another missionary and another teacher or two to New Orleans by autumn. They also have a colored mission at Little Rock, Arkansas, which is carried on in the same way.

Tell the People their Sins.

Dr. William Anderson, for more than 50 years pastor of a church in Glasgow, had a somewhat pointed way of "putting things."

He was once expounding the 15th Psalm, and had come to the word usury, "He that putteth not out his money to usury." He said: "There was once in this church a poor widow, and she wanted twenty pounds to begin a small shop. Having no friends she came to me, her minister. And I happened to know a man—not of this church—who could advance the

money to the poor widow. So we went to this man—the widow and I—and the man said he would be happy to help the widow. And he drew out a bill for twenty pounds, and the widow signed it, and I signed it, too. Then he put the signed paper in his desk, and took out the money and gave it to the widow. But the widow, counting it said: 'Sir, there are only 15 pounds here.' 'It is all right,' said the man; 'that is the interest I charge.' And as we had no redress, we came away. But the widow prospered; and she brought the twenty pounds to me, and I took it myself to the office of the man who lent it, and I said to him, 'Sir, there are the twenty pounds from the widow.' And he said, 'Here is the paper you signed, and if you know any other poor widow, I will be happy to help her in the same way.' I said to him: 'You help the widow! Sir, you have robbed this widow, and if you repent not *you will be damned!*' And, my friends, I kept my eye upon that man; and before six months were over God smote him and he died. Hear the solemn warning of James speaking by the Holy Ghost: 'Go to now, you rich men, weep and howl for your miseries shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered: and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.'"

No Grace Without Means.

Some fanatical people have much to say of God, of forgiveness of sins, of divine grace and of the death of Christ. But of the means whereby a man may have Christ and whereby grace comes to a man, so that a man obtains grace and so that grace and sin are brought together, they know nothing; and they tell us that all this is done by the Spirit only, and that the external oral word, baptism and sacrament, can accomplish nothing. And yet they talk of grace as though it was a great treasure. It is like telling a man of some great treasure and speaking very highly of it, but at the same time hiding the key and destroying the bridges whereby the treasure is reached.—*Luther.*

Fill the Sack.

A young man in professional life, who devoted his evening hours to work in the lowest part of London, used daily to rescue from sleep two or three of the early morning hours for prayer and study of the Scriptures. He commended the practice to others, and enforced his recommendation by the saying of Newton, "If the sack be filled at once with wheat, there will be no room for chaff." "I fill my sack as early and as full as I can at the footstool of the Lord, or the devil would get in a bushel of chaff before breakfast."

Nancy's Message.

Nancy White was only a washer-woman, yet she stood near the splendid coffin where lay in sweet repose together, a young mother and newborn babe.

Most lovely was the face which death had altered so little. The stately parlors, draped in black, the beautiful things she had so delighted in, gleams of marble, glimpses of rare color and exquisite drapery, lent a strange and solemn brightness to the scene.

Long and earnestly Nancy White looked on the two faces. Her lips trembled, her eyes glistened; but a smile fought with the tears.

"After all God knew best; He hasn't parted them," she said, softly.

Nancy White was known all over town for an honest, christian woman. She told homely truths over the wash tub that many a lady would never have borne from an ordinary acquaintance.

She, too, stood at the grave, in her scant brown gown and the sombre plaid ribbon over her bonnet. Her heart bled for the suffering husband, and when she saw him standing there, white and rigid as the marble shafts on either side, she whispered: "Poor body! there's a cloud between him and the Master."

This thought haunted her, and the next day old Nancy toiled up the steep hill again toward the rich man's house.

"Tell him a poor, mean body has come to give him comfort," she said.

Presently Nancy was ushered into a dark room, where sat the mourner. Nancy had often comforted his pretty wife before her trial—he knew that; and so, while all of his intimate friends might have been refused audience, the poor homely, blunt creature was admitted.

Nancy came quietly in and stood beside him, as she exclaimed in a sweet, solemn voice: "The Lord comfort ye!"

"Nancy, I am in utter despair," was the choked response.

Nancy looked at him, pitifully, her heavy hands working one over the other, and at last she said, as if soliloquizing:

"My man was drowned in the river. He was a good husband to me, and he went out full of health and strength, and was brought home to me, that loved him so, dead. Within the month, my two children died, and I was left alone with a blind mother to support. I

have seen poverty and sickness, but found God's word true through it all. I hugged it to my heart, and it grew dearer than husband or children even, and so it will to you, dear sir, if you will look to the Master."

"It's dark, Nancy, all dark."

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted," said Nancy, softly.

He looked up at her. There she stood, rugged, homely, and humble, and it seemed to strike him all at once that her visit was entirely unselfish, so that his heart warmed toward her.

"That's a promise, sir," she added.

"Yes, Nancy, that's a promise," he quietly responded.

"From One who never broke His word, sir. He has taken your wife and child to Himself, to save your soul, sir. You were rich, and easy, and prosperous, and, may be, forgetting Him."

"Nancy, I would give all the world if I could feel a Christian's comfort," he said, sadly.

"And that's a brave speech, sir, to give what isn't your own—a pretty gift, I'm thinking, the

Lord would think it. Would I thank you if you said, 'Nancy, I'll give you the house over yonder,' when I know it belongs to Captain Nash? No, no, give God what belongs to you, your own poor, broken, sinful heart, and He'll make it clean—see if He doesn't. He'll comfort you so that you'll say in all her dear life you never had such comfort. O my dear sir, mourn before God, and you'll bless the day my Master even sent His poor old servant to say a word to you of Him."

The truth struck home. The sweet promise was verified—at the grave of his wife, or surrounded by remembrances of her in the room where she died—"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

As for Nancy, she watched Him on Sundays from her seat in the corner, or sometimes she met him in the church door, and it was all the reward she needed, to hear him say: "God bless you, Nancy; I am trying to get on."—Selected.

Fourfold.

A little Kaffir girl in South

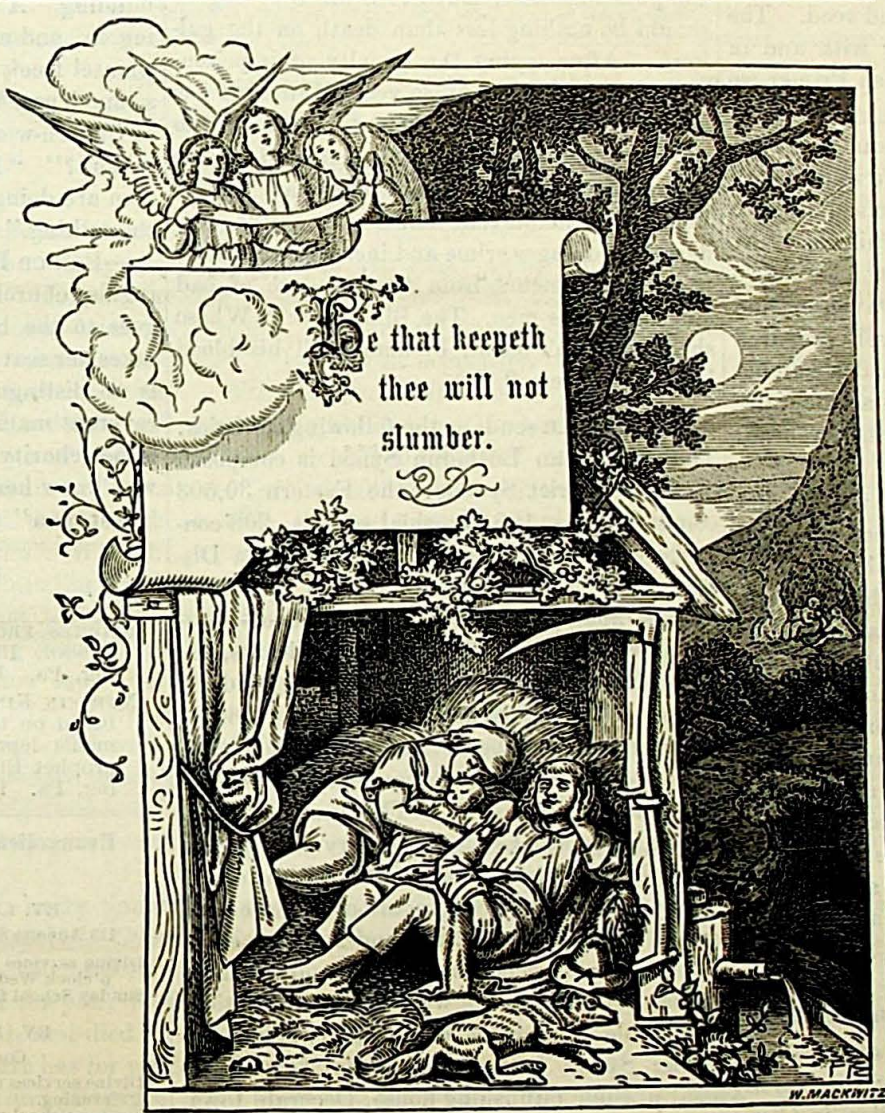
Africa came one day to the missionary and brought him four sixpences, saying, "This money is yours."

"No," said the missionary, "it is not mine."

"Yes," persisted the little black girl, "you must take it. At the examination of the school you gave me a sixpence as a prize for good writing, but the writing was not mine; I got some one else to do it for me. So here are four sixpences."

She had read the story of Zaccheus in Luke 19, and "went and did likewise." How much better was this than hiding her sin would have been!

"The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."



Evening.

It is the evening hour,
And thankfully,
Father, Thy weary child
Has come to Thee.

I lean my aching head
Upon Thy breast,
And there, and only there,
I am at rest.

All that I have or am
Through Christ is Thine;
So is my soul at peace,
For Thou art mine.

To-morrow's dawn may find
Me here, or there;
It matters little, since Thy love
Is everywhere!

—Selected.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE CHURCH MESSENGER says of the Primer recently published by our Publishing House in St. Louis: "For a number of years the German Lutheran Synod of Missouri has been engaged in preparing and issuing a set of English Readers for the use of the week day schools. We have noticed some of these before. We now have the first of the series—the Primer. It contains 60 pictures, an illuminated title page and 31 lessons. The lessons are also supplied with the necessary English script, so that the pupil learns to write as well as spell and read. The Primer compares very favorably with and in some respects surpasses any English Primer we know of."

—PARENTS can not be too careful in watching what their children read. The sensationalism of the day is creating only too sad a havoc with the morals and lives of children. At Grosvenor, Mich., one day last week, two twelve year-old boys, named Davidson and Parker, after reading a dime novel, prepared a sham Indian fight. Davidson had a hatchet and Parker a revolver, which was accidentally discharged, striking Davidson in the forehead, killing him instantly.

—THE Icelandic population of the United States and Canada numbers between five and six thousand souls, of these probably a little less than one-half reside in Manitoba, and the rest almost exclusively in Dakota and Minnesota. They are constituted into thirteen churches, six of these being in Dakota and two in Minnesota. As yet there are but two Icelandic pastors in this country, namely, Rev. Hans B. Thorgrimson, of Mountain, Pembina Co., Dakota, and Rev. Jan Jjarnason, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. At the recent Icelandic Church Conference, held at the first mentioned place, these two pastors and twenty-eight lay delegates were present. A constitution for an Icelandic Lutheran synod was adopted, and now lies before the congregations.

—THE Moravian church carries on missions in Greenland and Labrador, among the North American Indians, in the West Indies, in Central and South America, in South Africa, Australia and Central Asia; it has seventeen so called Missionary Provinces, three hundred and twenty-three missionaries, male and female, besides more than fifteen hundred native assistants and more than eighty-one thousand converts under instruction; its mission schools number two hundred and fifteen, at which nearly seventeen thousand children and young people, in charge of two hundred and eighty-three teachers, are educated, the entire annual cost of this work being about \$250,000.

—Two Finnish Lutheran missionaries for seamen are stationed in London and in Hull, England.

—A PROTESTANT Mission was recently begun among the Japanese of California. There are between 250 and 300 in and around San

Francisco. Large numbers have arrived recently on account of the Japanese conscription laws. There is a Japanese Gospel Society of sixty members. Ten of these are Christians, and one is an elder of a church in Japan. A missionary has been appointed to labor wholly among these men.

—THERE were in Dakota Territory 46 Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran pastors at work last year serving 173 congregations and 31 preaching points.

—IT seems to be generally agreed now that the punishment for murder in the first degree should be nothing less than death on the gallows. After trying the penalty of imprisonment for life for seventeen years Minnesota has returned to capital punishment, and a bill to the same effect was narrowly defeated in the Senate of the Michigan Legislature last winter. It has been found that leniency to wilful murderers encourages crime and increases the perils that society incurs from the presence of bad and dangerous men. The Bible says: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," (Gen. 9, 6.).

—A READER sends as the following statistics: The Norwegian Lutheran Synod is composed of three district Synods: the Eastern 30,503 communicants, 105 parochial schools, 208 congregations and 60 pastors; the Minnesota District 25,609 communicants, 135 parochial schools, 269 congregations and 70 pastors, and the Iowa District 20,419 communicants, 82 parochial schools, 187 congregations and 54 pastors. Total in Synod 144,272 souls, 76,532 communicant members. Parochial schools 322, Sunday-schools 263, congregations 664, pastors 174 and professors 11. The pastors of the Synod, as of the Conference, serve many congregations and preaching points; 37 pastors of the Synod serve five congregations, 9 serve each six, 1 eight, 2 nine, 2 ten and 2 eleven each. Thus large districts are occupied and few Norwegian settlements are without some attention. The Bible Committee of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod have printed the New Testament at their publishing house, Decorah, Iowa, in the Norwegian language. Lack of funds prevent them at present from publishing the Old Testament also. The Synod has a traveling missionary in the East and one in the West, and also some colporteurs. Receipts of the Synod for last year: Jubilee Fund \$6,265, Synodical Treasury \$7,018, Education \$10,982, Beneficiary Students \$2,231, Foreign Missions \$2,327, Freedmen's Mission \$205, Australia Mission \$100, Indian Mission \$274, Jewish Missions \$500, Home Missions \$271, Orphans \$371, church in Sioux Falls, Dak., \$137; Hermannsburg Foreign Mission Society \$31. Total, with some other objects, \$47,224. Receipts of the Norwegian Lutheran Publishing House at Decorah, Ia., for the last three years were \$99,799.50, net profits \$8,238, assets \$50,165.91, liabilities \$16,239.77. Net assets \$33,926.14.

Short Stops.

—IN social conversation with his staff one of them asked General Joe Johnston how many times he had been wounded. He replied, "eight times." The staff remarked that he was the most unfortunate General in this respect that he had ever known. "No, sir," said he, "the most fortunate; for it was only by the mercy of God I was not killed upon either occasion."

—Two laborers were trying to place a stone in position on the foundation wall of a new building. A crowd was standing around, looking on, and each one offering his criticism and counsel freely and loudly, but not one lifting so much as a finger to help. "That reminds me of Church-work," said a passer-by to another. "Why?" "Because," was the reply, "two men are doing the work, and twenty are doing the talking."

—PRINCE Bismarck's wife is one of the most regular church-goers in Berlin. The noble lady goes to the house of God plainly dressed and takes her seat among the common people; there is no distinguishing mark about her but her reverent manner. The number of the receipts of her charity is great, but the number of those who know her to be the wife of the Emperor's "best man" is very small.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STORIES FROM BIBLE HISTORY for Home and School. Illustrated. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 40 cents.

NUR EIN KIND AUS ISRAEL. A German Story based on the Old Testament narrative of Naaman's leprosy and his healing through the prophet Elisha. — Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 50 cents.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.

Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10-12.
Catechumen class meets from 7-8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8-9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | 25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTELL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1885.

No. 7.

"Come and See!"

Twice we read these words in the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. They were first spoken by the Lord Jesus. He gave the invitation to the two disciples of John who heard that He was the Lamb of God. "Jesus turned and saw them following," and spoke to them. Then they asked Him where He dwelt, and He said, "Come and see!" One of the two that accepted the invitation was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. Having found the Messiah, he longed to bring others to Him. When he met his brother Simon, he said unto him, "We have found the Messiah." And he brought him to Jesus. The day following Jesus found Philip and said unto him, Follow me. And Philip obeyed and thus found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write. Having found Christ himself, he longed to bring others to the same happiness. He at once told his friend Nathanael about Him, and said, "Come and see!"

The invitation still goes out to every sinner, "Come and see Jesus in the Gospel!" Come and see what He has done for you; see how He loved you and gave Himself for you; how He lived, and suffered, and bled, and died for you! Come and see what gifts He has for you, forgiveness and peace, His spirit and His grace, His love and His everlasting joy! Come and see how ready He is to receive you, to take you up in His arms and bless you! Thousands have come and seen and found their Saviour in the Gospel, and by the power of that Gospel their hearts were won for Him whom they formerly hated and despised.

A Jew, by the name of Gerson, lived in Westphalia in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was a bitter enemy of Christ and His Church. One day a poor Christian widow pawned a copy of the New Testament in his shop for a small sum of money. Gerson invited two of his Jewish friends to his house and began to read to them "the book of the Christians," and they together made merry over its contents. But the farther Gerson read the more restless he became. The power of the Gospel took hold of his heart, and he was convinced that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, the

promised Saviour of sinners. "There," he himself says, "there I found such a light that I must ever give thanks to God." He had come to Jesus and had really tasted and seen that He is gracious, and from that time on he brought to others the invitation, "Come and see!" He became a preacher of the Gospel.

When you, my dear reader, have come, when you can say like Philip, "We have found Him!" will you not say to some one else, "Come and see?" You will wish every one else to come to Him, and you have His word to bid you try to bring them: "Let him that heareth say come!" Will you not say "Come" by telling others of Jesus' love and by helping us in our mission work by which the story of that love is brought to poor dying sinners? There is no sweeter invitation for you to hear and no sweeter invitation for you to give than "Come and see" Jesus!

How a Believer Knows He is Saved.

Do you still ask how you may *know* that you are saved? I still reply, by believing the sure testimony of God's word. You know you were a condemned and ruined sinner by believing that word; you know Christ came to die for a lost world by believing that word; and you may know you are saved if you trust in Jesus Christ, by believing the same word. Let me ask a few plain questions that may present this important subject in a clearer light to your mind. How do you know that the law of God has pronounced a curse against every one who continues not in the strict performance of all the Divine commandments in all their extent, reaching to the most secret emotions of the soul? You know it only by believing His word. How do you know that the Son of God was born of the Virgin Mary, and performed many wonderful miracles and preached many sublime and sweet truths, and died upon the cross and rose from the tomb and ascended up to heaven? You know it only by believing His word. How, then, do you know that, not relying upon yourself, nor upon forms and works, but upon Christ alone, you shall certainly be saved? Obviously, in the same way—only by believing His word.

You cannot *feel* that the Saviour was born in Bethlehem of Judea, and that He suffered on Calvary, for this occurred more than eighteen hundred years ago; but you can *know* it upon the unimpeachable testimony of God. And so you are not called to *feel* that you can be saved in order to obtain assurance of salvation, but to *know* it upon the sworn testimony of God, revealed in His word, or, to put it in another shape, you cannot know that you are saved because you feel it, but you will feel it because you know it. If you hear good news, you do not first feel that it is true, and then believe it, but you first believe it and then feel happy. If you are anxious to obtain a favor of a friend who promises to grant your request, you do not first feel that he will do it, and then believe him, but you first believe him and then feel glad and grateful. In like manner, if you would know that you are saved, you must fix your gaze upon Christ, and listen to His precious declarations in the Gospel, instead of asking for comfort amid the darkness and disease that not only belong by nature to the "old man," but will continue to cling to it until it is laid down at the grave or left behind at the coming of the Lord.—I. H. B.

Look to Christ.

When Luther once saw a man very much depressed, he said to him, "Man, what are you doing? Can you think of nothing else but your sins, and dying and damnation? Turn your eye away, and direct it to Him who is called Christ. Cease to fear and lament. You really have no reason for it. If Christ were not here, and had not done this for you, you then would have reason to fear: but He is here, has suffered death for you, and has secured comfort and protection for you, and now sits at the right hand of His Heavenly Father to intercede for you."

BAXTER used to say that if the Bible had said, "Richard Baxter may take the water of life freely," it would not be such good news as when it said, "Whosoever will," because there might be some *other* Richard Baxter who was meant.

Read the Bible.

Whatever may remain unread, do not neglect the word of God; it is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Do you love to turn the pages of old books? None can be found that are older than the earliest books of our Bible. Do you find special delights in history? Here are records than which none are more ancient, more trustworthy, or more important. Are you fond of biography? Here are the lives of Moses, the lawgiver and leader of the Hebrew race; of David, the shepherd-boy, poet, and king; and of Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God. Is poetry, to you, a feast of beauty? Here are sublimest songs and sweetest consolation; the oldest of all poems, the epic that recites the fidelity of Job in unprecedented trials; the seraphic psalms of David; and the lofty prophecies of Isaiah. Yet idle people tell us the Old Testament is dry! Is the ocean dry? Is the sunlight black? Is sugar bitter to the taste? Then is the Bible an unattractive book. Fools may scoff at it; but the profoundest scholars know its worth.

For many years John Quincy Adams, by reading for one hour each morning, read the whole Bible once a year. He said that in whatever light he viewed it, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to morality, it was to him "an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue." Daniel Webster said that from the time when, at his mother's feet or on his father's knee, he first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they had been his daily study and vigilant contemplation—and that if there was anything in his style or thoughts to be commended, the credit was due to his kind parents, who instilled into his mind an early love of the Scriptures. Sir William Jones declared it to be his opinion that "the Bible contains more true sensibility, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may be written." In proof of the professions of no other book or collection of books, can testimony so abundant, so clear and so weighty, be adduced.

There is reason to fear, however, that many who praise the Bible seldom read it. It is doubtless true that many who would assent to all that might be said in praise of our sacred book, permit whole months to pass without brushing the dust from its covers. A poor shepherd who had bought an old Bible discovered one day, that several of its leaves were pasted together. Separating them he found a bank bill for five hundred francs (ninety-five dollars), accompanied by this will and testament: "I gathered together this money with very great difficulty, but having none as nat-

ural heirs except those who need nothing, I make thee, whosoever shall read this Bible, my heir." In every copy of God's word there are treasures richer than were found by the pious shepherd. Is it not a perpetual marvel that men are not searching for them day and night? As successive generations, in ignorance of their resources, till for corn the soil in which lie silver and gold, so men toil and weep and pass away, not knowing the riches of revelation. The Bible makes wise unto salvation only them that become familiar with its truths. Resolve, then, that your bookmark shall never lie between the same leaves of your Bible two consecutive days. Thus you cannot but have a growing appreciation of the beauty and helpfulness of the Book of books.

At stated times the Christian should withdraw from the society of secular writers to seek the companionship of those through whom God has made known His will. Just before his death, the venerable and learned Dr. Charles Elliot, a life-long student of the Bible, read the Old Testament in three weeks. When his daughter asked him what he was doing, he said, "I am reading *the news*." How precious to the reverent reader are the glad tidings contained in this ancient volume!—*Selected*.

Holy Baptism.

BY DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

Who dares to despise this ordinance, with which the Father, Son and Holy Ghost unite? Who would venture to call such water mere water? Do we not plainly see what spices God has thrown into this water? If we mix sugar with water it is no longer mere water, but becomes claret, or something similar; why then should we endeavor to separate the Word from the water and say it is mere water, as if neither the Word of God nor He Himself were united with it? Such a supposition is false; God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost are in and with the baptismal water, as Christ, at the Jordan, was in the water, the Holy Ghost over it, and God the Father revealing Himself in the voice from heaven.

Baptism is therefore a peculiar water which taketh away death and every evil, helping us into heaven and to a life everlasting. It is a precious, sweet water, full of aroma, a healing power, for God is united with it. God is a God of life, and therefore this water which He has blessed must be the true water of life, which conquer death and hell and brings eternal life.

It behooves us, indeed, to learn the importance of Baptism and to value it highly. We do not baptize in the name of an angel, or of a human being, but in the name of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

We must therefore be exceedingly careful not to separate in Holy Baptism the Word from the water wherewith we baptize, but we must

confess and believe that God so instituted this ordinance that, for Christ's sake, we are hereby, through the Holy Ghost, cleansed from our sins and rescued from eternal death. Or why else should the Holy Trinity be present with it? If we then firmly believe that our little children are born in sin, let us be quick to baptize them, that God may accomplish His work in them, according to His declaration that we must be born again of water and the Spirit, and that he who believes and is baptized shall be saved. If we know our infants to be under the dominion of death, let us not be slow to wash them according to the command of Christ, in this bath of Baptism, that death may be overcome. And thou, my hearer, who art baptized, remember well that thy baptism is unto thee a seal and guarantee of the forgiveness of thy sins and of the promise of eternal life through Christ. Yea, Baptism has a divine power to destroy death and to purify from sin; wherefore we are baptized with such hope into the death of Christ.

Baptism with its blessings and promises remains efficacious, though we may have fallen into sin and guilt, if we return from our error and do not continue in our wickedness. It will never do to seek forgiveness of sins and yet persistently to abide in them; we must repent and in true faith say: My Lord God has assured me of all mercy, when I was baptized in the Baptism of His Son, and now I will turn back to this grace of God, being convinced that my sins are removed, not, indeed, for my own sake or that of any other creature, but solely for Christ's sake; who has instituted and ordained Baptism, and who was Himself baptized, as though he had been a sinner.

A Cure for Tattlers.

Hannah Moore, a celebrated writer who died about fifty years ago, had a good way of managing tale-bearers. It is said, that when she was told anything derogatory of another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and see if it be true." The effects was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice be taken of the statement, but the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalized, to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossip story to Hannah Moore. One would think that her method of treatment would be sure cure for scandal.

A LITTLE girl knelt down to pray. She asked the dear Lord Jesus to give her what she wanted, and all was still for a few moments. Then some one who sat in the next room heard her say, "Thank you, God; you is very good!" With a light heart she ran away to her play, because she had asked and received.

Grandma Stevens.

A STORY TO OUR PICTURE.

She was knitting as hard as she could. Grandma could knit about as fast as she could think. Little Nell was fidgeting about the room, asking questions. She could ask questions faster than grandma could think.

"Oh, come!" she said at last; "you've asked questions enough to last all day; get the book and read a little to grandma; I've had no reading since morning."

"Well," said Nell, with a very bright face, "I will," and she scampered after "the book"—she knew very well what book she meant.

"Now, grandma, where shall I read?"

"Well, dear, your brother commenced on the fourteenth chapter of Matthew, and he read to where Jesus sent His disciples away in a ship and He went up into a mountain to pray; then the bell rang and he had to run."

"I see the place, grandma," and Nellie's clear little voice read: "'But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, for the wind was contrary: And in the fourth watch of the night—'

"What time was that, grandma?"

"About four o'clock, I think, dear."

"'Jesus went unto them walking on the sea.'

"Oh, my! just to think, walking right on the water; I don't see how He could have done it."

"'And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea they were troubled—'

"I should have thought they would be. Wouldn't you have been afraid, grandma?—'saying, It is a spirit, and they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.'

"Oh, mustn't they have been glad to hear His voice? But I think after all they were very stupid people. I should think they might have known that it was Jesus. Grandma, the next is about Peter.

"'And Peter answered Him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.'

"How like Peter that is," grandma said, knitting away. "He always wanted to do some queer thing or other; he never was content to act like other people. Well, let's hear what Jesus said to him."

"'And He said, Come. And when Peter was come down of the ship he walked on the water to go to Jesus.'

"Grandma, wasn't it nice in Jesus to call him and let him go walking on the water like what nobody else could do? I would just have liked that."

"I dare say you would," grandma said, smiling. "And I think it's very likely you would have acted just as Peter did."

"How did he act? Oh, I see! Why, grandma, he was afraid after Jesus had called him! How silly to be afraid! I wouldn't have been; I would have walked right straight on."

"Yes, that's just exactly the way Peter used to talk; he never was afraid of anything until he had to go through it."

"But, grandma, do you think I could be so foolish, if Jesus had really told me I might walk on the water to Him?"

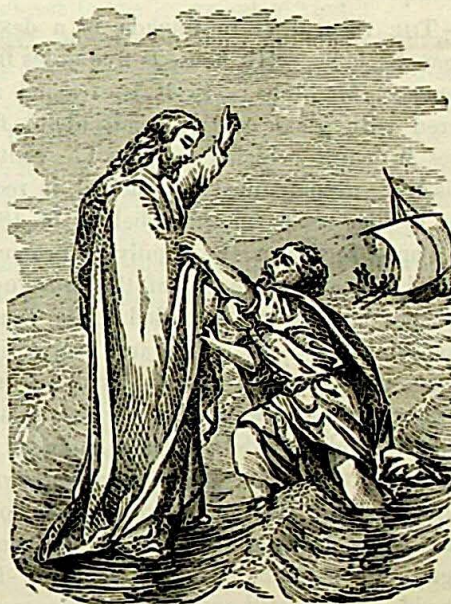
"Did you ever hear of a little girl who was so foolish as to be afraid to go up stairs in the dark to bed, after Jesus had told her that He had given His angels charge over her?"

Nell blushed, and kicked one of her kid toes against the hearth as she said:

"Oh, well, that is different!"

"Yes," said grandma, quietly; "it isn't the sea in a storm; it's only your nice pleasant room; that might make a difference."

Miss Nell read on: "'But when he saw the wind boisterous he was afraid; and, beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.'



"That's sensible in Peter anyhow," said grandma, beginning to "toe off" her stocking. "I think much better of him than I did; it isn't every one who has brains to cry to the Lord to come and take care of him; if he couldn't possibly have sense enough to trust Jesus in the first place, why, the next best thing to do was to cry to Him for help. I suppose he got it without any doubt?"

"Grandma, what if the next verse should read: 'But Jesus walked right on and let Peter sink—'

"It won't read so," said grandma decidedly; "because you see nobody ever cried, 'Lord, save me,' really wanting to be saved, that Jesus didn't attend to him right away."

"Well, He did this time. It says: 'And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

"Didn't I tell you? 'Immediately' He took care of him, just the minute Peter wanted Him to; that's always the way."

"Grandma," said Nell, soberly, "I should like to have Jesus speak to me."

"Why?" said grandma. "It makes me smile to see how like Peter you are; he had dreadful

little faith, you know. To think of the times and times that Jesus has spoken to you. Why you couldn't begin to count them."

"Oh, but, grandma, I don't mean that way! I mean real truly speak to me, so I can hear Him with my ears, just as Peter did."

"Oh, well, He will one of these days; maybe in a very few days! I don't know how soon. He will hold out his hand and say, 'Come, ye blessed of my father,' or else He will say: 'Depart from me.' Don't you let it be that last, Nellie. Grandma wants her little girl with her up there."—T. P.

The Sailor and the Psalm.

A chaplain to seamen at an American port was called in the course of his duty to visit a sailor who appeared to be near death.

He spoke kindly to the man upon the state of his soul, and told him to cast himself on Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. With an oar the sick man bade him be gone. The chaplain then told him he must stay with him, for if he died thus he would be lost.

The man grew sullen and silent, and pretended to fall asleep. The chaplain visited him again and again. At last the chaplain repeated a verse of a Psalm which he hoped the man might have learned in his youth. This is the verse:

Such pity as the father hath
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship Him in fear.

Tears started in the sailor's eyes as he listened to these words. The chaplain asked him if he had not had a pious mother. The man broke in tears of grief. "Yes; my mother taught me those words, and knelt beside me in prayer." Since then he had wandered over sea and land, and had grown very wicked. But his memory is now awakened, and the lessons of former years are called up. He then listened to all the chaplain had to say. His life was spared, and he lived to prove his sincerity.

Parents, are you so teaching your children, by word and example, that their minds will be stored with wholesome truths? The good seed may lay for years, but sometime it will sprout and grow and perhaps bear fruit for time and for eternity.

A Boy's Faith.

Two little boys were talking together about the story of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire, which their mamma had lately told them.

"I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on a chariot of fire?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving it!"

SLANDER would very soon starve and die of itself if no one took it in and gave it lodging.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—SPEAKING of the valuable late work of the Egyptian Exploration Fund in the Land of Goshen the *New York Tribune* says: "Those labors conducted by learned investigators with untiring zeal are not only adding greatly to the store of human knowledge, but are confirming in the most remarkable manner Biblical record and geography."

—WHEN Bugenhagen was pastor at Lubeck he established the good custom of preaching on Luther's Catechism, in all the churches of the city, four times a year. For 350 years this good custom has been observed. At present the services are held twice a year, in the spring and in the fall. All the Protestant children of the city schools are obliged to attend.

—THE *Catholic Examiner* makes the following statement: "There are upwards of 10,000 Protestant children attending Catholic educational institutions in the United States. No statistics published give the number in both Canada and Roman Catholic countries. Parents, who place their children under such tutelage were branded by Father Gavazzi on his recent visit to this country as "Protestant fools." Father Gavazzi is the very best authority. The Popish Church may well exult over the gullibility and supreme folly of these recreant Protestants, as nineteen-twentieth of these children become perverts to Rome and then become the most aggressive propagandists.

—IN ORDER to break up a Protestant school in New Mexico the Jesuits made the children believe that the school-house was in the possession of the devil, that the Protestant teacher held nightly consultations with the evil one, and that something terrible would happen to them if they went near the place. With such Romish lies they broke up the school.

—HOW WELL it would be, if missionary workers abroad and at home would follow the example of Bushnell, who, with a frame so frail that he dared not promise an ordinary lifetime to Africa, yet consecrated one day at a time, and thus spent four and thirty years in its deadly climate.

—IN consequence of a great migration of Zulus some generations ago, numerous powerful tribes about Lake Tanganyika can be reached in that language, and Zulu evangelists, trained in South African missions, have done excellent work among them.

—IN THE year 1809, two youths from the Sandwich Islands found their way to the United States, and many persons who saw them became interested in the regions from which they came. In 1819, seventeen persons were sent out to labor on these Isles of the Sea, as missionaries by the American Board. At first they met with much opposition from foreigners who were there, and their work made very slow progress for a number of years. Nevertheless they continued their

labors patiently, and at last the fruit began to appear. In 1828, about 2,500 of the natives became interested in the Christian religion. From 1838 to 1843, a period of five years, as many as 27,000 persons were admitted into the churches. In 1850 the Hawaiian Missionary Society was formed at Honolulu and began to carry on missionary work on other islands. In 1863 the Hawaiian Church was established, and asked for no further help from the American Board. The country is now Christian and has a Christian government of its own. All this was accomplished in less than fifty years.

—IN A recent speech in London Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, paid a warm tribute to the missionaries. At first, he said, he did not understand them, but getting to know them better, he finds them devoted men doing hard work for very little pay, and amid great hardships.

—THE rebel Riel in Canada is a devout Roman Catholic. His house is five miles from Winnepeg, Manitoba. In it is, framed and covered with glass, a large nail about four inches in length which Pope Pius IX. sent to Louis Riel, accompanied by a medal, in recognition of his service in the rebellion of 1869. The Pope, so assert the family, represented the nail to have come out of the cross upon which our saviour was crucified. The family thoroughly believe the story and keep a light burning constantly underneath the place where it is hanging on the wall. The nail has a large head on it, and resembles much a nail used for hanging pictures. Louis Riel always carries the medal hung around his neck and hopes success from it in all his riotous and sinful doings. Riel's mother is about seventy-five years old. She is still active, but grieves day and night over the impending fate of her son, as she fears he will be hanged as he deserved it.

—INDECENT and sensational literature has been put under legal bans in Connecticut by a statute which imposes a fine of \$50 or less and imprisonment for three months or less, or both, at the discretion of the court, upon every person, who shall sell, lend, give or offer, or have in his possession with intent to sell, lend, give or offer, any book, magazine, pamphlet or paper devoted wholly or principally to the publication of criminal news or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust or crime.

—THE infidel colony founded five years ago in Barton county, Missouri, has not been a success. A correspondent of a St. Louis paper, who spent a day and a half in the new town called Liberal, says that the experiment is a failure; that the town, instead of keeping pace with other towns of the same age, has fallen far behind them, and instead of being the happy, prosperous community it promised to be, is shrivelled, contracted, torn in two by dissensions.

—A SECULAR paper in one of our Eastern cities relates the following incident, telling our young Americans to learn a lesson from the

"heathen": When a decrepit old man entered a Madison Avenue car recently twenty-one Americans saw him reach up trembling to catch hold of a strap. They saw that he was unable to reach it because he couldn't straighten his back, so they permitted him to lean on his stick. They must have felt severely rebuked when a Japanese young man rose at the front of the car, and, springing nimbly to the old man's side, took him tenderly by the arm and led to his seat. Then he tipped his hat to the white head and took his stand in the middle of the car.

Short Stops.

—A GENEROUS Christian giver, who had recently failed in business, was heard to observe the other day: "Heretofore I gave out my abundance, now I *feel* what I give; it is only now that I have begun to give." This remark is worthy of being chronicled as a reproof to many, and an example to all.

—AN old colored woman, praying for a certain slanderer, said: O Lord, won't you be kind enough to take the door of his mouth off, and when you put it on again just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace on earth and good will to men?"

—THE poet Tasso was once reprovved for exposing himself to shipwreck, by venturing on the dangerous sea. "And yet," he replied, "we every night go without fear to bed, where so many die every hour. Believe me, death will find us in all parts; and those places that appear to be the least exposed are not always the most secure from his attacks."

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.
Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10-12.
Catechumen class meets from 7-8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8-9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1885.

No. 8.

"Bought with a Price."

LORD, I am Thine, for Thou hast purchased me;
The price—Thy precious blood.
A sinner, lost and ruined, found and saved
Am I; and I am Thine, O God.

My life is Thine, for Thou hast given me life,
Thine own laid down for me;
And Thou the conflict, grief, and bitter shame
Hast borne, that I might live with Thee.

My soul is Thine, that soul to Thee so dear,
That Thou didst stoop to die,
And bear Thy Father's wrath, that it might share
Thy Father's love eternally.

My powers are Thine; then let me gladly pay
The thankful tribute owed
To Thee; and in Thy blessed service spend
The gifts by Thy own love bestowed.

My time is Thine; O let its hours be spent
In work of grateful love;
In service true, however humble, paid
With joy, as angels do above.

My joys are Thine; for Thou to give me joy,
Didst sorrow bear, and woe;
O let my chiefest joy be in Thy smile,
Thy love while journeying here below.

My griefs are Thine, for Thou canst sorrow know;
And in Thy name of love
I'll safely trust; thro' sunshine or in shade,
Thou leadest to my home above.

My all is Thine, be this my one desire,
To serve Thee here below;
And, by Thy Spirit daily taught, Thy will
To love, and Thee Thyself to know.

—Selected.

Christ our Salvation.

Our salvation is told out in a single *Name*, that needs only to be embraced by faith; that name is JESUS (Acts 4, 10—12.). The sinner "ready to perish," has but to turn the eye of faith to the uplifted Saviour, And he lives—lives everlastingly (John 3, 14.).

Thank God, this is so! for no other scheme would have suited our case, seeing it is one of utter ruin and helplessness. Having "all sinned and come short of the glory of God;" being "dead in trespasses and sins, children of wrath;" with "every mouth stopped, and all the world become guilty before God;" what

hope *could* there be for us, if a single effort on our part were necessary for salvation, since we are "sold under sin" (Rom. 7, 14.), and already "subject to the judgment of God."

But, eternal praise to the God of love! It was when we were yet sinners Christ died for us (Rom. 5, 8.); and His voice is heard calling us to life in the precious words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved" (Isa. 45, 22.). And He who speaks describes Himself as "a just God and a Saviour" (verse 21.). In the cross of Christ we see justice satisfied—all its righteous claims fully met, and mercy flowing out to the guilty sinner. If you cry from the depths of your need, "What must I do to be saved?" the voice of love and truth replies, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16, 31.). The sinner believes, and he is saved—he looks to Christ as his Saviour, and he *lives*. It is not the look that saves, but the object looked at—Christ, the living Saviour of the lost, in whom faith rests.

How simple is the manner of taking this great salvation! May the Lord help you to take that simple believing look at Christ as *your* Saviour, and thus be now and for ever saved.

"Is That All."

How often have we heard the above question asked, when God's way of salvation has been set forth in the very language of holy Scripture! "Is that all?" How little do those who ask such a question know what it sets forth! They know not that it involves a positive insult to God and His Christ. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whoever* believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3, 16.). "Through *this man* is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts 13, 38, 39.). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts 16, 31.).

Here we have God's blessed way of salvation set forth, in all its divine and heavenly simplicity. Christ is God's salvation,—Christ

given from His bosom; Christ bruised on the tree; Christ raised from the dead; Christ crowned on the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. And yet man's legal heart can presume to ask, "Is that all?"

The Eternal Son of God came down into this dark and sinful world; took upon Him the form of a servant; emptied Himself, and made Himself of no reputation; went to the cross, and there endured the wrath of a sin-hating God,—the wrath which else should have consumed us in the flames of an everlasting hell! No created intelligence can ever conceive what it cost God to hide His face from His only begotten and well-beloved Son; or what it cost that blessed Son to undergo the awful judgment of God,—to be made sin for us. And yet the one for whom all this was done can presume to ask, "Is that all?"

Going Over.

A friend of mine, writes a pastor, lost all his children. No man even loved his family more, but the scarlet fever took them away one by one. The poor stricken parents wandered from one place to another. At length they found their way to Syria. One day they saw an Eastern shepherd come down to a stream and call his flock to cross; but they came down to the brink and seemed to shrink from it, and he could not get them to respond to his call. He then took a little lamb, put it under one arm, and then took another lamb and put it under the other arm, and thus passed into the stream. The old sheep plunged in after the shepherd, and in a few moments the whole flock was on the other side. The father and mother, as they looked on the scene, felt that it taught them a lesson. They no longer murmured, but began to look up and forward to the time when they would follow the loved ones they had lost. If you have loved ones gone before, remember your Shepherd is calling you to set your affections on things above.

THE lips of Jesus and His only can speak peace to a troubled soul. Until He, and He alone is listened to, true peace is unknown.

Woman in Africa.

The condition of woman in Africa is one of debasing servitude, dark, superstitious and hopeless bondage. All her life long she is owned, the purchased property of husband, brother or some male relative. The only alternative to obedience is the most cruel treatment. The birth of a son brings honor to a father, but a daughter is counted as so much wealth. At any time after her birth he eagerly listens to any proposal by which he may barter away the new piece of property for articles of merchandise or rum. The native heathen is too proud and indolent to work enough to lay up anything, so that he can not pay at once for his purchase, and a few brief years are allowed the little girl in her mother's arms before the man, who already has several wives, is able to complete the dowry. From her earliest lisping she is taught to say "my husband," but never grows into the true meaning of that word.

The native usually erects a bamboo hut, consisting of one apartment for each of his wives; but, if too indolent or poor for that, several wives, with the children they may have, are crowded into one hut. The quarreling and strife ensuing are not easily imagined. One can but wonder at the passiveness with which the mother sees her child go through the same process of misery that she did; but it must be remembered that she has no more power to save her child than she had to save herself.

The women of Africa are subjected to the hardest and most degrading physical service. When the time for gardening comes, which it does twice in one year, no matter how weak and frail she may be, she is obliged to go to the forest, a mile or more from the town, and, with a long knife, must cut the undergrowth and branches, the heavy timber being felled by the men. She must set fire to the withered vegetation, and, upon the uneven ground, strewn with charred branches and heavy timber, lying where they fell, she plants, first loosening the ground with her knife, the cassava, corn, plantains and a few other things. When the fresh, young vegetation would prove tempting to the elephants, she must watch all night, frightening them off, if they come near, with a firebrand and shouting. When she returns home in the morning, weary and worn, carrying upon her back a load of wood, a heavy jug of water or some produce of the garden, rest and refreshment would be most acceptable; but she must prepare a meal for her master, receiving angry words, and sometimes blows, if she fails to have it in readiness.

If left a widow, the African woman passes into the hands of some male relative of her husband, no matter how reluctant she may be to enter a second time into a forced marriage. Sad and terrible is the sight of the lives of these unloved and uncared-for sisters, wives and mothers of Africa! Hopeless, indeed, would be their state, were it not for the Gospel

of our Saviour Jesus Christ, whose bright rays alone can penetrate the dark degradation of African women, and elevate them to Christian womanhood.

A Missionary's Experience.

Upon one occasion Dr. Moffat experienced a very narrow escape from a tiger and a serpent. He says: "I had left the wagons, and wandered to a distance among the coppice and grassy openings in search of game. I had a small double barrelled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with ball and small shot. An antelope passed, at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance I saw a tiger cat staring at me between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring upon his prey. This I knew was a critical moment, not having a ball or shot in my gun. I moved about as if in search of something in the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly, but, in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large cobra de capello serpent asleep on the grass. It instantly twined its body round my leg—on which I had nothing but a pair of thin trousers—when I leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after me; and, while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, without turning round, I threw my gun over my shoulder and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people at the wagons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted that, had the creature bitten me, I could never have reached the wagons. The serpent was six feet long."

Casting all your Cares upon Him.

In the Summer of 1878, I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the services of the day, he gave me unconsciously a lesson for my life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulder. In doing this he asked for all, but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movements; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give up everything but my alpin stock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he again led the way. And now, in my freedom, I found I could make double speed, with double safety. Then a voice spoke inwardly, "Ah, foolish, willful heart, hast thou indeed given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right." I saw it all

in a flash, and then as I leaped lightly on from rock to rock, down the steep mountain side, I said within myself "and ever thus will I follow Jesus my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will cast all my care upon Him, for He careth for me."—*Sarah F. Smiley.*

Sharper Than a Two-edged Sword.

A steamboat captain was fond of ridiculing the Scriptures and making fun of religion and its professions. He was a confirmed infidel. He took special delight in uttering his sentiments in the presence of ministers of the gospel. On one of his trips, there was on board an excellent minister of Christ, who had the courage to sit down and talk with this sceptic.

The special subject of conversation was the impossibility of miracles. The minister, after patiently hearing him, said:

"Captain, did you ever read the New Testament?"

"No; I can't say I ever did. I've read parts of it."

"Will you promise me you will read it all through, and then I'll discuss any subject on which you have doubts?"

This was said in a kind, persuasive tone, and the captain replied:

"I will."

The minister then went to his trunk and presented a copy of the New Testament to the captain, who again assured him that he would read it all through.

Thus they parted. After some weeks, the minister had occasion to travel on the same boat, and soon sought out the captain, whose countenance and manner were entirely changed. After the warm greeting and salutation, the minister inquired about his reading the book.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "I had not read far before I felt I was a guilty sinner, and that I needed just such a friend as Jesus, the Son of God. I was enabled to cry with the publican, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner,' and with the blind beggar of Jericho, 'Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me.' And I can now trust in that Jesus, and love him, whom I once despised."

The joy of this minister of Christ can better be imagined than described. The captain became a devout Christian, and lived long to tell to others, "what a dear Saviour he had found."—*Sailor's Magazine.*

A New Creature.

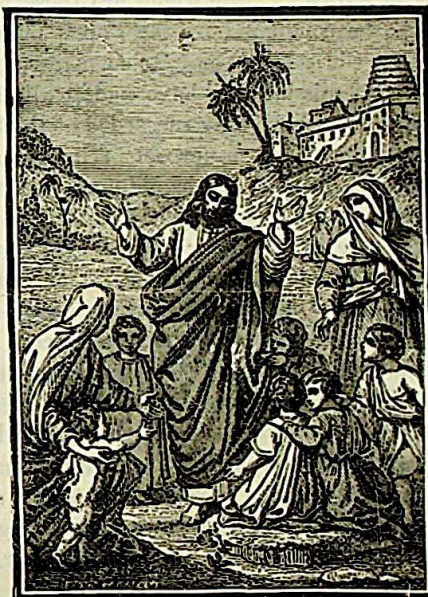
A Scotch girl was converted. When asked if her heart was changed, her beautiful answer was, "Something I know is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart. There is a great change somewhere, I am sure, for everything is different from what it once was." A very apt commentary on the passage, "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

An Opium Story.

Opium is one of the chief productions of India and "Christian England" has opened a market for it in China. The misery it produces there is beyond the power of the pen to describe. The Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade recently held a meeting in London. At this meeting a missionary from China said that one out of three of the inquirers in the preaching halls was a confirmed opium sot. He then related the following incident to illustrate the great difficulty which the missionaries had to contend with in their work:

"I will not now allude to the fact that the Chinese are continually shouting out to us in our preaching-halls, 'Who brings the opium?' Of course, that is a stock-story which you do not want to hear again to-day. But one day a young man came into my preaching-hall. His name was Tong. He had been a slave to opium-smoking for five or six years, but he had been impressed at our preaching services. He was an habitual sot, as was evident from his appearance. In every other respect he was a very honest young man, upright, gentle and teachable. He at once determined to give up the opium, but then came 'the tug of war.' I watched his struggles day after day while he was in the fierce grip of the opium demon. One day he would smash his pipe to pieces, and the next day he would buy another. I have seen him come to our preaching-hall crying bitterly, as he has confessed to me his sin and weakness. He would go, perhaps, for a week, or a few days, without touching his pipe; but he has told me how he has felt himself carried almost involuntarily in a half-dream to the fatal den. The intolerable craving and gnawing hunger for opium, added to the remorse which he felt, caused him great bodily and mental suffering. Finally, however, the power came, as we hoped, to drag himself free from the drug. He went two weeks without a taste of the pipe. Altogether he seemed to be a changed person, and in two months I had hoped to admit him to Christian baptism. Every evening he would come into the preaching-hall and attend the services, and he would spend his spare time in reading the Scriptures, and in conversation about good things. But alas! he was seen to grow weaker and weaker every day. His eyes were sunken, his face had a deathly pallor, his gait was unsteady, and his appetite for food was gone. He told me one day how his friends and fellow work-people had been beseeching him to return to the opium-pipe for relief, and how nearly he had yielded. Now I want you to remember that these are the usual effects in China of a confirmed opium sot breaking free from this noxious drug. He went for two or three weeks, I say, without any taste of the drug; but he was getting weaker and weaker and completely emaciated. After a short conversation with him, in which I exhorted him to courage and patience, he said, 'Well, *sinshang*, I am determined what to do.

I know that to return to the pipe would prolong my life for perhaps a month or two, but the end must come. Sooner or later it must be death, and I am resolved what to do.' He stood up, and in my fancy I can see him now. He said, 'I am resolved what to do. Come what may, I will never smoke again; and if I die—well, better die than sin against God.' [Applause.] Please do not cheer yet. You have to hear something more; you will ask, perhaps, what became of that young man? Well, sir, I hoped to admit him in two months to Christian baptism. One Sunday, soon after this conversation which I have just been relating, we missed him from his place. It was the first Sunday which he had missed attending our chapel for two months. I became a little suspicious and very anxious about him, and we immediately sent to inquire where he had gone. We went to his home; he was not there: we went to his workshop; he was not there.



Christ blessing the children.

His fellow work-people began to laugh. The wretches began to jeer, and one pointed the way to the den called 'Heavenly Joy.' We passed along a narrow back street, full of dark dens of vice, and at last we came to the opium-den. We pushed aside the grimy curtain which concealed the room from passers-by, and entered the place, amidst dense fumes of stupefying smoke. There was nothing to be heard but the spluttering of the opium pipes; for, you know, there is that advantage which the opium-den possesses over the liquor shop—you hear no noise; you hear no brawls: everything is as quiet as death. There at the corner of the room was our lost sheep. His eyes fell as we entered. We approached him, and with gentle remonstrances besought him to return to us. But, alas! the fiend within him was too strong. He turned upon us with wild eyes and awful imprecations, cursing us and cursing the very

God that we hoped he had learned to love. We have since made attempts to save him, but in vain, and it is to be feared that the poor man has long ago abandoned himself to opium and death."

A Happy Home.

A pretty story about a German family discloses the secret of a happy home, wherein joy aboundeth, though there are many to feed and clothe.

A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy in life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to feed them all.

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, shoes, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantity of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made.

But father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner, the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately:

"Poor man, what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? I a cross to bear!" asked the father, wonderingly; "what do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that!" replied the stranger, adding bitterly, "I have but two and each one of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher with decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

Then the father turned to the guest and said:

"Sir, if death were to come in at that door, waiting to take one of my nine children, I would say," and here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door, "Rascal, who cheated you into thinking that I had one too many?"

The stranger laughed: he saw that it was only disobedient children that make a father unhappy.

One of the nine children of the poor school teacher afterward became widely known; he was the pastor Oberlin.—*From the German.*

Better than Money.

A poor converted woman of India said: I have no money to give to missions, but I can speak of the Savior to my neighbor."—Luke 10, 37: "Go, and do thou likewise."—Luke 11, 42: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A. MEYER, one of the graduates of our Seminary at St. Louis, has accepted the call of the English Lutheran congregation in Webster county, Mo. With the consent of the congregation, Rev. Meyer will also carry on the English Lutheran mission opened by our Western District some years ago. He needs the assistance of praying and paying Christians in this good work. The treasurer of this mission is Mr. C. Lange, 509 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo. All contributions should be sent to his address.

—IN Dakota Territory the Missouri Synod has 14 pastors, 32 congregations and 54 preaching stations.

—THE Norwegian Orphans' Home at Wittenberg, Wis., under the care of Pastor Homme, is in a flourishing condition. It has 40 orphans and 8 aged persons. The orphan farm of 27 acres, which was donated by the railroad company, is too small.

—A PROMINENT criminal lawyer of California has recently made the following refreshing announcement in a San Francisco paper: "Hereafter I will not defend any of the criminal class. I prefer to aid in sending that class to State prison, where they more properly belong, rather than keeping them free to prey upon the community, as I have heretofore done to my sorrow."

—WHILE Judge Walton was holding a term of the Supreme Court, at Augusta, Me., he sentenced a man to seven years in prison for a grave crime. The respondent's counsel asked for a mitigation of the sentence on the ground that the prisoner's health was very poor. "Your honor," said he, "I am satisfied that my client cannot live out half that term, and I beg of you to change the sentence." "Well, under those circumstances," said the judge, "I will change the sentence. I will make it for life instead of seven years."

—A MISSIONARY in India tells of a man who rejected a kingdom for Christ. His name is U. Bor. Sing. He was the heir of the Rajah of Cherra and had been converted to Christianity. He was warned that in joining the Christians he would probably forfeit his right to be king of Cherra after the death of Ram Sing, who then ruled. Eighteen months afterward Ram Sing died; the chiefs of the tribes met together, and unanimously decided that Bor. Sing was to succeed him as king, but that his Christian profession stood in the way. Messenger after messenger was sent to U. Bor. Sing urging him to go to the missionaries to recant. He was invited to the native council, and there asked to put aside his religious profession, and that then they would acknowledge him as their king. His answer was: "Put aside my Christian profession! I can put aside my head-dress or my cloak, but as for the covenant I have made with God, I cannot for any consideration put that aside." Another was therefore appointed king in his stead.

—WARDEN Brush, of Sing Sing Prison, made the statement at the meeting of the Prison Association at Saratoga, that "one cause greater than all others that leads to prison is disobedience in the family."

—AT a missionary meeting at Saratoga recently an enthusiastic female hearer cast her watch and chain, worth \$100, into the treasury, insisting that they should be sold and the proceeds be used to carry the Gospel to the heathen. The secretary of the society has advised her to think the matter over deliberately, and if at the end of three months she persists in making the offering, it will be accepted. There ought to be no "sober second thought" in such matters.

—SEVERAL "young ladies and gentlemen of the highest social standing" were not long ago arrested and fined for disturbing worship in a Missouri town, by writing notes and talking in church. Served them right!

—A FOREIGN Romish paper sends forth an appeal for the "Conquest of the Congo Territory in Africa." For whom are those territories to be conquered by the Pope's missionary? For Christ? Oh, no! In countries where the Romish missionaries have had it all their own way, they have only succeeded at the best in giving the people a new set of images and superstitions in place of the old ones.

—THE ex-Empress Eugenie of France recently wrote to a friend: "I am left alone, the sole remnant of a shipwreck which proves how fragile and vain are the grandeurs of this world." No new truth; but this great truth did not seem true to her until she experienced it.

—A ROMISH priest recently said in a speech to the poor people of his church that he had "frequently noticed one peculiarity about many of those who say they have nothing to eat, and that is, they cannot be said to have nothing to drink; and the presence of this kind of nourishment explains very often the lack of all the other."

—A GOOD story is told of an aged clergyman, known to many of us, who met a man loudly declaiming against foreign missions. "Why," said the objector, "doesn't the church look after the heathens at home?" "We do," said the clergyman quietly, and gave the man a tract.

—AN old stocking of the late Pope, Pius IX, threatens to become a rival of St. Jacob's Oil. A priest in Italy afflicted with rheumatism pretends to have been cured by being touched with a piece of the Pope's old stocking. Our little PIONEER neither recommends St. Jacob's Oil nor the Pope's stockings nor any other stockings.—We close our window.

Spain.

The New York *Observer* says: We have read of the "gospel of dirt," and have wondered what sort of religion it means. Here is the explanation: The Protestants in Madrid found

that it would not do to send converts to be nursed by Sisters of Mercy in the Roman Catholic hospitals. They were constantly importuned to confess and return to the Church of Rome. Mr. Fliedner says he once followed two sisters in the largest hospital in Madrid from bed to bed. They carried a large basket of clean linen; at each bed they asked if the patient had confessed. If the answer was affirmative, he was provided with clean linen; if the contrary, he got none. Thus "dirt" was made to do duty in making the patient "confess" to a priest. Well, the Protestants in Madrid have now a hospital of their own, with eight beds in it. There are not many Protestants in Madrid, and perhaps so small a supply of beds is sufficient. At any rate they will be kept clean.

BOOK-TABLE.

BIBLISCHE GESCHICHTEN FUER UNTERKLASSEN. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 25 cts.; postage 4 cts.

This charming little book contains 35 Bible stories from the Old Testament and 42 from the New Testament. The stories are well selected and given in the words of the Bible. The book is most beautifully illustrated and the paper, binding and printing are excellent.

SERMONS ON THE FIRST ARTICLE OF THE CREED. Translated from the German of Dr. Ph. Spener, by Rev. O. S. Oglesby, Lithopolis, O. Printed at the Lutheran Book Concern, Columbus, O.

We are glad to see the well known sermons of Spener on the Catechism in the English language. If the present venture proves a success other portions of the original will be translated and published. The translator has done his work well and we hope he will be encouraged to continue in the good work he has thus begun.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10—12.
Catechumen class meets from 7—8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8—9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., September, 1885.

No. 9.

"Thy Will Be Done."

O blessed solace! 'Tis a Father's rod—
No rod of wrath—but of unchanging love.
No stroke inflicted which He could have spared!
Infinite wisdom has with love combined
To make the blow accomplish—and no more—
Its salutary end. A Father's rod!
The thought suppresses every falling tear—
Checks every murmur—mitigates each pang.
Unerring Parent!—Mourner! can you doubt
His faithfulness? Then look to Calvary!
Behold that bleeding, dying Lamb of God!
'Twas love for thee that sent Him from His throne,
And nailed Him there! And dare we entertain
The thought, that He whose nature and whose name
Is LOVE,—could send us one superfluous pang,
Impose a needless burden, or permit
The thorn to pierce He knew would pierce in vain!
That cross becomes the blessed guarantee
That all is needed! Mercy infinite
Prevents one drop from mingling in the cup
Which could have been withheld. Thou God of love!
Vouchsafe us grace to bow beneath thy rod;
And breathe—although it be through burning tears,
And half-choked utterance—"THY WILL BE DONE!"

—Selected.

"Have You Accepted Him?"

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3, 16.

We have all read this verse over and over again, but how few believe it! Just look with me at this beautiful verse. "God so loved." Who was it He "so loved?" His enemies—you and me, dear reader. What did this love lead Him to do? "He gave His only begotten Son" (the Son who had been with Him from all eternity), "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now every one knows the meaning of the word "whosoever." Are not you, dear reader, included in that statement? If God had mentioned *your name* you could not be sure it was meant for you after all, because there might be some one else of the same name, but "*whosoever*" includes all.

The commandant of a certain prison was to give pardon to five of the prisoners; they were all assembled, anxiously waiting to know which were the pardoned ones. The commandant

rose and said: "I have five pardons for five prisoners; the first is for Joshua Huxly." He of course expected that Joshua would immediately answer, but no one came forward. Again he called, "Joshua Huxly," and again a third time. At last some one at his side said, pointing to the man, "That is Joshua Huxley." "Why do you not answer to your name?" asked the commandant. "Oh, sir," said he, "I did not think it could mean *me*. I was waiting, thinking it meant some one else of the same name."

Now God has no limit to His pardon, He does not promise pardon to a certain number, but leaves us no excuse for doubt. He says: "*Whosoever believeth,*" nothing more. You say "I don't feel I am saved." Ah, now, you must not begin to reason, and put your own thoughts before God's. God did not say, "*Whosoever feels this or that.*" He simply says, "*Believe, and you have everlasting life.*" It is so simple. "*Believe. Hath. Nothing to do.* They that are in the flesh cannot please God." You must come to God just as you are, with all your sins, and all your bad deeds, pleading what Jesus Christ has done for you by shedding His precious blood, and because of what Jesus has done, God will accept you. All that had to be done to meet God's righteous requirements was done fully by the Lord Jesus Christ, and, "raised from the dead," He now offers to you life, pardon and salvation.

It is no use waiting till you are better to come to Jesus; it will only be with you as it was with the poor woman who had an infirmity twelve years—she got "nothing better, but rather grew worse," and as it is in the hymn—

"If you tarry, till you're better,
You will never come at all."

It is to "him that worketh not, but believeth," that salvation is given. What could the thief on the cross do to save himself? He just owned Jesus as Lord, believed he could save him, and Jesus said: "*To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*"

God offers you mercy to-day—you know not what may take place before to-morrow. *To-day*, then, I beseech you, accept God's offer of salvation.

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith one, 'and coming
Be at rest.'

"If I ask Him to receive me
Will He say me 'Nay?'
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!"

The Two Planks.

Suppose it is needful for you to cross a river, over which two planks are thrown. One is perfectly new, and the other completely rotten. How will you go? If you walk upon the rotten one, you are sure to fall into the river. If you put one foot on the rotten plank and the other on the new plank, it will be the same; you will certainly fall through and perish. So there is only one method left. *Put both feet on the new plank.* Friend, the rotten plank is your own unclean selfrighteousness. He who trusts in it must perish without remedy. The new plank is the eternal saving work of Christ, which came from heaven, and is given to every one that believeth in him.

Speak Reverently.

When Prince Bismarck, the great German statesman, was a lad, his father once overheard him speaking of the emperor as "Fritz." He reproved him for the familiarity, and added, "Learn to speak reverently of his majesty, and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration."

The words made a deep impression on the boy which was never effaced. Even in his old age he lowers his voice and assumes a respectful tone whenever he speaks of his sovereign. If a message is brought to him from the palace, either verbal or written, he always stands to receive it.

What a lesson is the custom of this great statesman to boys who speak so lightly, if not profanely, the name of the King of Kings!

TRUE charity has no memory.

Hating the Lutherans.

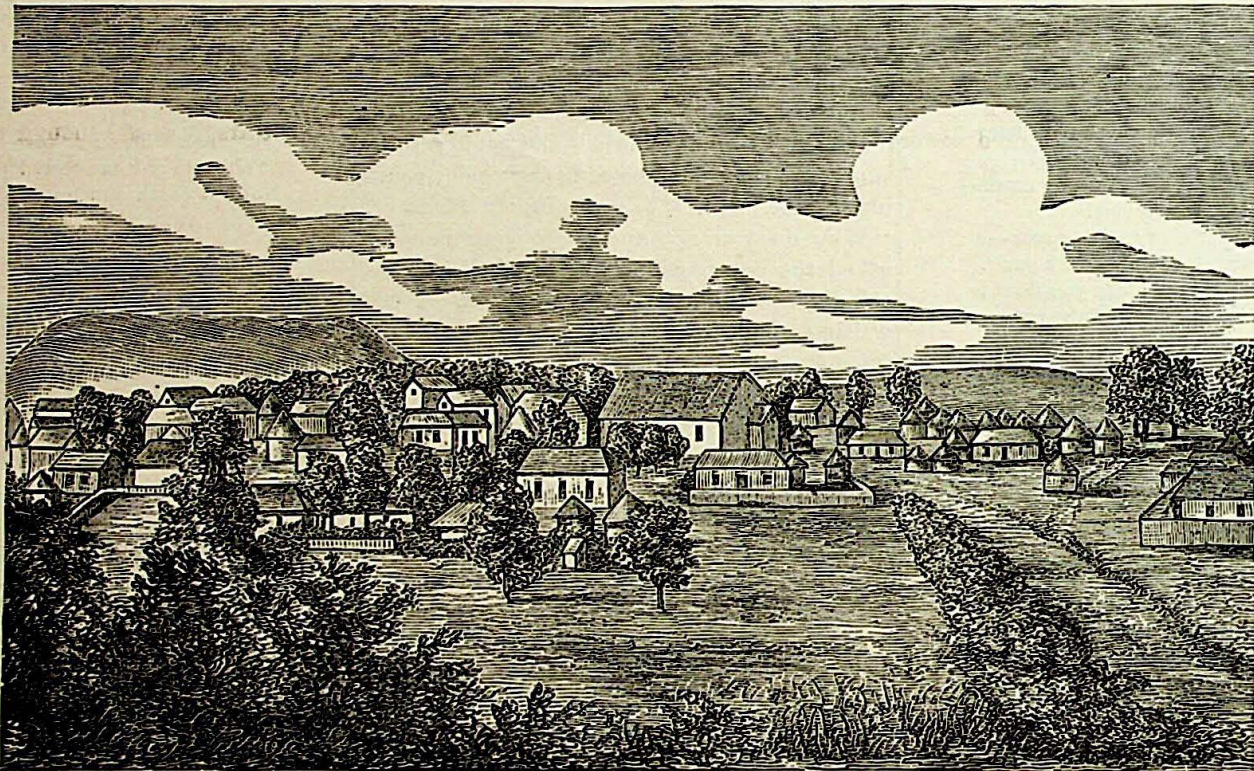
A lady who spent some time at a celebrated watering-place, found members of various denominations stopping at the same hotel. She expresses her surprise and annoyance that these people declared that they "Hated the Lutherans." And why? Because the Lutherans did not admit that the points of doctrine, on which these denominations differ from the Lutheran Church, were of little or no account. This is certainly a miserable "reason" for "hating" the Lutherans. Look at but a few of the differences which separate the denominations from us, and see wherein they consist.

3. The denominations declare that in the LORD'S SUPPER there is only *bread and wine* in "remembrance" of Christ; that the Body and Blood of Christ are not truly present in, with and under the bread and wine, but absent in heaven. Lutherans maintain, on the testimony of the Lord and His apostle, that the "cup of blessing" is *in union with* the "true Blood of Jesus Christ" which "cleanseth us from all sins," and that the "bread" is *in union with* the "true Body of Christ." That this presence of Christ's Body and Blood is a positive reality, which does not depend upon the belief or unbelief of the communicant. That all who commune receive the same Body and

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Nature and Office of the Law and of the Gospel.

The law shows us our sin. Rom. 3, 20.
The gospel shows us a remedy for it. John 1, 29.
The law shows us our condemnation. Rom. 7, 9, 10.
The gospel shows us our redemption. Col. 1, 14.
The law is the word of wrath. Rom. 4, 15.
The gospel is the word of grace. Acts 20, 32.
The law is the word of despair. Deut. 27, 26.
The gospel is the word of comfort. Luke 2, 14.
The law is the word of unrest. Rom. 7, 13.
The gospel is the word of peace. Eph. 2, 17.
OBE.



BETHANIA.

A Lutheran Missionary Station in Africa.

1. The denominations look upon the *Word of God* simply as a "guide," whilst Lutherans claim for it much more. It is the "*Power of God unto salvation.*" Where this Word has not come we find nothing but darkness, heathenism and spiritual death. The Word is the great means of grace, without which we have no salvation.

2. The denominations consider *Baptism* an external ceremony, and in consequence large numbers neglect it as of little importance. Lutherans claim that it is *God's work*, by which He forgives sin, regenerates man and imparts unto him the Holy Ghost. It is "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Peter says: "Be baptized every one of you . . . for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the *Holy Ghost.*" "Baptism doth also now save us." We are therein "born again of *Water* and of the *Spirit.*"

Blood of Christ; that the unbeliever, who does "not discern the Lord's Body," becomes "guilty of the Body and Blood of Christ" and "eats and drinks condemnation" to himself; whilst the believer receives "remission of sins, life and salvation" in this sacrament.

These are but three points which *concern man's salvation*, in which Lutherans, on the testimony of God's Word, *affirm*, what the denominations, led by the sinful reason of man, *deny*.

Our Saviour tells us that if we love Him we will *keep His words*. And because we *maintain His word* we are *hated*. We cannot prevent this. Yet, whilst we may be censured for firmly maintaining God's truth we find comfort in our Lord's assurance (Luke 6, 22.): "*Blessed are ye when men shall HATE you . . . for the Son of man's sake.*"

—Church Messenger.

Read the Bible.

"If we really believe the Bible to be 'the oracles of God,' let us each resolve to read it more and more every year we live. In a day of many books and tracts and periodicals and newspapers—in a day of business, hurry, bustle, competition, and running to and fro—I doubt whether there is as much quiet, private Bible reading as there was two centuries ago. Let us beware of neglecting the daily study of the Bible. Let us try to get it rooted in our memories and engrafted in our hearts. Let us be thoroughly well provisioned with it against the voice of death. Who knows but we may have a very stormy passage? Sight and hearing may fail us, and we may be in deep waters. Oh! to have the word 'hid in our hearts,' and 'dwelling in us richly,' in such an hour as that!" (Psalm 119, 11. Col. 3, 16.)

Betty, the Match-Seller.

"I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abused and I know how to abound: everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed, both to be full, and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Phil. 4, 11—13.

"Have you never heard the story of old Betty?" said I to a friend who was telling me some sad history of domestic discomfort.—"No!"

Then let me tell it you. The story was told me by a young lady whom I met at the seaside, and though I believe it has appeared in print, I know no other version of it but the one she told me.

"Some years after I was converted," said Mrs. F., "it pleased the Lord to lay me aside from active occupation, and to confine me to a sick couch for full two years. This inactivity was very grievous to me, and my constant prayer was for restoration to health, and power once more to go about visiting the sick and teaching the ignorant.

"When visited by Christian friends, my constant request was that they would pray for my recovery, and that I might have faith to believe that the Lord would heal me.

"Still I grew no better. About the end of the second year, I one afternoon received a visit from a minister unknown to me, who in God's providence was then visiting the place where I lived. He read and prayed with me, he sympathized with my sufferings, and listened to my troubles. I lamented to him my weak faith, which I felt assured was the cause of my continued weakness of body.

"Mrs. F., replied the minister, 'have you never heard the story of Betty, the old match-seller?' I had not. 'Old Betty,' said he, 'was brought to the knowledge of Jesus in her old age: and from the time of her conversion never thought she could do enough for Him who had loved her and washed her from her sins in His own blood. She went about doing good. She was ready to speak of her Lord and Master to all she met. She would nurse the sick, visit the afflicted, beg for the poor and for the heathen; she would give to those poorer than herself portions of what the kindness of Christian friends bestowed on her. In short, she was always abounding in the work of the Lord.

"But in the midst of this happy course, she caught a violent cold and rheumatism, and was confined to her bed; there she lay, day after day, and week after week, and, I believe, lay there till the Lord called her home!

"On her sick-bed Betty was as happy as she had been in her active duties; she was much in prayer; she repeated hymns and passages of Scripture, she meditated on the good things she had learned, and on the good land to which she was hastening.

"One day Betty was visited by an old Christian friend who had long known her. He was astonished to see his once active and useful old neighbor so happy in her bed, and he said

to her, 'I little expected, Betty, to see you so patient; it must be a great trial to one of your active mind to lie here so long doing nothing.'

"Not at all, sir; not at all," said old Betty; 'when I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me day by day, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that;' and I used to do it as well as I could; and now I hear Him say every day, 'Betty, lie still and cough.'"

Mrs. F. told me this story as she heard it from her visitor, and she said it had a very strong effect on her mind. She began to think it was self-will, rather than faith, that made her so anxious to get well and be active again; and she humbled herself before God, begging for grace to bear His will, rather than seek her own. She became tranquil, happy, and contented on her sick-bed, and almost immediately after it pleased the Lord to restore her to health, and continue her in it to the time when I met her. —*Tract.*

A True Story.

One Sunday evening, a young man was walking along the streets on his way to some scene of pleasure, when he was accosted by a person, who stopped him, and thrust a small bit of paper into his hand; the young man took it, and read by the light of the nearest lamp, the words, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." A sneer passed over his handsome face as he read, and throwing the paper from him, he hastened on.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," doesn't apply to me, at any rate, for I am an infidel, and do not believe in anything of the kind," thought he. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." I can't get rid of it: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow?' Sins? Conscience? Yes, but I acknowledge neither a future nor a God, and therefore am not responsible. What do I care to have my sins made white, to use the figure, seeing I own no duties beyond those necessary to natural human existence? 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' I am an infidel," (stamping his foot,) "I don't believe in the Bible, the God of the Bible, the future, nor anything beyond the still, dark grave. So here's for a short life and a merry one. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' Confound it, I wish I could get it out of my head. . . . 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' It is very forcible. Very poetical. Certainly that Bible is a wonderful work. Given, for the sake of argument, that it is true, and that a God exists, I can easily understand religious people, who believe in a future, either of joy or suffering, clinging to such sentences with a tenacity proportioned to their belief. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' Ad-

mirable writing. Terse, forcible language. I wonder who wrote it? God, I suppose. God?—why, there is no God. I forgot myself. If I could only remember my principles, and how logical and well-founded the arguments are which support them, I should be all right. . . . 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' Confound the thing; will nothing put a stop to this? There is a church, I may as well turn in and see what they have to say."

He entered, and was shown quietly into a pew. A solemn silence reigned. The minister had just read the text from the pulpit, and paused a moment before repeating it. Then, in a gentle voice, he pronounced the words:

"Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

That evening, there was one who prayed with tears, "Jesus, though my sins be dyed deeper than the deepest scarlet, do Thou make them whiter than the purest snow."—*Selected.*

The Jewish Surgeon.

In one of the large London hospitals a poor woman was dying. One of the young surgeons, who was a Jew, went to her bed, and said: "My poor woman, you seem very ill; I am afraid you will never recover. Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you sir," said the poor woman, "there is a New Testament behind my pillow, and I should be much obliged to you if you would read a chapter to me."

The young man seemed surprised, but he took the Testament, and did as he was desired.

He continued to come and read to her for several days, and was greatly struck by the comfort and peace which the Word of Life seemed to give to the poor invalid.

With almost her dying breath the poor woman gave the Testament to the Jewish surgeon, and urged him to read it.

He took the book home with him and determined to keep his promise. He read it diligently, and soon found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote—Jesus, the Messiah—and was enabled to believe in Him as the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

The Lost Boy's Trust.

A little boy and his brother were lost in a western forest. After being out a day and a night, they were found. In giving an account of what took place while they were in the woods, the little fellow said:

"When it got dark, I kneeled down and asked God to take care of little Jimmy and me, and then we went to sleep."

How simple, how beautiful that was! That little boy was feeling and acting just as King David did when he said, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE editor of the Japanese paper, *Jiji Gbimbo*, with his whole family, having embraced Christianity, has issued a manifesto calling on the Japanese people to do the same.

—ALREADY the missionaries on the Congo have penetrated a thousand miles into the interior of Africa. Fourteen Protestant missionary stations have been erected.

—It is stated that Mrs. Jefferson Davis drives six miles on Sunday morning to teach a colored Sunday school.

—A RICH miser was offered the plate on the occasion of a charity collection. "I have nothing," said he. "Then take something, sir," said the lady collector. "You know I am begging for the poor."

—THE *Independent* says of the Lutheran Church in America: "The Lutherans of America have a history of which they must not be ashamed. The first Protestant Church of America was built by the Lutheran Swedes, about 1638, at Wilmington, Delaware, and mission work was commenced among the Indians before John Eliot put his foot on American soil. Luther's Catechism was the first book of Christian instruction ever translated into any Indian tongue of the land, and Lutheran missionaries preached the gospel to the red men forty years before the coming of William Penn. One hundred years ago there were about two dozen Lutheran pastors in this country, whose congregations numbered about 6,000 members. To-day her roll has the names of 3,700 pastors, and her communicant membership is about 900,000. For fifty years, on an average, the Church has doubled the number of her ministers every ten years, and the number of her members every fourteen years. Of late years she has proportionately increased more rapidly than any other denomination in the land. A careful statistician says that she is growing at the rate of about 62,000 members and 320 congregations each year, or nearly one congregation and 160 members each day of the year. Naturally a good deal of this growth is owing to immigration, and to the honor of the Lutheran Church it must be said that she fully understands her mission in this regard, and is working with might and main to do justice to it."

—THE established religion of Iceland is the Lutheran, and the population is said to be industrious, moral, honest and pious. The work of the Church there is very encouraging. Their new university buildings are expected to be ready for dedication by Reformation Day of the present year.

—A NORWEGIAN ship on its way to South Africa and Madagascar landed in England, having on board fifteen Lutheran missionaries and five children. Among them was a nephew of the Zulu chief Cetewayo, who has been for six years studying in Stockholm, and now returns as a missionary to his people.

—A SWEDISH missionary has recently translated the Gospel of John into the Congo lan-

guage, for the use of the natives in Central Africa. It is the first book printed in Congo.

—"JAPANESE Friends of the Bible" is the title of a society which numbers 1,800 members, each of whom is pledged "to read a portion of the Scriptures daily." The title in Japanese is, "Nippon seisho Notomo." In Japan English is fast becoming what French is in England—an accomplishment of the educated, and the Bible is being studied by many of the Japanese.

—A VETERAN missionary who has recently returned to his chosen field in South Africa writes back: "Yesterday I again put my foot on this dark land. May health, power, and great grace be given me to do some work yet—to preach, to teach the mystery of Christ to these many peoples; to be a faithful messenger of the home church to these sons and daughters of this benighted land. Let Christ be lifted up in all our home pulpits, that he may draw men more and more, and that more missionaries may be sent out to preach Christ to those who know him not."

—A BOY in Philadelphia read of duels and other barbarous things, and while depressed, for some reason, placed himself in front of a mirror, and with a revolver sent a bullet through his brain. It is another lesson to teach the pernicious effects of bad literature. Good reading is as important as good food; there cannot be perfect health without it.

—ON the 16th of May was organized in San Francisco a church consisting wholly of Japanese Christians. This organization has grown out of a Gospel Society organized by a few Japanese, nearly eight years ago, and who have kept up meetings for the study of the Bible continuously since.

—MEXICO and South America are said to receive three-fourths of the Bibles shipped from New York to foreign mission stations.

—CHILI has discarded the Roman Catholic religion as the religion of the state, and has announced perfect liberty to all churches.

—FROM the *Workman* we clip the following: In the year 1870 the Foreign Missionary Society of the Established Lutheran Church in Finland sent its first laborers among the heathen tribes in Ovambo-Land, in the southwestern part of Africa. Only in 1883—thirteen years later—were the first converts baptized! Since then, in Ondonga, on four occasions, baptisms have occurred, so that the number of the baptized adults is now 36. It is only four years ago that all who received the Christian faith were persecuted. Now, by God's great mercy, 200 African children are in the missions, and as many as 500 adults attend church at the three mission stations. One of the results of Christian teaching is that the new king, Itana, when he ascended the throne, forbade human sacrifices, and likewise that certain women and advisers of his predecessor should be slaughtered. The South African Finnish mission now numbers seven European laborers.

A Few Sayings on Luther.

"All the world," says Erasmus, "has agreed with us in commending his moral character. His morals are unanimously praised; it is the highest praise a man can have, that his enemies even can find no flaw in him for calumny."

Alberus testifies: "No man could pray more fervently; no man was a better comforter. . . He was a man without guile. He was a terror to liars and equivocators. He loved integrity and hated pride. He abhorred intemperance and licentiousness."

Even that old fox, Leo X, could say, "That same brother Martin is a man of talent, and all that is said against him is mere monkish jealousy."

Melancthon says: "Whoever has known him and seen him familiarly will allow that he was a most excellent man, gentle and agreeable in society, not in the least obstinate nor given to disputation, yet with all gravity becoming his character. If he showed any great severity in combatting the enemies of the true doctrine, it was from no malignity of nature, but from ardor and enthusiasm for the truth. I have often myself found him shedding bitter tears, and praying earnestly to God for the welfare of the Church. He devoted part of each day to reading the Psalms and invoking God with all the fervor of his soul."

☞ The loss of the manuscript for this number caused a delay in its publication which our readers will kindly excuse.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10—12.
Catechumen class meets from 7—8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8—9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1885.

No. 10.

Missionary Hymn.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O Jesus Christ, Thou blessed light,
Illumine those who know Thee not,
And rescue them from darkest night,
That safely they to life be brought!

Lord, fill Thou with Thy gracious ray
All those that are in error found—
Those, likewise, who in secret stray,
In whom the fruits of sin abound!

And those who wander far from Thee,
Do Thou in mercy, Saviour, spare;
The wounded spirit, set Thou free,
May they the heav'nly glory share!

Do Thou to deaf ones hearing give,
The speechless teach Thou, Lord, to speak,
Save such as still in error live,
Nor value yet what they should seek.

Enlighten those who blinded are—
Bring near all those that from Thee stray,
Reclaim Thou those who've wandered far,
Confirm those doubting in the way!

Together, thus, with us will they
On earth, and yonder in the skies,
Here for a time, and there for aye,
Praise Thee for all Thy rich supplies.

—Messenger.

The Festival of the Reformation.

With joy and thanksgiving the Lutheran Church celebrates the festival of the Reformation in the month of October. On the last day of that month, in the year 1517, Dr. Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses against the church door at Wittenberg. That was the beginning of the great work of the Reformation, by which God restored to His Church the pure Gospel doctrines of the Bible. Yes, that work was God's work, and in celebrating the festival of the Reformation we do not give glory to man, but to God alone. And well may we on Reformation Day enter into the courts of the Lord with praise and thanksgiving; for great and many are the blessings which He bestowed upon us through His faithful servant Dr. Martin Luther.

The pearl of those blessings is the everlasting Gospel in its purity, by which the way to heaven is made plain to sinners. In the dark

days before Luther's time the Gospel way of salvation was hidden under the rubbish of the false doctrines of the Romish sect. Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, was represented to be a terrible judge to whom the sinners dare not come with a trusting heart. Luther tells us that before God opened to him the Gospel, he trembled and was terrified whenever he heard the name of Jesus. Sinners were pointed to the merits of the saints and to their own works for salvation and peace. But they could find no comfort for their troubled souls in the merits of saints, who were not able to save themselves, much less to save others. Nor could they find any comfort in their own works; for those works, when properly examined, proved them to be transgressors of the law. The consciousness of their failure to fulfill the demands of the law was the very thing which rendered them restless and made them long for comfort and peace. Why then did they not listen to the voice of Him who says to all troubled sinners, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? They did not hear that voice. The Bible, in which Jesus speaks peace to the troubled soul, was hidden away from them as a dark and dangerous book. And so the poor people groped in darkness. Great, therefore, was the joy of thousands when the bright light of the Gospel shone into this darkness and brought comfort to their troubled souls. Through His servant Dr. Luther God gave to the people an open Bible and restored to them the pure Gospel of salvation by faith in Christ's work of redemption.

We still have this Gospel and in it we have the means of our salvation. For this great blessing we give thanks to God on Reformation Day. And the more we prize this treasure, the more anxious we will be to make others partakers of its wealth. The Festival of the Reformation should stir us up to greater zeal in our mission work.

Salvation by Grace.

There are many who have drifted, largely through false teaching, from salvation wholly by grace, to the thought of salvation by self-

culture. They have no more definite idea of Christ's work of redemption than this, that Christ did something or other, in some way or other, which some how or other, helps to save them if they do the best they can. On the strength of this they listen to sermons, give their money for church purposes, and try to conform to a high standard of morality. But they know not the true Gospel of peace through faith in the finished work of the Redeemer. They are therefore constantly involved in doubts and fears. They do not read their Bibles correctly and they are therefore strangers to the confidence and the assured peace of God's children.

If anything is distinctly taught in the word of God, it is that at no time in the history of the soul can our own piety or good works form the ground of our confidence, or become the foundation of our hope of everlasting glory. On the other hand it is distinctly stated that "by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast," (Eph. 2, 8, 9); "and if by grace, then it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace: otherwise work is no more work," (Rom. 11, 6); "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us," (Tit. 3, 5).

Saved by Grace.

A poor, unlettered old colored woman was once accosted by a skeptic in the following way: "Well, Betty, and so you are one of the saints, are you? Pray, what sort of folks are *they!* and what do *you* know about religion, eh?" "Well, well," replied the favored old creature, "you know, sir, I'm no *scholar*, so can't say much for the *meaning* of it; I only know I am 'saved by grace,' and that's enough to make me happy here, and expect to go to heaven by-and-by." "Oh! *that's* all, is it? But surely you can *tell us something* nearer than that? What does being *saved* *FEEL* like?" "Why, it feels to *me*," said the Spirit-taught one, "just as if the Lord stood in *my* shoes, and I stood in *His'n!*" Happy old woman!

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Another Laborer in the Field of our Colored Mission.

The cry of Christendom in general and of the Ev.-Luth. Church especially has been and is still: "The harvest, truly, is great, but the laborers are few;" and whenever a young man responds to these cries, saying: "Lord, here I am, send me," it creates joy in the hearts of Christians far and near, and thanksgiving and praises are offered up to the throne of Him who hath thus bent His ear to their cries, and mercifully visited His people.—

From the Freedmen of the South the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," has been loud as well as pitiable. The Ev.-Luth. Synodical Conference, however great the demands have been upon its generosity and its educational institutions for laborers in the vast field of Home Mission, has found means and laborers also for educating and christianizing the Southern Freedmen. For years a promising work among them has been carried on. Missionaries and teachers have been commissioned, churches erected, congregations organized, Christian schools established, and through the grace and blessing of God a goodly number of redeemed souls have been won for the Saviour. And when on the 18th Sunday after Trinity Rev. Aug. Burgdorf, a graduate of the Theological Seminary at St. Louis, presented himself for ordination in their midst, there went up from every Christian heart witnessing it those exultant words of the Psalmist: "This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it."

The ordination took place in the Colored Ev.-Luth. Mount Zion Church, which for the occasion had put on a festive appearance. For days in advance the hands of the sisters were busy with cleaning and decorating it. Many flowers and green garlands were tastefully arranged on the pulpit, the altar and the walls, spreading sweet fragrance round about. To correspond with the festive attire of the sanctuary, a new gown had been ordered for the Pastor, and a full Lutheran Form of worship introduced. It being a bright, beautiful evening the seating capacity of the church was tested to the utmost. At the appointed hour of service every available seat was occupied. The colored sister congregation, St. Paul, as well as the German mother, Zion, were fairly represented. But the greatest portion of the audience was composed of our Colored friends from the vicinity. Services opened with the Hymn: "Blessed Jesus we are here," followed by Responses, Scripture Lesson, and the Creed. After the singing of the Hymn: "Lord Jesus Christ with us abide," Rev. N. J. Bakke delivered the sermon, based on Isaiah 41, 16., choosing as his theme: The glorious and comforting promise of God to his servant: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." Rt. Rev. T. Stiemke, President of the Southern District of the Synod of Missouri, etc., performed the act

of ordination assisted by Rev. Prof. A. F. Hoppe and the Pastors Roesener and Bakke. The Female Choir of the German Ev. Luth. Zion Church under the direction of Mr. Hüttmann added greatly to the solemnity of the occasion by the beautiful rendering of the anthem, "Glory be to God on high."

After services the members of the Church thronged around the newly ordained Missionary, and words of welcome, congratulation, and cheer were poured upon him in abundance. May God grant His rich blessing to him and his arduous labor to the glory of His holy name and to the spread of His kingdom among our Colored fellowmen. May they avail themselves more and more of the gracious visitation God sends them through the Ev.-Luth. Church. New Orleans, La., Oct. 12. 1885.

MISSIONARY.

The Pope's Lying Wonders.

"Whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders."—2 Thess. 2, 9.

Speaking of the Romish "miracles" performed on sick persons in the French village of Lourdes, a well known writer in an English paper relates the following two cases of the lying wonders of the pope's church, which can be thoroughly authenticated.

A poor girl had been long under treatment in the hospital at Bordeaux for hip disease. Her case had received great care and attention, and after a while she left her bed, taking to crutches; then she got steadily better, and at last was able to lay aside her crutches altogether. She was not discharged from the hospital, but was employed to help the sisters, and an arrangement was in contemplation, by which she should be retained, at any rate, for some time in the hospital as an assistant. One day she asked leave to go and see her friends for a few days, and added the strange request that she might be allowed to take her crutches with her, to show her parents what she had used so long. Two days later a marvellous miracle was reported from Lourdes. A girl who had been a long time an inmate of the Bordeaux hospital, who was suffering from incurable hip disease, and for whom medical skill had availed nothing, had come to Lourdes, had made her vows and prayers to the Virgin, had drunk the water of the spring, had been then and there perfectly cured, and had left her crutches behind her in attestation of the miracle.

Another case was related by a Zouave, who had been in the adjoining bed to the sufferer after the occurrence now to be narrated. A poor man was paralysed, nothing did him any good, he had lost all hope; he was advised to go to Lourdes in the hope of a miracle; he was taken there in a carriage, carried to the grotto, the centre of an eager crowd surrounded by priests. After the usual offerings he is made to drink the water and it is poured upon him. "Don't you feel better?" they ask, and before

he can reply he finds himself lifted upon his feet and supported. "A miracle! a miracle!" they cry; "see, he is standing." The crowd close around him, and he is fairly borne along by them. "See, he is walking! he is cured!" and before he had time to say or do anything he was hurried away, on pretence of giving thanks, to be dragged back to the hospital in a state of acute suffering, and far worse than when he left it. These two instances make it not difficult to understand how many of the miracles are produced, and whence come many of the crowd of crutches which garnish the roof of the grotto of Lourdes.

The Word of God.

A. "The written Word of God is the only rule and standard of the faith and life."

B. "The written Word of God is the only source of Christian knowledge."

C. "The Word of God is always to be understood literally."

D. "The Word of God is its own interpreter. It is not to be interpreted by reason, tradition, or new revelations."

The Lutheran Church believes that the written Word of God is a sufficient directory in all matters of faith and life,—that nothing beyond and outside of this is necessary to guide men in the way of salvation. No revelation is now being given by God to man. Special revelations which some pretend to receive, do not now come. All pretensions to immediate revelations from God, are delusions and are condemned.

Lutherans prove their doctrines by the Scriptures. We believe that Baptism "worketh forgiveness of sins, delivers from death and the devil, and confers everlasting salvation on all who believe," as God in His Word declares.

We believe that Christ in His Holy Supper gives Body and Blood to be eaten and drunk by all communicants, because He plainly says so.

The interpretation of the Scriptures is bound up within itself. No man has a right to say, this is the true meaning or that is the correct interpretation, because I make it thus. The Scriptures interpret their own declarations.

—Church Messenger.

Care for the Little Ones.

"I passed a florist," says one, "so absorbed with his 'cutting' that he did not hear my 'good morning' till twice spoken. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' said he, 'but you see, one must put his whole mind on these young things if he would have them do well; and I cannot bear that one should die on my hands, for I should feel almost as if I had murdered it by neglect. Young plants need a deal more care than old ones that are used to storms and blight.'" Here is a word for us all. Tenderly, patiently, perseveringly, wisely, let us care for the little ones in our schools and in our homes.

A Romish Procession.

That is a queer procession which you see in our picture. It is called by the pope's people *Auto da Fe*, which means Act of Faith. In the procession you see men wearing high caps, which are made of pasteboard, pointed like sugar loaves, covered over with devils and flames of fire. These men are taken out by the Romish priests, in order to be burned, because they would not subject themselves to the pope of Rome. And this infernal murderous act the pope's church calls an act of faith.

In those countries in which the Romish people had the power to do as they pleased, they persecuted all those who would not adopt their false doctrines. They had a tribunal which was called the Inquisition. The members of this dread tribunal sought out all those whom they suspected of what they called heresy. These persons were thrown into secret prisons, where all communication with the outer world was entirely cut off from them. In these secret prisons they were tortured in the most cruel manner, in order to extort a confession and to force them to accept the doctrines of the Romish church. If these horrible tortures were of no avail, the poor victims were condemned by the Inquisition and were made the centre of such a procession as you see in our picture. They were handed over to the secular arm for burning. Many witnesses for Jesus were thus murdered by the Romish church, which became "drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." (Rev. 17, 6.)

A LUTHERAN MARTYR.

One of those martyrs was Don Carlos de Seso, a nobleman of high rank, who had served his country well during the reign of Charles the Fifth. By reading the Bible and Lutheran writings he came to the knowledge of the truth. He was convinced that the Lutheran doctrines are the doctrines of God's Word. In Valladolid, Spain, he earnestly labored for the spread of that Gospel in which he had found peace and salvation. He now, of course, became a conspicuous mark for the bloodhounds of the Inquisition. He was thrown into prison, and for fifteen dreary months he languished in its gloomy cells, cut off from all human sympathy and support. But the grace of God held him, and his constancy remained unshaken in spite of all the threatenings and tortures of the Romish priests.

On the evening of the seventh of October, 1559, it was announced to him that on the next day an *Auto da Fe* would be celebrated

and he would then be burned if he did not recant. He called for writing materials, and it was thought he would recant his doctrines in writing. But his writing was of another kind. He wrote a confession of his faith and handing it over to the priests, he said, "This is the true doctrine of the Gospel over against the doctrine of the Romish church, which has been corrupted for centuries. Confessing this doctrine I shall die, and with a living faith in the sufferings of Jesus Christ I shall deliver my now broken body up to God." On the next day he marched in the procession of the *Auto da Fe* and was led out to the place of execution, in order to be burned. When tied to the stake he showed the same unshaken constancy, bearing his testimony to the truth of the Gospel for which he gave up his life. As the flames crept slowly around him, he called on his executioners to



heap up the fagots. Indignant at the heroism of the noble Lutheran martyr, they were not slow in obeying his commands. The flames soon enveloped him, and his soul passed away to Jesus whom he so nobly confessed.

Thank God that through the Reformation of Dr. Luther the pope's power has been broken. May He soon destroy the Antichrist "with the brightness of His coming," (2 Thess. 2, 8). And may we all, my dear reader, be found faithful to that Gospel of grace which Luther preached from the Bible and which has been sealed by the blood of so many noble martyrs!

A Second Herod.

In the year 1631, the Roman Catholic General Tilly stormed the Lutheran city of Magdeburg and destroyed 30,000 of the inhabitants by fire and sword. When the massacre had begun and no escape was possible, the school-children formed in procession and marched over the market-place singing Luther's hymn:

"Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy word,
And break the Pope's and Turk's fell sword,
Who fain would hurl from off Thy throne
Christ Jesus, Thy beloved Son," etc.

This General, a second Herod, enraged at the singing of the Lutheran children, ordered them all to be slain. From that moment, history tells us, all success departed from him. Haunted by this terrible slaughter of innocents he passed to his last account a few months afterwards.

Jesus Shining In.

A visitor went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it, I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything; I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with a sweet smile, "my sun pours in at every window and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen

for many a day. Yes! Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.

Luther's Trust in God.

Martin Luther wrote to his wife, Catharine, from Eisleben, in reply to a letter in which she expressed great anxiety for his safety:

"DEAR KATE: Read John's Gospel and the Small Catechism, of which you once said: "Everything in this book is said of you." You are so anxious about your God, just as if He were not Almighty. He can create ten Dr. Luthers, if the old one were drowned in the Saale, or put out of the way in any other fashion. Do not bother me with your anxieties; I have a better protector than you and all the angels are. He lies in the manger at the breast of His mother, but at the same time is seated at the right-hand of God the Almighty Father. Hence be not uneasy. Amen."

MEN of prayer are men of power.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—REV. J. R. MOSER, a faithful servant of the Lord, departed this life on the 10th of September, at Gravelton, Mo., confessing his faith in the Gospel, for the spread of which he had faithfully labored for many years. He was born in North Carolina in the year 1813. In the year 1837 he entered the ministry of the Lutheran Church. His heart's desire and prayer to God was, that the English speaking people might come to the knowledge of the pure doctrine of our church. He assisted in translating the Lutheran Symbolical Books and Dr. Luther's sermons into English and was also a true and most zealous friend of our English Lutheran mission in the Western States. He has entered the joy of his Lord and now "rests from his labors and his works do follow him." Our loss is his gain.

—SPEAKING of Luther as a translator, the Rev. Dr. G. Gottheil, of New York, well says that after all, Martin Luther remains the greatest translator of all. He did his work more than three and a half centuries ago, and ever since the whole world of letters has been doing honor to that matchless work of man. To-day some claimed better facilities in the discovery of manuscripts and other ancient material, for the correct translation of the Bible, than the Church possessed in the days of Luther and King James, but none claim the head and heart of Luther. The Church has gained less in discovery and criticism since Luther's time than she will lose if she repudiates his translations and neglects his writings.

—THE Lutheran church in the United States preaches the gospel in the following twelve languages: German, English, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Icelandic, Finnish, Bohemian, Polish, French, Siberian (or Serbian), Slovakian (or Hungarian), and the Indian dialects.

—NOTICING a lady's gift of a large sum of money to free a Brooklyn church from debt, the *Catholic Review* says the gift was made "for the benefit of the souls of her deceased parents." It adds: "Charity to the church or to its poor most certainly extinguishes the fires of purgatory;" and declares that such gifts are good investments. If purgatory can be bridged by charitable contributions, how much money would it require to close up purgatory forever? If one liberal gift extinguishes some of the fires, surely many gifts should extinguish them all. It can only be a question of amount. The false doctrine of purgatory was invented to bring money into treasury of the Romish church.

—THE President of Costa Rica has expelled the Jesuits and their Bishop from the country because it is the duty of the government to prevent the intrigues of this society, which seeks to get control of public affairs. The President has learned from history that where Rome rules it ruins.

—CATHOLIC zeal overreached itself in Dublin a few days ago, when two French nuns

were violently attacked by a mob of men and women who took them for a couple of Protestant deaconesses engaged in a proselyting mission. The nuns were forced to fly for shelter before the mistake was discovered.

—THE Lutheran Church in Russia numbers at present 457 pastoral charges with 2,677,921 members. There is a Lutheran congregation to be found even in far-off Kamschatka. It has 300 members in the town of Wladiwostok and 1,000 members scattered over an immense district. The pastor must converse in German, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Estish and Lettish. The pastor at Olonez near Archangel, on the White Sea, has members living near the North Cape, and his pastoral visits carry him thousands of miles away from home. His members are a company of many languages; setting out on his tours, he takes along Bibles, hymn books, agenda and catechisms in five languages. Another pastor, laboring near the Ural mountains has not less than 81 settlements in his spiritual care.

—THE *Missionary Herald* has a tabular statement of the Protestant mission in China, from which it appears that there are in the empire 544 missionaries, representing thirty-three societies; 1,450 native helpers, with 26,287 communicants.

—IT is stated that the largest theatre in Japan was thronged on two successive days by people listening to sermons preached by native preachers. Not a Christian Church was in existence in Japan fifteen years ago and it is declared not a half-dozen native Christians in the Empire.

—A COMMITTEE of the American Missionaries at Constantinople write to the American Bible Society that during the last year "46,219 copies of the Scriptures were sold within the limits of the American Missions in Asiatic Turkey, of which 12,090 passed into the hands of Armenians, 3,801 into the hands of Greeks, and 3,055 into the hands of Turks. That such a large number of God's blessed truth have begun to shine in the dark parts of this land is cause for devout thanksgiving."

—HERE is a story with a moral: "A certain Jew, when dying, requested his partner to bury in his coffin the money belonging to him in the firm. Solomon was outraged by the request, but his rabbi told him he must keep his promise to his dead friend. After the funeral the rabbi asked him if he had been faithful to his trust. He told him that he had. 'Well,' said the rabbi, 'what kind of money did you put in the coffin? Gold or greenbacks?'—'Neither,' answered Solomon. 'I put my check there.' 'Your check!' 'Yes, my check is good!'" Here was a device giving absolutely nothing, and yet insinuating that an obligation had been met. So there are professing Christians who give their promise to pay, and repeat their promise, but never pay, and yet feel a silent and sometimes a noisy satisfaction at their own liberality.

Theatrical Entertainments.

In October 1778 the American Congress adopted resolutions urging the States to take the most effective measures for the suppression of theatrical entertainments as being at war with religion and good morals, which are the foundations of liberty and the public welfare; and declaring that any one in the service of the United States, who shall take part in a play, or encourage or attend the same, "shall be deemed incapable of holding his office and shall be dismissed from the service of the United States."—How is this for our boasted progress?—*Lutheran Quarterly for October.*

BOOK-TABLE.

THE FIRST READER. Illustrated. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 20 cents.

The *Lutheran* of Philadelphia says of the new Series of Readers issued by our Publishing House: "The Concordia Publishing House has been engaged in publishing a Series of School Books for use in Parochial and other schools. The need of English text-books has been felt and the want will be met. These books are inferior in no respect to the very best anywhere issued, and the purity of tone and spirit in them gives them added excellence. No other than true and wholesome lessons can be learned from them. In paper, print, illustrations and all external aspects they are equal to the best."

DER ABENDSCHULE-KALENDER fuer das Jahr 1886. Louis Lange Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The Louis Lange Publishing Company at St. Louis is among the first to issue its Almanac for the coming year, and a good German Almanac it is, well filled with instructive and entertaining reading matter. The handsome illustrations lend it an additional attraction. Price 20 cents per copy.

REFORMATIONS-ALBUM. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price \$1.00 per copy.

This is a very handsome German Album, containing 44 Pictures of the precursors of the Reformation, Luther and his co-laborers, Princes, cities, places and monuments, all of which relate to the great Reformation of the Church, with explanatory articles on the opposite page.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.

Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10—12.
Catechumen class meets from 7—8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8—9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1885.

No. 11.

"The Day is at Hand."

Rom. 13, 12; 1 Cor. 3, 13.

Work, for the day is coming
When Jesus will return:
At the thought of His appearing,
Our hearts within us burn;
For we shall see His beauty,
And share His loving smile,
Then let us not grow weary,
'Tis but "a little while."

Work, for the day is coming;
Work, children of the light;
See thousands round you lying
In nature's darkest night.
Up! rouse them from their slumber!
Tell them there yet is room,
That Jesus still is waiting,
And longs to see them come.

Work, for the day is coming;
Your talents may be few,
Yet, if you now take gladly,
The work *He* bids you do,
Although it may be lowly,
Precious to *Him* 'twill be,
And thou shalt hear Him saying,
"Ye did it unto Me."

Work, for the day is coming;
Work, though no fruit you see;
The master will reward you,
E'en as the *work* shall be.
He marks the prayerful sowing,
He counts the sighs and tears,
The patient, faithful labors
Of long and weary years.

Work, for the day is coming;
The Bridegroom draweth near,
To call the Bride He ransomed,
In glory to appear.
He says *He's* coming quickly,
To take us to His home;
"E'en so," we cry, rejoicing,
"Lord Jesus, quickly come!"

—Selected.

The Coming of the Lord Jesus.

The Advent season reminds us of our Lord's coming. The Son of God has come in the flesh to redeem the world. He still comes in the Gospel and in the Sacraments to call sinners unto Himself and to make them partakers of that salvation which His coming into the world in our flesh secured for them all. And He will

come in glory to take His children to Himself, that they may enjoy the great salvation forever in their Father's house, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

When He ascended into heaven, the angels said to His disciples, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." Ever since that time the coming of the Lord Jesus in glory is the "blessed hope" of the Church. Jesus is coming! What a hope full of blessing! Jesus Himself is coming—the "same Jesus" who said, Come unto Me. We shall see His very face; the very brow that was crowned with thorns; the very eyes that looked on Peter; the very lips that said such wonderful and gracious things! No longer wishing for Him, but really seeing Him! Is this terrible to you? Only one thing would make it terrible, and it is, if you reject the Saviour here and will not come to Him in the time of grace and in this day of salvation, and will not let Him wash away your sins in His precious blood. Then His coming would indeed be terrible, for He would never anymore say to you "Come," but only "Depart." But if you by true faith have found salvation in the loving Saviour who really died to save you, then His coming will be to you the glorious fulfillment of His sweet promise: "I will come again, and receive you to myself; that where I am ye may be also." At the cry, "Jesus is coming!" the believer's heart beats quick, but it is with gladness, not with terror. Jesus is coming! Could anything be happier news to the children of God who love His appearing? Let us then with glad hearts look forward to that glorious advent of our Lord which every setting sun brings nearer. And may our hearts be thus drawn away from the world and all its sinful doings; "for our citizenship is in heaven; from whence we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ," (Phil. 3, 20).

Surely I Come Quickly.

The Lord did not mean these words to be empty sounds. He meant His church to listen and give heed to the solemn announcement.

They speak to each passing age with deeper tone and more awaking voice. The voice of this trumpet waxes louder and louder as the ages roll away.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed!" Are we, in the eager joy of our hearts, trying to measure the ages and count the few years or days that may lie between us and the Lord? Who can wonder that we should do so? Who would not wonder if we did not?

"His wife hath made herself ready." Are we ready? Is the bridal dress put on, "the fine linen, clean and white?" Are we decked for the marriage supper? Are we keeping our garments undefiled? Are we "keeping ourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life?" (Jude 21).

And are we warning the ungodly? Are we *Noahs* in the prospect of that fiery deluge that is coming on the earth? Are we "preachers of righteousness"? Do we "condemn the world"? Are we becoming more and more earnest in urging our message upon sinners—"flee from the wrath to come"?—C. T.

Waiting For The Bridegroom.

If thou desirest to enter into the marriage of the Lamb, desire the coming of the Bridegroom; "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come." If thou hast not the earnest of the Spirit, by which thou mayest cry—"Come, Lord Jesus," the Bridegroom will not lead thee into the heavenly wedding. Thou art not the Bride, if thou desirest not the coming of the Bridegroom. Wilt thou have a place in the new heavens and the new earth, why then dost thou cleave unto these old things? Wilt thou be made a partaker of the Creator, why dost thou cleave to the beggarly creatures? Dost thou look for a building of God, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heaven," why then dost thou not desire to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven? If in this life the Holy Trinity doth not dwell in thy heart by grace, the Holy Trinity will never dwell in thee in the life to come through glory.

John Gerhard.

A w a k e !

"Awake! awake! thou sleeper,
No longer slight the call,
Nor trifle with the judgment
Which on thy head may fall;
E'en now the clouds do gather,
Which soon may burst on thee;
Awake! awake! O sinner!
To Christ, the Saviour, flee."

Inspired Family Rules.

"But I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word; that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church: for we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church. Nevertheless, let every one of you in particular so love his wife, even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

"Likewise, ye husbands dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered. For a woman which hath a husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth; but, if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband."

"Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the Word, they also may without the Word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel: But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands: even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord: whose daughters ye are, as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement."

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise;

that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Feeding upon Christ.

"But how are we to feed upon Him?" some may ask. We reply, The written Word reveals Him, in the Word of God the Holy Ghost testifies of Him. Thus, pondering the Holy Scriptures and receiving God's thoughts in faith, we enter into the divine testimony of Jesus the Son of God—His personal glories, His finished work, what He is to God, what He is to us and for us; thus we feed upon Him, and our hearts are gladdened and our inner man strengthened. In this way we shall be so attracted to Him, so taken up with His perfections, that in our measure we shall be able to say, "We beheld His glory, the glory as the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." And being occupied with Him, He will be to us the attractive, absorbing, commanding, and satisfying object of our hearts. We thus obtain strength for service. It is communion, entering into the love and power of Christ, and finding satisfaction and delight in the same object which perfectly satisfies and delights the heart of the Father.

Hypocrites.

If an evil servant say in his heart, "My Lord delayeth His coming," and gets down into the world, and lives like the world, "the Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," (Matt. 24, 50. 51). From the terrific denunciations which the Son of God uttered against hypocrites, some idea may be formed of their portion; and so far as He has given any intimation in all His teaching, it is a portion which never changes, which never ends.

Seeing the Gospel.

"Have you ever heard the Gospel before?" asked an Englishman at Ningpo of a respectable Chinaman, whom he had not seen in his mission-room before. "No," he replied, "but I have seen it. I know a man who used to be the terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him a hard word he would shout at you, and curse you for two days and nights without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast and a bad opium smoker; but when the religion of Jesus took hold of him he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly, the teaching is good!"

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

A Comparison between Faith and Unbelief.

Faith is the root of all good.
Unbelief is the root of all evil.
Faith maketh God and man good friends.
Unbelief maketh them enemies.
Faith bringeth God and man together.
Unbelief parteth them.
All that Faith does pleases God.
All that Unbelief does displeases God.
Faith only maketh a man good and righteous.
Unbelief only maketh him unjust and evil.
Faith maketh a man a member of Christ.
Unbelief maketh him a member of the devil.
Faith maketh him the inheritor of heaven.
Unbelief maketh a man inheritor of hell.
Faith maketh a man the servant of God.
Unbelief maketh him the servant of the devil.
Faith takes a firm hold on the word of God.
Unbelief wavers here and there.
Faith holds God to be true.
Unbelief holds him false and a liar.
Faith knows God.
Unbelief knows him not.
Faith loves God and the neighbor.
Unbelief loves neither of them.
Faith only saves us.
Unbelief only condemns us.
Faith gives all honor to God and his deeds.
Unbelief gives all honor to man and his deeds.

OBE.

Love a Teacher of Works.

Love will in and of itself teach a man how to do good works; for a good work is a work that is good and serviceable to our neighbor. Therefore this love is nothing more nor less than a constant working for our neighbor, for which reason the work itself is called love, even as faith is also called prayer; accordingly Jesus says, John 15, 12—13, This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. That is, so fully have I performed all works for your good, that my life itself has been given for you, which is the very greatest of all love, or, in other words, the very greatest work of love. If I had known a greater love than this, I would also have done that for you. It is therefore your duty to love one another, or, in other words, to do all manner of good the one to the other. More than this I do not ask of you. I do not say that for me you must build churches, make pilgrimages, fast, sing, or become monks or priests, or that you must enter upon either this or that calling. But you are doing my will and working in my service when you do good toward one another, and when no one seeks simply his own advantage, but labors to promote the welfare of others. Herein lies the sum and substance of love.—*Luther.*

CHRIST is the way to holiness.

"God Says I am Saved."

Not long since, writes a Christian physician, I was asked to visit a young girl, about seventeen years of age, who had injured herself, and was thought to be dying. I had known her for some time, and was aware she was very delicate, but on calling learned she had fallen out of bed, and received an injury to the back of her head, which would eventually prove fatal, it was judged. Being under the care of another surgeon, I had nothing to do with her treatment, so after making a few inquiries as to her bodily suffering, which was great (specially when moved by others, for she was almost completely paralyzed), I began to speak to her about the state of her soul.

"Are you quite happy?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Why? Are you not saved?"

"I am not sure."

"But why are you not sure? do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, but I don't *feel* saved."

"Do you feel *lost*?"

"Yes, I do;" and she now began to weep.

"Why do you know you are lost?"

"Because I am a sinner, and God's Word says so."

"Then you believe His Word, do you?"

"Oh! Yes, sir, indeed I do."

"Well, then, His Word says, 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved;' do you believe that?"

"Yes."

"But are you looking to Jesus?"

"Yes, sir, but I don't *feel* as I should like to."

"Granted; but does it say, 'Look unto Me and *feel* saved?'"

"No."

"What then?"

"Be ye saved."

"What?"

"Be ye saved."

"When is that, to-day or to-morrow?"

"When I *look*."

"But are you looking?"

"Yes, I am really looking to Jesus."

"Then are you saved." She paused a moment and then firmly replied:

"I don't *feel* it, but God says I am saved. I see it now." The next moment her eye lit up, and her pallid face told the tale of a new spring of joy having been opened to her."

"Well," I said, "if any one were to come in and ask you now if you were saved, what would you say?"

"I would say 'Yes.'"

"And if they asked you how you knew it and were sure of it, what would you say?"

"I would say that I do believe in Jesus, and

God says in His Word, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but *have* everlasting life; and though I don't *feel* it, I do believe what God says."

"Then you rest your soul on Jesus and on God's Word?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and I could die happy now. I'd like to go at once to Jesus."

"You have no fears?"

"No, none."

"No doubts?"

"No; why should I? I see it all clearly. I'm only a poor sinner—and *Jesus died for me*—and *I believe in Him*—and *God says I'm saved*—and *so I know I am*."

I had a little more conversation, and called two days after to find her truly filled with joy and peace in believing. Her face shone with

You have naught to do but take your true place as a *lost sinner now* before God. Acknowledge *your sin*. It's all summed up in the sweet confession of the dying girl. May you this day be able to say like her, "*I'm only a poor sinner—Jesus died for me—I believe in Him—God says I am saved and so I know I am*."

"Rise my soul! behold 'tis Jesus,
Jesus fills my wondering eyes;
See Him now, in glory seated
Where thy sins no more can rise."

A Story of the Bible.

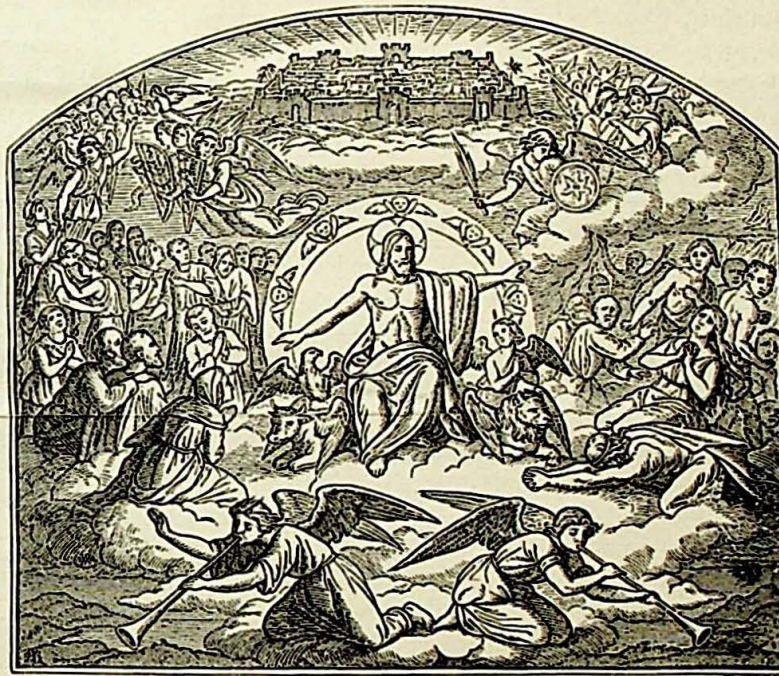
Some years since, an American ship, sailing on the South Pacific Ocean, struck a hidden rock, and speedily filled with water. The captain and crew, seeing she would soon go to pieces, took to the long boat and started out to find land or a friendly vessel. For two weeks, they went on without seeing either sail or shore. On the morning of the fifteenth day, an island rimmed with coral reef came into view. As they drew near this, they saw the people of the island thronging the beach.

The sight of these people filled their minds with the greatest anxiety. They knew that the inhabitants of many of the islands were savages and cruel; and situated as they were, they were afraid to venture towards the shore, lest a worse fate than that which had already befallen them might be theirs. If these half naked natives were only waiting to murder them, or sacrifice them to their gods, it were better for them to still trust the chances of the sea.

While they were thus debating the matter, one of the natives dashed down through the surf, and, holding a book aloft, cried, in good English, and with a loud voice, "Missionary!" "Missionary!" In an instant their fears were abated, and they turned towards the shore. The book they felt sure was the Bible; and the missionary had been there, to teach its blessed truths. Nor were they disappointed. The natives rushed to meet them, helped them through the surf, and, when they had gotten them safely to land, provided for all their wants with Christian kindness and love.

Just such assurances does the Bible ever bring to human hearts. Infidels may scoff at it, and make light of its teachings; but to the doubtful and fearing, its presence is always a delight, and its power a sure defence. God help us to prize His blessed word more and more.—*Young People's Monthly*.

WHATEVER is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.



THE LAST JUDGMENT.

the joy the knowledge of God alone can impart. Leaving town for a few weeks, I found, on my return, that she had lingered about a month, giving a constant bright testimony of Christ to all about her, and full of quiet, calm rest and joy in Christ until the end, had at length passed to be forever with Him.

And now, dear reader, a word with you about the state of *your* soul. Are you *saved*—or *lost*? Which? Don't shirk the question. It must be answered soon. The longest life has its end. Who has given you a lease of long life? A long eternity you shall have. Where will you spend it? Another day may find you in it. Gone forever from earth, where Christ died, "suffered for sins once, the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God." Gone where? With Christ? Or without Him? Would it be without Him? You tremble to say "Yes." List the voice of love speaking to you—speaking from heaven—"Come unto Me"—"Look unto Me"—"I am Jesus"—"By Me, if any man enter in he shall be saved."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—REV. DR. W. SIHLER, the venerable pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church at Fort Wayne, Ind., departed this life on the 27th of October, aged 83 years and 11 months. Dr. Sihler was one of the pioneers of our Lutheran church in the West, and with him one of the landmarks of the Missouri Synod passes away. For more than forty years he labored faithfully and fearlessly with pen and voice in the cause of truth as a Christian of great self-denial; sincere and outspoken; an enemy of all sham, formalism and hypocrisy; a man of prayer, and therefore a man of power. His end was in simple faith and perfect peace, he having found the sinner's only consolation in that favorite text of his: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief," 1 Tim. 1, 15. By faith he entered the joy and glory of his Lord. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever," Dan. 12, 3.

—THE English Lutheran Conference of Missouri held its sessions in the latter part of October in the church of the Ev.-Lutheran Emmanuel congregation, Webster Co., Mo. The morning sessions were devoted to doctrinal discussions on the Characteristics of a truly Lutheran Congregation. The afternoon sessions were devoted to missionary reports and business matters. The brethren of this Conference have a large missionary field and need the prayers and the assistance of our Lutheran Christians for their important work. Contributions for this English Lutheran mission should be sent to Mr. C. F. Lange, 509 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

—IN PARTS of Minnesota one can travel hundreds of miles and you will meet none but Lutheran Swedes. Some of their congregations number a thousand members.

—NOT long since a chaplain of a penitentiary approached a convict and began to converse with him about religious matters: the convict said, "Betake yourself off. If it had not been for the church fairs where I was led to raffle I would not now be here."

—LESS than two years ago a Bible reading union, calling itself the "Society of the Friends of the Bible," was formed in Japan, and already it numbers nearly 2,000 members; passages are prepared, and every one promises to read one daily.

—THE German Bible for the blind costs \$25, and consists of no fewer than sixty-four volumes. This is owing to the fact that the letters have to be very large, that they are in haut-relief, and can therefore be printed on one side only, and that the paper must be very thick. Some of the blind can read five or six hours without feeling fatigued. They use both hands in reading, the right forefinger being used chiefly to separate the words and syllables, while the left forefinger recognizes the word by itself.

—THE proprietor of one of the Philadelphia

Theatres has been fined \$100 for exposing pictures which both judge and jury decided to be obscene. The judge expressed himself very decidedly that this "infernal business" must be stopped. The community is indebted to him for making a stand so important for the preservation of morals.

—WE see it stated that President Cleveland recently informed a delegation that he distinctly remembered the whole of the catechism which he learned in his youth. The same retentiveness of memory was laid claim to by a recent Governor of Pennsylvania. That the lessons of youth are retained in the memory, unaffected by the whirl and hurry connected with public life, shows how indelible are the impressions made upon the memory in youth. Is it not then of the first importance that our children should commit to memory verses of Scripture, our beautiful Lutheran hymns, and our excellent Lutheran catechism?

—IN a recent speech the aged German Emperor William said: "In my old days I can call Heaven to witness that I have ever looked upon religion as the sole foundation on which everything reposes, and as the highest good of my people."

—A WESTERN paper condenses a whole discourse on the absurdities and inconsistencies of communism in the following item: "At the last Sunday socialistic picnic in Chicago, a banner was displayed with the legend 'Our children cry for bread.' Three hundred kegs of beer are reported to have been consumed during the festivities. No wonder the children cry for bread!"

—IT is painful to the ear of those not practiced in sin to listen to the profanity indulged in by mere boys on the streets. That a boy of 12 or 15 years, well raised, should pollute the air with such oaths as some of the sons of prominent citizens give utterance to is simply astounding. It is nearly time for a moral police to prevent this kind of language being used in the presence of decent citizens.

A LONDON paper (*Judeo-German*) says: "At Vienna, last year, no less than two hundred and sixty-three Jews became Christians—among whom were thirteen barristers, nine physicians, four journalists, three professors, three judges, seventeen merchants and manufacturers."

—IT is reported that since June last fifty churches, besides other property belonging to Christians, have been destroyed in Cochin China, and eight missionaries massacred.

—WHEN a visitor at the Carlisle Indian School asked a young Cheyenne girl if she was a member of a church she answered, "Not much, just a little." There are hundreds of other church-members similarly affected.

—IN OUR last issue we told our readers that the judgment of the members of the Romish Inquisition against those whom they considered heretics was called by the pope's church *Auto da Fe*, which means Act of Faith. Now one of our learned readers informs us that we should not have written *Auto da Fe*, but *Auto de Fe*, "de

being the Spanish article." Many thanks for this very learned information about the Spanish article! But, following Prescott and others, we prefer writing *Auto da Fe*, *da being the Portuguese article*. *Auto de Fe* is Spanish, *Auto da Fe* is Portuguese. Try again!—After this very learned item the little PIONEER with a solemn air closes the window.

BOOK-TABLE.

TANZ UND THEATERBESUCH. Addresses on these subjects delivered before the Lutheran congregation at St. Louis by Dr. C. F. W. Walther. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 40 cts., postage 7 cts.

The impression left by reading this excellent book will be one of thankfulness for the clear testimony it bears against the worldly dance and theatre, while it appeals with much force and loving kindness to all the followers of Jesus to abstain from worldly pleasures as unbecoming the Christian, to whom the world is crucified, not only during the time of Lent, as some people seem to think, but during the whole time of his earthly pilgrimage. We heartily recommend the book to all our readers who understand the German language, especially to our young people.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER für deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1886. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cts., postage 2 cts.

ON LUTHERAN DOCTRINE. A Colloquy. Lutheran Tract No. 1. Published by the Committee for English Lutheran Missions. (Western District of the Ev. Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other states). Address F. Dette, 710 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Price, two copies 5 cts.; 12 copies 20 cts., postpaid.

DER PILGER KALENDER für das Jahr 1886. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price single copy 10 cts.; per dozen 75 cts.; per hundred \$5.00.

HOSIANA. Hübsche Bilder in Farbendruck aus dem Leben des Heilandes. Mit Versen für die liebe Jugend. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price, 20 cts., by the dozen 16 cts. per copy.

DER ENGELEIN WEIHNACHTSGRUSS an die lieben Kleinen. Mit hübschen Bildern. Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa. Price, 15 cts.; per dozen \$1.60; per hundred \$12.00.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10-12.
Catechumen class meets from 7-8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8-9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

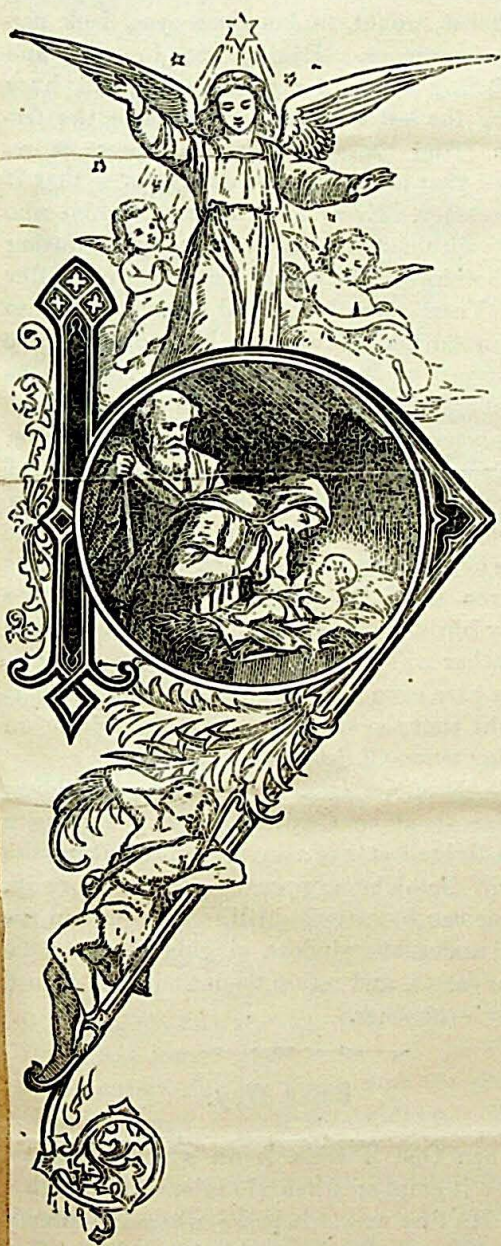
R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VII.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1885.

No. 12.



ARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly warbling in the skies?
Sure the angelic host rejoices,
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Hallelujah!

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!
Hallelujah!

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah!

"Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah!

Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His Name, and taste His joy,
Till in heaven you sing before Him:
Glory be to God most high!
Hallelujah!

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah!

—John Cawood.

The Plan of Salvation.

At the manger of Bethlehem you can learn the plan of salvation. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." What more could He do? "That whosoever"—that is, you, everybody, anybody that—"believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is not said that God has given His Son to all who will keep His law, for that we could not do, and therefore the gift would be available to none of us. But the great God has given His Son to the whole sinful world that "whosoever believeth in Him" should not perish.

The holiness of God demands the punishment of the sinner; but the love of God has provided a Saviour. God sent His own Son, born of a woman, to stand in the room and stead of our guilty race. God laid on Him the iniquity of us all, so that He bore the punishment due to our transgressions, being made a curse for us. Sin is punished in the person of the Christ and mercy is extended to the guilty. Will you reject this mercy and be eternally lost? Trust in this Saviour is the only way of eternal happiness. But it is also the certain way. Believe, trust in that Saviour of Bethlehem as *your* Saviour and Redeemer from all your sins, and *you*, yes, *you*, who deserves hell, shall never perish, but *have*—mark, *have*, everlasting life. Have it now—in Christ, in God's Son, and with Him when He comes. "The gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. 6, 23.).

Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas! Why do we keep it with so much joy and gladness? Is there a little child any where who does not know that it is the day when our dear Lord was born? "Christ the prince of glory slept on Mary's knee." The whole beautiful story is familiar to every one of us, and the sweetest thing about Christmas is that it belongs to every one of us, to the poorest as well as the richest, for the infant Jesus came to save the whole world.

The Christmas Tidings.

WONDERFUL TIDINGS.

The Christmas tidings are wonderful tidings. The child whose birth they proclaim was no ordinary child. His birth was ushered in by a long train of prophecy and longed for by a multitude of believing hearts. At the birth of that child angels' hearts were stirred and angels' voices raised in adoring song. He who was born at Bethlehem of the Virgin Mary was "Christ, the Lord." The child that had so lowly a birth, whose mother "wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn," was God over all, blessed forever. "The Word was made flesh." The Son of God became man. Wonderful tidings! How wonderful that He who is "The Father of Eternity," He who is "The Mighty God" became a feeble child, taking upon Himself our human nature. How wonderful that He who is the Maker and Upholder of the universe should lie in a manger wrapped in swaddling clothes. How wonderful that He who is the Lord of the heavenly hosts and who receives the homage of Cherubim and Seraphim should become a child of poverty and of sorrows. Such a birth there had never been before, and such a birth can never again occur. No wonder that at this birth the heavenly host was all astir and that "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

JOYFUL TIDINGS.

The Christmas tidings are joyful tidings. The angel said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The tidings concern us lost sinners and announce to us the Deliverer from our doom. All men are sinners and subject to God's wrath and eternal punishment; for "the wages of sin is death." No angel and no mere man could rescue us from our awful doom. But behold! God came to the rescue. His own Son became man and took the sinners' place, and did in our stead what the law requires, and took upon Himself the punishment of our transgressions. The birth of this Saviour is made known to us in the tidings of Christmas. Joyful tidings! It is our Saviour that was born; it is to us that salvation now has come. Joyful tidings truly are these that we have a Redeemer. These tidings are for us and for all people. They who live in poverty and want may miss many an earthly Christmas-gift in the merry Christmas time; but the Christmas tidings bring to them the richest of all gifts—the Saviour of sinners, who for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be rich. They who are cast down with sorrow and affliction may miss many an earthly Christmas joy in the merry Christmas time; but the Christmas tid-

ings bring to them the true Christmas joy—joy in the Saviour who is the Comfort of all the sorrowing and the Consolation of all the weeping. May we all welcome with glad and believing hearts the holy Christmas-day, with its joyful tidings of mercy and peace and blessedness.

The Birthday of Christ.

WAS IT THE 25TH OF DECEMBER?

The Christian Church had good reasons for believing and deciding that the 25th of December was the day upon which Christ was born into the world.

In the Western Church, with Rome as its metropolis, Christmas or the Nativity, was celebrated "from the beginning" as a distinct festival. This is declared by Chrysostom.

Judea was a conquered Roman province at the time Jesus was born, and the Roman governors had careful records made of all events of interest and importance that occurred in the provinces under their jurisdiction, and copies and reports of these were sent to Rome and were there preserved among the imperial archives.

From the importance attached to the birth of Christ, heralded and attended by extraordinary circumstances, it is evident that every attainable fact in regard to Him would be carefully recorded in the archives at Jerusalem, and transmitted to Rome, the capital of the empire. The armies of the Roman Empire, under Titus, besieged Jerusalem, captured and destroyed the city, scattered the nation, and carried its archives to Rome.

From some statements of Tertullian, it appears that an investigation to ascertain the precise date of Christ's birth at Bethlehem was made under Julius I. among the Jewish archives stored at Rome, the result of which established the 25th of December as the day upon which the Saviour of mankind was born, and as the beginning of the Christian era of the world. The Western Church had commemorated the Nativity on this day, "from the beginning," but in the Eastern Church, both the Nativity and Epiphany were generally celebrated in one festival, on the 6th of January up to the time of Chrysostom. On the 25th of December, A. D. 386, Chrysostom delivered a homily on the "birthday of our Saviour Jesus Christ," at Antioch, in which, after saying how earnestly he had wished to see on the day of the Nativity, a congregation like that which had then met, he uses the following language:

"Nevertheless, it is not yet the tenth year since this day has been made manifest and plain to us, although it had been handed down to us from the beginning and many years ago it has flourished thus through your zeal."

He also refers his hearers to the archives at Rome, where certain evidence on this point could be obtained and then adds:

"From those who have an accurate knowledge of these things, and inhabit that city, have we received this day. For they who dwell there, observing it from the beginning, and by old tradition, themselves have now sent to us the knowledge of it."

From the foregoing it is evident that the Christian Church had good reasons to regard the 25th of December as the anniversary of the birth of her Saviour and Lord.

—Church Messenger.

Christmas in Norway.

The great festival of the year in Norway, as among all Germanic nations, is Christmas.

The preparations in the way of provisioning the house, would, to American eyes, look perfectly enormous. Baking and brewing and butchering keep the whole household busy during the last three weeks preceding the festival. And the fact that the process is repeated year after year probably proves that it is necessary. Every man, woman or child who comes within stone's throw of the house during the holidays (which last until a week after New Year) must be invited in and urged to eat and drink. Even the birds are to have their share of the Christmas joy. As soon as the church-bells have "rung in the feast," at five o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the father of the house takes his richest sheaf of oats or barley and attaches it to the end of a pole, which is nailed to the gable of the barns or the store-houses. The mother and the children stand by enjoying the sight of the happy birds, fluttering around the sheaf, while the father will perhaps quote the passage about God's care even for the sparrow, wherefore it is right that the sparrow too should rejoice on the day when Christ was born.

The German custom of having poor children wander about on Christmas Eve, carrying a large lighted star of canvas, representing the star of Bethlehem, prevails also in Norway. No one can hear their shrill, tiny voices in the snow under his window, singing the dear familiar carols, and refuse them their well-earned penny.—Scribner.

God's Way.

When God intends to fill a soul, He first makes it empty; when He intends to enrich a soul, He first makes it poor; when He intends to exalt a soul, He first makes it humble; when He intends to save a soul, He first makes it sensible of its own miseries, wants, and nothingness. If God lifts you up to Christ, and mercy, and grace, and glory, He will first bring you low in the sense of your sinful miseries, and spiritual wants and self-nothingness and unworthiness.

It won't take an anxious sinner long to meet an anxious Saviour.

The African Boy and the Christmas Gospel.

Isaac is the name which in baptism was given to the little African boy of whom our story treats. He lived in Africa and one day watched his father's sheep. In the field near by there was another boy—a stranger. As children are wont to do they soon came together to chat and play. After a while the strange boy took a book out of his bag and began to read. Now little Isaac at that time was a heathen child and did not know anything about reading. He was afraid of the book and wanted to run away as if it were a snake. But the strange boy explained the matter to him. He told him that the black letters in the book were put together to form words and these words would then tell stories and other things. He invited him to sit down and he would show him how it was done. He then read from the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke the beautiful Christmas story about the Babe of Bethlehem. Little Isaac listened attentively and then said, "That must have been a wonderful child. Where is it now? Can I see it?" "Oh," said the other boy, "Jesus is always near us, although we see Him not. If you want to hear more about this Child, go to the missionary station, where the teachers will tell you more about this Child Jesus."

Little Isaac, with the permission of his father, soon left his flock of sheep like the shepherds of old and hurried away to the distant missionary village to find the Saviour of Bethlehem. He arrived there on Saturday evening and was given a home by a kind Christian woman. On Sunday morning little Isaac for the first time heard the ringing of the church bell and saw the people hurry away with their books. He did not know what it meant. In the afternoon the bell rang again and the people left their homes. Isaac now followed them and soon entered the missionary church where he heard the congregation sing a Christmas hymn and listened attentively to the missionary's sermon on the great love of God, who gave His only-begotten Son to a sinful world, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

After the services he went to the home of the missionary who told him more about the Saviour of sinners. By the grace of the Holy Spirit little Isaac became a child of God. The Bible, which was presented to him, was his greatest treasure. At one time, pressing the Bible to his heart, he said, "I cannot give this

book away; it has led to the Child of Bethlehem, in whom I have found and still find all I need." He proved a blessing to his family and to many others, and remained faithful to the end. He often said, "In Jesus, who is the light of the world, the true God and eternal life, we find strength to bear the burdens of this life, and peace and salvation. He who does not believe in Him is poor even if he has all the treasures of this world; he has no comfort in life and no hope in the hour of death; for there is no other salvation and there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus."

Reader, we need not, like people in heathen countries, make a long journey to find the Saviour of Bethlehem. He is preached in our midst and is brought to us in the manger of the Gospel. Believe in Him and be saved.

about sin and of Him who was born in Bethlehem as the Saviour of sinners. He rejoiced in the Christmas story and confessed his faith in the Saviour. After having partaken of the Lord's Supper he lay with folded hands—an image of perfect peace. I left the boat and passed through the streets to my home. People were coming from the market with their Christmas presents, and in many a home the Christmas tree was lighted, and I thought of old Simeon down on the river and of the beautiful Christmas present that was prepared for him. Before morning he had fallen asleep in Jesus and had gone to be with the Saviour forever. It was a blessed Christmas night.

For Jesus' Sake.

One of the little orphan boys in John Falk's German Charity-school said at the supper-table their usual grace:

"Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless the food Thou hast provided."

A lad looked up and said:

"Tell us, teacher, why the Lord Jesus never comes."

"Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure that He will come to us some of these times; for He always hears us."

"Then," replied the bright lad, "I'll set a chair for Him;" and he put one by the table.

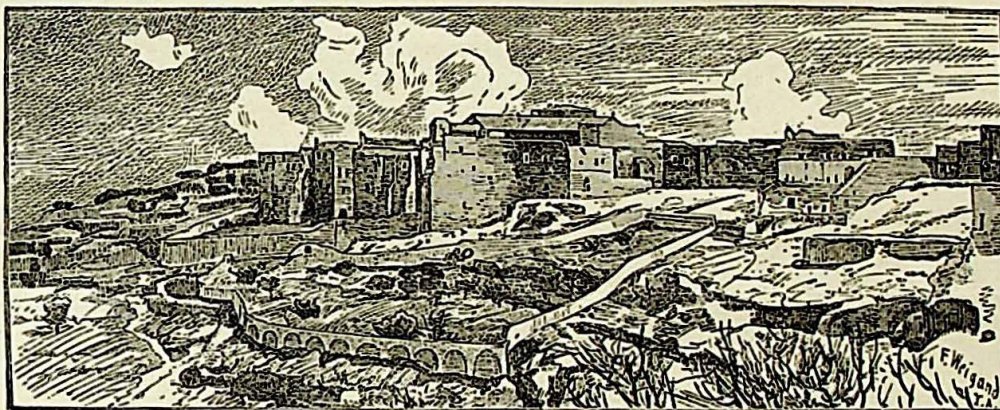
By-and-by a knock was heard at the door. A poor traveler was admitted, and asked for food and lodging. The little fellow looked at the stranger a few moments and then piped out:

"Ah, I see! Jesus could not come to-night, and so He sent this poor young man in His place. Is that the way, teacher?"

"Yes, my boy, that is just it. Every cup of water or bit of bread we give to the poor and hungry for Jesus' sake, we give to him. Inasmuch as we do it to the least of our brethren we do it unto our Saviour."

A Child's Faith.

A mother, with her three children, was clinging to the wreck of the steamer Bohemia, when the mother said she must let go and be drowned. Her little girl replied, "Hold on a little longer, mother. Jesus walked upon the water and saved Peter, and perhaps he will save us." The little girl's words so strengthened her mother that she held on a few moments more, when a boat was sent to their rescue.



Bethlehem, the Saviour's Birthplace.

A Blessed Christmas Night.

A pastor in one of the river towns relates the following:

It was Christmas Eve. Our Christmas-tree was ready to be lighted, and the children were waiting with eager hearts, when some one knocked at the door. A tall woman stepped in and called for the pastor. She looked at me intently and seeing my white hair she said, "Yes, you are the gentleman whom he wishes to see." I still did not know what she wanted. At last she said, "We live in a boat down on the river. We have often come to this city and my father has always attended your church. He now lies on his dying bed and wishes to partake of the Lord's Supper. Please come quickly." I went with the woman down to the river. "There we live," she said, pointing to one of the boats. We stepped into the boat and in the cabin I found an old man with a kind and friendly look. He had lived a long life; he had fought in the battles of his country and had made many a voyage. All that was left to him now was his widowed daughter and a grandchild. I spoke to him

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A LETTER in a Canada paper says of the heathen Indians of the far North-west: "These Indians are superstitious and still worship idols. As I am writing this letter I look out and see fires built on the hill to strange gods, and I hear the sad and doleful cry or song of the medicine man as he is practicing his evil art over the prostrate form of some sick person lying in yonder camp. A few weeks ago they had their sun-dance. At this dance (which they have once a year) the braves of the tribe are chosen. If a young man can dance for three days, constantly looking at the sun, eating or drinking nothing, he gets the title 'A Brave.' A person visiting the dance on the third day would never wish to see it again. See these young men, perhaps six or eight, a spike is passed through the skin on the breast, and about this spike a cord is wound and the cord tied to a rope over head, and there they hang in agony."

—THE Charleston (S. C.) *News* says: "A letter of our Beaufort correspondent describes a deplorable condition of morals and manners among the colored people on the Sea Islands. There is no lack of what they call 'religion' even in the most benighted districts, but it is a miserable 'religion' on the part of many who are regular church-goers. Instances have been known, indeed, where preachers have been deprived of their charges for speaking plainly on this point, and in one case the offender was expelled without ceremony for 'insulting' his congregation by insisting upon a due observance of one of the Ten Commandments. If left to themselves, the colored people on the islands will sink to the lowest level of degradation in a few generations, and it is, therefore, incumbent upon their friends, North and South, to look more closely after them than heretofore."

—A CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal of Commerce* has recently written among notes of a carriage journey in New Hampshire, some account of the country churches there, and the condition of religion among them at the present day. He says: "Within a few weeks I have heard sermons in several country churches. In each of these sermons the minister told his hearers that he had studied his subject with great care, and was thoroughly convinced of the doctrine he presented. In each case the doctrine was heresy. It was sad Sunday after Sunday, to hear this same self-assertion, 'I have made up my mind on this subject,' the man preaching himself and his own reason, and utterly ignoring the faith once and for all delivered to the saints."

—A FAMOUS stone formerly stood in front of the chief heathen temple at Bau, in the Fiji Islands, against which, in the days of paganism, the heads of innumerable victims of cannibals' orgies were dashed. It has now been transformed into a baptismal font.

—THE Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, in his tour around the world did not see a single new heathen temple. All the pagan worship was in old dilapidated temples. Not very long ago there were 100,000 idol-gods in Raratonga; but a young man lately visiting the British Museum saw among the wonders there the first Raratonga idol his eyes ever beheld, though he was born and lived nineteen years in Raratonga.

—A CHRISTIAN RULER. Paul Kruger, the President of the courageous little Transvaal Republic in South Africa, during his recent tour through Germany, visited the Mission House in Berlin. The students were surprised at the earnest Christian tone in which he spoke to them. "Young brothers," he said, "I beseech you to know and preach nothing but our Lord Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. I did not seek Him, but He sought me, and—God be praised!—found me. . . . Some from your midst are now in the Transvaal making known the Saviour, and two of my children are receiving instruction in the Mission school. I assure you that my government will support the Mission in the strongest manner, and seek to remove all obstacles out of the way."

—THE new German Colonies in Africa are by no means completely heathen lands. Bremen Missionaries work in Congoland for years and conduct a theological seminary with 27 native students. They translated the Bible, the catechism, a hymn-book and a number of school books into Ewe. In Angra Pequena there are Rhenish Missionaries since 1840, and labor on eight stations among the Namaqua and Herero. Lutheran Missionaries from Finland preach in the Owamba district. Members of the Church of Prussia propose to build churches in Usugara on the east coast.

—ACCORDING to present indications two races of men must soon become extinct—the Laplanders, and the Maoris of New Zealand. The Maoris have decreased from 1,000,000 in Captain Cook's day to 45,000 at the present time, at which rate they will entirely disappear by the year 2,000. The Laplanders are rapidly dying out, their present number being only 30,000. But this reduction in numbers of the world's population is more than counterbalanced by the remarkable increase of the colored population in the United States.

—THE Jews of the world numbered 6,377,602 last June, according to statistics gathered by the Geographical Society in Marseilles, and were distributed as follows: Europe 5,407,602; Asia, 245,000; Africa, 413,000; America, 300,000; Australia, 12,000. Nearly a third of the European Jews live in Russia. Austria and Hungary come next. In the three Scandinavian kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, there are 7,000 Israelites all told.

—LUTHER'S house at Wittenberg has been thoroughly renovated according to a plan adopted by the late King of Prussia, Frederick William IV. A colonnade now connects the

house with the University buildings. Some adjoining ground has been acquired by the University, and made into a public garden, in which a beautiful fountain has been erected that is connected with historic and artistic memories.

—IN Montreal, Canada, a Romish priest denounced the Bibles of Protestants in the following words: "Protestants are very sociable and polite with their Bibles. They send their agents throughout the country with tracts and Bibles; and now I repeat again, and I want to be understood, that the church forbids you to read those Bibles. If you have any of them in your house burn them; and if you don't want to burn them bring them to me and I will burn them." Such is the temper of the Romish priests all the world over. They hate the Bible from which the people learn the Saviour of Bethlehem as the only way to heaven.

—BEFORE we close our window we would remind our readers that this is the best time for sending in the names of new subscribers for our next volume. Our PIONEER, being a very modest little fellow, wants no other Christmas present this year. We hope our dear little pet will not be disappointed.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

CHRIST is come to be thy Light
Shining through the darkest night;
He will make thy pilgrim way
Shine unto the perfect day.
Take the message! let it be
Full of Christmas joy to thee.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10—12.
Catechumen class meets from 7—8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8—9 Wednesday evening.
G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

TERMS:

THE LUTHERAN PIONEER is published monthly, payable in advance at the following rates, postage included, to-wit:

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 1 Copy | .25 |
| 10 Copies | \$2.00 |
| 25 " | 5.00 |
| 50 " | 9.00 |

Club rates only allowed if all copies are to be sent to one address.

All business communications to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House," M. C. BARTHEL, Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to PROF. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.