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The Lutheran Pioneer 1886

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Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1886" (1886). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 8.
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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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1886.

No. 1.

How Are We Saved?

In the first month of another year and at the beginning of another volume of our testimony for Christ it is well to consider this important question, How are we saved? The answer to the question is clearly and fully given in the word of God. "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). From this and from many other passages of the Bible we learn that we are saved by grace, and by grace only. Whatsoever we can do as forming the ground upon which we try to stand before God, or seek to commend ourselves to His favor, is swept out of the way by God's Word, that He alone whose name was called Jesus may have the glory of our salvation, as He alone can meet our desperate need.

"We are all as an unclean thing," it is written, "and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," (Isa. 64, 6). Mark well! *All our righteousnesses* are as filthy rags. Surely we can not expect to buy heaven with a lot of dirty rags. Just here in our helplessness Jesus comes to us, and He comes in grace all the way to our place of guilt and ruin. He points to the work which *He* accomplished in our stead. For He "appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," (Heb. 9, 26); He came as the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." By Him every claim against the sinner has been answered, every demand has been met. And God is perfectly satisfied with that work of His Son. The kind invitation therefore goes forth to all sinners: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," (Rev. 22, 17). Yes, let him take salvation freely, without money and without price. It is salvation by grace, and by grace only.

To every sinner the Gospel brings this free salvation and it is said to him, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," (Acts 16, 31). And what is believing? It is not doing. No! It is resting upon that which is already done; it is accepting what God says in the Gospel as true; it is calmly trusting in that faithful, and unchangeable, and almighty

Saviour whose name was called Jesus, because He alone could save His people from their sins. Your good resolutions, and your feelings and your doings, and your works, and the works of all the saints were not called Jesus. No! The Saviour of Bethlehem was called Jesus, for in Him alone there is salvation.

"There is a great difference between your religion and mine," said an old Christian lady to a friend, who for a long time had been groping in darkness, *trying* to be saved. "Your religion consists of two letters, **D-O**, and mine consists of four, **D-O-N-E**." Happy old Christian! This happiness we wish you, dear reader, in the new year upon which you have entered. In all the troubles that may befall you, in the hour of death that may come to you before the close of another year, you can find true happiness and consolation only in that free salvation which is brought to you in the Gospel of Jesus. May the Lord give you to see that all the doing is done, and that "*whosoever believeth*—**HATH** everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life," (John 5, 24).

Every-day Work.

Those who wish to bestow the years of their life upon God most also give Him the days, the hours, and the moments.

Look around, then, you who are yearning to be employed in the service of your God, and try to realize what He has given you to do *to-day*, and do not look beyond it. Strength is promised according to your day. Every-day work requires every-day grace, and every-day grace requires every-day asking. Just try the experiment, then, for once—no matter what your occupation may be, no matter how distasteful to your natural disposition—so long as it is your duty. It may be the arithmetic lesson taught to the little child, or the wearisome watch with the complaining invalid, or the petty and fatiguing duties attendant upon your household concerns, or the routine of the school-room, or the shop, or the counting-house, or the writing-office; whatever it is, take it first to God. Before you begin, kneel

and implore His blessing. Ask Him for a spirit of patience and meekness in contending with all the little wearisome difficulties and annoyances connected with it; ask Him to enable you not only to *bear* the daily cross, but to "take it up," denying yourself, and following the footsteps of the Lord Jesus. Then put your whole might into it—the might that you have borrowed from a Mightier than yourself, for that is the secret of real work. Do it as if your Master were standing before you; do it as you would have cast a net into the sea, as you would have fastened together the tent, as you would have labored in the carpenter's shop, had you lived in the early days with Christ and His Apostles.

We think it was John Newton who went one day to visit a Christian brother, and found him busily engaged in his occupation of tanning. The man attempted to apologize. "Just so, my friend," said his pastor, "may your Lord find you when He comes; it is the work He has given you to do, and He expects you to do it diligently."

Count Them.

Count what? Why count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, angel messengers from the Father of lights to tell you of your best friend in heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, God pity you! You have murmured under your affliction; but who has heard your rejoicing over your blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star or queen of night. What is life but a mercy? Did not God's mercy keep you during the past year? Is it not His mercy that sends to you, for your soul's salvation, the Word of the Gospel in this time of grace? Yes, count the mercies of God bestowed upon you, and you will have reason for daily thanksgiving even in the midst of troubles and afflictions.

Are you a Partner in our Mission Work?

Please answer that question, dear reader? You know the Lutheran Church is carrying on a mission among the colored people down South. Are you a partner in that work? That is the question. We want you to take an interest in that mission. We need your help; we need your money. Yes, we do; and we are not ashamed to say so. You may drive our dear little PIONEER out of your house as a begging tramp. We don't care. We want to put that question to you, Are you a partner in our mission work? Every reader of this paper ought to be a "partner in the concern." Are you a partner? You may reply by putting the question to us: How can I be a partner in that work? Well, now, we could give you the short answer: By putting money into it. But this answer might frighten you; for some people, you know, are easily frightened when called upon for contributions for some church work. And so let us tell you a short story from which you can learn how to become a partner in our mission work. We know that you have already made up your mind to become a partner. You only wish to know how this can be done. Well, here is the story:—

In Belfast a little boy, a chimney sweep, was attracted by missions, and contributed to a mission-box a sum not inconsiderable for a chimney sweep, the sum of twopence. One afternoon a friend met him going along the street, with hands and face washed, dressed in very good clothes, and said to him, "Hallo! where are you going?" "Oh!" he said, "I am going to a missionary meeting." "What are you going to a missionary meeting for?" "Well," the sweep said, "you see, I have given some money to that mission and have therefore become a sort of partner in the concern, and I am going to see how the business is getting on." That is what we want. Let us be partners in the concern and see how the business is getting on.

Things That Fail Not.

Let us refresh our hearts for the race set before us in the new year upon which we have entered, by meditation upon things that do not fail.

First, The Lord faileth not. "The Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed," (Deut. 31, 8). "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee," (Josh. 1, 5). What matters it when we have such assurances as these, though all others fail us in the hour of need? Faith has but to lay hold of the promise, and amid all fears and perplexities instant peace comes to the soul; for we know Him who hath said, "I will never leave thee,

nor forsake thee" (Heb. 13, 5). No wonder the believer is strong and of a good courage, and goes on his way singing—

"With Thee I can not feel alone,
I can not be forgot;
Though friends are changing one by one,
Thou, Saviour, changest not."

Second, His word fails not. "There failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass" (Josh. 21, 45). "Ye know in all your hearts, and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof" (Josh. 23, 14). So it is always, and there is not a child of God on the face of the earth who will say that a single word of our Father has ever failed. It is as stable as the eternal throne, as unchanging as Jehovah Himself. Moreover, it is with us day and night, a dear companion and safe counsellor, so that it is said, "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee" (Prov. 6, 22). The tenderest mother could not do so much for us, nor yet the strongest and wisest father.

Third, His compassions fail not. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not" (Lam. 3, 22). It is blessed to have a text like this, for if God loves us we shall most certainly be chastened (Heb. 12, 6.); and it is very gracious in Him to whisper to us, when called to listen to the voice of the rod, that His compassions fail not; for "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him" (Ps. 103, 13).

Fourth, A treasure in the heavens fails not. "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth" (Luke 12, 33). It ought not to concern believers in the Lord Jesus Christ if they are poor in this world's goods, for He had not where to lay His head, and "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his master" (Matt. 10, 25). Why should we complain of poverty for a very little while, when we have a magnificent inheritance that faileth not, and an eternity of bliss in which to enjoy the treasure? Even here we have exceeding great and precious promises, for "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4, 19). He does not say He will supply all we want, but all we need; for there are many things we want we do not need, and many things we need we do not want.

Fifth, Love fails not. "Charity [love] never faileth" (1 Cor. 13, 8). Tongues shall cease; faith shall give place to the beautiful vision; hope shall disappear in the rich fruitage of eternal glory; but love will still bind us to Jesus and to one another through the ages of ages. Oh that all of us may go forth into the

new year with more of this unfailing love filling our hearts, so that if it please Him to tarry for another twelve months, or to keep us in our place of testimony and service on the earth, we may be drawn nearer to Him each succeeding day, and "walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savour" (Eph. 5, 2). May we be able to say in the fulness of an unreserved consecration, "The love of Christ constraineth us!" (2 Cor. 5, 14). —J. H. B.

An old Man Changing his Home.

He was very rich, and his gold was his God. His heart was filled by the love of the things of earth; in these he had delighted for more than fourscore years. To the Word of God he was an utter stranger; nor could his friends turn his thoughts from his earthly treasure. But the old home is to be taken down; he would not believe it, he lay struggling with death, talking of his riches. "Bring me," said he, "my bundle of notes." They were brought. While he was looking at them, he said, "I believe we shall not lose it." While holding his notes, and examining them in his withered hand, he died.

Where can his home be? He loved gold here and will not walk the golden streets of heaven. But, dear reader, where will your home be next year?

Only One Day at a Time.

A certain lady had met with a very serious accident which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months' confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave, the patient asked:

"Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here, helpless?"

"Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with the quieting influence of God's promise of grace for every day.

Jesus said: "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"It is a welcome thought to the true child of God, that with every year which passes that last day comes nearer when time shall be no longer, that last day when all true children of God shall go into an eternity of bliss and happiness. There the light of the Lamb will be in the place of the sun, and that light will cast no shadow."

Too Late!

The late Rev. L. Harms relates the following warning incidents:

I at one time stood by the dying-bed of a man who had not attended church for ten years and had not come to the Lord's Supper for twenty years. He now lay trembling upon his bed. I spoke to him for some time, but his only reply to all that I said was: **IT IS TOO LATE.** I knelt down and prayed for his poor soul, and when I had said Amen, he turned towards the wall and whispered: **It is too late; it is too late.** A half an hour later he was a corpse. **It is too late!** These words have ever since been ringing in my ears and I would sound the note of warning for all those who despise the preaching of God's Word and the Lord's Sacrament.

At another time I saw a man weeping in church. He had attended the services and had come to the Lord's Supper regularly. He told me that he had been a hypocrite and that he had now come to see that his going to church and the Lord's Supper without faith in the heart would do him no good, and that there must be a change. But he had a trial in court which must be brought to an end and he had a journey to make and after his return home from that journey he would surely attend to the matter. I warned him earnestly and reminded him of the word of the Holy Spirit: **"TO-DAY if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."** But all my warning was in vain. Two days later this man was taken sick with typhoid fever. When I came to see him, he was unconscious and raving. He did not understand what I said, he did not hear my prayer. I, however, heard him every now and then utter those terrible words in the midst of his raving: **NOW IT IS TOO LATE.** Again these words pierced the very marrow of my bones and I would sound the note of warning for all those who push off their conversion from day to day.

The voice of God is saying: **"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation"** (2 Cor. 6, 2). Listen to the voice of Jesus: **"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."** And the Holy Spirit says: **"TO-DAY if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts"** (Heb. 3, 7).

WHATSOEVER is good for God's children, they shall have it, for all is theirs to further them to heaven. If therefore, poverty be good, they shall have it; if disgrace be good, they shall have it; if crosses be good, they shall have them; if misery be good, they shall have that; for all is ours to serve for our main good.

SEPARATION unto Christ is the only true way of being separated from this world.



God calling yet!

God calling yet!—and shall I never hearken,
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken?
This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumbers lying!

2. *God calling yet!*—and I not yet arising,
So long His loving, faithful voice despising,
So coldly His unwearied care repaying,—
He calls me still, and still I am delaying!

3. *God calling yet!*—loud at my door is knocking,
And I my heart, my ear, still firmer locking;
He still is ready, willing to receive me,
Is waiting now, but ah! He soon may leave me.

4. *God calling yet!*—and I no answer giving;
I dread His yoke, and am in bondage living;
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,
He calls me still; O my poor heart awaken!

5. *God calling yet!*—I can no longer tarry,
Nor to my God a heart divided carry;
Now, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken!
Sweeter than all, the voice of God has spoken!

G. Tersteegen.

Minnie's New Year's Gift.

"Mother gave me a Bible last New Year's," said a little girl, complacently, "and Aunt Lou gave Cousin Harry one at the same time. Just look at them now, and see the difference!"

Harry's was worn. Its gilt edges were tarnished, and the newness was gone from the cover, but it looked as if it had been read very often. Here and there I saw pencilmarks near favorite verses, and in one or two places it seemed as if tears might have fallen. His Bible had evidently been very precious to him.

Minnie said triumphantly, after I had fin-

ished my look at Harry's, "Now, see mine!" She unfolded the tissue-paper from it, and there it was, just as fresh and fair and uninjured as when it came out of the shop.

"I've never had it out of the drawer but once," said Miss Minnie, "and that was to show to somebody."

"Minnie," said I, "if your father were away from home, and should send you a letter, telling you just what he wanted you to do and be, would it be good treatment never to break the seal, and to lay it in a drawer unread? Would it not be better to take it out every day and to read it over and over, trying each time to obey its injunctions?"

"Yes," said Minnie, blushing, as she began to see my meaning.

"This is God's letter to you, my love. Like the man who folded away his talent in a napkin, you have folded up your precious Bible. Hereafter, my child, use it as God wants you to. 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.'—C. W.

How it is Done.

I remember a man who had been a Christian for two years, but who was bemoaning his hard and sinful heart. I said to him one day: "Did you ever know a sinner who had not a hard heart?"

"No," he said, "but mine is getting no better."

I arose and closed all the shutters, and made the room quite dark.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"I want to teach you how to drive away the darkness," I said; so I handed him a long broom and a duster. "Now I want you to sweep out the darkness."

"I can't," he said.

"Can't you if you try very hard? Will no amount of physical force do it?"

"Certainly not," he said.

Then I opened the shutters and the room was beautifully illuminated. "So you see that, if you want the darkness and dreadings of your heart to be dispelled, it is not by any amount of effort of your own, but by letting in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. But now that we have such a beautiful light in the room, we may close the shutters again; we shall want no more, I suppose for a month," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we are not to expect to have a stock of grace laid up, on which we may draw; but that, if we would continue in the light, we must keep looking up to the Sun, and receiving his blessed rays into our souls."

—Selected.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE present issue begins the eighth volume of the PIONEER. It is a cause for gratitude to the Master to learn from voluntary testimonies that the work has not been done in vain, and we trust that He in His mercy will own it also in the future. We tender our thanks to all friends who have helped by their prayers and contributions, and aided in the circulation of the PIONEER, and earnestly ask their continued and hearty co-operation.

—THE Lutherans in the United States built in 1884, it is said, 255 churches. The number for 1885, it is thought, will exceed 300. The new churches are of English, German, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Slavoc, Servian, Finn and Icelandic congregations.

—THIS year Easter Sunday will fall on the 25th of April, the latest possible date. It has not been on this date since 1734, and this will not again happen until 1943. The earliest possible date is the 22nd of March. On this date it fell in 1818 and will not again until 2285. Owing to the late Easter, the present church year will have six Epiphany Sundays, but only twenty-two Trinity Sundays.

—THE New York Bible Society, whose sole work is to distribute the Bible in the city of New York, circulated last year 78,606 copies of the Holy Scriptures, of which 16,057 were in public institutions, churches, Sunday-schools and families, 49,979 among emigrants arriving, and 12,570 were placed in 2,750 vessels at the port of New York.

—DURING the last twelve months Mr. G. Miller has received for his orphan homes at Ashley Down, Bristol, England, "in answer to prayer," nearly \$208,000.

—DURING the past fourteen years about seven hundred Protestant churches have been built in Madagascar, the large African island, and all free from debt. There are twelve hundred churches and eighty thousand Protestant communicants. These churches are self-supporting, and last year gave \$20,000 for missions. The missionary churches and schools of the Norwegian Lutherans are in a prosperous condition.

—WHEN the late Admiral Foote was in Siam, he invited the royal dignitaries to a dinner on his vessel. As they sat down to the meal, the Admiral, as was his custom, asked a blessing. The King, in surprise, said that he thought that only missionaries did that. "True," replied the Admiral, "but every Christian is a missionary."

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

—A MISSIONARY writes thus about the Congo Africans: They believe in the existence of good and bad spirits, which they believe are all the time hovering around, and when one of them dies they believe that his spirit or soul is seized by either the good or the bad spirits, and carried away to become one of them. Hence, when a native is dying, his friends come around, fire off guns and make horrible noises, for the purpose of frightening off the evil spirits. What effect this may have on the good spirits is not stated.

—G. ROLF, the German traveler, writes concerning the Swedish Lutheran Mission at McKullu, in Abyssinia: "It is a model of its kind. Without protection from any worldly power; patiently enduring annoyances on religious matters from the Egyptian government, . . . this institution is one among all the institutes of this country that deserves the most admiration and respect. It is sustained wholly by private contributions from Sweden."

—LOSSES will be best borne in the spirit of the late Rev. L. Harms of Hermannsburg, Germany. This eminent German pastor built a large missionary college at Hermannsburg, organized his church into a missionary society, and supported missionaries at home and in Africa, Asia, America and Australia, at an expense of \$40,000 a year. To facilitate his work of foreign missions on the four continents, he built a missionary ship. Report came at one time that his ship was wrecked. One of his parishioners, hearing this, came to Pastor Harms, expressing great concern for the disaster, and asked, "What shall we now do?" "Repent," at once responded the man of faith; "confess our sins unto God and built another ship."

—WE could now let our little PIONEER say his New Year wishes for all our readers. We fear, however, that he cannot do so without expressing his desire for the names of new subscribers for our new volume. He is somewhat like the little children who went to their grandfather on New Year's Day and said: "Grandpa dear, we have come to wish you a happy new year; and mamma says if you give us each twenty-five cents we are not to lose it on our way home." And so our little PIONEER better keep quiet. We close our window.

Fifty Years Ago and Now.

A few missionaries were along the West coast of Africa, and two or three in the South; Madagascar had scarcely been entered; the Church Missionary Society was rejoicing over its first converts in New Zealand; and only the first fruits were being gathered in the South Seas. There are now two thousand five hundred missionary stations in India, and nearly two thousand of them manned by native laborers, while the Christians are increasing by thousands yearly. For every convert there

was then in Burmah there are now a thousand. There are now three hundred and fifty churches, and nine-tenths of the work is done by native missionaries.

In China there are ten thousand Christian converts, and the yearly increase is quite large. Japan is open, and there are already more than a thousand converts in that empire. Gambia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, and the Gold Coast have large Christian communities, and from Sierra Leone especially go forth laborers to Yoruba and the regions of the Niger.

There are forty thousand communicants in the churches of South Africa, and forty-five thousand children in the schools. There are eighty thousand Christians gathered into the churches of Madagascar. There are comparatively few of the islands of the South Seas which have not been Christianized, more than three hundred of them having been won from idolatry during the last fifty years.

Surely this contrast between fifty years ago and the present time is full of encouragement to those who are laboring to have every idol abolished and the Lord alone worshipped.

BOOK-TABLE.

BIBEL-LESEZETTEL auf das Kirchenjahr 1885—1886. 2. Jahrgang des Bibelzettels. Zusammengestellt von Pastor A. O. Engel. Address L. Volkening, 823 N. 4th Str., St. Louis, Mo.

These pamphlets cannot but prove useful and valuable to all Bible readers. They point out a suitable passage of the Bible for every day in the year. By following the plan laid down in the pamphlet the reading of the Old Testament is finished in three years whilst the New Testament is read through every year.—Price, 6 cts. per copy; 60 cts. per dozen; \$4.20 per hundred.

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Sunday School from 2 to 4.

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Cor. Franklin and Thalia 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,

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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 Copy25
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.

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Vol. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1886.

No. 2.

Your Mission.

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying—
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer, gladly saying:
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you can not give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

If you can not speak like angels,
If you can not preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you can not rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

If you can not be the watchman,
Standing high on Zion's wall,
Pointing out the path to Heaven,
Offering life and peace to all;
With your prayers and with your bounties
You can do what heaven demands;
You can be like faithful Aaron,
Holding up the Prophet's hands.

If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach;
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shepherd,
"Place the food within their reach;"
And it may be that the children
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels
When you reach the better land.

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth:
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

—Selected.

Saved or Lost.

In outward appearance, in mental gifts and culture, in social standing, and in many other particulars there are many different classes of men; but it is a solemn thought that in the most important respect there are but two classes. These are the saved and the lost. Moreover, the question of salvation turns entirely upon man's relation to Jesus Christ, for in many forms of statement the Holy Ghost declares that "neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," (Acts 4, 12).

Hence of the one class it is written, "He that believeth on Him is NOT condemned," (John 3, 18); "He that believeth on the Son HATH everlasting life," (John 3, 36); "By Him all that believe ARE justified from all things," (Acts 13, 39); "Being justified by faith we HAVE peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," (Rom. 5, 1); "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," (Rom. 8, 1); "Beloved, now ARE we the sons of God," (1 John 3, 2).

Of the other class it is written in language no less plain as to their present condition, "He that believeth not is condemned already," (John 3, 18); "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," (John 3, 36); "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life," (John 5, 40); clearly implying that no man has life, spiritual life, eternal life, until he comes to Christ to receive it.

It can be easily seen that between these two states of the soul there can be no middle ground, for we can not be partly saved and partly lost, partly justified and partly condemned, partly alive and partly dead. "He that hath the Son HATH life: and he that hath not the Son of God hath NOT life," (1 John 4, 12).

As there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, no matter what they have been in the past, it is equally true that there is nothing but condemnation to them who are out of Christ Jesus, whatever their rank, their wealth, or their boasted morality. The Cross

marks the dividing line between the two great classes into which the whole human family is separated. Reader, to which class do you belong? To the saved or to the lost? "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

A Receipt in Full.

Do you remember the story of Martin Luther when Satan came to him, as he thought, with a long black roll of sins which truly might make a swaddling-band for the round world? To the arch-enemy Luther said, "Yes, I must own them all. Have you any more?"

So the foul fiend went his way and brought another long roll, and Martin Luther said, "Yes, I must own them all. Have you any more?"

The accuser of the brethren, being expert at the business, soon supplied him with a further length of charges, till there seemed to be no end to it.

Martin waited till no more were forthcoming, and then he cried, "Have you any more?"

"Were these not enough?"

"Ay, that they were. But," said Martin Luther, "write at the bottom of the whole account, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

Christ our Righteousness.

In spite of the plain teaching of the New Testament in regard to the impossibility of becoming reconciled to God through a self-made righteousness, how many people still cry out, "I am not good enough for God to accept me." What a clear distinction on this point is made by Luther when he says that we do not become righteous by doing what is righteous; but having become righteous we do what is righteous. And the becoming righteous is God's work through Christ, not man's work for himself.

THE word of the Lord is suited to each individual as if he were the solitary occupant of the universe.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

How New Orleans in general and we Colored Lutherans especially celebrated Christmas shall be the burden of these lines. Christmas is pre-eminently a children's festival, children should especially be remembered in its celebration. It is meet that we should strive to make it happy for them. Christ Himself became a child showing thereby that children are wanted in His kingdom. They have reason to be glad in the commemoration of their Saviour's birth. And when we old folks become as little children and in childlike faith take up into our hearts the blessed Christ-Child and heartily rejoice in Him, we have celebrated the anniversary of His appearance into our world in a proper manner, and then only. Strange as it may seem there are those who frown on the children's Christmas joy and the old folks' delight on this happiest day of all the year. There are surely Pharisees in our days as in the days of Christ, who say: "Master, rebuke thy disciples." But now as then Christians persist in rejoicing at the coming of their King. Now as then the stones would immediately cry out, if the disciples of Christ should hold their peace. (Luke 19, 40.)

In New Orleans, outside of Lutheran homes and churches, Christmas receives very little attention, except in a worldly way. A devout Lutheran from the North who a year ago stayed here during the holy-days remarked: Why, your Christmas celebration reminds me in the most forcible manner of the way the Northern people celebrate the "Fourth." Only this revelry surpasses the carousals which are usually associated with the "Fourth." And so it does. From dusk on Christmas eve until after midnight the shooting of Fire-crackers is carried on making the thoroughfares anything but safe to travelers. The streets and stores are thronged with people till a late hour. Tooth-pullers, Quack-doctors, Peddlers and Auctioneers, some with a band of music, draw curious crowds to their stands and entertain them with blasphemous jokes about Christ and Christmas. Add to this the shrilling notes of the tin-horns, the display of fireworks, the wild cries of intoxicated men and women, the shooting and stabbing affrays, and the reader will have a faint idea of the celebration of Christmas in New Orleans.

But notwithstanding these horrors our Colored Lutherans, like their white brethren, work their way through rain and darkness and crowded streets to the house of God. It can not be the Christmas-tree only or the expectation of a trifling present that draws them thither; no, they have come to offer the tribute of a joyous, grateful heart to the Christ-Child. The devout attention of young and old to the glad tidings and the hearty carols of the children indicate as much. Services were held in both churches, Pastor Burgdorf officiating in

St. Paul. By the untired efforts of the teachers and the generosity of the Missionary Board Christmas-trees, laden with toys and fruits and ornaments, gladdened the hearts of the children. After services the tree was lighted and presents distributed. These have been selected with good taste. The older and more advanced scholars received "Luther's Life" and "Dietrich's Catechism," the small ones Toys and Picture Books. Another half hour passed pleasantly by during which the children did justice to the contents of their well-packed Christmas-bags. What a beautiful contrast this simple but hearty rejoicing in the house of God forms to the noisy boisterous crowd outside. They who rejoice in the glorious Christmas gift of God's only begotten Son, rejoice truly. All other rejoicing is in vain and transitory, when the good tidings of great joy are neglected or rejected.

Now a few items from our annual report and we shall close our letter. The schools have been crowded all the year. At present 170 children are enrolled, which is about all that we can admit. 24 new members have been added to our congregations, 118 communed, 19 have received Holy Baptism. 4 marriages were solemnized, and two members buried. The contribution of schools and congregations for the year amounts to \$320.00. May the Lord continue to bless and prosper our work to the glory of His name.

New Orleans, La., January 20, 1886.

MISSIONARY.

A Chinese Funeral.

One day a missionary lady, walking through the Chinese quarters in San Francisco, saw hundreds of people collected in one of the streets. As she drew near she found that the funeral of a wealthy Chinese merchant was in progress. A large canopy had been erected on the sidewalk, extending to the street, and upon this were placed the offerings for the dead. And what do you think they were? Three large roasted pigs, five pyramids of oranges, platters of rice and meats, cakes, confections, wine and tea! At one end of this canopy platform were crouching upon their knees the three wives and five children of the dead man; also five hired mourning women who were weeping and wailing in pretended grief. A long line of carriages made up the procession, which at length started; but the wives and children were not permitted to ride in a carriage, but were stowed away in an old express wagon. The idea was that their grief was too great to permit them to ride comfortably to the funeral!

What a painful thought it is that these poor people, though in a Christian land, should not have the unspeakable comfort of trusting in the blessed Saviour in their time of sorrow!

—Children's Work for Children.

Carrying their own Brimstone.

After a service in a place where the people had been a good deal bewildered by a self-ordained preacher, who accepted only so much of the Bible as suited his whims, and who was wont to make merry over the idea of future punishment, a man stepped up to me, and said in a canting voice: "Bishop, do you believe in a hell?"

I said, "Are you anxious to know what I think of hell?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well," said I, "the best answer I have ever heard came from a poor colored woman. She had a young niece, who sorely tried the poor soul. The more she struggled to keep this willful charge in the right way, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room, and said:

"Aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in a hell no more. Ef dar is any hell, I jest wants to know where dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place; that 'zactly what I would like to know."

"The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said:

"Ah, honey darlin', you look out you don't go dere, for you'll find dey all takes dere own brimstone wid em."

I then said, "Is there any other question in theology you would like to ask?"

"No," said he.

And he went home, I hope with a new idea that sin brings sorrow, and that to be saved we need deliverance from sin. Some men carry "their own brimstone" even in this world.—Bishop Whipple.

Fruit from a Small Seed.

The child who, half a century ago, dropped into the missionary box the *one cent* that was blessed to the conversion of the son of a Burman chief sowed a seed that was "less than all the seeds." But it became a tree. A little tract, that cost just that single cent, fell into the hands of that young man, and he was so anxious to know its contents that he traveled from Burdwan, 250 miles, to Rangoon, on purpose to learn to read it. The Christian teachers soon taught him, and from the reading of that tract he arose with a new heart in his bosom: and went home with a basketful of similar tracts to distribute among his people. He was a man of influence, and crowds came to hear him talk and explain the gospel as he had learned it. In one year 1,500 natives were baptized in Arracan as the result of his labors.

It has long been the policy of the devil to keep the masses of the world in ignorance; but, finding at length that they will read, he is doing all in his power to poison their books.

—Kirk.

Prayer and Breakfast.

Some years ago, when the country around Cincinnati was newer than it now is, a farmer was very busy clearing his land. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favorable. He called them early, and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came in and returned to their work.

The farmer had been accustomed to have prayers every morning in his family. But to keep so many men from chopping and logrolling while he read and prayed was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested and the man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the altar was neglected; that her husband, in haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him; she pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out, as usual, to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry, and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but still the expected summons did not come. After waiting an hour or two beyond the usual time, they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee was boiling on the fire, no good cook was over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly, with the Bible on her lap.

"What does this mean?" cried the husband; "Why isn't our breakfast ready?"

"I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you would not have time to eat it."

"Have time to eat it! Do you think we can live without eating?"

"You can live without eating as well as without praying. The soul needs the bread of heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "get us the breakfast, and we will have prayers again every morning, no matter how busy we are, or how many workmen I have."

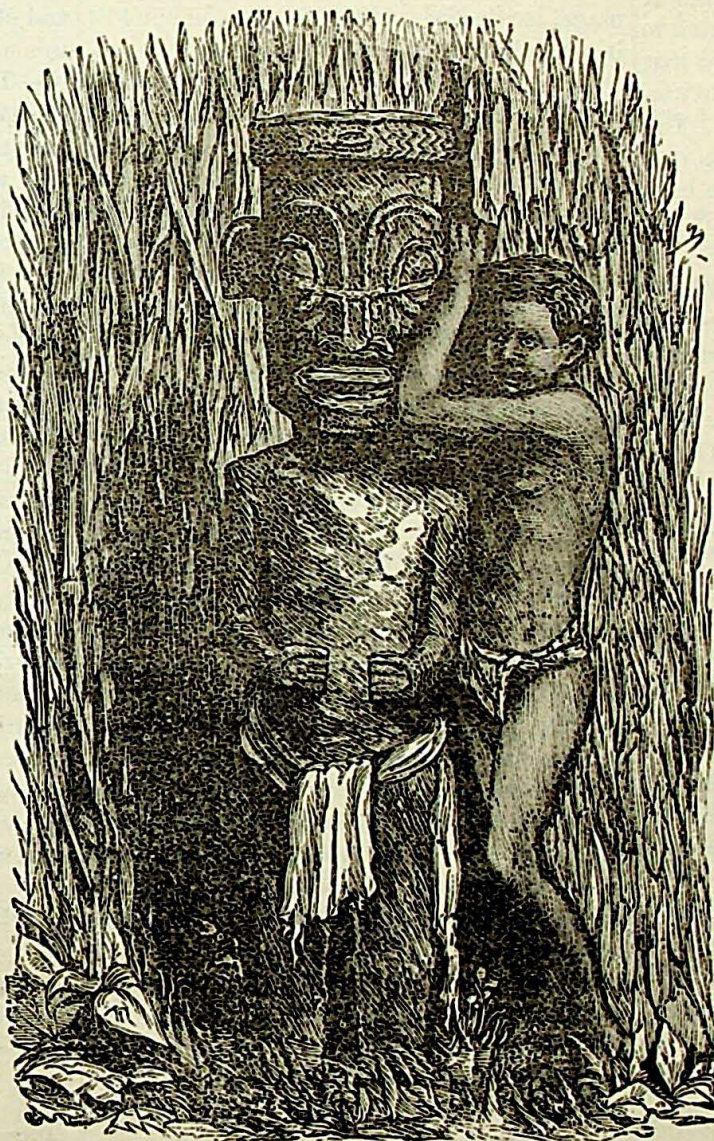
She got the breakfast, and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one, and was never forgotten.

A Remarkable History.

There is a German woman living in Ohio who owns a Bible having a remarkable history. It belonged to her grandmother, who lived in Bohemia, at a time when there was a great persecution by the Catholics. This woman was a faithful Protestant, and dearly loved her Bible.

A law had been passed that all copies of the

Scriptures found in the hands of the people should be burned. The day when the priests came to search this woman's house she was just preparing bread to bake. She took her precious Bible, wrapped it up carefully, put it in the centre of a great batch of dough, and placed the whole in the oven. Of course, the priests never dreamed of searching in loaves of bread, so the book was saved. It came out of its hiding place uninjured, and is now more than a hundred and fifty years old.



A Native of Australia Worshipping an Idol.

boldest ventured to climb to the top of a hill, where he could look over into the populous valley beyond. All at once his fear-stricken companions saw him spring to his feet and swing his hat, shouting, "Come on, boys, I see a church!"

The Missionary and the Infidel.

I remember, says a pastor, many years ago listening with delight to a story I heard from a missionary in North Canada. He said that some years before then an humble missionary was traveling through the Canadian backwoods. He lost his way but presently was rejoiced at the sight of a glimmering light. Soon reaching it, to his surprise, he found a large congregation of settlers gathered around a fire listening to an eloquent discourse. To the horror of the missionary, he found the man was trying to prove that there was no God, no heaven, no hell, no eternity. A murmur of applause went through the audience as the orator ceased. The missionary stood up and said: "My friends, I am not going to make a long speech to you, for I am tired and weary; but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress and to my horror I saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat. In a short time he would near the water-fall and be gone. He saw his danger and I heard him scream: "O God, if I must lose my life have mercy on my soul!" I plunged into the water and reached the canoe. I dragged it to land and saved him. That man whom I heard, when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the man who has just addressed you, and has told you he believes there is neither God, nor heaven, nor hell."

What a Church Means.

A crew of sailors who, to use their own phrase, "did not take any stock in missions to the cannibals," by a somewhat rough experience changed their minds. Cruising among one of the Pacific groups, their vessel struck a reef and foundered. There was no alternative but to take to the boats and row ashore, although, according to their information, it was a choice between the sharks and the natives.

The part of the coast where they landed happened to be uninhabited. They hid themselves in a hollow until it became necessary to procure something to eat, even at the risk of being eaten themselves. At length one of the

A Brand Plucked from the Fire.

A plain countryman who had been converted by divine grace, by means of a sermon from Zech. 3, 2., was some time after solicited by an old companion to accompany him to the ale-house; but the good man strongly resisted every persuasion, saying, "I am a brand plucked from the fire." His old companion not understanding this, he explained it to him thus: "Look ye," said he, "there is a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark flies upon a brand that has been partly burnt, it will soon catch fire again; but it is not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being set on fire again."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—NO LESS than 46 Norwegian Lutheran pastors are laboring in Dakota. Under their care there are 173 organized congregations, and more than this number of preaching stations.

—IN THE fifteen German Lutheran "Missouri" churches of New York City and vicinity there are more than 3000 children enrolled in the parochial schools.

—THE following is an actual occurrence. A Bible agent called on a lady and wanted to sell her a new family Bible. She replied that the one she had was good enough for her use, that she had used it for a long time, etc. The agent asked to see it, and when opening it a pair of spectacles fell out, whereupon the lady exclaimed: "Well, I declare, if their ain't my specs I lost two years ago!"

—SOME newspapers and much of the cheap literature of the day are not much more than primers for the instruction of young criminals in ways of darkness. Several boys recently arrested in Elmira for burglary and counterfeiting admitted that they learned from a Sunday paper how to make counterfeit moulds.

—A NUMBER of Hartford, Conn., young ladies have organized a club called "The Tongue Guard." Each member has to put a cent into the treasury when she says anything against any one. It is understood that the several banks in Hartford are eagerly bidding for the privilege of taking care of the club's money.

—WORTH RECORDING—the remark of one of our pastors who came into his Sunday school room in the days of the Moody and Sankey furore and found some one at the organ executing "Hold the Fort," in which some very strange language is put into the Master's mouth. "Where did Jesus ever say such a thing? Put up that book: we don't sing lies in our Sunday school. There is our motto, pointing to the words, 'A mighty Fortress is our God,' displayed on the wall, 'we don't hold the fort,' but our fortress holds us."

—OVER the door of one of the wealthiest churches of New York, have been cut in the stone these words: "The poor have the Gospel preached to them;" some miscreant wrote under these: "Only not here."

—AN infidel recently declared in a New York paper that he had left the church and had been converted to infidelity, and his aim would henceforth be to overthrow Christianity. The *New York Tribune* made this reply: "Indeed; that reminds us. Some nights ago a policeman ran across a chap up-town, where a great building is being erected, who was vigorously assaulting an immense block of granite with something which he held in his hand. 'What are you doing there?' sharply inquired the policeman. 'Strange as it may appear,' was the chap's reply, as he held up the remains of a cooked vegetable, 'I am trying to pulverize

this granite block with a boiled carrot.' The policeman declined to arrest him, saying that he was simply a harmless crank."

—THE United States Supreme Court has a Bible which has been in constant use since 1808. It was printed at Oxford in 1799. On the fly leaf is written "United States Supreme Court, 1808," and every justice of the court and every attorney who has been admitted to practice before the bar since that date has been sworn upon that Bible. It is a small volume and the binding shows the marks of frequent usage, particularly where the fingers clutch it in administering and taking an oath.

—A READER on the Pacific coast sends us the following: There is a very wealthy man in our town who is rather close and stingy in the management of his wealth, and woe to the unhappy debtor who fails to meet his obligations. He has a number of houses which he rents. In one lives a widow, with two children, who sews and washes to provide for herself and little ones. New Year's came and she was unable to pay the rent. The little ones knelt in prayer and audibly set forth their wants. It so happened that the rich owner of the house came just then to collect his rent, and, perceiving the children in prayer, he halted until they had finished. He listened to their words and his heart was melted. He turned and went to town. Coal, groceries, etc., were soon hurrying to the widow's house, and the next time the mailcarrier came along he handed her a receipt for a year's rent in advance.

—WM. CAREY, the shoemaker, the pioneer of modern missions, himself translated the Bible into 40 tongues or dialects.

—THE Lutheran Missionary Society of Finland commenced in 1870, baptized its first converts in Ovambo-Land, Africa, in 1883, and at present 20 colored children are in the mission and 500 attend church, who are served by 7 missionaries.

—THE Bible Society of Great Britain has sold in nine months 950,000 copies of the penny New Testament.

—41,000 copies of the Scriptures in the Turkish language have been distributed among the Musselmans.

—THE Moravian Church devoted \$96,800 to their twelve Missions last year. They have 115 stations, 282 missionary agents, and 28,820 communicants attached to them.

—OF all the missionaries of the American Board, fourteen per cent are children or grandchildren of missionaries.

—THERE is not a single missionary in the Valley of the Amazon.

—A JAPANESE convert was recently baptized in Berlin, the second within a short time. He has returned as a missionary to his native country.

—THE native churches of Japan are strict in the admission of members. A play-actor, story-teller, and editor of the "personal" department in a newspaper, were refused until they changed their business.

—MISSIONARY effort in Japan produced less than one convert a year for the first thirteen years; now there are 120 churches, 8,000 communicants, and not less than 250 native preachers.

—THE native evangelical church at Teheran, Persia, recently sent \$30.28 to the Board of Foreign missions for Mission work in Corea.

—THE result of fifty years' gospel work in the Fiji Islands is that there are now 900 churches, 1,236 chapels, 55 native ministers, 1,785 local preachers, 26,880 communicants, and 40,651 children in the Sabbath-schools. All this with a population of only 100,000.

—DURING the past nine years the London Missionary Society has sent twenty-three missionaries to Central Africa, of whom ten have died and nine have retired from the service. But, in spite of these immense losses, the work is to be vigorously prosecuted.

—THE ancient Hindoo faith has met with a severe shock. It is an article of faith with the Hindoos that the sacred city of Benares cannot be shaken by an earthquake, because it does not rest on the earth at all, but upon the back of a tortoise. The earthquake which visited Hindostan gave Benares a good shaking up, and many rickety buildings came tumbling to the ground.

—CAREFUL statistics compiled by the *Missionary Herald* show that there are in China connected with American societies 235 missionaries with 707 native helpers and 10,541 communicants; with British societies, 280 missionaries, 647 native helpers, and 14,044 communicants; and with Continental missions, 29 missionaries, 96 native helpers, and 1,700 communicants. Including the wives of missionaries there are 857 foreign laborers.

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 Copy25
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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1886.

No. 3.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Giving up the Heart to God.

SOUL, what return has God thy Saviour
For all He gives thee day by day?
O hast thou in thy gift a favor
That can delight and please Him? say!
The best of offerings He requires;
Give Him thy heart with its desires.

Give God His own, if aught thou'rt giving;
Say, soul, to whom belongs the heart?
Can Satan—he who hates the living—
Or any creature claim a part?—
To Thee alone I will assign,
O Lord, my heart and all that's mine.

Accept the gift which Thou requirest,
The first-fruits of my heart, O God!
The offering Thou so much desirest,
And dearly paidst for with Thy blood;
To Thee alone I now resign
My heart, to be for ever Thine.

Whom should I give my heart's affection
But Thee, who givest Thine to faith?
Thy fervent love is my protection;
Lord, Thou hast loved me unto death.
My heart with Thine shall ever be
One heart throughout eternity.

K. F. Lochner, 1673.
Tr. by A. C., 1886.

Where To Look.

The picture in this number of our paper illustrates the Bible story recorded in the 21st chapter of Numbers. We there read that the children of Israel spoke against God and against Moses. And God sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and many died. And the people said to Moses, We have sinned, pray to the Lord that He take away the serpents from us. And when Moses prayed to God for the people, the Lord said, Make a serpent and set it upon a pole; every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. They were not to look to Moses, nor to the priest, nor to their wounds, but simply to the uplifted serpent, and thus believing the promise of God they were to find health and life.

That serpent of brass which Moses lifted up in the wilderness was a type of the Saviour. Christ said to Nicodemus, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the

Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," (John 3, 14, 15). In the holy season of Lent we follow the Saviour on His way of sorrows and suffering to Calvary where He is lifted up on the cross as the Lamb of God bearing the sins of the world and thereby procuring for all sinners forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. The sinner who wants healing from sin and redemption from eternal death is simply to look with the eye of faith to that Saviour who is lifted up on the cross, that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Believeth in Him," not in Moses, nor in good works, nor in reforms, but in Him alone. The devil is well pleased if he can make the awakened sinner look at anything rather than Christ, for then he can keep the soul in darkness or in the delusion of a false hope. Hence his aim always is to get the thoughts of an awakened sinner occupied about himself, his prayers, his good works, his pious resolutions, or his feelings. But none of these things were lifted up on the cross, no! Christ was lifted up on the cross, and it is Christ only who saves. Look to Him, believe in Him, and be saved.

But just here some troubled sinner might say, "I do not know that I have looked in the right way." There it is again. God does not tell us to be looking at our look, but to be looking at Christ. There were old eyes, and there were young eyes, that looked at the brazen serpent lifted up by Moses in the wilderness; there were some with clear vision, and others with dim vision; there were some who were near by and had a full view of the uplifted type of Christ, and there were others who saw it only from a distance; but the record is, "It came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived," (Num. 21, 9).

So it is still. Jesus, the crucified Saviour, comes to sinners in the Gospel and says, "Look unto ME and be saved;" "Come unto ME, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," (Matt. 11, 28). He does not say anything about the way of coming, and if the poor sinner comes groping, stumbling, falling, only let him come, and he will find a

warm welcome in the heart that loves him, in the arms of Jesus, "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree," (1 Pet. 2, 24). "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," (Acts 4, 12).

Treasures in the Old Book.

A man of Monongahela city picked up an old book. He intended merely to while a little time away. Glancing through its pages he was surprised to find two peculiar page marks. They were green, and of familiar print. On examination they revealed a money value. They were two national bank bills, each worth a thousand dollars. It has not been discovered why they were laid away in the book, nor by whom. But by their faded appearance, they have lain in their peculiar safe for many a day.

That man rejoices over the great discovery. Between the pages of an old worn out book he has found riches. Yet all he found was a mere promise made by the government of the United States, to give two thousand dollars.—But if we take up the Old Book, called the Bible, we find on all its pages promises, endorsed by the Government of heaven, by God Himself, and worth more than all the greenbacks and all the gold and silver in the world. Look for those promises, the bank bills of heaven! They are found between the pages of the Bible.

No Excuse.

Do you refuse to become a Christian because your friend, who professes to be one, is so inconsistent, perhaps doing such things you yourself would not dream of doing? In the first place, your friend may be a hypocrite, there have been many of his kind from the days of Judas down, so you will be left without excuse; but again, it is written that "every one of us shall give an account of himself to God," it is a personal matter, if you reject His Son, it matters not about the inconsistency of your friend, for you will lose your soul, and that without excuse.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

It was the intention of the Missionary Board to establish a Colored church and school in the central part of this city and Rev. Aug. Burgdorf, who arrived and was ordained here in October last year, was to take charge of the same. After diligent inquiry, however, it was ascertained that neither a suitable locality nor a centrally located site for a church could be secured; and the original plan of the Board was abandoned for the present. The new Missionary, not at all discouraged by this failure, labored energetically in our Mission, preaching on Sunday and on week days and exploring new fields. His attention was at last called to a church-property offered for sale on favorable terms by the German Evangelical Church of Carrollton, the 7th District of this city. Church and location answered our purpose, and competent men declared it fully worth the price that was asked. The field was surveyed and found to contain ample material. Yea, what is more, the Colored people of Carrollton desired and encouraged us to come and establish among them a Christian school. The Missionary Board, moved both by the favorable outlook for our Mission and the easy terms, instructed the Missionaries to purchase and begin the work. After some disappointment and delay caused by the vendors, the Documents were signed on the 16th day of February and the Church taken in possession.

The Church is a frame structure, 25×50, adorned with an imposing steeple about 50 feet high, from the top of which a rooster looks down upon the church-goers admonishing them, as it were, to watch, and reminding them of Peter's shameful denial of the Saviour. It was, therefore, known all over the city as the "Rooster Church." At present it bears the name of the "Ev. Luth. Trinity Church." Though erected as far back as the year 1850, it by no means shows its old age. The thorough renovation it received some years ago may account for this. The entire property, including two lots of ground, measuring each 30×120 feet, benches, lamps, chandeliers, and a bell, worth at least \$75.00, was bought for Six Hundred Dollars cash.

On the 21st of February, Sunday Septuagesima, the opening services were held. The undersigned preached on John 8, 36. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall

be free indeed." The church was filled to its utmost capacity. Tuesday following Pastor Burgdorf opened his Day-school, and enrolled 33 children. Great many more are expected in the near future. A few old people here signified their intention to become members of the church.

The opening of this new Mission field is thus very encouraging and the outlook for a rich harvest in every respect favorable. May the Lord accomplish his promise also in behalf of this church and its worshippers: "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."

New Orleans, La., March 1, 1886.

Missionary.



"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Church and Missions.

The church of the present day professes to believe certain truths, and to assume certain responsibilities, among which is the duty of carrying the Gospel into all the world. But do they as a body believe what they profess, or perform what they undertake? Said the dying Cherokee girl to one who had told her the news of salvation:

"How long have you known these things, that Jesus loves us, and died to save us?"

"Oh," answered the lady, "a great many years—always."

The tearful child looked reproachfully on her and answered:

"And you never told us. My mother and my grandmother died without knowing Jesus. Why did you not come before, and tell us this great thing, that we too could have known the way of life?"

Who can answer this question? The *Parish Visitor* undertakes to answer it by the following account, related by a minister in Minnesota:

"A few months since," says a missionary of Minnesota, "one who had been a heathen red man, came 600 miles to visit me in my home. As he came into the door he knelt at my feet. He said to me, 'I kneel to tell you of my gratitude, that you pitied the red man.'

"He then told me his simple, artless story: 'I was a wild man, living beyond the Turtle Mountain. I knew that my people were perishing. I never looked in the face of my child that my heart was not sick. My fathers told me there was a Great Spirit, and I have often gone to the woods and tried to ask him for help.'

"Then he looked in my face in that artless way, and said, 'You don't know what I mean. You never stood in the dark and reached out your hand and took hold of nothing. One day an Indian came to my wigwam. He said to me he had heard you tell a wonderful story at Red Lake; that the reason why the white man was so much more blessed than the red man was because he had the true religion of the Son of God; and I said, I must see that man.

"They told me you would be at the Red Lake crossing. I came 200 miles; I asked for you, and they said you were sick. Then I said, Where can I see a missionary? I came 150 miles more, and I found that the missionary was a red man like myself. My father, I have been with him three moons. I have

the story in my heart. It is no longer dark. It laughs all the while.' And he turned to me and said, 'Will you not give me a missionary?' Shame on us, that I had to say to him, 'we have not the man, and we have not the means!'"

Look Over It.

A pastor was once walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," asked the pastor, "why the cow looks over that wall?" "No," replied the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said the pastor, "because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles; look over and above them."

In the Hands of the Turks.

BY PASTOR LOUIS HARMS.

In the beginning of the last century the great Turkish war took place, in which the brave general Prince Eugene gained such a glorious victory over the Turks. Troops joined him from all parts of Germany, and from the Luneburg forest. The Lord of Staffhorst from Hermannsburg went with him accompanied by two servants on horseback named Hans Püffel and Peter Paasch. At the great battle of Belgrade, which the Germans won, Hans Püffel was killed while rescuing his hard-pressed master from the hands of the Turks. During the following attack on Belgrade, the Lord of Staffhorst fell, after he had entered the city. Peter Paasch, full of grief over the death of his beloved master, had incautiously followed the flying Turks, and was surrounded by them outside of the city and taken prisoner. They tied him to his horse's tail, and one of the Turks sat on the horse, while Paasch was obliged to run behind, naked and barefooted; for the Turks had taken everything away from him. Late in the evening they made a halt in the forest, when they believed themselves to be in security from the Christians, and now they proposed to take an especial revenge on the captured Christian, for they had seen Paasch cut down a great number of their countrymen during the conflict. They first laid two sticks together in the form of a cross, spit upon the cross, and tried by blows and torturings also to force Paasch to spit upon it. Paasch, however, who had been loosened from the horse, and from whom they did not foresee any resistance, valiantly struck every Turk behind the ears whom he had seen spit upon the cross, until they bound him again, hand and foot. Then they stabbed him with knives and daggers in order to force him to spit upon the cross. When all this availed them nothing, they nailed both his hands over his head to the trunk of a tree, and tried by striking him with lashes and staves, to make him pronounce in a reverent manner the name of Mahomet, their false prophet. But as often as they spoke the name of the false Prophet, he said, JESUS CHRIST. Then these enemies of Christ determined to kindle a fire under his feet, and by this means either to make him deny his Lord or to put him to death. As now Paasch saw that his death was near, he repeated in a devout manner the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. And the Lord gave the brave warrior such peace in his heart that he was able to pray even for his murderers, as the Lord and Saint Stephen had done. After he had prayed, he was filled with such a high degree of heavenly joy, that he could not refrain from singing, with devout, loud tunes the grand old Passion-hymn beginning:—

O Lamb of God, most blameless,
Who on the cross didst languish.

He had just finished the third stanza, closing with the words:—

Grant us thy blessing, O Jesus!

when the clear tones of a trumpet sounded without the forest, and immediately German horsemen broke into the forest. The Turks quickly dispersed, and the horsemen saw with astonishment Paasch nailed up to the tree with the fire under his feet. They hastened to release him, and he fell senseless into their arms. After they had bound up his many wounds, bathed him and clothed him, he came to himself, and his first question was: "How has God brought you here just at the right time?" — They answered, "We were in pursuit of the Turks, when we heard out of the forest the hymn:—

O Lamb of God, most blameless!

that is a Christian, we cried! and rode quickly into the forest. The Lamb of God, in whom you have trusted, has delivered you."

Then they carried Paasch back to Belgrade. The story reached the ears of Prince Eugene, who had him taken care of in the best manner, went himself to see him several times, and rejoiced in witnessing his simple, child-like faith. Afterwards he sent him back to the fatherland, as he was no longer able to serve in the army.

He lived still ten years longer in his native city, and those who witnessed the scars of the wounds which he had borne for the name of the Lord Jesus, were strengthened in their belief in Him. In the year 1728 he died in the faith. His last words were:—

O Lamb of God, most blameless!

May the Lord Jesus impress upon us by this example the words, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him also will I confess before my Father which is in heaven."

Useful to the End.

John Eliot, on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside.

"Why not rest from your labors?" said a friend.

"Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to make me useful in my sphere, and He has heard my prayer; for, now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

Eighty years of age, and bedridden, yet still at work for others! And shall the young find nothing to do for those about them?

Getting Ready.

"Mamma," said a little child, "my school teacher tells me that this world is only a place in which God lets us live awhile that we may prepare for a better world. But, mother, I do not see anybody preparing. I see you preparing to go into the country, and aunt Eliza is preparing to come here; but I do not see any one preparing to go there; why don't they try to get ready?"

Reader, are you making any preparations?

The Lord will Provide.

In the summer of 1851, great scarcity prevailed in many parts of Wurtemberg. Among others who suffered, a poor widow of Uha was in deep distress. She had already spent her last penny for food for herself and her children, and had nothing left wherewith to pay a small debt that lay heavy on her mind. There was nothing for it but to sell her cow, but with it her chief means of support would go. Full of care and anxiety on this account, she sat alone in her little room, pondering over her position, and praying to God for help in her time of need.

While thus occupied, her little boy came running in from the garden, exclaiming, "See these, mother; what are they? I found them in the garden, in a mole-hill."

What he had found were several ducats of very old coinage. They had doubtless been, at some time of war, hid in the ground at the foot of a tree, in the widow's garden, by some one who had hoped thus to preserve the buried treasure till the war, and the fear of plundering hands, were over, but who had not lived to dig up his gold. Thus it had laid hidden till, when just at the right time, by means of the mole, the treasure was brought to light.

The poor widow's distress and want were relieved by the gold, and she was able to praise God who, according to his promise, ever helps His people in time of need, in answer to their cry.

(From the German.)

God's Sparrows.

A Christian woman was visiting the poor in London one cold Winter's day. She was trying to open the door of a third story in a wretched-looking house, when she heard a little voice inside say, "Pull the string up high." She looked up, and saw a string. She pulled it, when it lifted the latch; and the door opened into a room where she found two little half-naked children all alone. They looked cold and hungry.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the woman.

"No, ma'am; God takes care of us," replied the elder of the children.

"You have no fire on this cold day. Are you very cold?"

"Oh, when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around my brother, and he puts his arms around me, and then we say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I'll sing my Maker's praise,' and then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what have you to eat, pray?" asked the visitor.

"When granny comes home, she brings us something. Granny says we are God's sparrows, and he has enough for us; and so we say, 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."—*Faithful Witness.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM the letter of our missionary at New Orleans our readers will see that a new mission school and church has been opened among the colored people of that city. The new missionary, Rev. A. Burgdorf, enters into a field which seems to be a very promising one. May God's richest blessings rest upon his labors! And may all the members of our Lutheran synods be moved to take a greater interest in our Colored Mission! God is blessing our work to the salvation of many souls. Let us be thankful for the gracious blessing of God, and let us prove our thankfulness by filling the treasury of our Colored Mission.

—THE colored people at our missionary station in Virginia contributed \$8.00 towards the building of our Lutheran Teachers' Seminary at Addison, Ill. That is good news.

—OUR Lutheran Immigrant Mission at New York distributed 6000 tracts, 2000 Lutheran Almanacs, and more than 8000 church papers during the year 1885. \$65,000 passed through the missionary's hands. 3820 persons were assisted on their westward journey, and employment was obtained for 61 persons. \$383.59 were given to the entire destitute and \$2,600 loaned to those in temporary need. 4133 letters and postal cards were received, and 3010 were written by the missionary.

—OUR Lutheran Immigrant missionary at Baltimore reports that 419 immigrants were assisted by him during the past year. Sick and destitute immigrants were taken care of in the Hospital and Immigrant Home, and their expenses paid by the missionary. \$5339.75 passed through the missionary's hands. 631 letters and postal cards were received and 557 were written by the missionary.

—THE New York Chinese Mission has between 4,000 and 5,000 Celestials in its Sunday-schools. About sixty have joined the various churches since they began to receive instruction. The first Sunday-school for these people was founded in New York about eighteen years ago.

—IN the State of Wisconsin the Lutheran Church numbers more members than all the other Protestant churches combined.

—ICELAND was lately visited by a German statistician. We clip from his interesting report the following data: The Icelanders are all Lutherans. Some French missionaries tried very hard to make converts, but without any result. There are 1 Roman Catholic, 1 Methodist, 4 Unitarians and 3 Mormons to be found among a population of 72,445 souls (Census of 1880). The island is divided into 20 deaneries, with 141 pastorates. The head of the clergy is the bishop at Reykyavik. 217 of the 299 churches are built of imported timber, 75 of peat or turf, and only 7 of stone. The well known fact is confirmed that the Icelandic Lutherans, poor as they are, possess the true and lasting riches of knowledge to a remarkable degree.

—A SWEDISH translation of the Gospel of John is the first book printed in the language of the Congo. The work was done by a missionary named Vestline, who has labored for many years in equatorial Africa.

—THE slave-trade is still active on the Eastern coast of Africa. A cargo of fifty rescued slaves was brought to Mombasa on July 22. They were turned over to the agents of the Church Missionary Society, and most of them can be sent back to their homes.

—THE Christian church on the Congo in Africa has had her martyrs. Three Christian lads were burned on account of their Christian faith. Their arms were first cut off; then they were bound to a scaffolding, under which a fire was made, and they were slowly burned to death. The heathen mocked them, and bade them pray now if Jesus Christ would rescue them from their hands. The dear lads clung to their faith, and in the fire they sang, "Daily, daily sing His praises."

—THE *Philadelphia Times* says: That was a sensible clergyman in Chester county, last Sunday, who was disturbed by the noise made by male members of the congregation putting on their overcoats while the Doxology was being sung, and said: "Now that you have your overcoats on, we will sing the Doxology over again." It was a courteous and moderate rebuke of a practice that is too often thoughtlessly indulged in.

—AND now a question before we close our window. Have you paid for the PIONEER? One of our readers sent us a poem clipped from a Philadelphia paper. The poetic dun might stir your conscience, if you are one of our delinquent subscribers. Here it is:

"Should you ask us why this dunning,
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents
Who have read the paper monthly,
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read of Church affairs and prospects,
Read of news both home and foreign,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instruction,
Should you ask us why this dunning?
We should answer, We should tell you.

"From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper-maker,
From the landlord, from the carrier,
From the man who taxes letters
With a stamp from Uncle Samuel—
'Uncle Sam' the people call him;
From them all there comes a message,
Message kind and firmly spoken,
'Please to pay us what you owe us.'"

"Sad it is to hear such message,
When our funds are all exhausted,
When the last bank-note has left us,
When the gold coin all has vanished,
Gone to pay the paper-maker,
Gone to pay the tolling printer,
Gone to pay the landlord tribute,
Gone to pay the nimble carrier,
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,
Gone to pay our Uncle Samuel—
'Uncle Sam' the people call him.

"Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a specter from you?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?
Would you read a paper PAID FOR?
Send us money—send us money—
Send us money—send us money;
SEND THE MONEY THAT YOU OWE US!"

Shocking.

The shocking extent to which perjury is committed in our courts of justice is one of the most alarming features of the times. Judge Ludlow, of Philadelphia, in charging a jury in a certain case said:

"In this case wilful and deliberate perjury has been committed. One man swears distinctly that he had a long conversation with the other, which he repeats with minute details. The other ascends the stand and declares on his solemn oath that he never spoke to the witness in his life. If I could decide who was the perjurer I would know exactly how to act. But I confess I cannot. Such lying is infamous in the eyes of God and man. If you can decide who the falsifier is you will give the verdict to the other party to the suit."

A police magistrate who was in the court room said: "Look at that Bible. The perjury that is annually committed by people who kiss it would sink a whole ward. And yet, what can we do? It is exactly the same, as Judge Ludlow says, in every court and magistrate's office.

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 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.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.
Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CAROLLTON.
Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDORF, 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 Copy25
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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1886.

No. 4.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Lord's Passion.

1. Jesus, I will ponder now
On Thy holy passion;
With Thy Spirit me endow
For such meditation.
Grant that I in love and faith
May the image cherish
Of Thy suffering pain and death,
That I might not perish.
2. Let me see Thy great distress,
Anguish and affliction,
Bonds and stripes, and wretchedness,
And Thy crucifixion;
Let me see how scourge and rod,
Spear and nails did wound Thee,
How for man Thou diedst, O God,
Who with thorns had crowned Thee.
3. Yet, O Lord, not thus alone
Let me see Thy passion,
But its cause to me make known,
And its termination.
Ah! I also and my sin
Wrought Thy deep affliction;
This the real cause hath been
Of Thy crucifixion.
4. Grant that I Thy passion view
With repentant grieving,
Nor Thee crucify anew
By unholy living.
How could I refuse to shun
Every sinful pleasure,
Since for me God's only Son
Suffered without measure?
5. If my sins give me alarm,
And my conscience grieve me,
Let Thy cross my fear disarm,
Peace of conscience give me.
Grant that I may trust in Thee
And Thy holy passion;
If His Son so loveth me,
God must have compassion.
6. Grant that I may willingly
Bear with Thee my crosses,
Learning humbleness of Thee,
Peace 'midst pains and losses;
Let me give Thee love for love.
Hear me, O my Saviour!
That I may in heaven above
Sing Thy praise forever.

S. v. Birken, 1653.
Tr. by A. C., 1886.

The Sin-Bearer.

During the last illness of the late heathen king of Travancore in India, a queer ceremony was performed, by which the king tried to put away his sins. A man was found willing, for a large sum of money (10,000 rupees), to bear the responsibilities of the king's sins. He was brought into the royal presence, and after the heathen priests had performed certain ceremonies over him, the sick man tenderly embraced him. Then he was led out of the country of Travancore into the Tinnevely district, with a charge never to return. Thus the poor dying king tried to provide a sin-bearer who should take away his sins. But all such trying is in vain. There is but one true Sin-Bearer, whom God Himself has provided for all sinners. It is our precious Saviour—"the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," (Isa. 53, 6). He came "to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," (Heb. 9, 26).

Behold the Sin-Bearer in Gethsemane, bowed down under the burden of our sins and sweating great drops of blood in the unspeakable agony of His soul! Behold Him bound, and dragged from one tribunal to the other, scourged with the cruel whips of Roman soldiers, crowned with a crown of thorns, and led forth by Pontius Pilate into the presence of the murderous rabble that cried out, Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Behold Him nailed to the cross and suffering that great anguish which pressed from His lips that cry of abandoned woe, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The sin-hating God there met His sin-bearing Son and laid upon Him the dreadful punishment which we deserved. All the wrath due to sinners was wrung into one dreadful cup of suffering, and Jesus drank it to the dregs, crying "It is finished," bowing His head, and giving up the ghost.

And now the question comes to be, Has that sacrifice of our Sin-Bearer been accepted and have our sins been put away? We find the joyful answer in the empty grave on Easter morning and in the risen Saviour. He who was delivered for our offences, is raised again for our justification. The sacrifice of our Sin-

Bearer has been accepted and our sins have been put away. Christ took all our sins upon Himself and died for them and was buried under their heavy weight, but on the third day He came forth freed from all our sins, having left them behind Him in the grave.

This only true and great Sin-Bearer comes to you in the Gospel and offers Himself to you without money and without price. Embrace Him with the arms of faith and accept Him as your Sin-Bearer, by whom your sins have been put away. Then in the face of sin, death, devil and hell you can raise the shout of victory, "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1.

The Believer's Blessedness.

"Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin," Rom. 4, 8. He will not impute sin to the believer. Having imputed it to Jesus, having punished it in Jesus, having put it away by Jesus, He will never charge it upon any one that is in Christ. What a comfort is this! If God were to impute my sins to me, said an aged Christian, or deal with me according to my sins, how could I have one moment's peace? How could I be happy? But when God tells me that, as a believer in Jesus, He will not impute sin to me, but deal with me as one who died in Jesus, is risen with Jesus, and for whom Jesus intercedes, I can rejoice, and sing for joy.

Risen With Christ.

True Christians know that they are risen with Christ. What an exhortation is gathered from this to live as those whose citizenship is in heaven, who are seated with Christ in heavenly places, who have left the cross and death and the grave behind them! "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth," (Col. 3, 1, 2). Things above, mind, not things on the earth.

Paul's Testimony on the Resurrection of the Dead.

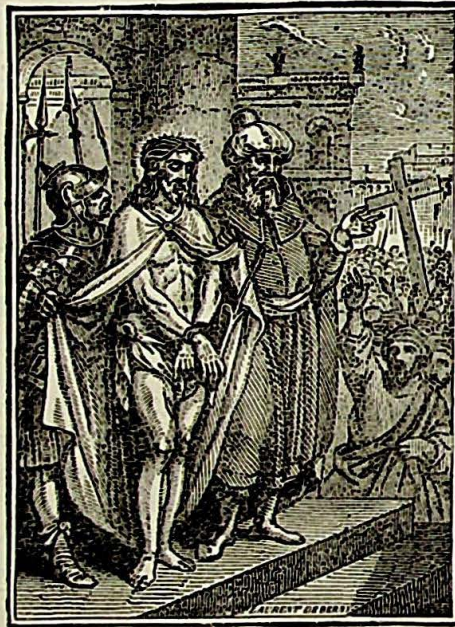
In the fifteenth chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians St. Paul says, "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ is not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God, because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised. And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain, ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."

There were some in the Corinthian church who were weak enough to deny the resurrection of their bodies. To these the apostle addresses himself in terms of earnest admonition, as he sets forth the tremendous consequences of rejecting the truth which they had foolishly been led to doubt. First, if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. Second, if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and it is utterly useless to go forward with the work of proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation. Third, if Christ be not risen, your faith is also vain, for there is no divine person on whom it can rest. Fourth, yea, and we are found false witnesses of God, not only false witnesses, but false witnesses concerning God, and therefore the greatest liars that have ever lived. Fifth, ye are yet in your sins, and must remain in them under a righteous condemnation while eternity endures. Sixth, the dear ones from whom you parted on their dying bed, and whose departure made your heart strings strain as if they would break, have perished forever. Seventh, we are of all men most miserable, because we are forced to endure the loss of all things for the present, and have no hope for the future.

Then recoiling from the horrible results of denying the resurrection of the dead, as involving the denial of the resurrection of Jesus, the apostle exclaims in a lofty burst of praise and triumph, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." His resurrection is the pledge of our own, it is the sure forerunner of a mighty host that shall come forth out of the grave, as the apostle writes, "Every man in his own order; Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. Death where is thy sting? Grave where is thy victory?" Well might an old commentator say, "This is the sharpest and shrillest note, the boldest and bravest challenge, that man ever rang in the

ears of death. Death is here out-braved, called craven to his face, and bidden do his worst." The apostle, however, is not yet done: "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The battle has been fought, and the victory gained by the crucified One, who rose again from the dead as the complete Conqueror of death and the grave. The believer, therefore, in the firm assurance of the resurrection of the dead, looks upon the grave as the quiet resting place, in which the body rests from the strife and toil of earth until the Lord cometh. And as he stands at the grave of some loved one that has fallen asleep in Jesus, he lifts the hymn of praise and victory,

"Thou hast been here, Lord Jesus!
But thou art here no more;
The terror and the darkness,
The night of death are o'er.
Great Captain of salvation!
Thy triumphs now we sing;
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?"



Our Sin-Bearer.

A Weighty Confession.

Many a skeptic has commenced his inquiries with the one thought, Did Jesus rise? This has been pursued with the firm purpose to arrive at the facts, and it has been followed up to the fixed conviction that the gospels contain a narrative of an event that actually occurred, and this, by the grace of God, was followed by the fullest persuasion that the book of which these gospels form a part is from God, the only safe rule of faith and practice for this life, as it is the only foundation of hope when we are called to face the tremendous realities of eternity.

One of the strongest men of the present century was the historian, and profound thinker, Arnold of Rugby. No one questions his ability or his honesty. He, like many others, was sometimes cast into the tempestuous sea of doubt. But hear him in one of his lectures to the

students under his care. These are his weighty words: "The evidence of our Lord's life and death and resurrection may be, and often has been, shown to be satisfactory; it is good according to the common rules for distinguishing good evidence from bad. Thousands and tens of thousands of persons have gone through it piece by piece as carefully as ever judge summed up on a most important cause. I have myself done it many times over, not to persuade others, but to satisfy myself. I have been used for many years to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidence of those who have written about them, and I know of no one fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the understanding of a fair inquirer, than the great sign which God has given us, that Christ died and rose again from the dead."

—J. H. B.

Hindu Homes.

Mrs. L. C. Griffin, a missionary returned from India, thus describes the lot of women in that great empire:

"The government of the house of the Brahmin is strictly in the hands of the man; of the father during the youth of the family, and of the eldest son after he marries. The son always takes his wife home to the parental roof, and as the sons marry, additions are built to the house, until it often becomes a village in itself. In this place the women are imprisoned—literally buried alive. From the day of their marriage, which is at a very early age, they never see more of the outer world than the narrow expanse of sky and cloud that looks down upon them between the walls of their prison home. No men are allowed to enter the house but the members of the family and the priest, except on very rare occasions, and then unseen by the women. Married at ten years—for spinsterhood is abominable—mothers at twelve, they die of sheer old age at about thirty."

Care of the Young.

I passed a florist so absorbed with his "cuttings," 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 almost feel as if I had murdered it by neglect. Young plants need a great deal more care than old ones that are used to storms and blight."

"I WOULD not give one moment of heaven for all the joy and riches of the world—even if it lasted for thousands and thousands of years."
Luther.

Matt, the Idiot Boy.

A lady, wandering along the sea-coast of an English watering-place, observed a boy intently gazing up at a small space between the clouds. Drawing close to him, she said, "What are you looking at, my boy?" The child made no answer. "Boy, boy," said she, shaking him gently by the sleeve, "what are you doing?" The boy sighed, rubbed his eyes, shaded them, looked up again, and said, with earnestness, "Matt was looking for God. Matt wants to see God." The clouds closed, and, as if to comfort himself for the disappointment, he said in a more cheerful tone, "Matt shall see God some day."

At this time a little girl ran out of a cottage, calling out, "Matt, come home; dinner is ready." The lady followed, and being asked to walk in, she learned that Matt was an orphan, about thirteen years of age, living with an aunt and grandfather.

After this she often called, and one day found the old man ill. The clergyman shortly afterwards came in, and read the 18th of Matthew. When he came to the parable of the "King that would take account of his servants," Matt's attention became riveted. When he had finished Matt turned to him earnestly, saying, "Parson, read some more." Mr. Green began to relate the parable thus: "A great King said," (and in speaking, he pointed upwards), "Bring my servants to me, and I will make them pay me all the pounds that they owe me. And they brought one servant that owed a thousand pence—a great many, a great many! And he had no pence to pay; and the king said, 'He shall be put in prison, and never come out till the debt is paid.'" The tears trickled down Matt's cheeks; his countenance showed great alarm, and rushing to the beach, he threw himself down and wept piteously.

The next day the lady found him again in his usual attitude, looking up; and not until she noticed him, did he notice her.

"What is Matt doing?" she asked.

"Matt was talking to God," he replied.

"What did poor Matt say?"

The boy, joining hands, looking up with a piteous expression of submission and fear, and said, "Good God, Matt has no money to pay!"

And then, shaking his head, he told her, with the deepest emotion, that he was going to be put in prison; God was going to put Matt in prison for the great debt of sin.

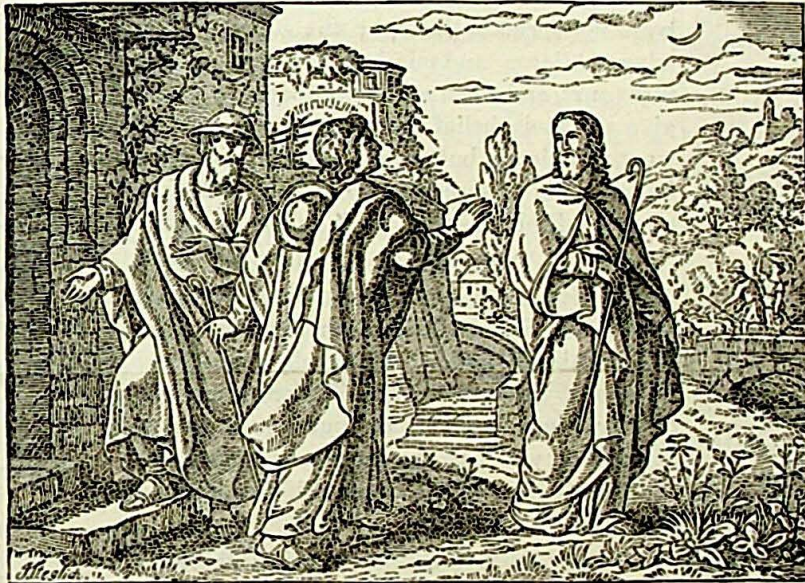
The lady, taking both his hands, to fix his attention, said cheerfully, "Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt. God will not put Matt in prison now. Jesus Christ has paid all for Matt."

And she told him about Christ's sufferings and death.

An expression of wonder overspread his countenance. He repeated over and over the comforting words, and sat down to hear them again and again. A long time did Matt sit in the shelter of a boat, *silent*; at length he arose, walked a few paces, and lifting his arms and face to heaven, cried out, in a loud, clear voice—

"Man that paid—man that paid—Matt says, thank you, thank you!"

The grandfather died, and Matt was told that he went to God, and that God would soon send for him also. "God would send for Matt some day," he repeated softly; "perhaps it would be to-day, and Matt must be ready; Matt must *always* be ready."



"He made as though He would have gone further. But they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them," Luke 24, 29.

One day he inquired of the lady what kind of place it was that God would take him to.

"It is never cold there," she said; "no one will be hungry or sick."

"Will any one beat me there?"

"No, God will take care of Matt."

A gleam of joy stole over the vacant face, as she told him about heaven and its joys.

A time of trouble came: his aunt died; and poor Matt was found, one cold, snowy morning, nearly frozen to death in a cave, his dying voice uttering these words:

"Matt shall see God some day. Matt will never be cold any more. God! God! and man that paid! oh, take poor Matt away."

The young person who found him, ran for assistance, but before Matt was removed, the spirit had passed away.

Happy Matt! Yes, reader, the poor idiot boy was happy, for he had laid hold upon the Gospel message, that Jesus paid the debt of sin by His sufferings and death.

How John Eliot cut the Knot.

When John Eliot was appointed minister of the Roxbury church, in 1632, no one cared for the wretched Indians living in the colony. Eliot learned their language that he might preach the Gospel to them. He translated the Bible for them and taught them to read it. His zeal made him indifferent to danger and fatigue. He was so charitable that his friends had to resort to devices to prevent him from giving away all he had.

The parish Treasurer once paid him his salary. Knowing his passion, the wise man of business put the coin into a handkerchief, which he tied into a dozen hard knots.

On his way home the good pastor called to see a poor, sick woman.

"God has sent you a relief," he said, as he tried to untie one of the knots. But the Treasurer had done his work well, and Eliot's aged fingers could not get out the smallest coin. He thus cut the knots:

"Here, my dear," he said to the woman, handing her the handkerchief, "take it; the Lord designs it all for you."

A Sacrifice.

A heroic mother sacrificed her hand to save her children recently in Dakota. In a frame house at Woonsocket, Dakota Territory, on January 9th, a woman was cooking supper over a gasoline stove, while her two little children were playing on the floor. In turning around, her dress-sleeve caught the gasoline-faucet and turned it on. She noticed the

liquid running out, and turned it off. Some, however, had fallen in the tea-kettle. When the water was fairly boiling she picked up the kettle to carry it into another room. She had hardly taken a step when the gasoline exploded and flames burst out. She ran to the door to throw it out, but the door would not open. To drop the flaming kettle meant death to her children; so the brave little woman clung to the kettle while her hand was being burned to a crisp. The oil soon burned itself out. The next day the woman's hand was amputated. It was a noble example of self-sacrificing love, showing how much pain a mother will endure for the sake of her offspring. It is by such an illustration that we are helped to realize something of the love of Christ in laying down his life for a sinful world. Rom. 5, 7, 8.

HEAVEN is the day of which grace is the dawn; the rich ripe fruit of which grace is the lovely flower.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—RECENTLY the *New York Herald* directed one of its force to "interview" a gentleman, of whom that paper says, "Among New York managers whose opinions on theatrical matters, based on long experience and observation, are second to none, is Mr. A. M. Palmer." In his statement regarding the theatre of our day he says: "I think that the stage to-day is a greater evil than any other institution we have. Nothing else does so much harm to the young men and young women of this city." A distinguished actor, agreeing with Mr. Palmer's statement, says, "Those who have no selfish motives in view must admit that the drama, of the present day at least, in this country is full of evil influences. I unhesitatingly state that the taste of the present theatre-going people of America, as a body, is of a coarse and vulgar nature. The Hindoo of India would turn with disgust at such exhibitions which are sought after and applauded on the stage of this country." The testimony of such men can not be met by the sharp words, "You know nothing about it. You are narrow-minded bigots. You are entirely behind the age," etc.

—WHEN the stage was better than it is at present, a lady of high rank in England said, "I do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce the theatre to be one of the broadest avenues that lead to destruction; fascinating, no doubt it is, but, on that account, the more delusive and the more dangerous. Let a young man once acquire a taste for this species of entertainment, and yield himself up to its gratification, and he is in danger of becoming a lost character, rushing upon his ruin. All the evils that can waste his property, corrupt his morals, blast his reputation, impair his health, embitter his life, and destroy his soul, lurk in the theatre. Myriads have cursed the hour when they first exposed themselves to the contamination of the stage. If the Scriptures are to be obeyed, the theatre must be avoided."

—MR. GEORGE MULLER, the head of the famous Orphan Homes, at Bristol, England, announces that he received last year \$207,790 in answer to prayer, and without in any way soliciting a penny from any human being.

—WHEN people depart from God's word, Satan leads them into all kind of fanatical delusions. A sect which has grown up in Russia, the last fifteen years, is called the "nest for godly people." The head-quarters are in the fortress town of Bender. The members dig a grave-like hole in the ground, cover it with a wooden lid provided with apertures, crawl into the hole, and stay there until they die from hunger. They say they are communing with God, and profess to see saints and devils in their ecstatic moments, when they are probably delirious from starvation.

—PASTOR Homme, of the Lutheran Indian Mission in Shawano county, Wis., reports that

seven children have been received by him for instruction. They belong to four different Indian tribes, viz., to the Oneida, Winnebago, Stockbridge, and Pottawatomie tribes.

—MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, the African explorer, relates that when he started on his tour through the "Dark Continent," he took in his baggage a large collection of books. But as the number of his men was lessened the books had one by one to be left by the wayside, only the Bible going through to the end.

—ON one of the New Hebrides, in the South Pacific, is the lonely grave of a missionary, the Rev. John Geddie. A marble slab bears the following inscription:

When he came here, there were no Christians;
When he went away, there were no heathen.

—THE *Examiner* has information that two Russian Protestants who were accused by Russian "popes" because of their religious belief, were sentenced to death by the court. Their wives, children, and relatives were also brought into court, and when asked whether they would give up their belief they said, "Do with us what you please, but we will abide by the same faith." They were sent to prison, but they read the Bible there to their fellow-prisoners.

—MR. C. T. STUDD, the Cambridge University athlete, on going as a missionary to China offered Mr. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission, the whole of his large fortune of £100,000. Mr. Taylor refused it, but Mr. Studd insisted, and put it in the hands of trustees, who pay the interest to the mission of which he is now one of the self-denying missionaries.

—THERE are five Chinese Sunday-schools in Chicago, with 682 teachers and 760 pupils.

—TEN missionaries recently sailed from San Francisco for Japan and other missions beyond.

—OF the native Christians in the Japanese churches only one-fourth are females.

—THE result of fifty years' gospel work in the Fijii Islands, is that there are now 900 churches, 1236 chapels, 55 native ministers, 1785 local preachers, 26,880 communicants, and 40,651 children in the Sunday-schools. All this with a population of only 100,000.

—THERE is a lady missionary on the west coast of Africa, the only white Christian for some hundreds of miles around, and no means of travel but by a skiff up and down the river. She has the training of young men and women, not only in their education and Christian life, but in their every day pursuits, and she is happy and glad to be able to go where no one else with less of Christ wants to go.

—It is a suggestive fact that at Locknow, India, there is a native press employing nine hundred workmen, which issues largely the sacred writings of the Hindoos and Mohammedans. But this is not the worst, A native publishing firm at Lahore translates European infidel publications as fast as they appear and disseminates them in the various languages of

India. The truth is, Satan was never more on the alert and active, knowing that his time is short.

—Two blind Christians may be seen nearly every evening at the bazaar at Allahabad, reading from the Hindustani New Testament printed in raised letters, to a large audience of Hindoos and Mohammedans. The strange sight of two of their blind countrymen able to read attracts a large crowd.

—A ROMISH priest took a walnut, and said to his people, "The outside is green and bitter and represents the Lutheran; the hard, black part represents the Calvinist, who is black and hard;" then cracking the walnut, he said, "this represents the Roman Catholic Church," and lo! *the inside was rotten!*

—AN old pastor, when asked why he didn't preach on the topics of the day, replied, "Why can't you let one poor clergyman preach on the topics of eternity?"

BOOK-TABLE.

MADAGASKAR. Eine Missionskirche der Neuzeit. By Rev. A. E. Frey. Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa. Price 35 cts. per copy.

The mission church of Madagascar has well been called a martyr church. The interesting history of this church is here told in a very entertaining and attractive manner.

THIS IS MY BODY.—A good picture of the *Colloquy at Marburg*, representing all the distinguished men who were present on that memorable occasion. It shows Luther in the act of writing on the table the words, "This is My Body." Price \$1.00. Address Theo. Wischan, Reading, Pa.

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TERMS:

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

1 Copy25
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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1886.

No. 5.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Song of Solomon I, 4.

"DRAW ME, WE WILL RUN AFTER THEE."

Draw us to Thee,
For then shall we
Walk in Thy steps forever,
And hasten on
Where Thou art gone,
To be with Thee, dear Saviour!

Draw us to Thee,
Lord, lovingly;
Let us depart with gladness,
That we may be
Forever free
From sorrow, grief, and sadness.

Draw us to Thee;
O grant that we
May find the road to heaven.
Direct our way,
Lest we should stray,
And from Thy paths be driven.

Draw us to Thee,
That also we
Thy heavenly bliss inherit,
And ever dwell
Where sin and hell
No more can vex our spirit.

Draw us to Thee
Unceasingly,
Into Thy kingdom take us;
Let us fore'er
Thy glory share,
Thy saints and joint-heirs make us.

(Translated from the German by A. C.)

Jesus Lifted Up.

A few days before the death of our Lord He uttered the remarkable words, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The Holy Ghost immediately adds, "This He said, signifying what death He should die," (John 12, 32, 33). Elsewhere we read, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," (John 3, 14, 15). At another time He said to the Jews who denied His Messiahship, "When ye have lifted

up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am he," (John 8, 28).

But what relation is there between the lifting up and the sublime declaration, "I will draw all men unto me"? We must remember that Christ is "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world". By being lifted up on the cross He was made a curse for all sinners. He was lifted up "that He should taste death for every man," (Heb. 2, 9). Thus He made an atonement broad enough for all sinners to stand upon. Since He was lifted up, the redemption of all sinners is a finished fact and God is perfectly reconciled unto the sinful world. God therefore "raised Him from the dead, and set Him on His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the church," (Eph. 1, 20-22). He who was lifted up on the cross ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God, having finished the work of redemption for the accomplishment of which He had come into the world. This redemption is brought to all sinners in the Gospel to be accepted by faith. Sinners are thus drawn unto Him in whom alone salvation is found. Jesus lifted up is revealed unto us in the Gospel, and when seen by faith in the value of His atoning death on the cross, and in the loveliness of His person, we cry out with the bride, "Draw me, we will run after thee."

Sincere but Wrong.

"If he is sincere in his belief, he has as good a chance of going to heaven as you or I have," said some one the other day, when speaking of a certain person who held and taught all kinds of strange doctrines contrary to God's Word. This idea, that provided a man is sincere in his belief, no matter what it may be, God will safely admit him to the Eternal City, is one of Satan's delusions eminently prevalent at the present day. Men seem to forget that Saul was sincere in his belief when he shut up the

saints in prison; yea, not only sincere, but "exceedingly zealous" also. So were those who killed the Prince of Life; and though through ignorance they did it, God holds them responsible for their lack of knowledge, and that, notwithstanding they were perfectly sincere in their convictions.

Had a bitten Israelite sincerely believed that he knew of a better way than a simple glance at the brazen serpent, he would have died where he lay; and in like manner will the sinner go down to endless damnation, if trusting in a self-appointed way rather than in the one so plainly revealed in God's word written.

Man says, though I believe not, I shall be saved, provided I am sincere in my unbelief. God says, "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life but the wrath of God abideth on him." From all this we learn, that it is of the utmost importance *what* we believe, or rather *in whom* we believe. And as the One who offers us eternal life, is no other than God's dear Son, how can we escape if we neglect His great salvation?

He then who trusts simply in the sincerity of his false belief, *can't be saved*; while he who trusts simply in the atoning work of Christ, *can't be lost*.

"I Am The Way."

When Jesus said, "I am the way" (John 14, 6), He did not mean that He was half the way, nor two-thirds of the way, nor nine-tenths of the way, but ALL the way. He has paid ALL the debt we owe; He has suffered ALL the penalty the law demanded as an atonement for sin; He has done ALL the work God required to be done, "that He might be just, and the justifier of him which be veth in Jesus" (Rom. 3, 26). Love could not stoop lower, for He descended to the very depths of human guilt and woe, "and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53, 6). Love cannot raise us higher, for by and by He will cause us to sit down with Him in His throne (Rev. 3, 21). He is ALL the way between these two extremes, and however dark our stains, however far we have wandered, however dead and corrupt and loathsome in trespass and sin, "this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 15).—J. H. B.

The Bible.

The writers of the Bible were inspired by God, who spoke through them. It is absolutely certain that good men did not write the Bible of their own will, because they everywhere affirm that they spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, proclaiming the words which God told them to utter, and if this is not true, they uttered what they knew to be false and were not good men.

It is absolutely certain that bad men did not write the Bible, because they would be strangers to the lofty conceptions of holiness, to the

and it has won its way without arms, without human influence, without learning, without wealth to its recognized supremacy.

The Bible has gone forth into various lands, and wherever its precepts have been heeded, and in so far as they have been heeded, it has laid an arrest upon murder, adultery, falsehood, drunkenness, avarice, and other shapes of crime and vice that form such dark blots upon the pages of human history.

It has been admitted by infidels themselves that if all those who profess to follow the teachings of the Bible were only sincere, it

Where are You on Stormy Sundays?

The question might be asked, where are you when on week-days it storms? Do week-day storms keep you from work or pleasure, duty or privilege? Probably not. How is it with Sunday storms? Do they keep you from church and Sunday-school? If not, it is to be feared that your example is not generally followed. It does seem, judging by the small number in most churches and Sunday-schools on stormy Sundays, that a Sunday storm is a fearfully dangerous affair compared with one during the week. People have umbrellas and water-proofs, wraps and second-best



A Missionary Church in Africa.

majestic ideas of God, to the terrible denunciations of hypocrisy and evil of every kind, which pervade the entire book.

Of what other book or books except the Bible can it be said that at least 250,000,000 have been published during the last 70 years, and translated into 250 of the languages and dialects of earth; and how could this have been possible, unless it carried with it in great and innumerable blessings the proof of its divine origin?

That the Bible has outlived the fires of persecution and the assaults of infidel science, is a mighty proof that God is its author and that it is kept by the power of God.

The Bible has encountered from the beginning the most bitter opposition and unrelenting hostility from Judaism, from the Roman empire, from the heathen world, from the foul apostasy of the dark ages, from sinful human nature;

would bring with it incalculable blessings, and that no community could come thoroughly under the control of its influence without receiving a higher and nobler impulse toward all that is beneficent and valuable.

With all the imperfections and short-comings of those who profess to be governed by the authority of the Bible, it has built orphan asylums and charitable institutions, and sought out the poor and suffering, and carried a better civilization to heathen countries, and lifted all upon whom it has laid its hand to a higher plane, none of which things can be said of infidelity as an organized effort or system.

The Bible offers a definite and positive object of faith and hope to the acceptance of men, while infidelity only tears down, but can not build; only denies, but can not affirm; only takes away, but can not fill the dreary void it leaves in the soul and in the life.

dresses and clothing; they find them excellent for use during the storms of the week, but very unsafe when it storms on Sunday. It seems too bad that the soul should suffer the loss of so many Sunday services on account of the greater dangers of a Sunday storm. And then, too, it is trying to the minister to prepare a good sermon and have so few to hear and be profited by it. Would it not be well if inventors could discover some material that would protect as thoroughly from a storm on Sunday as any other day? Such an invention would be worth millions to the man who gave it to the public. Inventors, cannot you help the people against their great danger—a Sunday storm?—*Exchange.*

WHEN you are reading a book in a dark room, and come to a difficult part, you take it to a window to get more light. So take your Bible to Christ.

Seek Christ First.

Before I left the farm, talking one day to a man who was working there, and who was weeping, I said to him, "What is the trouble?" And he told me a very strange story. When he started in life he left his native village and went to another town to find something to do, and was unsuccessful. The first Sunday, he went to a little church, and the minister preached from this text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God;" and he thought the text and the sermon were for himself. He wanted to get rich, and when he was settled in life, he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sunday he was in another village. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." He thought surely some one must have been speaking to the minister about him, for the minister just pictured him out. But he said when he got settled in life and had control of his time and was his own master, he would then seek the kingdom of God. Some time after, he was at another village, and he went to church again, and he had not been going a great while, when he heard the third minister preach from the same text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added." He said it went right down into his soul; but calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian until he had got settled in life and owned his farm. This man said, "Now I am what the world calls rich, but my heart is as hard as a stone." I was a young man and did not know what it meant.

When I was converted, I thought when I should go back home I would see this man and preach Christ to him. When I went back home, I said to my widowed mother, naming this man, "Is he still living in the same place?" My mother said, "He is gone mad and has been taken away to the insane asylum, and every one that goes to see him he points his finger at and says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'" I thought I should like to see him, but he was so far gone it would do no good. The next time I went home, he was at his home idiotic. I went to see him. When I went in I said, "Do you know me?" He pointed his finger at me and said, "Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God." Three years ago, when I visited my father's grave, I noticed a new stone had been put up. I stopped and found it was my friend's. The autumn wind seemed whispering the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."—D. L. M.

The Origin of the Bible Society.

An exchange relates the following incident, which led, it is alleged, to the organization of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

"Mary Jones was the daughter of a poor weaver living in a humble dwelling at the foot of Cader Idris. She was born in 1782, and early in life began to learn her father's trade. She attended a Sunday-school, and was soon distinguished for her readiness to learn and repeat large portions of the word of God. As yet, although there had been many editions of the Welsh Bible published, it was an exception to see a copy in a poor man's house in Wales. The nearest Bible was two miles distant from Mary Jones' house. She had permission to read it as often as she chose. Meanwhile she carefully set aside all her pence, determined if possible to buy a Bible of her own.

"After years of saving she succeeded in making up the sum necessary to buy a copy of the Welsh Bible. She ascertained that Bala was the nearest town in which a copy might be got; and it was twenty-five miles away. But, nothing daunted, the girl set off, and walked all the way footbare, carrying her boots in a bag in order to put them on just before entering Bala. She arrived at Bala late in the evening—too late to see Mr. Charles, from whom the Bible was to be had. In the morning she went to Mr. Charles, and he was touched by her simple story. He said, 'I am sorry that you have come all the way to obtain a Bible, seeing I have no copy to give you. All the Bibles I received from London have been sold months since, excepting one or two which I have promised to keep for friends.' Mary Jones wept bitterly. The disappointment was too much for her. But Mr. Charles could not withstand her tears, and he at last gave her one of the promised Bibles. Mary placed the Bible in her bag, and bade good-by to the good Mr. Charles, feeling grateful to him for letting her have what she considered the greatest of treasures. Her visit to Mr. Charles left a lasting impression on both. Often afterward did Mr. Charles refer to that touching incident to convince his English friends of the intense craving of the Welsh nation for the word of life. In December, 1802, Mr. Charles laid before the Committee of the Religious Tract Society the pressing needs of his country, and related the story of Mary Jones. The story awakened sympathy in every breast, and it was then resolved not only to have a Bible Society for Wales, but for the whole world.

"Mary Jones' Bible is now in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and on her tomb at Brynrcwg is an inscription stating that her journey to Bala in 1802 led to the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society."

The Little Hero.

The following story should teach happy, well cared-for little children to be grateful for all the good things God gives them. Two Christian men went one day away up to a small garret room.

A feeble voice said, "Come in," and they went in.

There was no light, but as soon as their eyes were dilated to the gloom, they saw, lying on a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a singularly sweet face.

They asked the boy, "What are you doing there?"

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding? what for?"

The child showed his white delicate arms covered with bruises, and swollen.

"Who was it beat you like that?"

"Hush! don't tell him; my father did it."

"What for?"

"Poor father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a thief once."

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the ragged school, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and told me about God in heaven. I will not steal, sir, if my father kills me."

One of the men said, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling. I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said:

"But, please, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

They thought it strange that, lying there without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, he could sing a hymn. But they said, "Yes, we will hear you."

And then, in a sweet, low voice, the child sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my infirmity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's my little hymn; good-bye!"

The gentlemen went again in the morning, mounted the stairs, knocked at the door—no answer; opened it, and went in.

The shilling lay on the floor, and there, too, lay the boy, with a brave smile on his face, as if to make the best of it; and so he had—for he was dead.

In the night he had gone home.

Beautiful Heaven.

A little Swedish girl, walking with her father on a starry night, was so attracted by the brilliancy of the sky, all lit up with twinkling stars from one end to the other, that she seemed to be quite lost in her thinking. Her father asked what she was thinking of so intently. Her answer was—"I was just thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the *right side* be!"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—"STONEWALL JACKSON," then a professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, just before the war, organized a Sunday-school for colored children, which is still in operation. This school has set on foot a subscription for a monument to Gen. Jackson.

—THE first Protestant Church in Alaska was Lutheran. It was organized at Sitka through the efforts of a Creole who, for his worth and ability, had been made Governor of the colony and President of the large Alaska Fur Company. A church building was erected by him for the resident Lutheran Finns and "half-breed" families, of whom quite a number were in the Company's service. When Alaska was purchased by the United States, the old Russian "Alaska Fur Company" ceased to exist, and the small congregation of Finlanders was scattered, the pastor returning home to Finland. The property reverted to its original owner, and was disposed of for some secular purpose. It was a small but neat building of wood.

—THE total number of Germans in Australia is about 75,000 souls. In all there are 72 German Lutheran pastors on the island, each of whom serves from three to four congregations. The "Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Australia," in South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales, numbers 24 pastors, 80 preaching places, 40 congregational schools, 6,000 communicants. It maintains a parochial school-teacher's seminary at Hahndorf, and a German High School in connection with the large congregation at Adelaide.

—THE Canstein Bible House, at Halle, has printed 6½ millions of Bibles since 1712. There are 26 Bible societies in Germany which distributed 515,000 copies last year.

—RECENTLY a lady belonging to a popular church sold her necklace and some other pieces of jewelry she was wearing and put the proceeds, amounting to nearly \$250, into the fund for foreign missions. If all the money expended by the professed followers of Christ for useless adorning was poured into the treasury of the Lord, our Mission Board would be well supplied.

—THE Baptists claim that immersion is the only scriptural method of baptism, although it has again and again been proved that this is a comparatively modern view. It appears from the recently published Life of Bunyan, the author of Pilgrim's Progress, and one of the most shining lights in the records of the Baptist church, that he had his children baptized in the Episcopal parish church, which means of course that he believed in infant baptism and that they were not baptized by immersion.

—THE Rev. Phillips Brooks, now of Boston, but formerly of Philadelphia, where he dwelt at 2004 Chestnut street, left behind a pair of fine opera glasses while traveling in Norway some years ago. Graven on the glasses was

the address, "2004 Chestnut street," but no city was named. The Norwegian with whom the bit of personal property had been left sent it to "Mr. Brooks, 2004 Chestnut street, U. S. A.," and naturally it came to Philadelphia. The occupant of that house, receiving the package, forwarded it to Mr. Brooks, who doubtless does not believe that the Lutherans of Norway are a heathen people in need of Methodist "missionaries."

—THE famous cedars of Lebanon are taken care of by the authorities. There are 397 of them—22 more than in 1810, and 373 more than in 1573, when they were counted by the German botanist, Ramvolf.

—A CURIOUS and noteworthy statement has been published in regard to the great River Euphrates. It appears that this ancient river is in danger of disappearing altogether. Of late years the banks below Babylon have been giving way so that the stream spread out into a marsh until steamers could not pass and only a narrow channel remained for native boats. Now this passage is becoming obliterated with the probable result that the famous river will be swallowed up by the desert.

—THE once powerful community of the Samaritans, in Palestine, has shrunk to 151 souls, who live altogether at Nablus, the ancient Shechem. The community consist of 53 men, 46 women, 36 boys, and 16 girls. The Samaritans being so exclusive as to intermarry only with members of their own sect, the scarcity of young women will have the effect of still further reducing their number in the immediate future. The members of this interesting community still bring offerings on Mount Gerizim, and are ruled by a High Priest, the present holder of that office being named Jacob, son of Aaron, the Priest.

—IN Madagascar, as late as 1857, nearly two thousand people were put to death for adhering to the Christian faith. There are now 1200 churches, and 71,586 communicants. The native churches during the past ten years have given nearly \$1,000,000 for the spread of the Gospel.

—TWO HUNDRED laborers in the South Seas, lately sent to the London Missionary Society \$465, over \$2.33 each; and 10,000 converts of Missions in Sierra Leone and the gold coast, raised last year a jubilee fund of \$75,000, or an average of seven and a half dollars each.

—THE Chinese Recorder states that Rev. J. R. Wolfe, of the Church Missionary Society, with two Chinese Christians sent out by the Foochow church, sailed from Shanghai, to begin a thoroughly Chinese mission in Corea. Mr. Ah Hok, a wealthy Chinese Christian, gave \$1,000 to start this mission, and went with them to Corea to help settle them in the work.

—A TON of ropes made from the hair of the women of Japan is used in building the \$3,000,000 Buddhist temple at Kioto.

—A CONVERTED Buddhist was amazed when he heard that the Christian world had the

Gospel for many hundreds of years. He said to the missionary who had won him to Christ, "What! is it possible that for hundreds of years you have had the knowledge of these glad tidings in your possession, and yet have only now come to preach them to us? My father sought after the truth for more than twenty years, and died without finding it. Why did you not come sooner?"—

PHILIP HENRY said: "There are two things we should beware of: that we never be ashamed of the gospel, and that we never be a shame to it."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

EINE UNION IN DER WAHRHEIT. In commemoration of the 350th Anniversary of the Wittenberg Concord of 1536. By Rev. G. Goesswein. Price 50 cents. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo.
TANZ UND THEATERBESUCH. By Rev. Prof. C. F. W. Walther, D. D. Price 20 cents. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo.
BIBLISCHE GESCHICHTEN FUER MITTELKLASSEN. Illustrated. Price 50 cents. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo.

Acknowledgment.

Received for the Ev.-Luth. Trinity Church in Carrollton from the following members of Mount Zion congregation: Mrs. C. Hardy \$1.00, Mrs. Wright \$3.00. Many thanks to the cheerful givers.
New Orleans, La., April 19, 1886.

AUG. BURGDORF.

Received of N. N. in Lafayette, Ind., \$5.00 for our Colored Mission. Many thanks!

R. A. BISCHOFF.

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 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.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.
Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CAROLLTON.
Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDORF, 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 Copy25
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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1886.

No. 6.

The Work, Lord Jesus Christ, is Thine.

Translated from the German by the Rev. Dr. C. W. Schaeffer.

The work, Lord Jesus Christ, is Thine
In which we are employed;
And as Thy work is all Divine,
It cannot be destroyed.
Before the seed of precious grain
Can, in the light, its growth attain,
Beneath the soil it must decay,
Its mortal part must pass away:
Free through decay,
Its mortal part away.

O Jesus, Thou our Head hast gone
Through suffering to the skies:
All who believe Thou leadest on
That path to take, likewise.
So then, receive us as we are,
Thy trials and Thy joys to share;
And through Thy death lead us aright,
With Thy great work up to Thy light,
Up to Thy light,
Through darkness to Thy light.

Thou, as a grain of wheat, didst die,
And rest within the grave:
Save, Fount of Life, this world, we cry,
The gift Thy Father gave.
Send messengers to every zone,
That Thy great name may soon be known,
The full salvation through Thy name
We, too, are ready to proclaim,
With toil and strain,
Serving with toil and strain.

Church Messenger.

Ascension and Pentecost.

After our Lord's triumphant resurrection from the dead He remained yet forty days upon earth, being seen of many, that no doubts might remain of the fulfillment of His words that on the third day He should rise again. To the disciples "He showed Himself alive after His passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days and speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." "Then, after the Lord had spoken to them, He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." It was a great and glorious day for man when the Saviour of the world, having finished the work of redemption He came to do at His first Advent, ascended up again into the glory which He had from everlasting, entering that glory with the

very human body which was broken and slain for the remission of our sins. He went to prepare a place for His people that where He is they should be also. And there He makes intercession for us. "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." Being seated at the right hand of the Majesty of the Most High, He is able to save unto the uttermost; and having all power in heaven and on earth, He is able as He is willing to be present with us every day, to lead and comfort, unto the end of the world. Ascension Day therefore is a day of rejoicing and the Church on that day raises her song of triumph,—"Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men."

The gifts which Christ secured by His sufferings and death are forgiveness of sin, eternal life and salvation. These gifts the ascended Saviour received, not for Himself, but "for men." If we are to enjoy them, they must be brought to us and must be made our own. This is the work of the Holy Spirit whom our ascended Lord sent according to His promise. "If I go not away," said He, "the Spirit will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send Him unto you." Ten days after He had been taken up, this promise was fulfilled, as the disciples were all with one accord in one place. The day upon which this occurred is called Pentecost, and in view of the great importance of the event the Church observes this day as one of her great festivals.

On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured out on the disciples in an extraordinary manner, but He continues His work on earth still, though now by ordinary means. The means of grace by which the Holy Spirit does His work are the word of God and the Holy Sacraments. By these means the Spirit brings to us the precious gifts of salvation secured for us by Christ and works in our hearts true faith by which we take those gifts as our own. Having these blessed means of grace, through which salvation is imparted, we keep the festival day of Pentecost with rejoicing, because the Holy Ghost comes to us also with glorious gifts unto eternal

Waiting for the Lord.

Since Christ's ascension, our citizenship is in heaven, whence also we are to look for our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who then will change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto His own glorious body, by the working of that mighty power which He possesses.

There is thus set before us the hope of ascending with Christ, and to become sharers with Him in that glory to which He has ascended. Being risen with Him, we are even now to ascend with Him in heart and mind, and to seek those things which are above, where He sitteth. By our faith, hope and affection, we are to "dwell" there, even while we sojourn here in this vale of tears. "Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also are to walk in newness of life," "looking for a hastening unto the coming of the day of God," "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels," "when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe." We profess to be the followers of a risen and ascended Lord; therefore we are to lead risen and heavenly lives, having our thoughts turned heavenward, our lamps trimmed and burning, and ourselves like servants who wait for their Lord, not knowing at what hour He shall come. "Blessed is that servant, whom, when his Master cometh, He shall find so doing."

The Love of God.

"God is love," (1 John 4, 8. 16). There is a love which is infinite in its measure; there is a love which is everlasting in its duration, which is omnipotent in its power, which is unchangeable in its character, which is all-pervading in its presence, which passeth knowledge. There is a love which has creation for its theatre, earth for its footstool, heaven for its chief abode, its everlasting home. Of all created love it is the source, and of all blessings it is the giver. Christ alone is its full and glorious manifestation, its incarnation and embodiment; and Christ crucified is the opening of its very heart to mankind.—*Selected.*

The Bible.

This marvellous volume consists of many different books, occupying about sixteen hundred years in their production, and composed by about forty different persons embracing every variety of intellect, culture and social condition; and yet we find a perfect and sublime unity of testimony. Open at any part of the volume you please, and you will find its statements in perfect harmony with all other parts, whether they relate to God or man.

There are many important truths which the Bible alone reveals, important as bearing upon the question of our present and everlasting happiness, which confessedly lie beyond the discovery of man's intellect, as shown by the fact that they were not dreamed of by the wisest and best of men of ancient or modern times who reject its testimony.

The Bible alone reveals the existence of one God, who is infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth; and this in the light of all human history is shown to be entirely above the knowledge of human nature.

The Bible makes known the only way of salvation, by which God manifests at the same time His love for the sinner and His hatred of sin, by which not a spot sullies His righteousness; while His grace is untrammelled in its merciful errand to a guilty and ruined world.

This revelation of divine love is made in such manner as to uphold the strict purity of the doctrines, duties, and precepts of the entire Bible, for you can not discover from first to last the least allowance for sin, nor any excuse for the evils incident to fallen human nature.

The Bible's exaltation of God and stern condemnation of man, always vindicating the former, always telling of some evil in the latter, shows that it did not have a human origin.

The Old Testament contains an almost unbroken record of the unbelief, ingratitude, idolatry, and meanness of the Jews, both leaders and people, and it is unnatural to suppose that this shameful record was made by Jewish writers, unless they were moved by a power higher than their own.

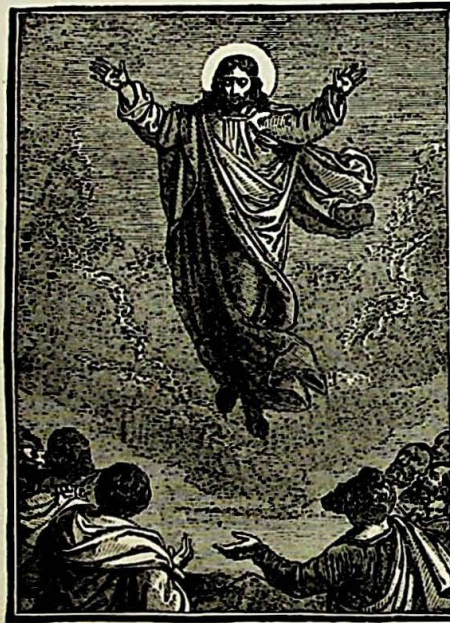
The New Testament also brings its stern accusation against the entire human race, representing all alike as depraved, as at enmity with God, as by nature the children of wrath, the whole world lying in the wicked one; and it is unnatural to suppose that men of any nationality composed such a book of their own will.

The necessity of the Bible is demonstrated by man's ignorance of himself and of God, and by the failure of all the philosophers of the

earth to construct a system of religion, which can meet our present need, and tell us anything of the future state of being.

The Bible is precisely adapted to the wants of all, high and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned; and as a fact persons of every condition and in every land and of every race have found in it a message suited to their necessities and a rule of life they can safely follow in all circumstances unto death.

The Bible's commission to its disciples requires them to go into all the world, preaching the Gospel to every creature, carrying its entreaties and warnings unto the ends of the earth, and thus it aspires to universal dominion but without a whisper of violence.



The Ascension of Christ.

Wherever the Bible has been proclaimed, multitudes of the most thoughtful have by God's grace become convinced that it is from God, nor have they been inferior in intellect, in intelligence, in good behavior, nor in any other respect to those who have refused to heed its claims.

The Bible has shown a marvellous power, which no other religion has exhibited, and which irreligion does not even pretend to wield, to arouse the conscience, to enlighten the understanding, to renew the will, to give another heart, to refine the life, to make the moral desert blossom as the rose, and to set free the prisoners of vice.

The Bible reveals man to himself precisely as he is, and knows himself to be; and it is not surprising that a native Chinaman, engaged by Dr. Morrison to assist in the translation of the Scriptures, came rushing one day into the presence of the Missionary with the exclamation, "Whoever made this book made me."

"Thy Will Be Done."

Several years ago a pastor in New York city stated in the public prints, that soon after he had entered the ministry, a lady sent for him to pray for the recovery of her little son, who was dangerously ill. He kneeled beside the distressed mother and the cradle of the child, and asked God to arrest the disease, and spare the loved one, if consistent with his will. The lady caught him by the arm, and exclaimed, "I did not send for you to pray in that manner. I do not wish you to say, if it is God's will. No matter what His will may be, it is my will that my child shall recover. I will not give him up: God *must* spare him to me." God did spare him, and that same mother lived to know that the same boy was swung by the neck from the gallows for murder. There is something better than health, and that is God's approving smile; there is something worse than sickness, and that is God's displeasure. It must not be forgotten that in praying for things pertaining to this life we must submit to the will of our Father! "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us," (1 John 5, 14). It may not be His will, it may not be best for us, or for those near to our hearts, to be exempt from sickness, or to continue on the earth; and although we may cry in our agony as our Lord cried in Gethsemane, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," yet we must also learn to say with Him, "nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Sin.

There is a tree called the mancheneel, which grows in the West Indies. Its appearance is very attractive, and the wood of it peculiarly beautiful; it bears a kind of apple resembling the golden pippin. The fruit looks very tempting, and smells very fragrant, but to eat of it is instant death, and its sap, or juice, is so poisonous that, if a few drops of it fall on the skin it raises blisters and occasions great pain. The Indians dip their arrows in the juice, that they may poison their enemies when they wound them. Providence hath so appointed it that one of these trees is never found but near it there grows a white wood or fig tree, the juice of either of which, if applied in time, is a remedy for the disease produced by the mancheneel. Sin, like this poisonous apple, looks pleasant to the eye, and men desire it, eat of it, and die; but there is a remedy at hand—it is the precious blood of the Son of God, which soothes the troubled conscience, and cleanses it from all sin.—*Biblical Treasury*.

God has given a man two eyes; if he lose one, he hath another. But man hath only one soul; if he lose that, the loss can never be made up again.—*Chrysostom*.

A Mother's Prayers.

A mighty storm howled along the north-east coast of England on Friday and Saturday, the 6th and 7th of February, in the year 1861. The wind was blowing from E. N. E., and lashed the foaming and racing waves to fury. Its anger seemed to culminate around the mouth of the Tees, and in the bay of Hartlepool eighty-one vessels were driven ashore, forty-three of which became total wrecks, and eighty brave hearts were stilled forever beneath the waters and eighty desolate homes were left sailorless on shore. Groups of anxious inhabitants dotted the coast and watched the vessels tossed like corks on the waves which bore them reefward.

The five lifeboats which belonged to the two Hartlepoons were out rescuing the crews of the stranded vessels, when about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, a stout vessel was seen in the offing making for the shore. The signal of distress was flying, and she ran before the wind landward. Her name was the *Rising Sun*, and the eager eyes which watched her could make out that she was severely damaged and was quite unmanageable. A long reef, called Longsear Rock, lies out in the bay about a mile from shore, and could she but round this she would be in comparative safety, or at least within reach of help.

On she came, rolling on the waves which bore her to destruction. Each moment she neared Longsear Rock, and the watchers gave a cry as they saw her strike heavily upon its end, and in a few minutes she sank, the hull disappeared, and the waters hissed and foamed about the two masts which continued to stand out of the sea. Upon these the crew, seven in number, could be counted as they clung for life. All the lifeboats were engaged, and the only means left of rescuing the seven men clinging like flies to the shaking masts was the rocket apparatus, and before this could be obtained one of the masts upon which were hanging three men broke away and they perished. The other could be still seen, and three more men and a boy could be distinctly counted upon it.

With intense anxiety and all possible speed the apparatus was adjusted, but just as the light touched the powder and the mortar fired the ball and line across the wreck this last mast disappeared with its precious burden, and the gray-green waves around the reef rose and fell unbroken by a sign of human life. Sadness fell on all faces, and many a rough hand drew itself across misty eyes, which in vain scanned the waste of the ocean. Hopelessly the line was drawn in, but as it neared the beach something was felt to be entangled in its folds. That something was the sailor-boy. At first it seemed that his young life had been beaten out of him, but every means for his recovery was

tried. Joyfully the onlookers observed in a short time faint signs of reanimation; then he struggled and moved, and ultimately became conscious. With wild amazement he gazed around on the vast crowd of kind and sympathising friends. They raised him to his feet.

He looked up into the face of a weather-beaten old fisherman near him, and earnestly asked, "Where am I?"

"Thou art here, my lad."

"Where's the captain?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; and thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments, then he raised both his hands and cried



The Outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

in a loud voice: "My mother's been praying for me! my mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house close by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage.

The Good Book.

A long, long time ago, in Scotland, people were persecuted for reading their Bibles, and for loving and serving God. Wicked men would drive them from their homes, and burn their houses, and often kill many people. One day a Christian came into his house, and said he heard these wicked men were coming, and they must all go away at once to the next village, where they would be safer. He carried one child, and the mother the baby, and little Jeannie had to walk. Her father gave her the big Bible to carry, and told her that she must be very careful and not let it get wet or lose it, "for we could not live," he said, "without the good Book."

They had to cross a brook on stepping-stones and it was dark, so Jeannie's father waded across and carried the others over one by one, till she was left alone. She was frightened to stay by herself, so she walked into the brook holding the precious book high above her head. The water came up to her waist, but she walked bravely on and had nearly reached the other side, when she met her father.

"Father," she said, "you told me to take care of the old Bible, and I have."

Just then they heard some firing and sound of horses' feet. So they hid themselves behind some rocks and were not found out.

Jeannie never forgot that dreadful night when she carried the Bible through the deep waters, and when she was dying many years after, she seemed to be dreaming of it, and said:

"I am in the deep river, in the deep river, but I'll hold up that dear old Bible! There, take the book, take the book," and soon she ceased to breathe.

Dear readers, do you love the old Book, God's own blessed Word? We are able to buy Bibles so cheap now that I am afraid many people do not value them as they used to do in the days when they were more difficult to get. O, remember, it is God's Word, God's letter to you and me, to show us how we may be saved. If we do not read it, how shall we ever reach heaven? It is a wonderful book, it always seems fresh and new, and nobody who loves Jesus, ever got tired of it, but the more they read it, the more they love it. Will not you seek to love it, too? And then when you have to cross the deep waters of death,

its blessed promises will cheer you and brighten the way over, till you see His face who died for you.

Trust in God.

Several German princes were once extolling the glory of their realms. One boasted of his excellent vine-yards; another of his hunting grounds; another of his mines. At last Abelard, Duke of Wurtemberg, took up the subject and said: "I own that I am a poor prince, and can vie with none of these things; nevertheless, I, too, possess a noble jewel in my dominion; for were I to be without an attendant, either in the open country or wild forests, I could ask the first of my subjects whom I met to stretch himself upon the ground, and confidently place myself upon his bosom, and fall asleep without the slightest apprehension of injury." Was not this a precious jewel for a prince? I, however, have something better, for I can rest my head and my heart in the lap of God's providence, and upon the bosom of Jesus Christ with a perfect assurance that neither man nor devil can touch me here.

Gotthold.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE *N. Y. Herald* had reports telegraphed it on a recent Sunday from some of the principal cities as to how the day was being observed. Chicago reported that the beer saloons and theatres were all opened. Cincinnati wired that her theatres were in full blast, and thousands attending an immense socialistic picnic. St. Louis had 10,000 of her citizens at a base ball match. Louisville telegraphed that its horse racing, balloon ascension and base ball grounds were all thronged. New Orleans ditto. How do you spend Sunday?

—HOW DO YOU SPEND SUNDAY? To a Christian friend who asked this question, a business man laughingly replied, "Oh I have no time to go to church; I spend Sunday in settling my accounts." "Permit me to remind you," answered the other solemnly, "that the judgment day will be spent in the same way."

—THE Romish Archbishop Corrigan of New York paid a visit to Blackwell's Island a few Sundays ago, and confirmed 119 convicts in the penitentiary there. It is a curious fact, or rather not at all surprising, that of the 1200 inmates of this institution, 750 are papists. It might almost be called a monastery of the pope's church.

—SENSATIONAL preachers twist and contort the Bible in a most shameful manner. A minister in Philadelphia preaching on the Press, contorted one of the grandest passages to his purpose. His text was "Day unto day uttereth speech." This is as bad as the Western eccentric on the same theme, who took, "And he sought to see Jesus, but could not for the press," or as Dr. Talmage, when he preached a Thanksgiving sermon on Machinery from the text, "And it was said in my hearing, O wheel."

—THE correspondent of a Philadelphia paper writes: Bob Ingersoll, the infidel lecturer, called upon Secretary Lamar at the Interior Department, and in the course of half an hour's conversation said scores of witty things, which Lamar, lying back upon the sofa in his private office, enjoyed immensely. Ingersoll finally made some remark in ridicule of Christianity. There was a momentary pause when he finished, and the Secretary jumped to his feet, throwing his long hair with an impatient gesture back from his forehead. In a very earnest manner he confessed his faith in Christ, and Him crucified, and said he hoped to see the day when Ingersoll would come to the same saving belief. An awkward silence followed, the infidel was stunned and soon left the Secretary's office.

—HERE is an example of Roman Catholic fraud. Large sums of money were raised in London for those who were damaged and ruined in Spain about a year ago by an earthquake, also for the poor whom the cholera left in a state of destitution. It was called the Mansion House Fund. The Provinces of Granada and Malaga suffered most intensely from both chol-

era and earthquake. The correspondent of the *London Times* has been instituting a rigid inquiry, and he found that such a fund was unknown in Granada, and he could only trace \$20 in that province. Even the editors, who are supposed to know almost everything of such a public character, were in a state of profound ignorance with regard to this fund, as were also professors in the University. The same lack of knowledge was found in Malaga about the munificence of the Londoners. Through the aid of some Spanish gentlemen, the correspondent found that vast sums of money had been received by the late Archbishop and his successor for the sufferers, and that simultaneously a wave of ecclesiastical building and restoration had passed over the whole region, and that these ecclesiastical frauds had appropriated the funds raised for the sick and the dying to carry out their own clerical schemes of propagandism. This malappropriation should be traced out by the proper civil authorities, and these miscreants compelled to make speedy restoration. The correspondent found, also, that they had not even kept any memoranda of the sums received and disbursed in their church building.

—A NEW YORK LADY was not long ago requested to add her name to a subscription list for charitable purposes. "I cannot," was the reply. "I did all I could afford to do for charity during the winter. I went to the charity ball, the kirmises, and attended a number of private theatrical entertainments given for charitable purposes." We hope there are none of this class in our churches.

—A PASTOR in Kansas rides 40 miles on horseback to meet his appointments, and preaches four times every Sunday, at a salary of \$200 per annum.

—PERHAPS this is the pastor to whom the following story refers: "Are you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the minister who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family. "Yes, Bobby," responded the minister pleasantly. "Mamma said this morning that she thought you would, as she didn't suppose that with your small salary and big family, you got much to eat from one week's end to another."

—THE Norwegian Lutherans in the interior of Madagascar in 1885 baptized 1521 persons, and received 21 Roman Catholics, and 62 Independents and Friends into their congregations, making the entire number of their members now 6446. They have 1678 candidates for baptism, an average attendance on worship of 35,000 persons, 30,000 children in the schools, and 636 native preachers and teachers, 5 of whom are ordained. They have also on the West Coast, 50 baptized, reported during the year, and 600 or 800 attendants at church, with 3 native teachers.

—THE Augsburg Confession was recently translated into Chinese. Wong a Chin, a catechet of the Berlin Mission to Hong Kong, was ordained in order to become pastor of a native church and had to testify his adherence to the fundamental doctrines of our church.

—PASTOR SCHNELLER, of Bethlehem, now preaches regularly at Hebron, the ancient city where Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were buried. The gospel has not been preached there since 1187, when the city fell into the hands of Saladin.

—THE new burgomaster of Prague, in Bohemia, is the first Protestant who has held that office in two hundred years.

—AT Sfax, in Tunis, workmen have come upon baptismal fountains covered with mosaics, which are clearly Christian in origin. A Christian church with remains of mural paintings has been found in Constantinople, underneath a mosque.

Saved.

A gentleman who escaped from the wreck of the Atlantic telegraphed to his brother in a distant city the single word "saved." Brief though the message was, it was one of joy, and so highly did the brother value it, that he has had it framed and hung up in his office. Christ said to the man whom he had healed, "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." And what joy such an announcement should bring to them who have been anxious for the souls of their kindred? They are "saved"—saved from a worse wreck than that of the Atlantic, and to a better hope than that of home and country.

Acknowledgment.

Received from Mrs. Mary Smith \$1.00 for our Colored Mission.
Mobile, Ala., May 24., 1886. LEOPOLD WAHL.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
413 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 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.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.
Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CAROLLTON.
Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDORF, 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 Copy25
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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1886.

No. 7.

The Child of God.

A child of God! and can this earth's vain pleasures
Be aught to one for whom the Saviour died?
Rise, rise above them all! its worthless treasures,
Its soul-destroying joys, its pomp and pride!

Be His in all! Let soul and eye be single,
Fixed on the glory that surrounds the throne;
Seek not Christ's service with the world to mingle,
Remember God hath sealed thee for His own.

True Freedmen.

The Children of God are true freedmen. They have been made free by the truth of the Gospel which they accepted through faith. Unbelievers are not free; they are the slaves of Satan and of sin, and the end of their slavery is eternal damnation. Of them our Lord says, "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do," John 8, 44. And St. Paul says of man in his natural state that he is "sold under sin." He is sold under sin like a slave under his master. It is only by the power of the Holy Spirit, through the means of grace that men are brought from such a state of wretched slavery to the happy condition of the free children of God. St. Paul says, "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ," Gal. 3, 27, 28.

Those who are thus through the power of the Holy Spirit made children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, are not slaves or servants, but heirs. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs—heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," Rom. 8, 14—17.

Because believers are thus received into God's family and are made joint heirs with Christ of the eternal joy in heaven, they are the true freedmen and enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God. They are freed from the spirit of bondage and of fear. "Where

the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," 2 Cor. 3, 17. They are free from the curse which lies upon all men by nature on account of sin. They are free from the fears which torment the unbelieving soul in view of death and the judgment. They are free from the constraint of the law, having a child-like spirit which walks in the ways of holiness without any driving and forcing of the law. They think with thankfulness and joy of the mansions prepared for them in their Father's house, and of the blessedness which is in store for them when their pilgrimage in this strange land is ended and they shall possess the everlasting inheritance of the free children of God. They rejoice in the hope of this heavenly glory and eternal liberty.

"None Other Name!"

Speaking of the name of Jesus before the Jewish rulers, the apostle Peter uttered these memorable words: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." It is impossible to express a doctrine more clearly and forcibly than do these words; and the man who can, with this declaration before him, expect to be saved and reach heaven in any other way than through faith in the name of Jesus, is simply an unbeliever, no matter what he may call himself.

But to the true believer this is a most delightful truth. He is glad that there is "none other name." He looks up and cries, "Thou art all my salvation and all my desire."

Christ, as a Saviour, will no more occupy a divided throne in man's heart than he will in heaven. Not one of Adam's sinful race will ever occupy one of those blessed mansions who cannot unite in the song of the redeemed, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood."

What would the man who went to heaven because he had never done any harm, or because he had been honest in his dealings and kind to his family, or because he thought God would not punish his sins on account of his so-called good works — what would such a one

do with that song of the redeemed in heaven? He must either remain silent amid the grateful praises of heaven, or utter a lie if he joined in them. In his case the glorious words "none other name" would not be true. The song of the redeemed would be foreign to him, and his song, if he had any, would create discord in heaven.

These words of the Apostle cut up by the roots all other hopes of salvation but that name, that *only name*, by which we can be saved; and the true Christian is very glad that it is so. He who truly loves Christ has no desire at all for salvation in any other way. The highest glory and happiness to which his soul can aspire is to be one of that blood-washed throng whose gladdest song shall ever be "to Him that loved us and gave Himself for us." Through His name, through the name of Jesus, the believer has become a child of God and an heir of salvation. What a name that is which can raise a sinner from the depths of sin and misery to such heights of glory and honor! Well might the Apostle, with the light and warmth of Pentecost still fresh in his heart, exclaim, "*None other name!*"

The Pillar of Love.

In a certain district in Russia there is to be seen in a solitary place, a pillar with this inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." That pillar tells a touching tale, which many of you must have heard. It was a wild region, infested with wolves, and as a little party travelled along, it soon became plain that these were on their track. The pistols were fired; one horse after another was left to the ravenous wolves, till, as they came nearer and nothing else remained to be tried, the faithful servant, in spite of the expostulations of his master, threw himself into the midst of them, and by his own death saved his master. That pillar marks the spot where his bones were found; that inscription records the noble instance of attachment. But there is another nobler still. There is another pillar, and on it I read, "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but, that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." That pillar is the Bible—the noble pillar of Scripture—written all over with loving words, and telling of salvation.

Save the Lost.

We carry on our mission work among the colored people in church and school in order to save the lost from eternal ruin. Should not all our readers assist us in this noble work by their prayers and contributions? We will tell you a story which we recently read in one of our exchanges.

There was once a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea.

That evening a gentleman, who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore. He searched and made inquiries, but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore, and could not find the lad to whom they belonged; I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their play-fellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time crying, and the father's heart was heavy. He said little, but felt much.

But the boy was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. He was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him, when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so on.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool. As soon as he reached that city, he set off toward his father's house. He did not like to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on, so he went by the lanes where he would not meet those who knew him. At last he came to the hall door. He knocked. When the servant opened it, and saw who it was, she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Tom!" His father rushed out, and bursting into tears, embraced him. His mother fainted. "There was no more spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost for ever, arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice, and the family of heaven be glad! You will not go there like the boy with the cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of sal-

vation, white as snow, with crowns of glory that fade not away.

But remember the great number of colored children, who have never heard a word about heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of children all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within you! When you should have turned away, and gone home, how sad you would have felt! But many of the colored children are drifting—Can you tell whither? In order to save them from being lost eternally we gather them into our schools where they learn to know the Saviour of sinners and are led on the way of salvation. Can you stand by idle while we are carrying on this work? We earnestly call upon you to help us in this work of saving the lost.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Why it was necessary that our Saviour should be both true God and true Man.

In spiritual matters man has no free will. He cannot believe by his own reason that Jesus Christ is both true God and true man, for his understanding is darkened. (Ephes. 4, 18.) The holy angels even cannot pierce into this divine mystery. Yet it was necessary for our Saviour to be both true man and true God, that the human race might be rescued from death, hell, and the devil. We sinners were in need of such a redeemer who is God and man, since no mere man could bear our sin and appease the wrath of God. For the Bible says: "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him, for the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever," Ps. 49, 8—9. "Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul," Mark. 8, 37. Neither could a mere divine being save us. In order that we might be saved, it was necessary that somebody should suffer and die for us. But God is a Spirit and cannot die and suffer. Therefore it was necessary that our Saviour should be both true God and true man. It was necessary for Him to be a true man, that he might die and suffer for us sinners. But it was also required that Christ, our Saviour, should 'at the same time be true God, that he might overcome death, hell, and the devil and save us from eternal damnation.

—s.

Demolishing the Bible.

The Bible is a book which has been refuted, demolished, overthrown, and exploded, more times than any other book you ever heard of. Every little while somebody starts up and upsets this book; and it is like upsetting a solid cube of granite. It is just as big one way as the other; and when you have upset it, it is

right side up still. Every little while somebody blows up the Bible; but when it comes down it always lights on its feet, and runs faster than ever through the world. They overthrew the Bible a century ago, in Voltaire's time—entirely demolished the whole thing. In less than a hundred years, said Voltaire, Christianity will have been swept from existence, and will have passed into history. Infidelity ran riot through France, red-handed and impious. A century has passed away. Voltaire has "passed into history," and not very respectable history either; but his old printing-press, it is said, has been used to print the Word of God; and the very house where he lived is packed with Bibles, a depot for the Geneva Bible Society. Thomas Paine demolished the Bible, and finished it off finally; but after he has crawled despairingly into a drunkard's grave in 1809, the book took such a leap that since that time more than twenty times as many Bibles have been made and scattered through the world as ever were made before since the creation of man. Up to the year 1800, from four to six million copies of the Scriptures, in some thirty different languages, comprised all that had been produced, since the world began. Eighty years later, in 1880, the statistics of eighty different Bible societies which are now in existence with their unnumbered agencies and auxiliaries, report more than 165,000,000 Bibles, Testaments and portions of Scripture with two hundred and six new translations, distributed by Bible societies alone since 1804; to say nothing of the unknown millions of Bibles and Testaments which have been issued and circulated by private publishers throughout the world. For a book that has been exploded so many times it still shows signs of considerable life.

I have heard of a man traveling around the country exploding this book, and showing up "the mistakes of Moses," at about two hundred dollars a night. It is easy work to abuse Moses at two hundred dollars a night, especially as Moses is dead and cannot talk back. It would be worth something after hearing the infidel on "the mistakes of Moses," to hear Moses on "the mistakes of the infidel." When Moses could talk back, he was rather a difficult man to deal with. Pharaoh tried it, and met with poor success. Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, and it is said found a grave in the Red Sea. Korah, Dathan, and Abiram tried it, and went down into the deep. But now Moses is dead, and it is easy to abuse him. It does not take a very brave beast to kick a dead lion.

H. L. Hastings.

HEART SERVICE.—The service of God should be heart service. That of the lips is only an abomination. We are to "call upon our souls"—to rouse the whole nature in praising and glorifying our Creator and Saviour. He whose heart is full of thanksgiving is living near heaven.

The Carpenter's Confidence.

Divine promises are as much facts as any real thing is that we see or know; and it is no presumption to trust them; and be certain of them.

One of the workmen in a Glasgow ship-yard was quietly taking his "nooning" on the deck of a nearly finished vessel, when the foreman, or masterbuilder, of the ship, came along and stopped to talk with him.

The two held a long conversation, and both being serious men, it was natural that their theme should be a serious one. The foreman had a question to ask, and in the course of their talk he stated it as follows:

"David, is it true, as they say of you, that you are *sure* you are a child of God, and *certain* of going to heaven?"

"It is true," said David. "I am as certain of these things as I am of anything in the world."

"Well," said the foreman, "that seems to me to be pretty bold. How any man while he is here on earth can be sure of heaven, is more than I can understand. I never could feel it, much less dare to say it. I never took an active part as a Christian because I couldn't be certain that I was one. How you can is something I would like to find out. It will be worth something to be told, for I've begun to mistrust others as well as myself, and even to doubt whether there is any 'eternal life,' or any reality in religion at all."

"You may cease to doubt, and be as sure as I am, sir," said David. "One goes from death to life as soon as he believes in Christ with a humble heart. Then it is more than believing. It is knowing. I know I have passed from death to life."

"Tell me how you know?"

The two men stood leaning against the ship's side, as they talked, close to one of the scuppers. The carpenter looked about him a moment, considering his answer.

"What is the breadth of this waterway?" he asked presently, pointing down to the timber through which the scupper-hole had been channelled out.

"Why fourteen inches, of course," said the foreman, surprised, and thinking he was suddenly changing the subject.

"Are you certain it's fourteen inches?" said David.

"Perfectly certain."

"What makes you certain?"

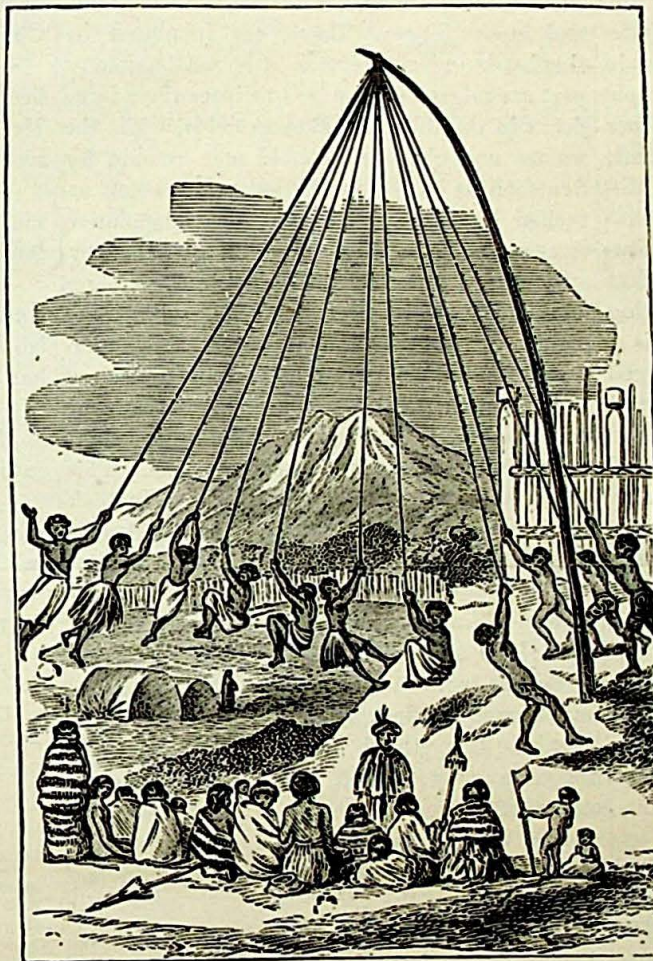
"Why, I go by the book," (taking out of his pocket his memorandum of the plan and measurements of the ship). "Here it is right from headquarters, and all marked down."

"Just so," said David, "and there's where I get my assurance. I go by the Book, the holy Bible, and the Book is right from head-

quarters. God loved the world so well that He gave His Son, 'that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That is what it says. So I just took God at His word. I believed, and now I know."—*T. W.*

Maori Children.

In no country have the triumphs of missions been more marked than in New Zealand. The people are by nature very fierce and warlike,



but under the influence of the Gospel many of them have been converted into Christian communities. The picture shows the way in which the children amuse themselves. They fasten long cords, twisted from the fibres of a native plant, to the top of a tall and elastic pole, and swing to their hearts' delight, just like American school-children on a merry-go-round. The zebra-like dresses of the old folk, in the foreground, are made of native grasses, dyed in different colors.

Prince and Prisoners.

A prince on one occasion went to visit a famous King of Spain. The prince was taken down to the galleys to see the men who were chained to the oar and doomed to be slaves for life. The King of Spain promised, in honor of

the prince's visit, that he would set free any one of these men that the prince might choose. So the prince went to one prisoner and said: "My poor fellow, I am sorry to see you in this plight; how came you here?" "Ah, sire," he answered, "false witnesses gave evidence against me; I am suffering wrongfully." "Indeed!" said the prince, and passed on to the next man. "My poor fellow, I am sorry to see you here; how did it happen?" "Sire, I certainly did wrong, but not to any great extent. I ought not to be here." "Indeed!" said the prince, and he went on to others who told him similar tales.

At last he came to one prisoner who said: "Sire, I am often thankful that I am here; for I am sorry to own that if I had received my due I should have been executed. I am certainly guilty of all that was laid to my charge, and my severest punishment is just." The prince replied wittily to him: "It is a pity that such a guilty wretch as you are should be chained among these innocent men, and therefore I will set you free."

You smile, and well you may. How will you smile if Jesus does the same for you! Assuredly, this is the manner of Him; He passes by those who think highly of themselves, and looks upon those who are self-condemned and plead guilty before God. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

The Thief Betraying Himself.

"A man broke into a small church in Scotland, with the sacrilegious intention of stealing the communion plate. Hearing steps outside the building, and expecting that he should be discovered, he hurried to the end of the church, where, seeing a long rope depending to the ground, he laid hold of it for the purpose of climbing out of sight. But

it proved to be the bell rope, and his weight rang the bell, which attracted his pursuers immediately to the spot. The man, of course, was caught; and thus wittily addressed the unconscious cause of his detection: 'If it had not been for thy long tongue and empty head, I should not have been in my present predicament.'"

This is the story as we get it from Mr. Gatty's book upon "the Bell;" but it has its lesson. Those who sin are pretty sure, sooner or later, to turn king's evidence against themselves. There is a voice in wrongdoing; its long tongue will not always be quiet. All unaware, the offender puts out his hand and pulls the bell which tells against himself and summons vengeance to overtake him. Let no man dream that he can secure secrecy for his wickedness. What will be his dismay when he stands selfconvicted before the assembled universe!

C. H. S.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A TREASURE was found in a field recently in South Carolina. A dispatch to the *Times* from Batesburg, S. C., says that a well-known farmer near that city, while ploughing his field across the Saluda river, was astonished to see the ploughshare turn up a quaint looking old earthen pot. Continuing his row, the farmer paid no attention to the pot, but on the return trip he stopped to examine it, and found that it contained gold coin of some kind. Gathering his new found treasure, he wended his way to a Batesburg bank, and after the cashier had carefully examined the "find," it was pronounced to be worth \$12,000. News of the discovery soon spread over the county, and in a half dozen hours a whole crowd of people were examining the field in search of other hidden treasure. The coin is old and quaint, and bears evidence of having come from different nationalities. How it found its way into the field or when it was deposited is not conjectured. It is evident that no time was lost by the people who heard of the find in looking for something like it for themselves. It is a pity that the same eagerness is not displayed by people who hear that a neighbor has found that greater treasure to which the Saviour likened a treasure hid in a field. Matt. 13, 44.

—IN Illinois, on a recent Sunday, a Romish priest finding some of his flock would go to a Protestant church, fired three shots among them as they came from the evening service. Happily he proved a poor shot, but he was arrested. It is to be hoped that he will be taught that his anger must be kept within bounds.

—AMONG the contributions on Easter day at a Protestant church in Philadelphia, was a check for \$45,000, the entire collection amounting to over \$54,000. The check was given by Miss Catherine Wolfe, for the purpose of buying a church in Mulberry street for the use of the Italian mission. It is needless to say that this collection was not taken up in a Lutheran church.

—THE Catalogue of Luther College, Decorah, Iowa—of the Norwegian Synod—states that since its founding, in 1861, there have been 174 graduates, of whom 89 have become pastors of Norwegian Lutheran churches.

—A GOOD story is told of a colored church in the South, the pastor of which was noted for his high-flown style in the use of words. On a certain occasion a white minister preached in a plain and direct style adapted to his audience. After the sermon an old colored uncle thanked the Lord for the various blessings of the sanctuary, and added, "We thank thee that to-day we have been fed from a *low crib*." That "*low crib*" is good, and many a minister would do well to think of it.

—MONSIGNOR REMER, aged sixty years, a prelate in the Pope's household and an eminent writer and preacher, who is a descendant of the Venetian Doge, appeared before Rev.

Dr. Nevin in the American Church of St. Paul, May 24, abjured the Romish faith, and entered the Protestant Church.

—A PROTESTANT missionary among the pope's people in Italy writes: "This summer I have been able to reach the villages of highest altitude in the three chains of the Apennines, where never before has been colporteur, evangelist or pastor. I have succeeded in reaching these because the weather was favorable. Truly this has been an 'exploration,' this ascent to the loftiest plains of the Apennines, where dwells a half-savage population about 6,600 feet above the sea level—Brisegno, San Sebastian, Goia, Minaforne, Pesco a Seroli and Opi. These villages are inhabited by shepherds and wood-cutters, who for the greater part are migratory and go to winter their large flocks in the folds and Roman fields, while the women and children and old men remain for five months buried in the snow and often attacked by bears. This wretched population lives in the grossest ignorance and papal superstition. . . I preached the gospel in the squares and in the streets of this region, selling and widely distributing the Word of God. Portions of the Bible were received and treasured as relics with great reverence. At Minaforne only the priest opposed me, claiming the right to examine and approve of the books. This priest knew nothing of any Bible. He took one and read on the first page 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' In the middle he read 'Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the way of the Lord;' he opened at another place and read 'I say the truth in Christ, I lie not'; and after having read the last words of the Apocalypse, he said, 'Truly this is a holy book,' and then bought a copy, which served to encourage others. Among these people I passed the entire month, and having exhausted my entire supply of books I left with the hope of again being able to visit them."

—A FLOATING church for the Island of Arran, is the latest news from Ireland, the Duke of Hamilton having strictly adhered to his resolution not to allow any Protestants a place of worship on the Island. The members of the congregation will be pulled on board from the shore in small boats when the ship's bell rings at the masthead.

—AN old beggar man at Sterling known as "Blind Alick," knew the whole Bible by heart, insomuch that if a sentence was read to him, he could name the book, chapter and verse; or, if the book, chapter and verse were named, he could give the exact words. A gentleman, to test him, repeated a verse, purposely making one verbal inaccuracy. Alick hesitated, named the place where the passage was to be found, but at the same time pointed out the verbal error. The same gentleman asked him to repeat the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of the book of Numbers. Alick almost instantly replied, "There is no such verse. The chapter has only eighty-nine verses."

—THE mission ship Paulus, built by the Missionary Society of the Lutheran Church in Norway, made its first trip to Africa and Madagascar, and returned home in safety. It carries supplies of all kinds for the extensive missions of the Society among the Zulu and other tribes of Africa and the natives of Madagascar. The passage of the missionaries going and returning is thus secured at a very small cost.

—SEVEN mission stations in the South Sea Islands, representing as many churches and Sunday-schools, have contributed \$4,264 to the London Missionary Society. Are not thus the heathen rising up to put many in the old Christian lands to shame!

—A GERMAN Lutheran congregation has been organized in Glasgow, Scotland, by Rev. Mr. Wagner. About 250 Germans attend the services.

—MORMON missionaries are endeavoring to make converts among the natives of New Zealand, but with little success.

—IN Greenland there are 7000 Esquimaux converts under the fostering care of the Danish Lutheran mission society. The same body has charge of a mission in Northern India.

—THERE are now 100 missionaries laboring in Mexico, and 15000 communicants have been gathered into the churches.

—THE conscience fund at Washington was begun in 1827. It now amounts to over \$220,000, and is increasing every year.

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 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.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.
Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CAROLLTON.
Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDORF, 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 Copy25
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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1886.

No. 8.

God's Facts and Our Feelings.

When, in His word, God states a plain fact, it is ours to bow to it and believe it. Our reason and our feelings have nothing to do with it. Though we may not grasp it with our reason nor feel it as a fact in our hearts, it remains a fact all the same, and it is ours to believe it, and that because God states the fact, and God is the eternal truth. He is unerring and whatever He says must be truth.

Let me give you an example of what I mean.

If you take your Bible, and turn to the third chapter of John's Gospel, you will find, in the last two verses, that God has there recorded four present solid facts. Let us place them side by side thus:—

1. "The Father loveth the Son."
2. "And hath given all things into His hand."
3. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."
4. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Now, I repeat, these are four facts. They are no mere human opinions, based upon any feelings in us; they are unalterable facts. How any fact, when believed, may effect you is another thing. That is a matter of your experience. For instance, the news of the victorious entrance of the German army into Paris some years since produced, no doubt, different experiences as it reached the ears of different persons in different lands; but the facts remained unalterably the same. The experience was produced by the fact believed, but the fact did not depend upon the feelings of any one.

And now, for the sake of any troubled reader, let us look at these four facts in the third chapter of John's Gospel:

1. "The Father loveth the Son."

Now, do you believe that fact?

"Oh, yes!" you say, "I do."

But do you *feel*, then, that the Father loves the Son?

"It isn't what I *feel*," you reply. "I know He does, for the simple reason that God's word says He does. It is not a question of what I

think or feel: it is a fact, and as such I believe it."

2. "And hath given all things into His hand."

"Well," you say, "and I firmly believe that fact also."

But is it because you *feel* it, or because you *see* every thing put into His hand?

"Neither," you reply; "but I am fully assured of it; *God* has declared it."

Now, then, pass on to the last fact.

4. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Again I inquire, do you believe that fact also, namely, that the wrath of God abides upon the unbeliever? And again you say, yes, I believe it. But supposing the unbeliever doesn't feel it?" "Ah," you say, "but the wrath abides upon him all the same for that. His *feeling* it would not make it true, neither would his *not feeling* it make it untrue. There stands the fact recorded, and the 'word of God shall stand forever,'" Isa. 40, 8. But you say that you are not an unbeliever—that you really do believe on the Son of God as your Saviour. Well then, just notice the fact which before I purposely omitted, namely:

3. "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life."

God says this, and it is a fact quite independent of your feelings. Believing on the Son of God you *have* everlasting life. Receive the true testimony of the unerring God and rejoice over it. "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life."

Our Sins Erased.

At a village shop the old woman, into whose debt her customers ran, would carefully mark upon the back of her shop door how much each one owed her. There, in white chalk, as well as upon her memory was written the name of each purchaser with the exact amount owing beneath it.

Amongst the old woman's customers was one whose conscience sorely troubled her on account of the debt of her sins, and who dreaded the

opening of the books when small and great shall stand before the great white throne, and be judged according to their works. Our friend knew that her sins could never be erased from God's book by her own doings, and that unless they were blotted out she must be everlastingly lost.

"Why do you mourn thus over your sins?" said one to her. "Why do you not believe what God says respecting those who believe in the Saviour? Has He not told such that *the debt is paid*? You never trouble about the chalk marks on the shop door after the money is put down. Can you not likewise rest in what the blood of Christ has done in paying the debt of sin, and satisfying the demand of divine righteousness?"

"I will go to the shop and see what she has against your name, and will pay the due; she will then rub out the chalk marks, so that when you next go there, she will tell you that not a mark stands against your name, and you will thankfully believe her. Yet, in this work, you will have no part, save in the satisfaction that flows from believing your debt is paid.

"And thus it is dear friend, with the terrible debt of your sins over which you mourn, and for which you own you have nothing to pay. Justice is satisfied, for the blood of God's Son has been shed for our sins and not one sin is left against our names. Jesus has paid the price of them all in His own blood. Indeed, justice has, as it were, by that precious blood, wiped out all the debt of their sins: and we, who believe God, can and do rejoice in freedom from the debt of sin; and more, it is God's own joy to tell us that our names are no longer connected with our sins, but that our names are written in the Lamb's book of life."

God graciously owned the illustration from her every-day life, and our friend believed, and henceforth rejoiced in God.

JOHN RANDOLPH once said: "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and taught me to say, 'Our Father, who art in Heaven.'"

Our Mission at Meherrin, Va.

Our mission among the colored people at Meherrin, Va., has not been as successful as many expected. Yet our work has not been in vain. For several months the mission has been in charge of Mr. Hoernicke, a student of our Seminary in Springfield, Ill. From a letter of his we clip the following:—

It might be of interest to Lutherans to see what zeal their colored brethren show for the pure doctrine of God's word. The mission at Meherrin had made very little progress and the colored people were therefore told that the mission might be discontinued in the near future. Upon hearing this they all expressed great anxiety, but also their willingness to work together with the missionary and to try their utmost that they might not lose the preaching of the Gospel by which their souls were rescued from the way of sin and from the darkness of unbelief. An old colored auntie, who is a fervent Christian and a zealous worker, said: "We will pray to the dear Lord that this may never happen. I am certain that He will hear our prayer. He will not forsake us and will not let us fall back into the darkness from which we were rescued." Then she added: "If you quit mission work here, all these children around us, who now are baptized, will grow up in darkness as we once did. No, I know the Lord will not forsake us. We must pray to Him."

Another one, who is not yet a member of our mission church, said: "I can't understand these people out West; they send us missionaries: they have sent us an organ, papers and Christmas gifts; and we don't give them anything for it, and so they don't gain anything by it. I see, they must be true followers of Christ, because they do just like He did and as He taught us to do." From this we see that the colored people appreciate the pure doctrine of the Gospel and that they are thankful for all that is done for them. May the blessing of God that is resting upon our work move us to greater zeal in our mission among the colored people.

The Shepherd and the Sheep.

"That shepherd is about to lead his flock through the river;" as our Lord says of the good shepherd, "he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow." They follow, but not all in the same manner. Some enter boldly or come straight across. Those are the favored ones of the flock, who keep hard by the footsteps of the shepherd through green meadows, by the still waters, feeding upon the mountains, or resting at noon beneath the shadow of great rocks. And now others enter, but in doubt and alarm. Far from their guide, they miss the ford and are carried down the river, some farther than others, yet,

one by one, they struggle over and make a safe landing. Notice those little lambs. They refuse to enter and must be driven into the stream by the shepherd's dog, mentioned by Job in his "parable." Poor things! how they leap, and plunge, and bleat in terror! That weak one will be swept quite away, and perish in the sea. But the shepherd himself leaps into the stream, lifts it into his bosom, and bears it trembling to the shore. All now are safely over, and how happy they appear! The lambs frisk and gambol about, while the older ones gather round their faithful shepherd and look up to him in subdued but expressive thankfulness.

Can you watch such a scene and not think of that Shepherd who leadeth Joseph like a flock, and of another river which all His sheep must cross? He, too, goes before, and as in the case of this flock, they who keep near Him fear no evil. They hear His encouraging voice saying:

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

With their eyes fastened on Him, they scarcely heed the stream, or feel its cold and threatening current. Many, however, "linger shivering on the brink and fear to launch away." Then they cry for help, and not in vain. The good Shepherd hastens to their rescue, and none of all His flock ever perish. Even the weakest lambkins are carried safely over. I once saw flocks crossing the Jordan "to Canaan's fair and happy land," and there the scene was even more striking and impressive. The river was broader, the current stronger, and the flocks larger, while the shepherds were more picturesque, and their occupation more Biblical. The danger, too, with which many poor sheep were threatened—of being swept down into that mysterious sea of Death, which swallows up the Jordan itself—was more certain and suggestive."

From Thompson's "Land and the Book."

Without Words.

In a letter giving an account of the trials of a Christian laborer, in an obscure position, the writer says, "His three children were sick with scarlatina, his wife ill, and he himself laid up for several days; but his faith and patience never gave way, and he preached his best discourse *without words*; so that his physician, a downright infidel, one day could not help seizing his hand and saying with tears in his eyes, 'I wish I had your faith.'"

Christians are witnesses for Christ; but in this witnessing, words are not always needed. The life that is within can make itself known without the utterance of the lips. Eyes, hands, feet, the whole carriage and deportment of the individual may testify of the faith and hope, the joy and peace reigning in the soul. The

Christian's patience reveals the fact that there is a "rest for the people of God," that there is a "victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Christians are sometimes put into places where nothing active is required, where indeed it would seem unfitting. But if we cannot speak or work for Jesus, one thing we can do, we can shine for Him. "Ye are the light of the world," said Christ. We can never be so situated that we cannot "show forth the praise of Him who has called us out of darkness into His marvellous light."

The mother in the seclusion of her home, the domestic in the kitchen, the day-laborer at his toil, the invalid on the couch of weariness and pain, may often preach more eloquently, by patience, by long suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, without the articulation of an idea, than the scholarly divine by his most finished discourse. Is not this the apostle's thought when he says, "That ye may *prove* what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

Without words! A voiceless testimony for Christ! Possible everywhere, always; ever beautiful and acceptable in the sight of God, unoffending and effective with those about us.

A Child's Faith.

In the town of Holland there lived a very poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, for she had none. The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that He was good; so, with her little ones around her, she earnestly prayed to Him for food. On rising from their knees her eldest child, a boy about eight years of age, said softly, "Dear mother, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied His prophet with food brought by the ravens." "Yes, my son," the mother answered, "but that was a very long time ago." "But, mother, what God has done once may He not do again? I will go and unclose the door to let the birds fly in." Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of their lamp fell on the path outside. Soon afterward the burgomaster passed by, and noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage and inquired why they left the door open at night. The widow replied, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that the ravens might fly in to bring bread to my hungry children." "Indeed," cried the burgomaster, "then here's a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had." So he quickly led the boy to his own house, and then sent him back with food that filled his humble home with joy. After supper little Dirk went to the open door, and looking up, he said: "Many thanks, good Lord," and shut it fast again; for, though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent this timely help.

A Nobleman and a Minister.

"If riches increase, set not your heart upon them."—Ps. 62, 10.

A nobleman, who resided in the vicinity of a minister, once invited the latter as a guest to his house. Before the meal both took a walk into the garden, and after they had viewed its manifold beauties and rarities, the wealthy, noble lord remarked: "Well, Rev. Sir, you see I am in need of nothing; I have everything my heart desires!" But when the minister not only made no reply, but also assumed a very serious, thoughtful look, the nobleman asked him the reason of his strange demeanor. To this inquiry the minister replied: "Well, my lord, I was studying over the fact that a man may possess all this splendor, and yet be on the way to hell." These words pierced the rich man's heart, and by the grace of God had the desired effect of his conversion.

Are you blessed with temporal possessions — watch over your heart, that it becomes not haughty, like Hezekiah's (2 Kings 20, 13), and enamored of transitory treasures. If you think, however, like that nobleman, then remember the earnest and true answer of the above mentioned minister! Ps. 49, 16—21. "One thing is needful." Luke 10, 42.

A Bible Reading Irishman.

An Irishman had taken to reading the Bible. The priest came and told him he had heard that he was reading the Bible. "And indeed it is true, and a blessed book it is," said Pat. "But," said the priest, "you are an ignorant man, and ought not to read the Bible." "Well," said Pat, "but your riverence must prove that, before I will give up reading the Bible." And so the priest turned to the place where it reads, "As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word." "There," said the priest, "you are a babe, and you ought to go to somebody who can tell you what the sincere milk of the word is." Pat was a milkman, and he replied, "Your riverence, I was ill, and employed a man to carry my milk, and he cheated me—he put water in it; and how do I know, (saving your riverence,) but the priest may do the same?" The priest was discomfited, and said, "Well, Pat, I see you are not quite so much of a babe as I thought you were. You may read your Bible, but don't show it to your neighbors." "Indeed, your riverence," says Pat, "I've one cow that I know gives good milk, and while my neighbor has none, sure I'll give him part of it, whether your riverence likes it or not."

A CHRISTIAN minister said: "I was never of any use until I found out that God did not make me for a great man."

A Mouse in the Pantry.

An old man used to say to his grand-daughter, when she used to be out of temper or naughty in any way, "Mary, Mary, take care; there's a mouse in the pantry." She often used to cease crying at this and stand wondering to herself what he meant. She often ran to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap, but she never found one. One day she said, "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean; I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's, because I have looked so often." He smiled and said, "Come, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry, the little sins are the mice that nibble away and that make you sometimes cross, and peevish, and fretful. To keep the mice out you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness."



Jesus at the Well.

JOHN 4, 5—26.

There's a beautiful story the Scriptures tell,
Of Jesus, our Lord, as He sat on the well,
In the City of Sychar, and taught His sweet law,
To a woman who came there the water to draw;
She knew not the stranger, nor even could think
'Twas Jesus who said to her, "Give Me to drink,"
But quickly she learned it was Christ—it was He,
Who gives of the water of life so free.
The water of life, so sweet, so free,
Is flowing for all, for you, for me,
And Christ is the giver, the Scriptures tell,
Our Lord who sat on Jacob's well.

Oh, sweet were the waters which came from the well,
Where the Saviour sat down, as the Scriptures tell,
But sweeter, and dearer, and purer are they
Which flow from the wells of salvation to-day;
For Jesus declared, as He sat on the brink
Of the well of Samaria, "whoever shall drink
Of the water that I for the world have in store,
A well shall have in him and thirst never more."

Oh, Jesus, our Master, who sat on the well
And taught this poor woman, Thy story we'll tell
To all who will listen, how free Thou dost give
Salvation's bright waters to all who will live.
And grant, that like hers, our petition may be—
"Lord, give us this water, so sweet and so free,"
That wells of Salvation may in us be found,
To spring up to life and ever abound.

Societies.

The London Religious Tract Society was organized in 1799. The British and Foreign Bible Society came into existence in 1804; the American Bible Society began in 1816; the American Tract Society commenced in 1825. These four great societies, two in England and two in America, and respectively 87, 82, 70 and 61 years old, make together 300 years; divided by four we have 75 years, three quarters of a century, as the average age of each society; and these four societies have each, by an average, received over \$1,000 a day during their entire existence. Together their money receipts are over \$112,000,000 in this the nineteenth century. The two Tract Societies, estimating their entire issues, have reached an average equal to about one two-page tract for every inhabitant now living on the globe. The

two Bible Societies, since the middle of this century, 1850, have averaged for thirty-six years, an issue of over 10,000 copies for each business day, while their issues for 1885 were more than 17,000 copies a day. Over 150,000,000 copies of all sizes have gone forth from these two sources during the nineteenth century. There are seventy other Bible societies among the different nationalities of earth.

No Continuing City.

A courtier, riding with his sovereign amidst the acclamations and splendor of a triumphal procession, asked him, "What is wanting here?" And very emphatic was the reply, "Continuance."

Yes, that was wanting. The music, the huzzas, the parade, would soon be over. And so with all those things on which, aside from God, we depend for happiness. Our health, our wealth, our pleasant connections, our sources of gratification, all want continuance. "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Heb. 13, 14.

THOU hast cast all our sins into the depths of the sea—this was understood when the cable was laid. The ocean is miles deep, the bottom covered with thick red sand, where the cable lies softly and secure. The water at the bottom is almost solid from the great pressure of the body of the ocean. This portion of the compressed water is called *the cushion of the sea*, and it is in repose, where is no such agitation as we see on the surface, where the wind acts and where tempests rage. The density of the water renders it impossible for anything ever to rise again that may have sunk there by its own weight. Into such depths God has cast our sins.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—AN excited mother dropped her infant in the East River, last July. As the steamer *Laura M. Starin* was returning from Glen Island, she passed an excursion barge off Astoria, N. Y. Many people on the barge waved their handkerchiefs, and among them was a woman on the upper deck, who had a baby on one arm. While waving her handkerchief, she dropped the baby overboard, and, as it struck the water, she fainted and fell on the floor. Two men were in a rowboat near the barge, and they quickly pulled to the spot where the child fell, and were able to rescue it before it was drowned. When the mother recovered consciousness, her babe was placed in her arms. It is seldom that a mother is guilty of carelessness so gross, in respect to the life of her child, but there is reason to fear that there are many parents quite as careless about the eternal life of their children. They are so engrossed with what is passing in the world, and so eager to share in any pleasure within their reach, that they pay no heed to the spiritual interests of those committed to their charge. Ps. 127, 3.

—A STRANGE story comes from Bradford Junction, W. Va., says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, concerning a farmer there. Simon Wilcox was formerly an enthusiastic church-member, but on Thursday, when he surveyed the ruin of his crop wrought by a hailstorm, he began to curse God for allowing such destruction, and vented a tirade of horrible blasphemy. In the midst of his curses he was suddenly stricken with paralysis and could not leave the spot. There his neighbors found him, and their story is that they could not release him; that he was surrounded by a circle of intense heat, and that when they tried to push him out of it with a pole the pole burned off, and that it was not until toward evening that the mysterious heat disappeared, and he fell down unconscious and was picked up a raving maniac.

—WHEN Von Ranke, the great historian, was eighty-nine, he was engaged upon a *History of the World*, based upon the broadest grounds, and of course of immense scope. To a person who visited him at that time, he said, "A countryman of yours recently asked me whether I hoped to finish my history. I answered, 'that is not of so much interest to me as might be supposed. If the dear God wills that I shall finish it, so shall it be; if He wills otherwise, I leave it. In either case I am content.'"

—A POOR Indian maiden was turned "from idols to serve the living and true God," and the heathen chiefs threatened to torture and then burn her. With triumphant faith the defenceless girl exclaimed—"If you burn me, my new Chief" (Jesus) "will go into the fire with me, and He and I shall laugh at the flames."

—A WONDERFUL Chinese boy is mentioned in a report of a missionary at Peking. At a recent examination he repeated the entire New

Testament without missing a single word or making one mistake. He is now committing to memory Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity."

—THE Chinese are often spoken of as very slow to receive the Gospel, yet the *Missionary Herald* tells of a crippled Chinese woman who came a long distance to hear a missionary of the cross. When she came the second time, she was asked what she remembered of the sermon of the previous Sunday. She replied, "I am old, and my heart is thick, and I have no memory. I only remember two things. That God is my Father in heaven, and that His Son Jesus died on the cross for my sins." Certainly that old woman of Shanse listened to some purpose, and bore unconscious testimony to the faithfulness with which the Gospel was preached by that missionary. How many sermons in this country were as effectually listened to last Sunday? and how many of them were suited to convey similar instruction to their hearers?

—ONE of the missionary ladies who spoke at the meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions in Minneapolis reminded the ladies that they could not be overtaxing themselves for missions while they gave \$25,000,000 a year for kid gloves and only \$5,500,000 to convert the heathen.

—"IT is no uncommon experience," said Dr. Hall, "for me to receive a letter from a hired servant, regretting that she would be unable to come the next Sunday, as it was her day to stay at home, and inclosing perhaps five, and, in one case, ten dollars for the foreign missionary collection."

—WITHIN a year or two there have been three English papers established in India to oppose Christianity. Two of them have died, and the third was about to do so, when somebody in England furnished the funds for its continuance. How bitter is the enmity of some to the religion of Christ. How strange that men should be found in a Christian country to expend money for such a purpose. It is evident that the offence of the cross has not ceased, but it is encouraging to know that the cultivated Hindus are not sufficiently interested in infidelity to sustain papers in which it is advocated.

—SOME years ago the English troops, after hard fighting, defeated the Zulu nation in South Africa and took their king, Cetewayo prisoner. He died after having been brought to England, where they made a show of him, but his son is living yet and has just now returned to Zululand, not as a warrior, but as a messenger of peace. The prince spent six years in Sweden, preparing himself for the life and labor of a Lutheran Missionary among his own people.

—IN the Annual Report of the National (Lutheran) Missionary Society of Sweden, lately held at Wisby, Princess Eugenie is mentioned among those who by their liberal gifts have aided the Society in its work among the poor. The Princess has manifested her further interest

in the work of the Mission by consigning a sealed bequest to the President of the Society, with the following superscription: "My will, made 1885, in behalf of Wisby State Mission, under the auspices of the church, to be opened and read in the presence of the directors, at my death." By this unknown gift the future efficiency of the State Mission will, no doubt, be greatly increased. Others, including the Duchess of Dalarne, have likewise aided the Mission to a greater or less extent.

—THE Rev. Dr. McVickar, in a recent address gave some very striking facts. In less than fifty years the cannibal Sandwich Islands have been Christianized, and now send missionaries to other lands. In fifteen years the cannibals of Fiji have 22,000 church members, 57,000 children in schools, and half the population are church goers. In Madagascar, in 1861, there were 2,000 Christian martyrs, and from the 50 converts left there have since sprung 5,000. Forty years ago there were no Protestants in China; nine provinces are now supplied with mission stations, and there are thousands of converts. In 1878 the missions of the world report for the year 60,000 converts.

—MR. W. T. RUSSELL, a Scotch gentleman formerly resident in Calcutta, has given \$85,000 recently for Christian female education in India.

—PROTESTANT churches are multiplying in the city of Rome, the foundation of the twenty-second one having recently been laid.

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TERMS:

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

1 Copy25
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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., September, 1886.

No. 9.

A German Trust Song.

Just as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads me I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent,
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfill,
That I should do His gracious will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide;
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side;
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing,
That God my life is still bestowing,
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briars seen;
God does not yet His guidance show,
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me still.

Forgiveness.

The sins of God's people are not only forgiven—they are also forgotten.

An earthly sovereign once said when granting a pardon, "I forgive, but I cannot forget." If God acted thus, we could never be happy in His presence; but He says, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Heb. 8, 12. Thus the believer can dwell in liberty in His presence, and rejoice in His grace.

The sins which God forgives, are ALL sins.

God does not say He forgives only this or that sin, but SINS. "Through this Man (Jesus) is preached unto you forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all

things," Acts 13, 38, 39. The two "alls" in this verse take in every believer, and everything, *all who believe* are justified from *all things*. Whether it be strong faith or weak faith is not the question; but, do we believe? And, if we do believe, the question is not great sins or small sins, but *all sins*; nay God, in His grace, has spoken of *things*—not gross sins merely, but every kind of thing which we have done against His commandments, so that the believer's conscience may be at rest, and his heart rejoice before Him.

The perfect work of Christ embraces all sins. Could it do less? In the balances of God we find that our sins, however heavy, are nothing at all in view of the preciousness of Christ's blood. The grievous hindrance to our rejoicing in God's forgiveness is unbelief in what Christ has done, and in God's grace which forgives all sins.

God knew every one of our sins when He "laid on Him the iniquity of us all," Isa. 53, 6; and Jesus endured the weight of them all when "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," 1 Pet. 2, 24.

Where then are your sins, believer? They are not upon you, for God laid them upon Jesus. They are not upon Jesus, for He has borne them and is in glory; where then are your sins? *They are gone.* Rest in the work of Christ, believe and rejoice. Your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake: you have the forgiveness of sins through Christ; you are one of God's blessed people. "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered."

In God We Trust.

A learned man, who was collecting specimens of all kinds of eggs, one day wished to obtain a choice specimen from a nest which he thought was half way down a steep cliff over the sea. He inquired at the farmhouse and found a boy willing to make the attempt, but, when with a long rope they drew near the place, the boy, peeping over the cliff and seeing the waves dashing on the rocks away down below, was rather afraid. The visitor said, "I will give you this new shilling if you go down,

and I will hold the rope;" but the boy replied, "I dare not go down and swing over the rocks down there unless my father holds the rope." The visitor said, "Well, my boy, fetch your father." Away went the boy, and, after some time, reappeared with his father. Then, fastening the rope around his waist, the boy exclaimed, "Now I can go down without any fear, for I know my father would die before he would let go the rope." The boy, being gently lowered over the edge of the cliff, was soon swinging half way down, while the visitor and the father heard him whistling away as if he enjoyed the dangerous post. When he shouted to be drawn up, the visitor said, "My boy, you were a little bit afraid when you were swinging over the cruel rocks below, were you not?" "Afraid! sir; not a bit; why should I be afraid? Wasn't my father holding the rope?"

Likewise, Christian believer, know that the Almighty God holds the rope of the circumstances which govern your life, and He will surely care for your soul! Your lot may be one of poverty, pain, or worldly failure; but remember that God has undertaken as His portion to guide your steps, direct your paths, and to number the very hairs of your head. You may be called upon to walk on the waves, but your God shall keep your soul from sinking. You may have to walk on the sand while the billows roll over you, but even then shall His right hand uphold your soul.

In our own strength we are weak, but God is our strength, and Christ is our righteousness. We have to fight, but the divine strength shall nerve our arm to give such a powerful blow as shall utterly rout the devil. We are called to run the race set before us, but divine hands shall be under our arms to hold us up and keep us going, and with that mighty help we shall win the race. We must wrestle, but the divine strength shall give supernatural power to our limbs, and we shall throw the enemy over our head and cripple him. We are pilgrims, but our God shall guide us with His counsel, and afterwards receive us to glory. Go forth, then, into life, strong as giants, filled with joy and peace through believing in the present help of the God who once laid down His life for you. Amen.—E. M.

In Christ.

There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Rom. 8, 1.

This implies that there would have been condemnation to those to whom the Apostle wrote, had they remained under the law; but *now*, since they have died with Christ, and thereby given complete satisfaction to the law, both in its penalty and precept, it is not possible that by it they can be condemned. This *now*, then, distinguishes two conditions of a man, namely, his condition under the law, and his condition under grace. By nature we are children of wrath, but now God has rendered us accepted in the Beloved. Being now in Christ we are not under the curse of the law, because He has borne it for us. In the moment in which we believed in Him, we were free from its curse; we entered into another covenant in which there is nothing but grace and pardon.

To be in Christ Jesus is to be one with Him as united to Him by faith. Those and those only who are thus one with Him are the persons to whom there is no condemnation. All who are not in Christ Jesus are under the law and its curse. It is not here said that Christ is with his people, or at their right hand, but that they are *in* Him, in order that they may know that being in Him they have nothing to fear; for what evil can reach those who are one with the Son of God? The sufferings and obedience of Christ are imputed to the believers, they being one with Him who fulfilled the law, and satisfied the justice of God. Their union with Him is the source of that spiritual life by which they are quickened together with Christ.

This union was typified under the law in the person of the high priest, who carried on his breast the twelve stones on which were engraved the names of the twelve tribes of the Children of Israel; so that when he appeared before God, all the people appeared in him; thus showing that all believers are before God in Jesus Christ, their great High Priest. They are all delivered from condemnation as being one body with Christ.—*R. H.*

Missionary Perils.

A long letter from Mrs. Houghton, wife of the Rev. J. Houghton, both of whom have since the date of the letter, been murdered by the Massai tribe in the Galla country, East Africa, has been received by her brother, Mr. William Brown, Denton, England. No particulars have come to light respecting the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton. The lady's letter contains the following details of the murder of Bishop Hannington. "I am the first white woman that has ever been in this part of Africa, so that you may know I have been gazed at not a little. No other European missionaries have ever been stationed here, and there are none nearer than Bombassa. We

are quite isolated. Poor Bishop Hannington met with a terrible death. He had with him no other European. One William Jones, a black man from India, who is a curate at one of the church missions, I think, was his leading man. The men he took with him were picked men, and only three of them were saved, escaping during the excitement. The rest were all bound and speared. The bishop, bound hands and feet, was shot. This has cast a gloom over all the mission stations. He was very much respected. We have been much unsettled ever since our arrival, partly owing to the difficulties inherent in missionary life, and partly owing to excessive demands upon us by the chief and people here. This is an expensive mission, and we need to be careful. They have had a lot of money from the mission, and seem to regard us as only a means of supply. My husband has shown to them our true position and has tried to stop their constant begging, with results not very pleasing at first, but now they are much quieter and more respectful. To be on good terms with these people you must needs give much. We have given the chief a present, but it was not enough." The remainder of the letter is devoted to domestic details. It shows clearly that the repeated begging raids terminated in the murder of both Mr. and Mrs. Houghton.

"Don't Step There."

A man started out for church one icy Sunday morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who with choking voice, said:

"Please don't step there."

"Why not?"

"Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed the little fellow, who had thus taken upon himself to warn the unwary passer-by of the danger into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have good reasons for giving such a warning as this. The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths of intemperance, has good reason to say, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down." The man who has indulged in gambling till he is despised by others and abhorred by himself, has good reason to say to the young when they are entering on the same course, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

How many there are, to-day, in prisons and convict settlements, with reputations ruined and lives blasted, who could say to the young man, tempted to enter the paths of dishonesty and wrong-doing, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

It is well for us to be warned by the sad experiences of others, and it is sometimes a duty for those who have fallen by these temptations to lift a warning voice. There are slippery places all around us, and thousands are passing heedlessly along. Let us entreat them to beware.

"He Knows."

OUR NAMES. "And the Lord said unto Moses, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name." Ex. 33, 17.

"The Lord knoweth them that are His, and let every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity." 2 Tim. 2, 19.

OUR WALK. "For the Lord thy God hath blessed thee in all the works of thy hand; He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness: these forty years the Lord thy God hath been with thee, thou hast lacked nothing." Deut. 2, 7.

"The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." 2 Peter 2, 9.

OUR TRUST. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Nah. 1, 7.

OUR NEED. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him." Matt. 6, 8.

OUR LOVE. "If any man love God, the same is known of him." 1 Cor. 8, 3.

ALL THINGS. "For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." 1 John 3, 20.

A Serpent Among the Books.

One day, a gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so, he felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent.

There are many serpents among the books nowadays; they nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. People read and are charmed by the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped, by the gorgeousness of the word-painting, and hardly feel the pin-prick of the evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons. When the record of ruined souls is made up, on what multitudes will be inscribed, "Poisoned by serpents among the books."

Let us watch against the serpents and read only that which is healthy, instructive and profitable.

What God Cannot Do.

In Ireland, some time ago, a teacher asked a little boy if there was anything that God could not do, and the little fellow said, "Yes; He cannot see my sins through the blood of Christ."

The Prisoner of Glatz.

Dr. W. F. Besser, late pastor of Waldenburg, in Upper Silesia, in his Practical Commentaries, relates the following incident, which is undoubtedly authentic, as it occurred not far from the place where he resided.

In a cleft of a mountain range in Upper Silesia, through which the wild and raging Neisse forces its passage down to the Oder, stands the impregnable Prussian fortress of Glatz, a natural fastness, almost unequalled in the world, begirt with mountain-peaks like walls, and fortified yet more by human skill. The valley itself is shut out from the rest of the world; and one who is enclosed by the massive walls and gratings of the castle is an exile from the world, as if buried alive. Woe to the man imprisoned in Glatz! Everything calls out to him, "No hope remains for thee! no hope!"

Here in the second decade of this century, lay the Count of M——, hitherto petted and followed; now hopelessly immured behind bolts and bars. By treason against the realm, and especially by personal violence offered to Frederic William III, of Prussia, he had drawn down the rage of that monarch on his head, and was condemned to solitary imprisonment for life. For a whole year he lay in his frightful, lonely cell, without one star of hope in either his outer or inner sky; for he was a sceptic. They had left him only one book—a Bible; and this for a long time he would not read; or if forced to take it up to kill time and relieve his consuming weariness, it was only read with anger, and gnashing of teeth against the God it reveals.

But sore affliction, that dreadful and yet blessed agent of God, which has brought the Good Shepherd many a wandering sheep, was effectual with the Count M——. The more he read his Bible, the more he felt the pressure of the gentle hand of God, on his forlorn, hopeless heart.

One rough and stormy November night, when the mountain gales howled around the fortress, the rain fell in torrents, and the swollen and foaming Neisse rushed roaring down the valley, the count lay sleepless on his cot. The tempest in his breast was as fearful as that without. His whole past life rose before him; he was convinced of his manifold shortcomings and sins; he felt that the source of all his mis-

ery lay in his forsaking God. For the first time in his life his heart was soft, and his eyes wet with tears of genuine repentance. He rises from his cot, opens his Bible, and his eyes fall on Psalm 50, 15, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify Me." This Word of God reaches the depths of his soul; he falls on his knees for the first time since he was a child, and cries to God for mercy; and that gracious and compassionate God, who turns not away from the first movement of faith towards him, heard the cry of this sufferer in the storm-beaten dungeon of Glatz, and gave him not only spiritual but temporal deliverance.

He answers even before we rightly call upon Him. Now, as in ages past, the Lord looks down from heaven to behold the sighing of the prisoner, and to loose his bonds; and still, as of old, the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it, as the conduits of water are turned. Let us make Him our refuge, and confide in His power with an abiding and unshaken trust.

Singing the Gospel.

At a meeting in City Road Chapel, London, to consider the wants of the neglected poor of the great city, John Boynton, a minister, related how a blaspheming scoffer took his stand by the statue of Lord Bute in Cardiff, and began an infidel harangue to a crowd of workingmen who gathered about him. When he finished, a railway porter stepped up in front and said:

"Aren't you going to sing before you go away?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "we don't sing."

"Well, I do," said the porter, and he struck up at once a verse of Cowper's familiar hymn:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

On the next night he met the same speaker and the assembly at the same place, with a power-

ful accordeon under his arm. By his spiritual singing, with its musical accompaniment, he entirely drew away the audience from the infidel speaker, and sang to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to their delight and profit.

A Boy's Confidence.

A little boy came to his father looking very much in earnest and asked: "Father, is Satan bigger than I am?"

"Yes, my boy," said his father.

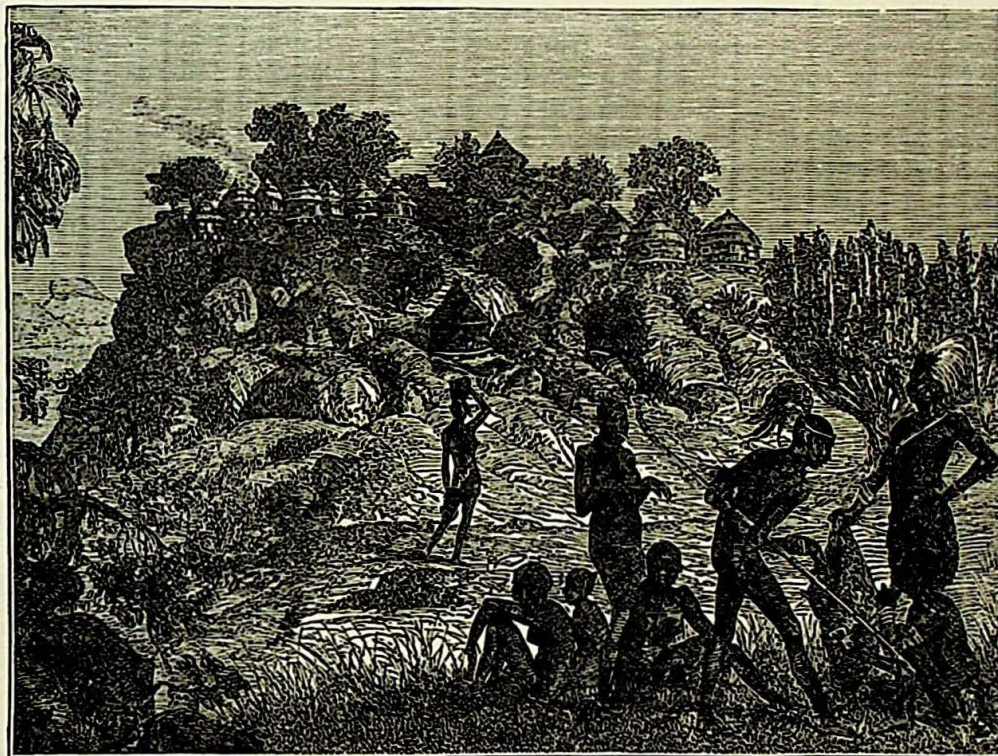
"Is he bigger than you, father?"

"Yes, my boy, he is bigger than your father."

The boy looked surprised, but thought again and then asked: "Is he bigger than Jesus?"

"No, my boy," answered the father, "Jesus is bigger than he is."

The little fellow, as he turned away, said with a smile: "Then I am not afraid of him."



NATIVES OF WESTERN AFRICA.

The same night, in his castle at Berlin, King Frederic William III. lay sleepless in bed. Severe bodily pains tormented him, and in his utter exhaustion he begged of God to grant him a single hour of refreshing sleep. The favor was granted; and when he woke again he said to his wife, the gracious Louise, "God has looked upon me very graciously, and I may well be thankful to Him. Who in my kingdom has wronged me most? I will forgive him."

"The Count of M——," replied Louise, "who is imprisoned at Glatz."

"You are right," said the sick king; "let him be pardoned."

Day had not dawned over Berlin ere a courier was despatched to Silesia, bearing to the prisoner in Glatz pardon and release. The prayer of penitential faith had been heard, and deliverance was granted by the providence of God.

And the God of our fathers still lives; he hears the cry of His children, and many times

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—AT the recent meeting of the Lutheran Synodical Conference much time was devoted to the discussion of the report of our Committee on Colored Missions. After due deliberation it was resolved to discontinue the missionary station at Meherrin, Va., since other denominations already occupy that field. The report on our missions at Little Rock and New Orleans was very favorable. Our schools in New Orleans are crowded, and there is not room enough for all that apply for admission. May God continue to bless our mission work.

—SPEAKING of our Immigrant Mission at New York, the *Independent* says, "Next in importance is the Castle Garden Immigrant Mission, controlled by the Missouri Synod, the largest single Lutheran Synod in America. It used in this work nearly \$70,000 during the past year, and has recently secured an excellent building near Castle Garden for its purpose. It has agents in Baltimore, Bremen and Hamburg. Although the youngest of these societies, it is doing the greatest amount of work of them all."

—A GOOD story is told of a country clergyman, who went to the city to find a model to improve his own style. He finally settled on Dr. Talmage, as having a style the most effective and easy to copy. The Sunday after his return, the people were astonished to find the old pulpit gone and a little stand set in its place, but when the clergyman arose, announced the hymn, and then in thunder tones exclaimed, "Let us pray!" the deacons, quite convinced that their quiet little pastor had suddenly gone crazy, rushed to the platform, carried him home by force, and applied hot water bottles to his head. The moral of it all is, "Be yourself."

—It has been discovered that the San Kauron and Kassoi rivers in Central Africa are navigable, thus making accessible the eastern portion of the Congo Free State.

—THE missionary among the Lepers of Molonai is beginning to pay the penalty of his heroism. Shut away from all civilized and healthy humanity, he has for years been a willing prisoner in the island, in which are collected and confined the lepers of all the neighboring Sandwich group. For a long time, though cut off from the outward world, he continued in good health, though alone among the dead. But the stroke has fallen at last. In a letter written recently he says: "Impossible for me to go any more to Honolulu, on account of the leprosy breaking out on me. The microbes have finally settled themselves in my left leg and my ear, and one eyebrow begins to fall. I expect to have my face soon disfigured. Having no doubt myself of the true character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily, 'Thy will be done.'"

—THE early home of Martin Luther, at Mansfeld, in Saxony, to which place his par-

ents moved when he was an infant, has been restored to the condition in which it was at that time, four centuries ago. It had become much dilapidated, but will now be occupied by a body of deaconesses, who will care for the sick and poor.

—THE British and Foreign Bible Society employs 60 canvassers in France, who annually sell 120,000 copies of the Scriptures.

—SOCIETIES operating in every Roman Catholic country in Europe, as well as out of Europe, report frequent cases known to them, of men losing their business and families exiled from their homes because they have embraced the Evangelical faith, all through the influence of the priests.

—It is stated as an illustration of the power of special prayer offered for the safety of missionary vessels, that for 120 years a ship has annually left England for the Moravian mission in the Arctic regions of this continent, and not a single ship or passenger has been lost by storm, iceberg or wreck.

—ANOTHER of the English missionaries on the Congo has fallen. When dying, he said, "Work on, brethren; don't let the loss of your men hinder you. Never give up; hope always."

—THE King of Sweden has received a petition with 136,694 signatures entreating him that "energetic and stringent measures may be taken for the suppression of the immoral literature by which the land is disgraced and injured."

—PROTESTANT missions in Japan were commenced in 1859. There are now over 10,000 communicants, besides the nominal Christian population. The number of churches is over one hundred and forty. Mission work is making marvelous progress.

—It is interesting to note that Iceland has been recently visited by a German statistician, and that he has furnished interesting data of that land. The Icelanders, it appears, are all Lutherans. Some French missionaries tried very hard to make converts, but without any result. There are one Roman Catholic, one Methodist, four Unitarians, and three Mormons to be found among a population of 72,445 souls (census of 1880). The island is divided into twenty deaneries, with 141 pastorates. The head of the clergy is the Bishop of Reykjavik. There are 292 churches.

—THE American missionaries sixty years ago landed on the Sandwich Islands. They found the people half-naked savages, eating raw fish, abandoned to sensuality, and without the materials of commerce, except the sandal-wood of their mountains. The missionaries began with heroic and radical treatment. They aimed to make these savages Christians. Success endorsed their method. Then followed the life of industry and commerce. In 1881, the value of the islands' export was \$6,714,726, and its imports amounted to \$4,547,976. In 1884, the value of the trade between these islands and the United States was \$5,546,116. The profit on less than ten years of this trade, at 12½ per

cent., would pay the entire cost of the Mission, \$200,000, up to 1869, when the Christianized nation was left to its own resources.

—THE receipts of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the past year were £238,391, or, in our currency, \$1,156,196.35, those of the American Bible Society were \$523,910.59, a total of \$1,680,106.94; their total receipts for their entire history have been \$71,639,682.42. The total issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society last year, were 4,123,904, and of the American, 1,437,440, a total of 5,561,344, and for the last two years, 11,270,551, being a fraction over 18,000 for every working day of these years. The total issues of these societies amount to 155,198,215 copies.

—THE little Chinese Presbyterian Church, in San Francisco, last year gave \$158 to Foreign Missions, \$91 to Home Missions. The Chinese of Los Angeles sent to a native helper in China \$36 to open a mission school.

—THE Arabic Bible, for which the United Presbyterian Board of Publication appropriated \$2000, is finished, and is selling rapidly in Alexandria, Egypt.

NOTICE.

All exchanges, and all communications concerning the editorial department of the *Lutheran Pioneer* are to be addressed to

Rev. R. A. Bischoff, Bingen, Adams Co., Ind.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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G. ALLENBACH, MISSIONARY.

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

1 Copy25
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 Rev. R. A. BISCHOFF, Bingen, Adams Co., 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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1886.

No. 10.

Reformation.

O God! look down from heav'n, and see
A sight that well may move Thee!
Thy saints, how few! How wretchedly
Forsaken we who love Thee!
Thy Word no more shall have its right;
And faith itself is vanished quite
From all this generation.

Fictions they teach with cunning art,
And lies of man's invention;
Not grounded in God's Word, their heart
Is full of strange dissension:
One chooses this, another that,
And while they make us separate,
They cant of love and union.

May God root out all falsehood's love,
And such as thus betray us;
Whereto their proud tongue all the more
Yet mocks: "Who dare gainsay us?"
"We, we have might and right alone,
What we prescribe must stand; we own
None as our lord and master."

Wherefore, saith God, I will arise!
My poor they are oppressing;
I hear their crying and their sighs,
Their wrongs shall have redressing;
My Word, endued with saving might,
Shall suddenly the wicked smite,
And be my poor ones' comfort.

As silver sev'n times furnace-ried,
Is found for it the purer,
So doth the Word, whate'er betide,
But prove itself the surer;
The cross reveals its worth aright,
'Tis then we see its strength and light
Shine far in earth's dark places.

O God, keep Thou it pure and free
From this vile generation,
And let us too be kept by Thee
From their abomination:
The wicked walk about at ease,
When loose, ungodly men like these
Are in the land exalted.

Dr. Luther.

The Reformation and the Bible.

Prior to the Reformation the days were dark and dreary. Doctrine and life were horribly corrupted. By the light of the Bible those corruptions could have been detected, and by the power of the Bible they could have been

removed. It was therefore the interest of the pope to keep this precious book away from the people. The Bible was buried, and free play was thus given to the pope and his priests who oppressed God's people. Luther says, "Observe what the devil has accomplished through the papists. It was not enough for them to throw this book under the table, and to make it so rare that few doctors of the Holy Scripture possess it, much less read it; but, lest some one should bring it to notice, they have branded it with infamy, blaspheming God, and saying that it is obscure and that we must follow the sayings of men and not the pure Scripture. What shall I say? The calamity is so great that it cannot be reached by words or thoughts. The evil spirit has accomplished his will and suppressed this book, and has introduced in its stead so many books of human doctrine, that it may well be said that there is a deluge of books; and yet they contain nothing but errors, falsehoods, darkness, poison, death, destruction, hell, and the devil."

Through the blessing of God in the glorious Reformation the Bible has been restored to the Church. Luther translated it and gave it to the people in their own tongue. The Bible soon became the prized possession of thousands of souls, and no efforts of the pope could wrest this precious book from them. Millions of copies are printed and circulated now, and for us it is difficult to realize the fact that the Bible was once so rare and that a possession of a copy of this precious book was once so dangerous.

But the Reformation of Dr. Luther did not only restore the Bible to the people. It also made it plain that this Book of God is the only source of saving truth and true comfort for poor sinners. Luther says, "Let all books be introduced, and see whether they have so much virtue and power as to comfort one soul in the least tribulation. It is not possible, indeed, to comfort a soul, unless it hear the word of God. But where is the word of God in any book, except the Bible? What, then, do we accomplish by reading other books and omitting this? They may murder and slay us, indeed, but no book, except the Holy Bible, can comfort us. It alone has the title which

St. Paul gives it; namely, the Book of Comfort, which can support the soul in all tribulations, so that the soul may not despair but maintain hope; for here the soul lays hold on the word of God, in which it learns the will of God, to which it cleaves and continues firm in life and death."

We still have the Bible and in it we find salvation and comfort for our souls. Let us thank God for this great blessing of the Reformation. But let us also remember that if we prize this blessing, we shall not grow weary of laboring diligently to maintain the saving truth of the Bible and to spread it abroad in our mission work.

The Colored Man and the Bible.

The tree is known by its fruits, and the book is known by its effects. A sceptic once told a colored man the Bible was not true.

"Dat book not true? Dat book is true. I was once a drunkard, and a liar, and a blasphemer, and I used to steal; and dat book taught me to be honest and true. If dat was a bad book it would not make bad men good."

A bad book may make a good man bad, but it will not make a bad man good. The men who read the Bible and *obey it* are the best men in the world; the men who are ignorant of it, or hate and despise it, are the worst. Where this book goes it carries with it safety, peace and blessing; and where this book is unknown, rejected and hated, there wickedness, and cruelty, and wrong prevail. And the influence of this book goes everywhere; in humble dwellings, and in lofty palaces, men and women are living faithful lives under the influence of this book. Guided by the light of Christ, cheered by His smile, happy in His forgiving love, and hoping for the rewards which He has promised, the influences of this book follow them through all the walks of life, scattering blessings wherever they go.

THANKSGIVING makes our prayers bold and strong and sweet; feeds and enkindles them as with coals of fire.—*Luther.*

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

"To be or not to be" is no longer a question as to our Colored Mission in this city, it is, thanks to the grace and blessing of God, an established fact. The old congregations are steadily adding to their membership and the schools are overcrowded. The new station opened some months ago under favorable auspices is in a flourishing condition considering the time Pastor Burgdorf has been at work. He has had and still has many difficulties, obstacles, and prejudices to contend with as every Lutheran Missionary among the colored people in the beginning will have. Some do not like him because he is white, others because he is a Lutheran, and still others because he is too doctrinal and strict in his discipline. It takes a man with a mind, strength of purpose and above all, implicit faith in the never-failing promises: "My word shall not return unto me void," "Our labor is not in vain in the Lord" to overcome such and similar prejudices. We are happy to state that the obstacles to our Mission in Carrollton are gradually vanishing and both church and school are gaining in favor among the people. During last year some 90 children crowded Pastor Burgdorf's school and this year the number promises to be still larger. It was an unruly set of children, bent and intent upon doing what they pleased and upon learning as little as possible. But a wonderful change has taken place; they are orderly now, in school at the appointed hour, neatly and cleanly attired, and anxious to learn. It is safe to say that Luther's Catechism, and Bible History, the Word of God has effected this change. Of course, the Catechism is at first a thorn in the eyes of the children. To commit to memory lessons of a religious character is detestable to their Old Adam.—The consequence is that the fair leaves of the Catechism are soiled, and torn, and disfigured before any of its precious contents gains the head and the heart. Nor are the parents more favorably disposed towards it. Religious training of children, save that which they receive during one short hour in the Sunday-school, is a thing unknown; yea, great many look upon the training of the children in the fear and nurture of the Lord such as carried on in our schools, as something entirely useless. Of course their children are to be christianized, of course they are to become members of some church, but they must wait until they are old enough to choose their own religion. That such gross neglect of the little ones helps in a great measure to fill the prison-houses and the penitentiaries, is evident. For "past the school-house and the church is the shortest way to prison," is an old truthful saying. However, when the parents see the influence our Mission schools have on the minds and the hearts of the children entrusted to us, they become as loud in their praises as they before were loud in their denouncement.—

Some weeks ago Past. Burgdorf reaped the first visible fruits of his labors. Two little children were brought to Christ in holy Baptism and on the Sunday following the mother, after having been duly instructed in the doctrines and practices of our church was received into the same by the rites of confirmation.

On the 10th Sunday after Trinity Mr. W. Joeckel, a graduate from our Teachers' Seminary at Addison, having accepted a call to our Mission school in Carrollton, was installed according to the rites of our church. Past. Burgdorf officiated. He delivered to an appreciative audience an able sermon on the Christian training of children based on Prov. 22, 6., showing firstly the duties of parents to train up their children in the way they should go, and secondly the fruits of such training. In the midst of his scholars, of which a large number was present, the young teacher vowed to faithfully perform the duties of his high and responsible office. May the Good Shepherd and Bishop of our souls, Jesus Christ, into whose service he has entered, ever more fill him with His Spirit and strengthen him by His grace that he may be and remain a true feeder of the lambs of His flock to the glory of His name and to the salvation of immortal souls.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 15, 1886.

MISSIONARY.

The Story of Tetzels Indulgence Box.

At Jueterbok, in the old Church of St. Nicolas, the old box is yet preserved in which John Tetzels kept his money when he sold indulgences. These indulgences were letters from the pope, by which the sins of the buyers were all forgiven. Tetzels carried on the sale of these useless papers much after the style of a modern auctioneer. The people bought them eagerly, thinking that by them their sins were forgiven.

Some, however, had begun to see things in a different light, and now and then tricks were played on Tetzels.

Among the people who were losing their respect for Tetzels and his Romish papers was the old knight Hans von Hocke. He bought one of Tetzels papers, not so much because he wanted his sins forgiven, as because he had a bit of mischief in his head.

By his papers not only all his past sins were forgiven, but also all the sins he ever would commit.

With this paper safe in his possession, old Hans was ready for operations. On a dark night, when Tetzels was traveling with his huge money-box from one town to another, old Hans watched him and robbed him of all his money, box and all. What could Tetzels do; for the sin was already forgiven.

This box is described by a visitor as being much larger than an ordinary contribution-box. It is a massive and most imposing antique, and shows how the pope did things in those days. It is a large log dug out of oak, ten feet long,

three broad, and two and one-half deep, and strongly hooped with iron. The lid is a heavy two and a half inch plank, with a large slit in the middle through which the money was dropped. Stout hinges and three strong hasps secure this lid. The three heavy padlocks that Tetzels used are gone.

This large chest when filled with money in those days, must have been a pretty good load for a four-horse team. Old Hans von Hocke made a good haul; and it is not surprising that the pope was mad when he heard of it, and that he did not like Luther and his preaching.

Unchanged Sentiments of Rome.

"We declare, affirm, define, and pronounce it necessary to salvation, for every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff."—*Cardinal Manning*.

"Accursed be those very crafty and deceitful societies, called Bible Societies, which thrust the Bible into the hands of the inexperienced youth."—*Pope Pius IX.*

"No Bible shall be held or read except by priests. No Bible shall be sold without a license, except upon the pains and penalties of that mortal sin that is neither to be forgiven in this world or in the next."—*Council of Trent.*

"Moreover we confirm and renew the decrees delivered in former times by apostolic authority, against the publication, distribution, reading and possession of books of the Holy Scriptures translated into the vulgar tongue."—*Pope Gregory XVI.*

"The following is from the bishop's oath:—Heretics (Protestants), schismatics and rebels to the Pope or his successors, I will, to the uttermost of my power, persecute and wage war with."—*E. Trumpet.*

Teach the Catechism.

An impression prevails in the minds of some people that the Catechism is not to be used except by catechumens who are receiving instruction preparatory to their confirmation. And, as might be expected, all such are ready to lay it aside when that act has been performed, and the course of public catechetical instruction has ended. All this, however, is a very great mistake. The Ten Commandments, the Creed, and all other parts of the Catechism are given "in the plain form in which they are to be taught by the head of a family," and Luther in his preface beseeches the pastors and preachers "to have mercy on the people who are intrusted to your care, and to assist us in introducing the Catechism among them, and especially among the young."

Church Messenger.

"I HAVE so much to do to day," said Martin Luther to a friend, "that I shall have to pray three or four hours."

Chiefs of Viti.

Our readers would hardly suspect that the two portraits—for such they are, and true to life—which accompany this article, represent persons nearly related to one another. They would very likely suppose the one, tattooed, and distorted, and hideous, to be a cannibal of the most savage and degraded type. The other face would pass anywhere for that of an intelligent, loving-hearted, Christ-like missionary of the gospel. Yet are these two father and son. Could anything short of a miracle have brought such a son forth from the house of such a father? Truly not! It was that miracle, wrought by the power of the Gospel.

The younger man is Thakaumba, chief of Bau, and Tui Viti; that is, King of the Viti Islands, a group of over three hundred, in the Southern Pacific ocean.

The father's name we do not know. He was chief of Bau, and with his tribe practiced cannibalism within this half century; that is, less than twenty-five years ago; and at which time the tribe were worshipping idols, stocks and stones.

A few years earlier a missionary had landed upon the island, bearing in his hand the blessed Bible, and with the old, old story of Jesus and his love, upon his lips.

For a little time he stood in hourly danger of being killed, roasted, and eaten by the wild, fierce, wretched people,

but God's providence was over him, and the message he brought in time accomplished its powerful effect. The people relinquished their idols, to worship our true and only God, and also the practice, revolting to us, but fascinating to those who have been trained to it, of eating the flesh of their fellow men.

Thakaumba, the old chief's son, was educated at the Mission home, and rose to the dignity of King of the whole group of islands.

Preaching to the Dogs.

The following is told of the famous African Missionary, Robert Moffat:

One evening he halted at a farm which showed signs of belonging to a man of wealth and importance who had many slaves. The old patriarch, hearing that he was a Missionary, gave him a hearty welcome, and proposed that in the evening he should give them a service. No proposal could have been more acceptable, and he sat down to the plain but plentiful meal with a light heart. The sons and daugh-

ters came in. Supper ended, a clearance was made, the big Bible and the psalm-books were brought out, and the family was seated.

"But where are the servants?" asked Moffat.

"Servants! What do you mean?"

"I mean the Hottentots, of whom I see so many on your farm."

"Hottentots! Do you mean that, then! Let me go to the mountains and call the baboons, if you want a congregation of that sort. Or, stop, I have it. My sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door—they will do."

The Missionary quietly dropped an attempt which threatened a wrathful ending, and commenced the service. The song was sung, prayer was offered, and the preacher read the story of the Syro-Phœnician, and selected more especially the words: "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." He had not spoken many

seeing an answer to their supplications. It pleased God at length to lay the rough grasp of disease upon him, and as he contemplated the slow but steady approach of death, he found that his infidelity was worse than nonsense, and that it left him to drift out upon a dark and turbulent sea without a single star of hope in his sky.

Sending for a minister of the gospel he asked him the great question almost in the very words of the Philippian jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" Of course the reply was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16, 31). "I will not do it," he answered, angrily; "you require me to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and I will not do it." "No," said the minister, "I do not require you to believe anything; but I can tell what God requires; and if I were to tell you anything else,

I would tell you a lie."

"Well," he responded,

"I will not believe it."

"My visit is ended then,"

said the minister; "but

anytime you would like

to hear about the only

way by which a sinner

can be saved, send for

me, day or night."

Within less than a

week he sent for the

minister again, and on

entering the room, the

sick man, reclining in

an easy chair, abruptly

said, "Why do you be-

lieve that Jesus Christ

was the Son of God?"

"Because He says so,"

was the answer. The

next quick question was,

"Where does He say so?" "Oh," replied the

minister, "it is easy enough to show you that;"

and turning to his Bible, he read passage after

passage affirming in the most positive and un-

equivocal manner the eternal sonship and ab-

solute divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the

only name under heaven given among men

whereby we must be saved. Much to the sur-

prise of the reader, the proud and self-willed

man before him covered his face with his

hands, and at last looked up with a peaceful

expression of countenance, and said, "I am

satisfied; I know that Jesus Christ would not

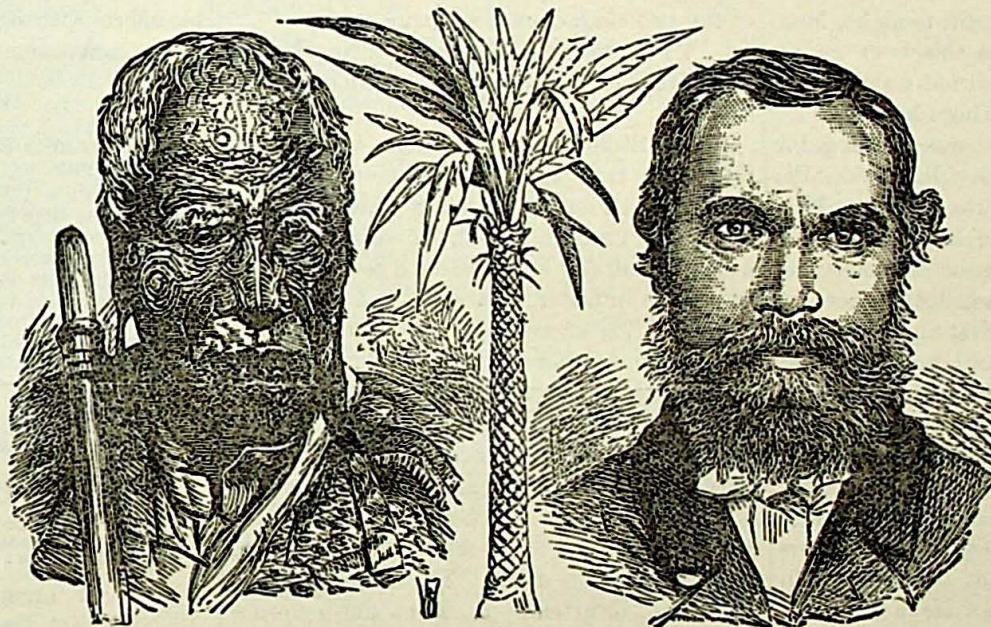
tell a lie; I accept the truth upon His testi-

mony." From that moment his only desire to

live was to show his gratitude to the dear Sav-

our who had plucked him as a brand from the

burning.—J. H. B.



minutes when the voice of the old man was again heard. "Will Mein Herr sit down and wait a little? He shall have the Hottentots."

The summons was given. The motley crowd trooped in, many who probably had never been within the door of their master's house before, and many more who never before had heard the voice of a preacher.

When the sermon was over, and the astonished Hottentots had dispersed, the farmer turned to his guest and said: "My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head."

The Dying General.

General C— was a man of very determined character and of somewhat eccentric habits. He had imbibed infidel principles while at college, and his friends regarded him as immoveable in his skepticism. Believing prayer, however, had been offered in his behalf by a Christian wife, and mother, and sister, all of whom had gone down to the grave without

ARE you worried for fear that you are not among the elect? If so, remember this, that it is simply impossible for you to get among the non-elect, except by rejecting the Son of God.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A CORRESPONDENT of *The Churchman* writing from Charleston concerning the recent earthquake, tells the following stories, which we think will interest our young readers:

"My little granddaughter, in Asheville, four and a half years old, had heard her mother and grandmother, who are there, talk of what they had heard of the dreadful calamity, until the little thing became very nervous, and on last Saturday night, after she had gone to bed, she said to herself, 'Dear God, please don't let the earthquake come to hurt us to-night,' and she turned over and went to sleep. In the morning, as her little eyes were opened, she said, 'Ma, ma, God did not let the earthquake come last night because I begged Him.' Sweet faith of childhood! Another little boy, two years and nine months old, on the second night of the disturbance, for it has been every night from Tuesday, August 31st, till to-night, Monday, September 6th, up to this hour no recurrence yet, but can not tell but a shock may come ere this is finished. There had been one severe shake, and the father was walking the room uneasily, when the little fellow said, 'Pa, pa, if God wants to shake the house let Him shake it, but you come and lie down by me and go to sleep.' This was at Summerville, where there has been so much disturbance.

"In the same place, the first night after the first terrible upheaval, several families of the neighborhood, mostly kinsfolk, had gathered in a large open yard—there were nearly forty children of all ages among them—when, without a word from their elders, the children all got together, joined hands in a circle, and knelt on the ground and offered up their own prayers in their own words. Did not the angels join that congregation, and was not *He* in the midst of them?"

—A BOY twelve years old recently was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

—THE question, "What is eternity?" was put in writing to a French boy in the deaf and dumb school, in Paris. He wrote as an answer, "The lifetime of the Almighty."

—THE secular press, says the *Workman*, reports fresh persecutions of Protestants in Catholic Spain. On Sunday, Sept. 19th, the Mayor of Madrid, with a number of policemen, summoned the clergyman of the British chapel, on pain of imprisonment, to leave the pulpit, and the congregation to disperse. When the pastor protested against the outrage the Mayor answered

evasively and pretended that the singing disturbed the neighborhood. The same Mayor refused to permit the opening of Protestant schools which were closed a year ago. Only a few weeks ago in another Spanish city the Catholics gathered in rejoicing crowds around a pile of burning Bibles and Protestant school books, that had been confiscated and destroyed under some pretext by the authorities. The press next day exulted over the fact, and mourned that it was not possible to hope for the return to power of the "Holy" Inquisition to purify the Church of heretics. As the fulfillment of this "pious" longing would mean the murder of thousands of Protestants, we believe there is not much likelihood of its being gratified. It is the same Church that pretends to be harmless as a sucking dove in this land, but is as fierce as a hungry wolf in Spain. Yet one of her boasts is that she is "always and everywhere the same." Which of the two characters is her true one?

—A PROTESTANT Missionary in New Mexico writes thus of the Romish persecutions in that country:

"The Bishop of the Catholic Church was here some time ago, and instructed the Governor of the Pueblos, to order all the boys to attend the Catholic school, in consequence of which, I had few scholars for a few days, but they came in faster than ever, and my school numbered 72, or averaged 54 for the month. The bishop was here again last Thursday, together with two or three priests, and got the governor to order my arrest if I did not discontinue my school at once. Of course, I refused to obey his orders, and opened my school as usual. I had a few boys (19), who were not afraid to come to the school, and I went on with the school as usual. The officers did not molest me, or attempt to. But the governor issued orders to the parents not to allow their boys to attend my school, and threatened to arrest the boys if they still continued to come to the school. To-day I called on the governor to know the reason of his action. He told me that the *bishop had instructed him to stop my school*, saying that the school was a *heretic school*, and that the government would not sustain it any more, and that I had no right to live in the Pueblo without a license from the Government, which I could not *show or get*."

—ON the great African island Madagascar no one could read sixty years ago, but now there are nearly 300,000 on the island who have some part of the Bible and read it.

MR. EDITOR:—

Your little PIONEER visits many a home in the "English Conference of Missouri," and I know he will be glad to tell our friends in the Conference and outside of it of any progress made in Church matters, or mission respects. I will give him an item he can relate on his next circuit.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

On fourth Sunday of last month (14. p. Trin.), Mr. Wm. Dalman, a late graduate of our St. Louis theological Seminary, was duly ordained and installed by Rev. A. Rader, President of Conference, in the neighboring English Lutheran St. Paul's Congregation, also in Webster Co., Mo. The services were interesting throughout and were very well attended, despite unfavorable weather. In anticipation of the new pastor the St. Paul's Congregation had removed their commodious church-building to a more favorable site, and had erected a parsonage.—The newly-ordained pastor will have charge of the St. Paul and Pleasant Hill Congregations, about 10 miles apart.

In conclusion I know it will please the little PIONEER to learn—since he is a little missionary himself—that Rev. Wm. Dalman will devote part of his time to mission duties in the interests of the English cause. May God crown his efforts with signal success.

REV. A. MEYER.

BOOK-TABLE.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER FUER DEUTSCHE LUTHERANER auf das Jahr 1887. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

This is the time for Almanacs. Everybody wants one, and we heartily recommend to our German readers the Lutheran Almanac published at St. Louis. Its form is larger than that of most Almanacs and it is full of excellent reading matter and contains the usual valuable statistics and information concerning the Synodical Conference. The price is 10 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 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.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.
Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CAROLLTON.
Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDORF, 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.

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

Vol. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1886.

No. 11.

"Shall He Come and Find Me Watching?"

Shall He come and find me watching
As the watchers watch for morn,
As the hour of midnight passes,
And the coming day is born?

Shall He come and find me waiting,
With my loins well girt about,
Staff in hand, the word to welcome,
Waiting without fear or doubt?

Shall He come and find me standing
From the worldling's joy apart,
Outside of its mirth and folly,
With a true and loyal heart?

Shall He come and find me faithful
To His parting words to me:
"If I go—a place preparing—
I will quickly come to thee?"

Shall He come and find me working
In the vineyard full of love;
Only working, till the glory
Breaks upon me from above?

Jesus, let me thus be waiting,
Full of hope, and love, and zeal;
Let Thy coming, to my spirit,
Be a hope divine and real.

Selected.

Refuges of Lies.

"The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies," says the Prophet Isaiah.

Reader, the day of judgment is coming. It will be a terrible day to those who seek safety for their souls in "refuges of lies." The terrible hail of God's wrath will sweep those refuges all away. Nothing will remain to shelter the soul of the wretch who trusted in them. There is but one place of security for the soul when earth is passing away, and that is the rock Christ Jesus—the glorious ark of safety. All others must perish.

Many think because no open crime has stamped their moral character, they are fitted to meet God. They think that their good works, their virtue and morality constitute a safe refuge for their souls. Refuge of lies! Oh! how the hail of God's wrath will sweep this away. Paul tried this refuge in the days of his blindness; but, when his eyes were opened, he saw how false was the hope he rested in, and he forsook it to take his place as

a sinner, deeply convinced of his own utter depravity, at the feet of a crucified Saviour. The Bible clearly shows that all have sinned, and that one sin brings the sinner in just as guilty as if ten thousand crimes had stained his soul. By the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified; so the sooner the soul flies from that refuge of lies the better for its eternal interests.

There are others who trust in their good feelings. They attend meetings where their feelings are excited. They mistake these feelings for true, living faith; they mistake their excitement for that new birth of the soul without which no man shall see the kingdom of God. They make their excited feelings a refuge of lies to their own souls.

There are others who, rejecting Christ, pretend to fly to the general mercy of God. Refuge of lies! How the hail of God's wrath will sweep that away on the day of judgment! Oh! remember the words of our Lord Jesus Christ when He said, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." God's mercy is to be found in Jesus only. If you meet God in any way save through faith in Jesus He must prove a consuming fire. He is a holy God and you are a sinner. In Christ only has God been reconciled to a sinful world. To trust in any mercy of God that has not been revealed through Jesus, is to build upon a foundation of sand and must prove in the end "a refuge of lies."

Others trust in a half Saviour. They think to partly trust in Christ and partly save themselves. Refuge of lies! The merits of no half Saviour will be received as a plea on that great day of judgment. There is only one Saviour—Jesus Christ. And He is no half Saviour. No! He says, "I am the way." He does not say, "I am half the way; no! He says, "I am the way." He is the whole way to heaven. He must be taken as the Saviour from *all* sin. He must be trusted, not for a half salvation, but for a full salvation.

Dear reader, beware of the refuges of lies. The day of judgment is coming and the hail of God's wrath will then sweep away all refuges of lies like the hailstorm sweeps away the autumn leaves in the forest. Jesus is the only

true refuge for your soul. Put your trust in this Saviour only, and you will be eternally secure. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"The Father Almighty."

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty." What strong consolation! Other helpers are finite; they may be sincere, yet there is a limit to their succor. But my Father is Almighty! He who is from everlasting; who spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast; who doeth His pleasure in the armies of heaven and among men—He over-shadows me! The hand that spread forth the heavens and flung the stars abroad, that piles the mountains and sinks the sea, is stretched out for my defense. They whose home is the Most High must be safe, for they abide beneath the shadow of THE ALMIGHTY.

Look unto Jesus.

We shall never find happiness by looking at our prayers, our doings, or our feelings; it is what Jesus is, not what we are, that gives rest to the soul. If we would at once overcome Satan, and have peace with God, it must be by "looking unto Jesus." Keep thine eye simply on Him; let His death, His sufferings, His merits, His glories, His intercessions, be fresh upon thy mind; when thou wakest in the morning look to Him; when thou liest down at night look to Him. O, let not thy hopes or fears come between thee and Jesus. Follow hard after Him, and He will never fail thee.—C. S.

"WEARIED at length with your own righteousness, rejoice and confide in the righteousness of Christ. Learn, my dear brother, to know Christ, and Christ crucified; and learn to despair of thyself, and sing to the Lord this song, 'Lord Jesus, Thou art my righteousness, but I am thy sin. Thou hast taken what belonged to me; Thou hast given me what was Thine. Thou becamest what Thou wert not, in order that I might become what I was not myself.'"—Luther, letter to a friend.

The Tempter in the House of God and Outside of the Same.

(Translated from the German.)

A certain man, on his way to church, was very much surprised to find the devil going in the same direction.

"What are you going to do there?" asked the man in great astonishment.

"Why should I not be there," replied the devil, "where they pray and preach against me? Who will defend me if I don't do it myself?"

"And how do you do that?" inquired the church-goer.

The devil answered: "Oh! there I have a thousand ways and means to accomplish my purpose. First of all, I enter on Sunday morning the homes of those who are getting ready for church, and endeavor to disturb their minds by means of a little family dispute, or a stiff and contrary collar, a button torn off, a dull razor, or a lost glove, a torn garter, a mislaid handkerchief, or a disarranged article of clothing; that is what pleases me; in that way I get the people in a frame of mind best suited to my purpose.

On the other hand, for those who appear calm and undisturbed in church I have other resources ready. Do you see that young lady there? I have but to direct her eyes upon the hats and cloaks of her neighbors and her devotion and attention to the sermon is vanished. There you notice several young gentlemen: are not both the glances and thoughts already riveted upon the ladies in church? The attention of others again is engaged in catching at certain unguarded expressions or grammatical errors of the preacher in his sermon, so that they may have something to find fault with in him when they return home. And there sits a pale-faced lady, who is in great terror lest the slightest draft of air will give her a fresh cold, and it is easy work for me to make her imagine that such is actually taking place now, when she will think of nothing else during the whole service. Those two business men there cannot withdraw their thoughts from the latest news they have read this very morning in the papers before they came to church. And there are two honorable citizens with whom I have the least trouble, for they suppose that the sins of which the preacher rebukes them are the sins of their neighbors or acquaintances, thus very kindly giving the sermon away, instead of taking it to themselves. Others very soon become drowsy, and lose the entire sermon in the deafness of sleep. But should I not succeed in any of these ways in reaching certain church-goers, then I manage them on their way home. Some I induce to make calls upon their friends, where the conversation will be calculated to efface every thing from their minds that they heard in the sermon, or get them to dispute about certain church rules and practices so that they will forget all they heard during the entire service. You see, by these

means I am usually successful, both in and out of church, in taking away all the good from the hearts of the church-goers, and making them unsusceptible for the reception of the gospel."

In this way did the devil, who sometimes is very foolish, betray the secrets with which he hinders the gospel from accomplishing good, which is herewith made known as a warning to all church-goers; and it accords well with what Jesus said in Mark 4, 15, "And these are they by the wayside, where the word is sown; but when they have heard, Satan cometh immediately, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts."—G. C. F.

A Bleak Home.

On the map of Iceland may be seen a speck of an island called Grimsey. It is the most northern, and consequently the coldest, of the Iceland group. Eighty-eight people, no more, live on it. They have tried to keep a few cows, but the winters are too hard for them. Two horses and a few sheep, with very coarse fleeces, are the only animals of the kind on the island.

A minister, whose name is Peter Goodman, lives in the remote place. He is a poet and an astronomer, and is employed to take observations for the Meteorological Institute at Copenhagen. Once or twice a year some of the islanders visit the mainland; but the stormy seas, covered with icebergs, make the passage always dangerous.

On one side of the island, which is a high precipice, countless birds build their nests, and the collecting of eggs is one chief means of living for the little settlement. Men are let down over the face of the rocks by ropes. They wear suits thickly wadded with feathers, to save themselves from being hurt on the sharp rocks. Each man carries a pole to help himself with, and ladle for scooping up nests he cannot reach with his hands. There is in his frock a great pocket, in which he can put one hundred and fifty eggs. There he works, with the sea roaring beneath him.

For the Lambs and Sheep of Christ's Flock.

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." Ps. 23, 1, 2.

"He fed them according to the integrity of His heart; and guided them by the skillfulness of His hands." Ps. 78, 72.

"I will seek out My sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." Ezek. 34, 12.

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." John 10, 28.

"He shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." Rev. 7, 17.

The Lutheran Church of America a Missionary Church.

As early as the year 1637 a small colony of Protestants sailed up the Delaware River. They were Swedes, they were Lutherans sent out by Gustavus Adolphus' great prime minister, Oxenstierna. In 1638 a little log building was finished and was consecrated as a church by Pastor John Campanius, on the present site of Wilmington, Del. It was the first Protestant church built in America. The little colony flourished and soon other pastors were sent over and other churches erected along this river, until in the spring of 1677 the pastor J. Fabricius consecrated a church on the present site of Philadelphia.

These little sanctuaries were surrounded by savages. But from the first planting of the Church on American soil, it became missionary in its character, and an effort was at once made to reach these barbarian people.

No sooner had these pious Swedish emigrants provided for their own households, than they began to preach the gospel of Christ to the Indians. They learned their language, sought them out in their camps, and followed them through dark forests, over streams and mountains in their hunting expeditions, everywhere seeking to lead them to the knowledge of the truth. It was by Swedish Lutheran missionaries that the first book of Christian instruction ever translated into any Indian tongue was published. It was Luther's Small Catechism translated into the Mohickon dialect; a copy of which rare book is in the library of Muhlenberg College, Pa.

This was to be the keynote of the future efforts of the Lutheran Church in America. It was to be a *missionary church*, and its *first missionary work* was among the heathen. *Workman.*

Dancing.

Here is what the *New York Journal of Education*, a purely secular paper, says about dancing: "A great deal can be said about dancing; for instance, the Chief of Police of New York city says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in this city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing which, taken under any other circumstances, would be considered as improper. *It requires neither brains nor good morals to be a good dancer.* As the love of the one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many of the best men and women are skillful dancers? In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the spirit of beverages. So sex is the spirit of the dance; take it away, and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlor dancing is dangerous. It sows to the wind, and reaps the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality and religion is, 'Weighed in the balance and found wanting.'"

Eskimo Baby-Life.

Do you see that Eskimo baby in our picture? It is well taken care of by its mother. Amid the ice and snow it can be as happy as a May morning in that warm hood on its mother's back. Let me tell you what a traveller in the land of the Eskimos relates about Eskimo Baby life. He says:

When a baby Eskimo's mother makes the hood for her reindeer suit, she stretches it into a long sack or bag, that hangs down behind and is supported by the shoulders, and this bag of reindeer's skin is his cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets into his first suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Eskimo is out-of-doors or his mother is making a social visit. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is sewing or cooking or doing such other work, the little babe is allowed to roll around almost without clothing, among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a snow-stick.

You doubtless think little Bo-reas should have a nice time rolling around to his heart's content on the soft, warm reindeer skins; but when I tell you more about his little home, you may not think so: *for his Winter home is built of snow.*

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will, if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow will not melt, even when the Eskimo burn fires in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so by closely regulating the amount of the fire, they can just keep the snow from melting. In short, it must always be cold enough in their home to freeze.

So you can see that the little Eskimo can not have such a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked all day when it is so cold. But such is the fact.

Yet, in spite of this, the little fellow really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with his toys: and when I have told you some other stories about the cold these little folks can endure, you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts, or *igloos*, as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will commence melting,—for you all, perhaps, have learned at school that when a room becomes warmed it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor. So with the hut of snow: it

commences melting at the top because it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor,—and when two or three drops of cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother will often take a snow-ball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and stick it against the point where the water is dripping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full; and then she removes it and puts on another, as soon as it commences to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on the baby's bare back, where it flattens out like a slushy pancake,—or into his face, as it once served me.



The Faith of Little Hans.

The following touching story, told by a writer in *Harper's Young People*, is about a letter found by one of the clerks, a young German girl, in the Dead-Letter Office at Washington:

The young clerk had worked her way down through a large heap, and was beginning to think of lunch, when she came upon a peculiar little envelope addressed in German to "Jesus in Heaven"; she tore it open hastily, and found a soiled sheet written all over in a child's cramped hand. Some of the words seemed blurred with tears, and she could scarcely make them out.

Here is the translation:

DEAR JESUS:—I have prayed so hard to You, but I guess You could not hear me so far off, so I am going to write You a letter. We came over a big ocean when it was summer time. My mamma has been sick all the time. Can't You send her something to make her well? And, dear Jesus, please send my papa some work to do, so he can buy us some warm clothes and something to eat, and please do it quick, for we are cold and hungry.

Nobody knows I am writing to You. I thought You might send us something for a surprise.

HANS BRAHM.

P. S.—My hands are so cold I can't write very well.

Katrina's eyes were filled with tears as she came to the end. She sat for some time with the letter in her hand; as she folded it, she resolved to do something to make the little boy happy. She said, "Whatever his parents may be, this beautiful child-faith must not be destroyed." That evening, after dinner, she told several of her friends about the matter, and they were eager to help her make up a box.

It was ready in a few days. There were some flannels for the mother and little Hans, comfortable clothes for the father, and toys enough to make the boy believe that the Christ-child did not live in Germany only. At the very top lay a crisp ten-dollar bill. As soon as the box left the house, Katrina wrote a letter to Hans. She told him his letter had

been received, and that Jesus had sent one of His servants on earth to help him, and that a nice box was on its way out West.

Not long after there came a letter of warm thanks from the father. He explained how they had been in the country but a few months, and had not yet found work.

As the weeks went by, another and another letter came, telling of fairer prospects and brighter days. One thing they assured Katrina—"that they could never forget her kind letter and generous help in their time of saddest need."

Not Afraid to Die.

Almost the only printed matter found in the far North, when the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition was discovered in that icy region, was a leaf from Todd's *Student's Manual* with this dialogue on it:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No."

"Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?"

"Because God has said: 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'"

The poor victim, perhaps, treasured the page, read, and reread it, and gazed on it until the mists of death crept over him. He was not found, but the page told those who were searching how one, at least, of those brave seamen had died.

NEVER count a temptation so triumphed over, so beaten off that it will never assault you any more.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A LADY of our acquaintance recently brought home to her children a fine cat, to their great delight. One of the little boys expressed his satisfaction to his sisters, as follows: "Isn't God good? I asked Him for a kitty, and He has given me a cat." That dear child brought up under the influences of a Christian home had learned a lesson that grown people are very slow to make their own. How often we fail to recognize the great mercy of our heavenly Father! The child was right. God is good. He has given us more than we asked for.

—WHEN Mr. Taggart was on a missionary tour, he lodged one night at a public house not far from Albany. In the evening a man from Albany came in and gave an account of some rather striking event which had just occurred, accompanying his statement with many profane expressions. Mr. Taggart, after hearing him for some time, turned to him and said: "Sir, you are a stranger to me, but you appear to be a person of intelligence, and I should be willing to take your word without an oath, and I presume the rest of the company would likewise." The man immediately apologized to Mr. T., and said that his mother had taught him better, and that he was ashamed of himself for using such language, and thanked the stranger for having reproved him.

—WITH profound sorrow the congregation at Ebenezer, Ga., have discovered that their dear old house of worship, built upon the bank of the Savannah River by the Saltzburger over one hundred years ago, was seriously damaged by the great earthquake. So violent was the shock that it rang the bells of the church; and cracks in the wall are found above every window.

—ACCORDING to the Lutheran Almanac of Brobst, Diehl & Co., for 1887, the "American Lutheran Church" numbers 4009 pastors, congregations 7104, and 947,144 communicants. Over against last year this is a net gain of 175 pastors, 341 congregations and 34,402 communicants.

—REV. JOHN HOUGHTON and wife, missionaries to the Gallas in East Africa, were cruelly murdered by the Masais, a marauding tribe who were making a raid for cattle. Mrs. Houghton was killed in the mission house, and her husband, hearing her screams, was hastening to her relief when he was speared.

—A YOUNG missionary from the West, a delegate to the American Home Mission Society, writing to his wife from Saratoga, reports that among the fashionable crowd he saw one young lady "whose costume was worth just one meeting-house, forty cottage organs and twenty-three Sunday school libraries.

—THE Rev. John McKim, one of the missionaries in Japan, describing the funeral of an aged convert, says: "She was very anxious that all the heathen neighbors should be requested to look at her body after she was dead. Her reason was this: The Japanese have a dreadful belief that the bodies of dead Chris-

tians are nailed inside the coffin in the form of a cross! This old woman's request was made in order that her neighbors might know the falsity of the belief. I had a carpenter make the coffin and bring it to my house, where the tailor we usually employ trimmed it very neatly."

—THE details have been received of the massacre of native Christians of Uganda, Africa, by order of King Mwanga. The massacre began in June and was directly due to the refusal of a Christian lad, acting as the King's page, to commit an abominable crime. Many Christians were tortured, mutilated and speared, and thirty-two were burned alive together. The appeals of the missionaries for the cessation of atrocities were unavailing. The fate of these unfortunates did not swerve the candidates for baptism, and within a week after the massacre many natives were baptized at their own desire. Leaflets containing extracts from the Scripture, prayers and hymns in the Uganda language are freely bought by the people, although their possession involves the danger of punishment.

—THE diary of Bishop Hannington, who was put to death by order of King Mwanga, of Uganda, Africa, has been published. Giving the details of the last week of his life, he describes the arrival of his party at Lubwas, where a chief at the head of a thousand troops, demanded ten guns and three barrels of powder. The chief asked Bishop Hannington to remain with him for a day; and the latter consented. While taking a walk the bishop was attacked by about twenty natives. He struggled with his assailants, but became weak and faint, and was dragged violently a long distance by the legs. When his persecutors halted they stripped and robbed him, and imprisoned him in a noisome hut full of vermin and decaying bananas. While he was lying there ill and helpless, the chief and his hundred wives came out of curiosity to feast their eyes upon him. On the next day he was allowed to return to his own tent, where, though still ill, he felt more comfortable. He was still guarded, however, by the natives. He remained in bed during the following days, parties of the chief's wives, out of idle curiosity, coming daily to see him. He was allowed to send messages to friends, but he believes they were intercepted. On the seventh day he wrote that the fever continued, that at night the place swarmed with vermin, that the guards were drunk and noisy, and that he was unable to sleep. At last he became delirious. On the eighth day he was unconscious. His entries on this day are brief: "No news. A hyena howled all night smelling a sick man. I hope he will not have me yet." This is the final entry. It is believed that shortly after writing this he was taken out and put to death. Throughout the week there are frequent entries referring to the comfort he derived from reading the Psalms.

—ON the busy streets of Canton, China, teeming with its fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants, are now opened fifteen Christian chapels, where the missionaries and the native

ministers preach the gospel, not on Sunday only, but *daily*, and from two to four hours each day. The audiences vary from a few scores to several hundred. After the sermon Chinese evangelists continue the services. Free conversations and discussions follow; rooms are at hand for private conferences; and Christian books and tracts are kept in readiness, and disposed of in large numbers. The time when the preaching-halls are thronged the most is during the hottest months in the summer—July, August and September; and the best time of the day to gather audiences is from noon until three o'clock—the hottest part of the day. The missionaries seize the opportunity, however, exhausting as the work must be. Thousands and tens of thousands of visitors to the city have heard the gospel in these chapels, and have carried it hundreds of miles into the interior. The missionary encounters these in the most remote places on his inland tours, and sometimes listens with surprise while they repeat the substance of the discourses which they have heard.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STALL'S LUTHERAN YEAR BOOK and Historical Quarterly. Containing an Almanac, Calendars, and Daily Readings, For the year of our Lord 1887, and also an interesting History of the Early Lutheran Settlements in the United States. Edited and published by Rev. S. Stall, Lancaster, Pa. Price, 25 cents.

DER LUTHERISCHE KALENDER fuer 1887. Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa. Price, 10 cents.

REGISTER ZUM "LUTHERANER". Jahrgang 1 bis 40. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 40 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.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.
Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CAROLLTON.
Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDORF, 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 Copy25
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 Rev. R. A. BISCHOFF, Bingen, Adams Co., 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. VIII.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1886.

No. 12.

"Bells of Christmas."

Ring, ring, joyfully ring;
Christmas brought us a Saviour and King,
Best of all presents sent from above,
Gift of the Father, given in love,
Sent to the royal king on his throne;
Sent to the beggar dying alone,
Sent to the world, oh! let the news roll
O'er the waste places, from pole to pole,
Ring the glad tidings, Jesus is King;
Ring, bells of Christmas, joyfully ring.

Chime, chime, merrily chime
Joy to the children at Christmas-time.
Fill up the measure of love complete,
Fill up the stockings brim-full of sweet;
Bright little stockings all rainbow spanned,—
May each child in this beautiful land
Share in the blessings of Christmas-time;
Share in its happiness—chime, bells chime.

Toll, toll, solemnly toll;
Over some heart the dark billows roll,
Some home is lonely, shadowed in doubt,
Sunlight and hope gone utterly out,
Father of mercies, open the way,
Send them the peace of Thy love to-day.
Hope for the hopeless came Christmas morn,
'Twas for the sinner Jesus was born,
Jesus the holy Saviour and King;
Ring, bells of Christmas, merrily ring.

Selected.

Tidings Of Great Joy.

The Christmas tidings are tidings of great joy. For to the shepherds who were watching their flocks by night, when Christ was born in Bethlehem, the angel said: "Fear not; for behold 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 Child, whose birth was thus made known as an event of great joy to the world, was born in lowliness and great poverty. There was no room for the Child in the inn, and a place among the cattle was all that was given to the mother with her new-born Babe. That Babe seemed like all other poor children, and who could see that from Him should go forth joy to the world?

But this Child was more than the human eye could see. The angel calls Him "Christ the Lord." That Babe of Bethlehem was

"God manifest in the flesh." Therefore the heavens were all astir when that Child was born. "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."

And why was God manifest in the flesh? Why did God's own Son take upon Himself our human nature? He did this in order to take the sinners' place and to bear the punishment of our sin. He became man in order to become our Saviour and to deliver us from sin and everlasting death. "Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour," says the angel. We need a Saviour because we are condemned and lost; for we are sinners. Had not God Himself come to the rescue there would be nothing but damnation for all people. But God did pity us and give us a Saviour. These are the tidings of great joy which are again made known to us in the happy Christmas season. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," Gal. 4, 4. 5. This makes Christmas a festival of joy. The Christmas tidings make known to sinners the birth of a Saviour and therefore they are tidings of great joy.

These tidings are for you, dear reader; and you need them for your salvation. The Saviour has come for your sake; and there is no hope for you and no help for you except in the dear Saviour who was born into the world that He might deliver us all from sin and damnation. Such great salvation the Christmas gospel brings to you; for the tidings "shall be to all people." Believe the good tidings of great joy, that you may have a happy Christmas!

Believe and Rejoice!

The sinner who receives the Christmas tidings of a Saviour in living faith cannot otherwise than be glad. He is a sinner saved, and his salvation is through the Saviour whose birth is made known in the Christmas gospel. Why should not his heart leap and bound in

gladness and in joy? But only he who believes the Christmas tidings will experience the true Christmas joy. It is even so with other good news. He who believes the good news will have his heart filled with joy.

A pastor who was down in Richmond at the close of the war relates the following:

We had been in Richmond but a few hours before I heard that the colored people were going to have a jubilee-meeting. I went to the meeting and there were three or four thousand colored people present. They had several speakers for the occasion. I remember one of them, as he stood there on the platform, pointed down to the mothers and said: "Mothers, you rejoice to-day that you are forever free, all your posterity is free, that little child has been taken from your bosom and sold off to some distant state for the last time." And some of those women shouted right out, "Glory to God!" They could not keep the good news to themselves. They believed they were set free. They believed the good news. Then this man turned to the young men and said: "Young men, rejoice to-day. It is a day of jubilee. We come to proclaim to you that you are free. You have heard the crack of the slave-trader's whip for the last time." And they shouted and clapped their hands and said, "Glory to God!" Then he turned to the young ladies and said: "Rejoice to-day! you have been on the auction block and sold as slaves for the last time." And then the young maidens clapped their hands and shouted for joy. What made them all so glad? They believed they were set free, and that is what made them so joyful.

The good Christmas tidings tell us of the Saviour who has come to set us free from the slavery of sin and from Satan, the cruel master of sinners. What you now want, dear reader, is just to believe the glad Christmas tidings. Believe and rejoice!

THE Son of God became the helpless one that he might succor and save the helpless in all ages.

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King.
Awake! awake!

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

True Lutherans wherever found will always gratefully remember the day on which Luther nailed his 95 immortal theses upon the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg, thereby striking the keynote of the Reformation. The benefits which resulted to the church and the world through his conflicts with errors and his inflexible testimonies for the truth are so many that we should be guilty of the blackest ingratitude towards God would we not thankfully remember them. That we have Bibles in our homes and can read them, that the saving Word of God is put into our and our children's hands, that we have churches in which we may worship God as his Word directs, that we have christian schools in charge of christian educated teachers, that we have civil and religious liberty, free to think, speak, and act as free men and women in a free country without fear of molestation, these are some of the numerous blessings bestowed upon us through the work of Reformation. It is meet, therefore, that we should gratefully remember it.

In order that the Colored people, too, to a great portion of which that mighty movement is still a thing unknown, might learn to know, appreciate, and thank God for the mercy and the blessings conferred, our Colored congregations in this city made arrangements to celebrate the Reformation Day in a befitting manner.

The children's services in the morning were well attended and the "A mighty fortress is our God," which the numerous little mouths poured forth from cheerful hearts, was very effective. This together with the prompt answers they gave to questions propounded to them concerning Luther and the Reformation gave evidence that the work of the great Reformer was both understood and appreciated.

Our churches were, of course, put in festive attire, and were as attractive and inviting as possible, the Trinity church of Carrollton especially so. Here children vied with each other in gathering flowers and evergreens, which pastor and teacher by the assistance of kind friends put into wreaths and garlands and arranged them on the altar, pulpit, and walls to the best advantage. The new carpet and window-shades, a present from the Sunday School, added to its attractiveness. As early as 6 o'clock, long before the appointed hour for service, the street in front of the church was lined with worshippers, and a boy was dispatched to the pastor's residence with the message: "They are all there 'waitin.'" At the opening of services every available seat was taken, so that only standing places could be afforded to late comers. Pastor Burgdorf preached on Luke 1, 68.: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people." He had chosen as his

theme: The praiseworthy redemption of God's people through the work of the Reformation, showing firstly what necessitated a redemption of God's people, and secondly, the manner in which the Reformation and with it the redemption of God's people was accomplished. From this sermon the Colored people of Carrollton, for the first time, perhaps, were set aright regarding the abominable errors and shameful abuses which everywhere prevailed at the time Luther shut the mouth of the flippant Tetzl; but they learned also, how darkness and errors had to give place to the shining light of Gospel truths which Luther preached, and yield to the mighty sword which Luther wielded. The children added their share to the edification of the audience by their beautiful and effective rendering of the Anthems: "We love the church, the holy church," and "The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, the Lord."

The attendance of St. Paul's Chapel on Re-



"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."

formation Day may be judged from the fact, that a few returned home because there was no room. A sorry thing, indeed. It was painful, too, to note the difficulty and the trouble people had to work their way or rather to squeeze themselves in among the school-benches and how small the children had to make themselves in order to give place to some late companion on their already overcrowded seats. The presentation of the "Come, thou almighty King" by the "Ladies Choir" was a fair tribute to the Day.

Mt. Zion Church, the largest of our Colored churches, could have accommodated a great many more hearers; the audience, however, was larger, than any previous gathering on Reformation Day. The pastor of these congregations based his discourse on the words of Gamaliel: "And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." (Acts 5, 38. 39.) He showed

that the Reformation of the Church was God's work, firstly from the divine nature of the work, secondly from the eminent fitness of the instrument chosen, and thirdly from the glorious victory gained. "He leadeth me," was rendered beautifully by a select choir of children. The collection taken up in the churches and Sunday Schools for the benefit of the new station amounted to somewhat over \$10.00.

May God help us to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free and to continue to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 15, 1886.

MISSIONARY.

The Christmas Lesson.

By Dr. Martin Luther.

Here we see the great and wonderful work of God, that for the sake of poor, wretched humanity, He lets His only begotten Son take upon Him human nature and become true man, and as such endure all weakness and misery, nay, take upon Him even our sins, though without sin Himself, and become a sacrifice for them, in order that we might learn to thank and praise God for this great benefit, that we poor, wretched, nay even condemned men, today attain to such great honor of becoming one flesh and blood with the Son of God. For the very eternal Son of the eternal Father, through whom heaven and earth were created out of nothing, He, as we hear, became man, was born into the world like us, except that in Him there never was any sin. Therefore we may now boast that God has become our brother, nay, our flesh and blood. This great honor was conferred, not upon the angels, but upon us men. And although

the angels are more glorious creatures than we are, yet God has honored us more highly, and come nearer to us than to the angels, since He became not an angel, but man. Now if we men would properly think of this, and heartily believe it, this inexpressible grace and benefit of our heavenly Father would cause us great joy, and impel us to thank God from our hearts, to love Him, and willingly submit to His will.

Therefore we should well learn, and earnestly consider, first, what honor was conferred upon us, in that Christ, the Son of God, became man. For it is such an honor, that if one were angel, he might wish he were a man, in order that he might boast: My flesh and blood are exalted above all angels. Wherefore we men ought truly to count ourselves blessed. God grant that we may understand it, take it to heart, and thank Him for it. In the second place, we should diligently look upon the example of Christ, what He, who is Lord of all lords, in His first advent to us poor men, did and suffered for our sake. This would induce and impel us, from our hearts also willingly to help and serve other people, even though it required great self-denial, and we should, on their account, have to suffer. To this may God help us by His Holy Spirit, through our dear Lord Jesus Christ, Amen!

After Ten Years.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

'Twas a beautiful Christmas Eve, clear, cold and star-lit, that Farmer Brown's heavy sleigh drew up in front of the old square farm house. He was returning from the small station N—. The sleigh contained two passengers, a delicate, palefaced woman and a little girl. The kind-hearted farmer had found them in the cheerless waitingroom at "the junction," waiting to take the northbound train that would not pass before noon of the following day; and had invited them "up to the house to spend the night."

If the farmer was given to such generous impulses, however, his wife was not, as the poor travelers very soon found out, for, with the first streak of light that came from the open door her sharp voice was heard exclaiming:

"Sakes alive, Caleb Brown? Brought home two people to eat us out of house and home, and you at your wits end to get along. Well, if ever I heard the like! We shall live to come to want through your doings! Now you mark my words!"

Such a pleasant looking home it had been to those weary wayfarers before its mistress appeared: But Mrs. Brown spoiled it all. Her sharp, hard voice made the poor woman who came to seek her charity shudder and grow sick at heart.

"Don't mind us, sir, we'll go back to the station," she said, faintly, to the farmer.

She reached forward to touch the farmer on the shoulder, but even that effort was too much for her wasted strength.

She sank forward, and would have fallen in the snow under the horses' feet if the farmer, warned by a cry from the little girl, had not turned and caught her in his arms.

He bore the fainting woman indoors and laid her down on the spare room bed. With his own hands, the kind old man carried in a plentiful supper and breakfast to the wanderers. And when, after the latter meal, the poor woman bade him adieu, patted her on the shoulder encouragingly, and slipped a five-dollar bill into her hand.

"Take it, my dear, as a Christmas present to you and the little one, 'twill be of help to you, till you get stronger, or till you find your friends."

Ten years have passed and Christmas is again at hand. It begins to look as if Mrs. Brown had only been too true a prophet when she foretold ruin for her husband and the almshouse for them both.

In an evil day Caleb Brown signed a note for a poor and struggling neighbor, who died almost penniless just as the time of payment drew near. Their homestead, already mortgaged, must go to pay the debt, and he was ten years older, broken down by hard work, and beaten down just now by his wife's tongue, which never ceased repeating, "Didn't I tell you so?" till his poor heart was fit to break.

"I did wrong. I see it now. I'm sorry for it. But don't blame me so, Sarah," he said, sadly, "and I'll go to the city and see this rich man that holds the note. He don't need the money, and maybe he'll agree to some arrangement, so I can pay it off by degrees and not sell our home."

"That's the first sensible word you've said about the business," cried Mrs. Brown.

And she bestirred herself so effectually to get him off, that by ten o'clock the next morning he was ringing at the door of the beautiful city mansion in which a newly made groom, the holder of the note, had just taken up his residence.

He was admitted by a servant who was rushing out on an errand in hot haste.

There was no one in the hall to receive him. The bride and groom had just returned from their wedding trip in time to spend Christmas in their own home, and the household staff wasn't, as yet, organized.

He wandered on till he came to the library, where the master of the house was sitting in company with his two-months' old bride.

The old man glanced through the half-open door, at the rich carpet, the velvet and rosewood chairs, then at the pictures on the walls, till his eyes fell upon a portrait that hung in the place of honor above the fireplace, and he stood still.

"I ought to know her well," mused the old man. "And I know now,—it is the poor lady who came to our house, that Christmas Eve, with the pretty little child. It looks as if all their troubles must be over now, if they live in a house like this."

In the library, at the same moment, a pair of blue eyes were lifted to the portrait, and tears dimmed their light.

"If the picture makes you sad, darling, it must be moved to one of the upper rooms," said the husband.

"I'm not unhappy when I look at her," replied the young wife. "I was only thinking how sad it was that she could not have lived to share with us this beautiful home."

"Your mother did not care to live longer, Lucy," said her husband, after a pause. "She told me so herself, after she had found your uncle Eustace, and persuaded him to do justice to you before he died."

"Yes; and then she suffered so, in that dreadful time, when we had no money and no home," replied his wife. "You can never imagine how she was beaten down into the very dust. One Christmas Eve—oh, how well I remember it—she would certainly have died, if it had not been for a kind old farmer who took us to his home, although his cross wife objected. Some day, George, I wish you would go with me to see that kind old man, and thank him in my mother's name."

They went out into the hall. There stood the farmer, turning his hat about in his hands, and looking like a man dazed.

"Why here is my friend—my mother's friend!" exclaimed the bride, dropping her husband's arm, and running up to the old man with both hands outstretched to greet him. "Don't you remember me, sir? I am the little girl you sheltered in your home. If you had not been so good to us, I might have lost my mother then."

"I remember, miss—ma'am," stammered the farmer, turning crimson all over his face.

"And did you come to see me, or my husband?" asked Lucy.

"It was him, ma'am—the gentleman that holds the note and the mortgage on our home. It has been foreclosed, and I must lose it to pay the debt. I wouldn't have dared to come here, ma'am, on such an errand, only it's life and death to me and my wife. We are getting old now, and I don't know where we could find another home. If more time could be given me, I could pay off the note and mortgage by degrees; but I cannot do it now. If I am pressed for it, the home must go."

"George, for my mother's sake, you won't let him lose his home," said the young wife, imploringly.

"This business is in the hands of my country agent, and I knew nothing of it until now," he observed. "Make your old friend stay and take dinner with us, Lucy, and I will settle the affair."

* * *

At eight o'clock that Christmas Eve Caleb Brown reached his farm, a happy man.

Never had the old place seemed so dear to him as now, and he gazed around the snow-clad fields, and at the old gray house, as we only gaze at the things we love, when they've been nearly lost to us. His wife met him at the door, eager-faced and sharp of tongue as ever.

"It's the cup of cold water that the good Book speaks of—it's the blessing that follows the giving," said the old man solemnly as he finished the story of the day. "The note was destroyed by the little girl we sheltered that night ten years ago, the mortgage is cancelled, and this is our house once more."

'Twas a happy Christmas for the old folks at the farm house. And an even happier one to the bride in her city home, who, "After Ten Years" had been able to pay the debt of gratitude she owed to Farmer Brown.

He Was Still a Christian.

Fifty years ago there was a dinner party in London, and after the ladies had retired the conversation became very dishonoring to Christ. One guest alone was silent, and presently he arose and ordered his carriage, while, with polished courtesy, he apologized for leaving on the ground that he was "still a Christian." One would think perhaps that he was a clergyman; but no, he was the Prime Minister of England; it was the late Sir Robert Peel.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE present issue closes the volume of our LUTHERAN PIONEER for 1886. Our PIONEER has grown up to be a bright little boy of eight years. His stockings are now larger than they were in the past; and as he hangs them up in the merry Christmas season, he expects a Christmas gift from all our readers and friends. He is a very modest little fellow and all he expects from every reader is the name of a new subscriber for the next volume. Now fill up the stockings with your Christmas gifts! Please don't disappoint the dear little chap. It would make him so sad, you know, to take down these stockings without finding his Christmas gift in them. He gladly promises to be a good boy in the future, to make his monthly trip more regularly than in the past year, and to be better than in the years gone by.

—THAT was a good answer given by old uncle Ned on Christmas day. He was out in the garden singing songs of joy over the glad Christmas news of a new-born Saviour. Some one said to him, "You seem happy to-day, old uncle!" "Yes, massa, I'se jus' tinkin'," said uncle Ned. "What are you thinking of?" asked the gentleman. "O," said old uncle, "I'se jus' tinkin' ef de Christmas crumbs that fall from the Master's table in dis world am so good, what will de great loaf in glory be?"

—A MISSIONARY in China writes home that what an American family throws away in a year would keep a dozen Chinese families; and what a Chinese family throws away in the same time would not feed a mouse.

—YOUNG McCall, of the Livingstone Congo Mission, as he lay dying, prayed, "Lord, I give myself, body, mind and soul to Thee. I consecrated my whole life and being to Thy service; and now, if it please Thee to take myself, instead of the work which I would do for Thee, what is that to me? Thy will be done."

—IN one of the great heathen temples in Japan, the devotion of the worshipers consists in running around the building one hundred times, and dropping a piece of wood into a box at each round, when, the wearisome exertion being ended, the worshiper goes home tired and very happy at the thought of having done his god such worthy service. Are there not some "Christians" whose activity is very similar to this, and of about as much value? They are ever on the street, running to all sorts of meetings, and ever bustling and hurrying from place to place. They feel and talk as if they were rendering most valuable service, and solace themselves in their weariness with the comfort that they are doing great good and will have rich reward. Yet really they are accomplishing nothing. Their exhausting labor is really only running round and round the temple; no cause is advanced by it, God's name is not honored in it.

—IN Slawauka, near St. Petersburg, a new Finnish Lutheran Church has been consecra-

ted, the largest of all in the district. Duke Vladimir, whose wife is a German princess, attended the services and presented the congregation with the gift of \$30,000.

—WHEN Mr. Tennent was traveling in Virginia, he lodged one night at the house of a planter who informed him that one of his slaves, a man upward of seventy, who could neither read nor write, was yet eminently distinguished for his piety and for his knowledge of the Scriptures. Having some curiosity to learn what evidence such a man could have of their divine origin, he went out in the morning, alone, and without making himself known as a clergyman, entered into conversation with him on the subject. After stating some of the common objections of infidels against the authenticity of the Scriptures, in a way calculated to confound an ignorant man, he said to him, "When you cannot even read the Bible, nor examine the evidence for or against its truth, how can you know that it is the word of God?" After reflecting a moment, the negro replied: "You ask me, sir, how I know the Bible is the word of God: I know it by its effect upon my own heart."

—ONE of the officers of the English army, in Egypt, asked an Egyptian why he believed in the Mahdi, the false prophet, and the answer was, because he can work miracles. The officer, having a glass eye, took it out, tossed it up in the air, caught it and put it back in its place. "Do you think the Mahdi could do that?" he asked. The Egyptian was appalled, and could not say a word.

—THERE is now a railway in Asia Minor which traverses some of the country in which the Apostle Paul performed his missionary labors. It runs near the sites of several of the "Seven Churches," mentioned in the Book of Revelation. Trains leave Smyrna three times a day.

—THE Lutheran Church in Finland, for some years past, has been successfully carrying on a mission in South Africa. This mission recently received a reinforcement of four missionaries.

—AND now, as we close our window, the little PIONEER with his bright blue eyes and a sweet catching smile reminds all our readers not to forget that Christmas gift for him in this merry Christmas season. He wishes them all

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

English Lutheran Conference in Missouri.

Our "English Lutheran Conference of Missouri" recently met in annual session in Barton Co., Mo. This Conference comprises seven pastors and congregations, all in perfect harmony with the Synodical Conference, as to doctrine and practice. The reader can gather this much from our doctrinal discussions at the last convention. The first thesis we spoke on

reads: A truly Lutheran congregation acknowledges all power of the Church to be vested in the congregation of true believers, and, consequently, rejects all authority of the clergy, or man in general, in matters of doctrine and conscience. It was shown that the "power of the Church" is of a spiritual nature and consists principally in the exercise of the Office of the Keys. This power of remitting and retaining sin is entrusted to the pastors by "the congregation of true believers," and ministers exercise it by *virtue of their office and in the name of the Triune God*. The second thesis was on "close communion." Our reasons for practicing it were fully stated and can be learned in detail from the minutes shortly to appear in print at Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

At this session we were happy to receive as an additional member Rev. Wm. Dallmann of the St. Paul's Congregation, Webster Co., Mo. —There will now be two missionaries active on the English mission field. May they find an abundant harvest. A. M.

BOOK-TABLE.

ECCE HOMO! A beautiful Chromo representing the head of the Saviour crowned with a crown of thorns. It is published by the Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 50 Cts.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
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Catechumen class meets from 7-8 Wednesday evening.
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TERMS:

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

1 Copy25
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 Rev. R. A. BISCHOFF, Bingen, Adams Co., Ind.