

Concordia Seminary - Saint Louis

Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary

The Lutheran Pioneer

Print Publications

1-1-1887

The Lutheran Pioneer 1887

R. A. Bischoff (Editor)

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



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

Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1887" (1887). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 9.
https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran_pioneer/9

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

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1887.

No. 1.

Jesus, Loving Saviour.

Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us,
As we onward go.

So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward,
To the Better Land.

The New Year.

Another year has passed away, and as we begin a new volume of our paper and enter upon another period of time we wish our readers, one and all, a Happy New Year.

There is, however, no happiness without Jesus. We have in ourselves nothing but sin, and God has said, "The wages of sin is death." If God would deal with us after our deserts and reward us according to our iniquity, we could look into the future only with terror, and there would be no happiness for us in the coming year. But God has had compassion upon us. The Saviour has come, and his very name expresses the work He undertook. "*His name shall be called Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins.*" He took our sin and curse upon Himself, so that through faith in His name we have pardon and life. All that flee for refuge to Him, are safe and happy, whatever may befall them in the coming year. They have a reconciled Father, who loves them and will never, never forsake them. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we have access to this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God," Rom. 5, 1. 2.

The experience of this true happiness through faith in Jesus will render us willing to do more towards spreading the Gospel of this Saviour over the earth for the salvation of others. The work of our mission among the colored people requires new liberality and new effort in the new year. The selfishness which is satisfied with having the Gospel for self, without much concern for others, we should willingly let die with the old year. Let us pray more fervently

and give more liberally for the welfare of other souls that need the bread of life. To labor for God's glory and the salvation of perishing men—what nobler work could there be? Let us then, by the grace of God, be more faithful in the work which He has given us to do, and God's presence and blessing will make the new year happy.

Are You Tired?

Reader, there are many persons who, as the years pass by, grow weary and tired of everything in this life, and yet have nothing to cheer them in looking forward to the world to come. Are you one?

There are many who are thoroughly unhappy in their own hearts, although they will not confess it—unhappy because they know they are unfit to die. Are you one?

There is rest for the weary even in this world. There is repose for the tired and heavy laden. There is real, solid, lasting happiness to be had on this side of the grave.

Where is this rest? Where is this repose? Where is this happiness? It is found in Him whose name was called Jesus because He should save His people from their sins. It is enjoyed by all who hear His voice in the Gospel and follow Him in true faith. "Come unto Me," He says, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "We which have believed," says St. Paul, "do enter into rest."

Reader, do you want to be happy in all the years of your life and in all eternity? Come to Jesus and be His disciple. Cease to seek happiness in the vain things of this world. Give up the pride, the self-will, the sinful stubbornness of your own ways. Come to Jesus as a humble sinner, cast your soul on Him, and then true rest and true happiness shall be yours.

"Thy Mercies Have no Date."

When you write a letter you put a date to it, which shows the day and month and year when it was written. If you know the date of a man's birth and the date of his death, you can take the one from the other, and then you

can tell exactly how long he lived in this world of ours.

But God's mercies "have no date." You cannot fix a time when they began, for they are "from everlasting." You cannot fix a time when they will end, for they are "to everlasting."

They are like God Himself, "from everlasting to everlasting." He was a God of love in all eternity past, and He will be a God of love throughout all eternity to come.

Have you any share in His mercy? Then you may rejoice and give thanks, because His mercy endureth forever.

Our Pilot.

BY DR. LUTHER.

Our life is like unto the sailing of a ship; for like as the mariners in the ship have before them a port or haven, towards which they direct their course, and where they shall be secure from all danger; even so the promise of everlasting life is made unto us; that we in the same, as in a safe port, or haven, should rest calmly and secure. But seeing the ship wherein we are is weak, and the winds and waves do beat into and upon us, as though they would overwhelm us, therefore we have truly need of an understanding and experienced pilot, who with his counsel and advice might rule and govern the ship that it run not on a rock, or utterly sink and go down. Such a pilot is our blessed Saviour Christ Jesus.

Step by Step.

Step by step God leads His people on. He knows the way that leads to blessedness, and He desires us to trust Him. It does not please Him to show us at once all that lies between us and the appointed goal. It would not be well for us to have such an extended view. We live by faith, not by sight, and to see one step at a time in our onward journey is enough. God is our guide and support, and it suffices that He sees it all. Let Him choose the path: do thou follow in quietness and in confidence.

Selected.

The Bell in the Sea.

In a traveller's account of his voyage we read the following:

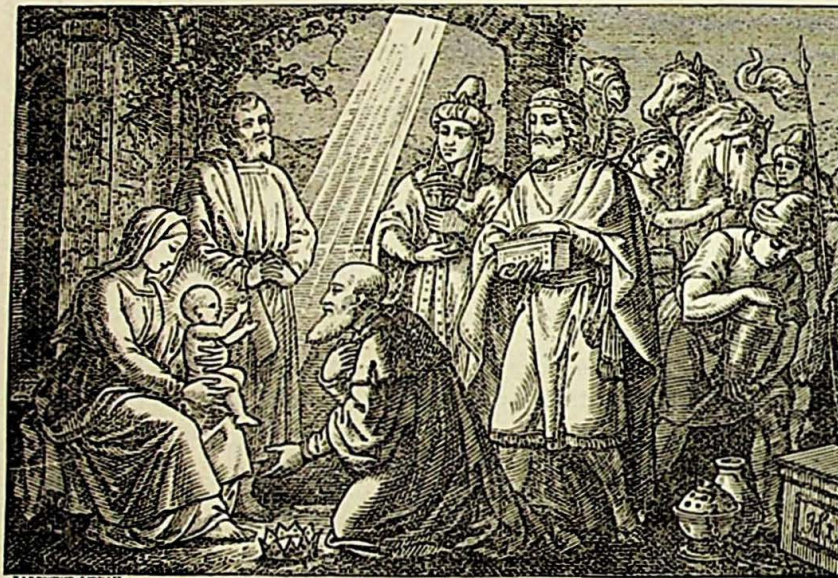
Off the coast of Wales a large bell has been placed in the sea to warn vessels against too near an approach to the shoals above which it swings. It is so placed that at every motion of the waves, however slight, it sends forth its sound. The people of a town that lies along the shore, more than a mile distant, may not hear it among the din of business; or if they hear, they may not heed it, because used to its tones, as the ticking or striking of a clock in our room is after awhile totally unnoticed. But whether forgotten or remembered, the bell is sending forth its signals of danger or its softer notes, day after day, and night after night, and hour after hour.

Sometimes when the gale has rushed across the bosom of the Atlantic it rings a wild and rapid alarm; sometimes it almost seems to shriek amid the sullen moanings of the storm; sometimes at the touch of the rippling breeze it tells of gladness, like the chime of marriage bells; and sometimes as the wind is sinking into a great calm its melody steals over the water like sweetest music. Merchant vessels may speed along the track of trade; tempest tossed mariners may struggle to gain the port; pleasure parties may sail around it with song and shout; funeral barges may pass it with the remains of the dead; but its voice is never silent, and to all it conveys a lesson if they have ears to hear.

The bell in the sea reminds us of "the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever," (1 Pet. 1, 23). Although too often unheard or unheeded, it is sounding its solemn warning and its tender entreaties each day of the year. Without it the soul would be stranded and wrecked upon the dark shores of a hopeless eternity. Its terrific declarations of God's wrath against sin are the notes of warning to arouse sinners from their deadly slumber. Its assurances and promises are the notes of silvery sweetness that come floating across the waters to delight the child of God. They are heard every morning as he renews his voyage heavenward; every evening as he lies down to slumber, a day's sail nearer home; in every hour of trouble; in every night of sorrow; in every time of trial, ringing out more and more clearly as he approaches "the shining shore." May the Lord lead us to listen to the word, only to the word, constantly to the word. And may we recognize in it God's own voice and yield to His will a happy obedience in all things! "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound," (Psa. 89, 15).

The Wealth of Heaven.

The wealth of heaven never perishes, never departs, never ceases, never brings with it care or envy or blame, destroys not the body, corrupts not the soul, is without ill-will, heaps not up malice; all which things attend on earthly wealth. That honor lifts not men into folly, doth not make them puffed up, never ceases nor is dimmed. Again, the rest and delight of heaven endureth continually; ever being immovable and immortal, one cannot find its end or limit. Nothing which comes to an end is much to be desired; whatever ceases, and to-day is, and to-morrow is not, though it be very great, yet it seems little and contemptible. Then let us not cling to fleeting things which slip away and depart, but to those which are enduring and immovable.—*Chrysostom.*



The Infant Saviour.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright,
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee!

As with joyous steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So, may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy seat!

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

An African New-Year's Card.

Of course all boys and girls know what the cactus is—a green, grotesquelooking plant, almost covered with spines and bearing a most gorgeous flower; but I am sure they do not know all of the uses to which the cactus can be put, nor do I believe that the most ingenious guesses could come near to the truth.

It is a native of America, but it has been taken to Europe and Africa, and now grows in the latter country in great profusion. But, after all, the oddest use of the cactus prevails in Cape Town, South Africa, where its leaves are made to serve the purpose of visiting-cards. Fancy carrying about in your coat-pocket a lot of thick leaves covered with spines as sharp as needles! But, wait a moment. The leaves of the particular kind of cactus so used are not very prickly, and, moreover, they are not carried about, but left growing on the plant, which stands at the foot of the front steps.

When a lady calls she has only to draw out one of those ever-ready hat-pins, with which ladies are always provided, and with the sharp point scratch her name on the glossy, green surface of a leaf. A gentleman generally uses the point of his pen-knife. The lines turn silvery white and remain on the leaf, clear and distinct, for years and years. On New Year's day, these vegetable cards are especially convenient, and ladies who wish to keep the calls of that day apart from those of other days, appropriate a branch of the cactus to that purpose.

One gentleman in Cape Town has a cactus plant which is nearly fifteen feet high. Its great thick leaves are almost all in use as visiting cards, so that he has a complete and lasting record of his visitors. It cannot be said that this practice adds to the beauty of the plant, but then it is oddity and not beauty that is desired in such cases.

There is one cactus, not so plentiful as that just described, which is of a very accommodating character. It not only has smooth leaves, but the spines it has are so large and stiff that they can be used as pens for writing on the leaves.—*N. J.*

God's presence is enough for toil and enough for rest. If he journey with us by the way, he will abide with us when night fall comes; and his companionship will be sufficient for direction on the road, and for solace and safety in the evening camp.

THERE are two words that should take up most of our thoughts and cares; namely, time and eternity. Time, because it will so soon be at an end; and eternity, because it will never come to an end.

The True Story of Chin Lung.

In China, while the birth of a girl is looked upon as a misfortune, if not a disgrace, and, according to the custom of the province, all above two or three are usually in some way put to death or allowed to die from neglect, the birth of a son is attended with a great deal of ceremony, and the more boys in a family the greater the rejoicing. Yet this is not always the case, especially among the very poor, and if the child happens to be sickly or deformed. Hence, this true story of Chin Lung.

When he was about six years old he lay in bed one morning, although his two elder brothers were up and heating some rice in a little brass furnace. It was a cold, frosty morning; his father had made a little fire under the bed the night before, for they spread a mat on a flat brick furnace, and the whole family slept on it.

It would not have been much trouble for Chin Lung to have got up, for to get up was all he had to do to be ready for breakfast, since, like all the rest of the family he had gone to bed with his clothes on, his dress being a long, blue gown coming nearly to his heels and quilted with wadding to make it warm; on his head he had a cap, with holes cut in it to let his hair through, for, like other boys when a baby, his head had been shaved, except three spots, one over each ear and one on the top of the head, and the hair on the places was twisted up in three funny little balls.

He lay there very quiet and pretended to be asleep, but he was thinking how glad he would be when he could wear a tunic and trousers like his brothers, and have a long pigtail to hang down his back, and of next New Year's day and its pleasures, just as the children of this country, as soon as Fourth of July is over begin to think of the next Christmas. But hearing his parents mention his name, he pulled his cap off and listened.

Said his father, "We have too many boys. Fee Song and Loo Choo are enough to do all the work, and the bed is too full. Chin Lung eats a great deal of rice. I think we shall have to get rid of him."

His mother answered, "Yes, the bed is too full now, and the boys grow so fast. Chin Lung's back will never get straight; he will never be strong enough to work, and he does eat a great deal of rice."

"We ought never to have saved Chin Lung at all; he has eaten a great deal in these six years," was the mother's cruel answer.

"I will go out and get some poison this very morning," said the father, and they began to talk about different kinds of poison.

Fee Song and Loo Choo had stopped stirring the rice and been listening to the talk. Fee Song begged his parents not to poison poor little Chin. "I will eat less rice myself and do more work," he said.

But Loo Choo said Chin Lung crowded him

the night before, and he thought he was one boy too many.

Poor Chin Lung heard it all, but he lay quite still and never made a sound, not even when his parents got up and went out of the house, and he could not hear what Loo Choo was saying because of Fee Song's sobs as he stirred the rice.

When his father came back he brought something in a cup to Chin Lung, and said,

"Here is something good for you to drink."

Fee Song went crying out of the room as Chin took a big mouthful of the stuff, but little as he was he knew better than to swallow it, and he held it in his mouth till he went out of the house and then he spit it out. As fast as he could he ran away through the narrow, crowded streets of Shanghai till he felt so sick he crawled up in a little corner and lay down.

How long it was before he was picked up and taken to an orphan boys' school by a missionary no one ever knew, but he was apparently almost starved and dead. But he grew up in the school and became a native preacher, and for many years walked up and down the streets of that great city telling the people of the Saviour of whom he had learned, often praying that God would guide him to his brothers and parents, that they too might know of the glad tidings.—*Child's Paper.*

God's Strange Ways.

Our heavenly Father has a care for his children. This is proved to us over and over every day of the year. An incident in the life of Samuel Gobat shows how God sometimes resorts to strange ways in protecting us.

This man was a missionary among the Druses, who live in the lonely mountains of Lebanon. About twenty years ago he labored among these people, reading to them from the New Testament, and preaching to them of the Lord Jesus Christ. His labors were not in vain. At last, however, a secret plot was formed against him.

One day a man came to him from the heathen chief, urging him to come at once, as the chief wished to speak with him about Christ. Mr. Gobat was glad to hear this, and sent word to the chief that he would visit him in a few days.

In the meantime the missionary took sick and could not go. Another messenger came to him from the chief urging him to come. Mr. Gobat set a day on which he would visit the chief, but he was again prevented from going by the arrival of some of the principal chiefs.

On the following day, however, he resolved that nothing should prevent him from going.

But, just as he left his house, a letter was brought to him saying that the ship in which it had been arranged that he should go to Malta was to sail on the very next day at noon.

What was he to do? While he was thinking

about it, a third messenger arrived from the chief, most earnestly begging him to come.

Mr. Gobat decided to go. Some of the Druses went with him. Night overtook them in the mountains and it was very dark. Their only route lay along a narrow and dangerous path, along which the Druses were to guide the missionary. As they proceeded, by the light of the moon, they noticed a hyena lying in their path. The animal being chased, kept the path in making its escape. The guides would go no further for, they said, "The way an hyena goes is an unlucky way."

It was agreed that they would pass the night at a village near by, and continue their journey very early the next morning. However, being very weary, they all overslept themselves. The missionary found that he could not go to see the chief and return in time to take the ship for Malta. Thus he was prevented again from going, which he regretted very much. All through his voyage he lamented that he had been unable to visit the chief.

On arriving at an island of Malta he received a letter informing him that had he succeeded in seeing the chief it would have cost him his life. The chief had sent for him for the purpose of seizing and killing him. Thus God overruled all for the best.—*Exchange.*

No Fear, No Hope.

Mr. Robert Owen once visited a gentleman who was a believer. In walking out they came to the gentleman's family graveyard. Owen addressing him, said: "There is one advantage I have over Christians—I am not afraid to die; but if some of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment."

"Well," said his companion, "you say you have no fear of death—have you any hope in death?"

After a solemn pause, he replied, "No."

"Then," replied the gentleman, pointing to an ox standing near, "you are on a level with that brute. He is fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear."—*Sword and Trowel.*

Little Lizzie's Answer.

One day the teacher of our infant-class asked them this question, "How big must you be to give your heart to Jesus? Must you be as big as I am? All that think so will raise the hand." Quite a number thought they must be as big as their teacher. "Well, all who do not think so will raise the hand." A good many hands were raised in response to this invitation. "Well, Lizzie, how big do you think we must be to give our hearts to Jesus?" "Just as big as we are."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE present issue begins the ninth volume of THE LUTHERAN PIONEER. We tender our thanks to the friends of our mission who have helped by their prayers, and aided in the circulation of the PIONEER, and earnestly ask their continued and hearty co-operation.

—THE Editor's Window has been removed to a quiet country place. We have a good and beautiful view from our window, but the Outlook might not prove interesting to our readers. Our friends will, therefore, do us a favor by sending interesting items for the "Outlook."

—WE have not moved to Bingen on the Rhine nor to the city of Bangor. Letters intended for the editorial department of this paper have been sent to Bangor, Maine. We live in the good old state of Indiana, in the beautiful county of Adams, near the flourishing sawmill town of Bingen. Our address therefore is Bingen, Adams Co., Ind.

—THE following item is sent by a friend in New York city: A few days since we had the novelty of a Chinese woman's funeral, the first that has taken place among us. There were but four Chinese women in the city, and Mrs. Chin Shun is no more. The heathen services were simple. The dead woman's friends gathered about the coffin. Rice, slippers and a change of garments were put inside the box, while peculiar mutterings were uttered. This occurred at night; the next morning a Chinaman seated himself by the driver of the hearse, and strewed bits of paper along the way to delay the Devil, who is supposed to stop and examine them. The Chinese who die here are all buried in a special part of the Evergreen Cemetery.

—"SOME folks," said an old colored deacon, "go to church with a pitchfork; and they pitch a little piece of the sermon at first one acquaintance and then another, till there is none left for themselves, and then they find fault with the preacher. But I like to see folks take a rake with them and draw up all the little bits that do them good and take them home with them, and those that do this always hear good sermons."

—IN Greenland there are 7,000 Esquimaux converts under the fostering care of the Danish Lutheran Missionary Society.

—DARKNESS is preferred to moonlight by railroad engineers, says a prominent railroad president. He declares that in the course of a long experience he has found that all engineers dread moonlight nights. They try the nerves to their utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On a moonlight night the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking out from his engine, sees all manner of shadows. He is sure that the dark shadow across the track he sees is a man or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, many curious shadows

are outlined on the track, and very often an engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties. In the dark he goes ahead with composure, trusting to the signals that all is right, but in the moonlight his mind is constantly terrifying him by transforming empty shadows into fatal obstructions. The Christian has a similar experience in his journey through life. While he walks by faith he is at peace, but when he looks ahead in his own feeble light he is appalled by the difficulties before him, Prov. 3, 5, 6.

—A CHURCHGOER of Egypt, Tenn., in a letter tells of a novel Southern method of paying off the debt of a church. The church needed some improvements, and to aid in raising the funds Mr. Davis proposed a cotton-picking. About thirty men, women and children met for that purpose. The fairest and the bravest, old and young, spent the day in harvesting the fleecy staple. The cotton was not thick, but the deacons and elders certified to nearly 2,000 pounds.

—A GENTLEMAN was one day relating a tale of deep distress, and concluded very pathetically, by saying, "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied one of his hearers, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor. But didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

—G. E. TALMAGE, of China, says: There are about 600 missionaries in the foreign field, or about one to every 600,000 of the population; but being mostly on the sea-coast, the provinces of the interior are very destitute.

—STATISTICS of Christian work accomplished in the Sandwich Islands have been given at various times, but the following facts brought together by the Rev. Mr. Forbes, Secretary of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, will be of interest. The first Hawaiian pastor was ordained in 1849. Since that time, 95 Hawaiians have been ordained, of whom 38 are as pastors in the home field and 9 in foreign service, making 47 native Hawaiians who are now either pastors or missionaries in active service. Since 1852, when the first Hawaiians went to Micronesia in company with Messrs. Snow, Gullick and Sturges, not less than 75 Sandwich Islanders have gone as foreign missionaries, 39 of them males, 36 females. The total sum contributed at the Islands for foreign missions has been \$170,149.45. Of this amount \$134,015.86 were contributed by native Hawaiian churches, the remainder by foreign churches and individuals at the Island. The contributions of the Hawaiian churches for all purposes from the beginning, so far as can be ascertained, amount to \$818,270.35.

—THE editor of the Japanese paper, the *Kirioto Kyo Shimbun*, has received directly from all the Protestant churches of Japan their statistics for the past year, which he gives in comparison with the three preceding years, by which the marvelous growth appears in that time of 151 churches from 88; of 11,604 members from 3,769; and of contributions of yen

23,407 from 12,477; the yen being worth about 80 cents gold.

—FEW better replies are upon record than that of the young Christian, to whom a bishop once said: "If you will tell me where God is I will give you an orange." "If you will tell me where He is *not*, I will give you two," was the child's answer.

—EMPEROR WILLIAM has given the sum of \$12,500 to the erection of a Luther monument in Berlin.

—AFRICAN converts in Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast, numbering 10,000, have raised a jubilee fund of \$75,000. Our little PIONEER does not dare to hope that any one will raise such a fund for our Colored Mission in the new year. No! He therefore closes the window and wishes all readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Acknowledgment.

I hereby gratefully acknowledge that I have received through my Pastor, N. J. Bakke, from Mr. F. J. Odendahl \$5.00 and from Mr. H. H. Hussmann a load of wood.

May God bless the generous givers who in my sickness and need have so kindly remembered me.

New Orleans La., December 15., 1886.

354 Howard St., HANNIBAL JABERS.

BOOK-TABLE.

LIEDERLUST. Altes und Neues fuer muntere Saenger in Kirche, Schule und Haus. Von A. Spaeth. —F. H. Diehl, Allentown, Pa. Price 40 cts.

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 Copy	25
10 Copies	\$2.00
25 "	5.00
50 "	9.00

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1887.

No. 2.

A Prayer.

The way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare;
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair:
More heavy was thy burden,
More desolate thy way;—
*O Lamb of God, who takest
The Sin of the world away.
Have mercy on us.*

The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night;
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day;—
*O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away.
Have mercy on us.*

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
Heavy and hard to bear;
For we dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair:
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And thou wilt bid it cease;—
*O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away.
Grant us thy peace.*

Selected.

Christ or Hell?

All the world are guilty before God (Rom. 3, 19). Death, to the sinner, is the door to eternal woe. All who have died without faith in the Saviour are in woe now. It is true they will be raised to judgment, but already their spirits are in eternal misery. Millions are in misery now, fixed, eternal. Many, alarmed at this dread reality, fall into the devil's snare, and close their eyes to the terrible future at their door. They love themselves, the world, their sins, their pleasures. They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, and, blind-folded and duped, rush on to an eternity of woe. They pass the only way of escape, spurning God's provision of grace. Christ, if even professed with the lips, is refused as a present Saviour. They know they cannot have Christ and sin, and they love sin best.

Again and again God's Word sounds the warning note. Stop on your mad career; you are rushing to hell's brink. Your back is towards God and His love. And yet he pleads with you to stop. There is one way of escape, and only one—God's way. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. "We all know that," you say. So much the worse for you, sinner, if you heed it not. The greater your light and knowledge, the greater your responsibility. God will judge in righteousness, and it will be better for a poor ignorant heathen than a nominal Christian in that day. I press it upon you again—you may die to-day. Die to-day, and pass to-night in hell—your doom sealed, sealed to all eternity. You, who probably meant to be saved *some day*—lost, *eternally lost*. Your life hangs upon a thread.

The glory of man surrounds you on all hands, but man and all his glory are going to the grave. Which is it to be with you? Christ or hell? With the Son of God's love and His redeemed, or with the devil and his angels? Eternal glory, or the lake of fire? Eternal bliss, or eternal woe? Worshiping round the throne, or wailing in hell? Singing the new song, or weeping and gnashing of teeth? In marvellous light, or the blackness of darkness? It is one or the other for all. If you *will* have self, the world, and sin now, you *must* have hell hereafter. If you accept Christ now, you shall have glory with Him forever. Which is it to be? The pleasures of sin for a season, or pleasures at God's right hand for evermore.

Stewardship.

"Every one of us shall give account of himself to God," Rom. 14, 12.

Salvation is the free gift of God through Christ Jesus our Lord; "not of works, lest any man should boast." But after we are saved, we are no more our own; we are bought with a price, and everything we have belongs to Christ.

Thus we are stewards and responsible to Him for the use we make of everything He

commits to us. Health, wealth, time, strength, position, powers of mind, etc., are all so many talents, of which we shall have to give an account on the day of the Lord.

We have no hard Master to deal with. He knows exactly how much He has committed to us, and it is accepted according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not, 2 Cor. 8, 12.

If He has given us money, we are responsible to use it for Him. So with our time. It is the Lord's, and should be laid out most carefully in His service.

So with influence, position in life. All may be used for Him. They belong to Him, and we are robbing Him if in any way we use them to exalt and glorify ourselves.

Mental gifts and powers are the same. If we use them for self, to get praise from man, we are wasting our Lord's goods, and we shall be eternal losers.

Let us judge ourselves, our circumstances, our powers, and see whether we are being good stewards—whether the Lord will be able to say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and, if not, let us gird our loins at once, and seek henceforth to spend and to be spent for Him. We have only a little while left. Let us make the most of it, and see how much time, strength, money, influence, powers, we can send up to heaven, 1 Tim. 6, 17—19.

Avoiding Anxiety.

Payson, on his dying bed, said to his daughter, "You will avoid much pain and anxiety if you will learn to trust all your concerns in God's hands. 'Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.' But if you merely go and say that you cast your care upon Him, you will come away with the load on your shoulders."

It is not to be borne that Christian people should say, We cannot know whether God is favorable to us or not. On the contrary, we should learn to say, I know that I believe in Christ, and therefore that God is my gracious Father.—*Luther*.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

The christmas-tree is taken down, its ornaments carefully packed away, and every visible object that reminds us of this most joyful festival is removed. But the christmas-joy does not end with the dying out of the candles and the removing of the tree. The beautiful story of the Christ-Child's birth, the message of the Archangel, and the songs of the heavenly hosts still ring in the ears and reecho in the hearts of young and old. Christmas is not a thing of a day or a night, but of every hour and day and month throughout the year. To a christian every day is a Christmas-day, its story is to him ever new and ever true. Every Gospel message is intermingled with the songs which messengers from the high and holy courts of heaven brought to the mortals on earth that night. Every christian home is a Bethlehem and every christian heart a Saviour's manger.

But the christmas-tree though but of a night's duration or two, plays an important part in our celebration. To the people among whom we labor, and who are generally too poor to afford such a luxury at home, the christmas-trees in our churches are the center of attractions. This year's celebration formed no exception. For two successive nights our sanctuaries were crowded with worshipers, the Trinity and St. Paul churches not even being able to hold them all. Great many, no doubt, came only to gratify their curiosity, but we were glad to see them nevertheless, and welcome shall they ever be, and thankful for the opportunity they gave us in telling them of the child born us and the Son given us and for being able to direct them to him.

The children were, of course, happy, as they had every reason to be. Not only were the christmas-trees decorated in the most tasteful manner with glittering ornaments that almost dazzled their eyes, not only were the sweetmeats plenty and delicious and the various presents beautiful and useful, but, judging from the answers they give to questions propounded concerning the Saviour's birth and subsequent work for the sinner-world, from the hymns recited and the carols sung, and from the close attention with which they listened to the addresses of the pastors, it was apparent that their joy came from a different source. In our schools these children have learned to know and to love the christ-child, and without much resistance he has been permitted to take up his abode in their hearts and make himself there a "bed soft, undefiled;" and where Christ dwells there is joy. — Would to God that those who listened to us and worshiped with us during the festival of Christmas, and who were, of this we are sure, impressed by what they heard, would to God that they would permit their hearts to be turned into mangers and their homes into Bethlehems for the Saviour to reign supremely.

During christmas vacation the Mt. Zion

church was partly renovated. A partition was built dividing it into two apartments. The one is to be used exclusively for school, and congregation meetings, and as assembly room for the Young People's Association, the other for church. The school room has been furnished by the Board with patent benches as the old ones no longer could be made to serve. The church-benches were colored, a real altar has taken the place of the kitchen-table that formerly served for altar purposes. Pulpit and altar were painted white and trimmed with red velvet and gold fringes. The altar platform as well as the aisles were covered with new carpets. The joy of the congregation and school runs high and the contributions from both are increasing.

During the past year 18 were added to our congregations, 172 communed, and 17, of whom 7 were adults, were baptized. The contributions from churches and schools amounted to about \$450. Pastor Burgdorf's school in Carrollton numbers at present one hundred scholars, while the attendance of the sunday-school is still larger. This mission has contributed during the eleven months of its existence about \$90 and is in a prosperous condition.

May the Lord continue to add his blessing to our work and to gather into His Zion His chosen people. Encouraged by the success with which we have hitherto met, may we be stirred up to greater activity for our Mission cause.

New Orleans, La., January 20, 1887.

MISSIONARY.

Shall we have a New Station?

The Synodical Conference in its convention at Detroit last August passed a resolution to the effect that the Missionary Board of the Colored Mission be empowered to start another Mission at New Orleans as soon as possible. From the report made by the Board of the prosperous condition of our Mission, the Conference was impressed with the importance and necessity of extending and enlarging it. But up to date the executives of the Synodical Conference have been unable to carry out this resolution for want of means. And as matters now stand the prospects for a new Station are rather gloomy. This is sad. That part of the city in which we contemplate to start the Mission, is thickly populated with Colored people. Hundreds of children are without schooling and religious training, and a number of adults have been found who are without churchly connection. These people are waiting for us to come and break to them the bread of life. Shall we let them perish for want of it? Shall we let them starve, while we have plenty and to spare? You fellow christians throughout the Synodical Conference, who have made it your object to christianize our Freedmen, will not stand idly by and be happy in your christian homes and houses of worship while our colored friends have neither

a house nor the bread of life. Why not rent a hall, you ask? If one were to be had it would have been occupied by your Missionaries long before this. There is but one thing left for us to do: to secure a suitable site and erect a chapel. You will have noticed that our work progresses slowly compared with that of sectarian churches. But rest assured in the long run we shall come out the winner. Your Missionaries and men of our Synod, far better able to judge than we, are seeing more clearly every year, that the religious training of the children is the best paying work of the Mission. Its immediate results may not be so apparent but in its final outcome the wisdom of the method is sure. By christianizing the future mothers and fathers of the colored race, we shall have secured a stronghold for the true church of the Reformation, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. But to accomplish this work we need and must have churches and schoolhouses, and pastors and teachers. And will you not supply us with the means necessary to carry it out? — We are aware that the calls for your liberal contributions have been frequent of late. But we are willing to come in for a small share of your revenues, when the rest have been supplied. Like the Canaanite woman begging for crumbs at her Saviour's feet, we ask you only for your crumbs. Give your Dollars and your tens if you can to our Synodical Institutions, Home and Emigration Missions. Let the house of Israel, those of the household of faith, first of all be supplied. We grudge not their prerogative. But let us have the crumbs, your nickles and your dimes, and with these we will erect churches and schools for our colored people that shall stand for generations as monuments of "Gods Word and Luther's doctrine pure." Let there be a general gathering of crumbs for a new station at New Orleans, in all the congregations belonging to the Synodical Conference. You pastors will lead in this matter as in all others, you will plead the cause of our Mission before your congregations, and the teachers will tell their scholars about those colored children who are growing up ignorant of the blessed Saviour. Nor will you forget to offer up a little prayer with the coin you give. But the time is pressing. The property in the vicinity is rising in value and the vacant available spots are rapidly vanishing. If the matter is delayed, we shall be looking in vain for a suitable site for our church.

All contributions should be sent to the Treasurer of the Missionary Board, Prof. A. C. Burgdorf, 1041 Allen Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

New Orleans, La., January 20, 1887.

N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

Poor peasants and simple children now understand Jesus Christ better than the pope, the bishops, and the doctors.

—Martin Luther.

"I'd Like to be Sure about it."

Some little time ago, writes a pastor, I was called to see a poor girl who was dying of consumption. Her home was the miserable garret of a house inhabited by several different families, where she was often disturbed by the voices of the swearer and the drunkard, which could be plainly heard through the thin walls. As I glanced round the bare room, so plainly stamped with the marks of poverty and want, I felt that nothing but the love of Jesus could brighten such a place, and longed to speak of Him, who alone can give peace in the midst of every circumstance.

Her end was evidently very near, and, sitting down by the side of the bed, I asked how long she had been ill. "About two years," was her reply, "though I have only been in bed about ten weeks."

"You must have suffered a great deal," I said, after waiting till a distressing fit of coughing was over, which almost exhausted her.

"Ay, that I have," she answered.

"And have you the comfort of knowing that the Lord Jesus is *your* Saviour? Does it give you real joy to know that your time here is so short?" I asked, anxious to discover if she knew anything of that "peace which passeth all understanding."

She looked at me with an expression of great interest as she said, "I can only trust in the Lord, I know I have no hope but in Him, for I have been such a sinner; sometimes I feel afraid, for I never thought about Him till I took ill, and sometimes I think he will be merciful, for it says, He died for sinners, and, oh, I'm such a sinner. People like you don't know what sin is."

"We may not have the same temptations that you have, but we all have the same sinful nature, and God says in his word that we are alike. I don't mean to say that we all do the same things, but we have a nature in us that cannot love God, and cannot please Him, the same nature that crucified His Son. In the Bible we read that 'There is none righteous, no, *not one*;' 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. 'I might be the best, the kindest, the most religious person you ever saw, but unless I see that I have a sinful nature, and can take my place as one of the *lost*, for whom the Savior died, I am just as far from God as the most hardened sinner on earth. But the same Word that tells us 'All have sinned' tells us also that 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' (1 Tim. 1, 15.)

"I do believe that He died to save sinners, and I know I am a sinner," she said, "only, I'd like to be sure about it; it would make me so happy."

I took out my Testament, and, turning to

John 3, said, "We will see what the Lord Himself says about it; I don't want you to take *my* word, but to take His." I then read, "And 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."

"But I do believe," she said.

"Then, have you everlasting life?"

"I don't know," was her answer.

"But how is that?" I asked; "don't you believe God's word? The Lord Himself says, 'He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me HATH everlasting life, and SHALL NOT come into condemnation, but IS passed from death unto life.' Do you think He could say a thing which is not true?"

"Be not Deceived, God is not Mocked!"

"I hope that God may paralyze me" were the words spoken by William Burklett at Douglas, Ga. At once his hands dropped to his side, his legs refused to move, and his eyes rolled wildly around. His prayer was answered as he stood, paralyzed on the spot, when but a few moments before he was a magnificent type of physical manhood. He tried to speak, but his tongue would not move. Half a dozen men who were present were rendered motionless by the evident visitation of the hand of God. When they recovered self-possession they moved the afflicted man to his residence, a half mile distant. The news soon spread through the country and scores of people called to see the victim. The physicians can ascribe no natural cause for his affliction.

The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain. N. B.



A STREET SCENE IN CHINA.

"Oh, no, and that seems simple enough, but I don't *feel* like it," she answered.

"But God says nothing at all about your feelings, all He wants is that you should see yourself a sinner, having no hope but Christ; then if you really believe that He died to *save* sinners, and therefore to save *you*, God says you have 'everlasting life.' Remember it is not *my* word but *God's*. He wants nothing from us but child-like faith in His Son."

"I do believe," she repeated, "can it be true that I am really saved?"

"What makes you think you are saved?" I asked.

"Because it says, 'whosoever believeth,' and I *do* believe, so it must mean me."

"Yes, it does," I answered, "it means every poor sinner who sees himself lost and ruined by nature, and believes on the Lord Jesus as his Saviour."

several days of suffering, he died a most sad and miserable death.

No Difference.

A little colored girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her, "Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked. And she answered promptly, "I know he does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that he hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child kept on with her work; then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ear, and not His eyes. My voice is just like any other little girl's; and if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin."

The Sin of Swearing.

A certain nobleman, who had given himself over to the sin of cursing, was about to enter the army, when an aged and a truly pious citizen earnestly reminded him of his fault, and exhorted him to repentance, saying, "Consider well; you are now going to battle where body and soul are at stake, and you know not what may befall you." The nobleman, however, paid no regard to what had been said to him, save to reply that cursing and swearing well suited the soldiers, as he who cursed the most generally fared the best. But what happened? In the first engagement God permitted his chin to be shot off, so that his blaspheming tongue hung down upon his breast, a most revolting sight. He had now constantly to lie upon his back, and when he desired water it had to be given him through a funnel. After

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM a paper sent us by a friend in Lancaster, O., we clip the following: Rev. P. N. Berkhalter, a colored minister, of the Lutheran church, preached at the Immanuel Lutheran church in this city, Wednesday evening of last week, and also last Sunday evening. He was born a slave in the State of Georgia on the 13th day of January, 1856. He joined the said church about four years ago at Springfield, Illinois, and there obtained part of his theological education at the German Seminary. He is now completing his education in theology under the private tutorage of Rev. C. Frank, formerly of this city, at Zanesville. It is the design of the church to send him South to evangelize the colored people. He is a fluent and correct speaker, and his sermon on the Scriptures last Sunday evening was well received by the large congregation present. The singing of the choir was especially fine on this occasion. It was quite a curiosity for the members of said church to have a colored man preach to them.

—MILWAUKEE has 17 Lutheran congregations in connection with the Synodical Conference. Each of these has a parochial school. The total number of scholars is 4335; there are 54 teachers.

—BIBLES are distributed at Castle Garden, New York, printed in the following languages: English, Welsh, French, Danish, Swedish, Finnish, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Russian, Bulgarian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Slavic, Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Hebrew and Portuguese.

—A GOOD NOTICE. One of the "notices" in the porch of the church at Hawarden, England, near Mr. Gladstone's Castle, reads thus, "On your way to the Lord's house be thoughtful, be silent, or say but little, and that little good. Speak not of other men's faults; think of your own, for you are going to ask forgiveness. Never stay outside; go in at once; time spent inside should be precious.

—A NEW YORK paper tells a good story, as to how a confidential letter of Bishop Corrigan's to the Romish priests of Newark, leaked out some time ago. "Many of the priests of the Newark diocese felt humiliated and outraged by Bishop Corrigan's interference in politics, but being absolutely under his thumb, none of them dared to say a word. There was, however, in the diocese a German priest whose knowledge of English was so extremely limited that he interpreted the word 'confidential' written across the bishop's letter to mean 'confide all'—that is to say, 'tell everybody;' 'publish this broadcast,' and finding privately that this was his notion of 'confidential,' some American priests took means to quietly intimate to a Newark *Advertiser* reporter that he had better go to see the German priest and ask for a copy of the bishop's letter, as a matter of course. The reporter went; the German priest instantly complied, glad to get the opportunity to obey what he thought was the injunction of his

bishop, the Newark *Advertiser* published the letter, and the waggish priests had a laugh which comes back yet whenever the incident is recalled."

—THE *Freeman's Journal*, the organ of Popery, says: "The Church," meaning the sect of Rome, "can stand a great deal. She has seen many corpses of 'reformers' go down to gloom and be forgotten." The last great day alone will disclose the number of corpses—victims of this institution claiming to be a Church "drunk with the blood of the saints." We would commend "Fox's Book of Martyrs" to the editor of the *Freeman's (?) Journal*. It is not the lives of the saints she has taken we deplore so much, as the vast number of souls she has sent to hell through her delusions.

—As Germany extends her sway over heathen lands, the missionary societies move forward apace. A newly organized society in Bavaria has inaugurated work in East Africa, and the Basle Society has just purchased the "plant" of the English Baptists at Cameroons.

—PATAGONIA, that home of wild horses and giant men at the extreme south of our continent, will become a field of Mission work for our Church. A tract of country twice as large as Pennsylvania is acquired by Germany for an agricultural colony. If the new colony once prospers, there will not only be churches and church-schools, but also Missionary societies for the spreading of the Gospel among the Indians.

—It is stated that 700 Christians have been massacred in Tonquin, China, 30 villages burned, and that 9,000 Christians are in danger from starvation.

—THE Lutheran Church in Norway has a mission ship that plies between Norway and Madagascar and Zululand. By-and-by we will be able to man a fleet of Lutheran mission ships.

—"How much property did Vanderbilt leave?" inquired a gentleman. "All he had," was the prompt reply.

Letter from Webster County, Missouri.

The PIONEER is a welcome visitor in Webster County, Mo., and gladly we entrust to him news of a cheering nature. This time we wish to tell him how we spent our last Christmas. The main feature was a beautiful Christmas-tree bedecked with ornaments and presents from the friends mentioned below. The bright eyes of the children reflecting the lights of the tree and the hearty voices with which they gave expression to their feelings when singing songs and answering questions, characterized the services on Christmas Eve.

On Sylvester the Christmas-tree was relit and robbed—not by thieves, however, but by a duly authorized committee, distributing a last round of presents to the children.

For the joyful Christmas-time thanks are due, above all, to Christ our Saviour; and as

to the ornaments and a number of presents, we return thanks to our Santa Claus in St. Louis, represented by Rev. C. L. Janzow and the following friends:

C. BEHRENS	- - - - -	\$1.00.
C. QUERL	- - - - -	1.00.
C. F. LANGE & SONS	- - - - -	3.00.
MEYER BROS. & Co.	- - - - -	1.50.
F. Swartz	- - - - -	1.00.
N. N.	- - - - -	2.00.

A. M.

Acknowledgment.

We hereby gratefully return thanks to the Hon. Board of Mission at St. Louis, Mo., for the sum of Ten (10.00) Dollars, which we have received; and to the children of Mr. H. Kors' School, at Indianapolis, Ind., for the sum of Two Dollars and Twenty Five Cents.

In the name of the scholars of St. Paul's Mission School

CHARLES FRANCIS.

New Orleans La., January 1887.

BOOK-TABLE.

BIBLICAL HISTORY, comprising Old and New Testament, told in the words of Holy Scriptures, explained by Catechism, Parable Bible verses and Hymn Stanzas, and illustrated with 125 engravings and maps. Allentown, Pa. T. H. Diehl, Price, cloth 55 cts.; per doz. \$5.00, per hundred \$40.00; boards 55 cts.; per doz. \$4.50; per hundred \$35.00. New Testament alone 30 cts.; per doz. \$3.00; per hundred \$20.00.

The book is a translation of a German Bible History which has passed through many editions. It is well adapted for the purpose of the parochial and Sunday schools and for home instruction.

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.

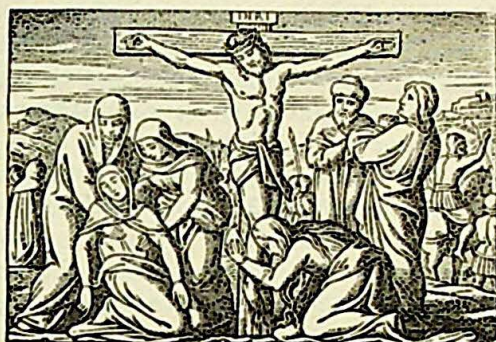
R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1887.

No. 3.



“Christ our Passover.”

1 CORINTHIANS 5, 7.

Thou Pascal Lamb, appointed
By God the Father's love;
That we through His anointed,
Might all His mercy prove:—
Through Thee we have salvation.
Life, pardon, peace, obtain;
And praise with adoration,
The Lamb for sinners slain.

Freedom from condemnation,
Could only come by Thee;
Through Thy humiliation,
And sufferings on the tree.
Thy weight of sorrow bearing,
From Satan, man, and God;
And love to us declaring,
Through Thy atoning blood.

We praise Thee, Holy Saviour!
That Thou didst suffer thus:
And in Thy loving favor,
Endure the curse for us.
Through everlasting ages,
All glory be to Thee;
While this, each heart engages
Thy love on Calvary.

We wait for Thine appearing,
To chase the night away;
The welcome summons hearing,
To call us hence away.
Thy saints will then in glory
Redeeming love proclaim;
While they rejoice before Thee,
That “Worthy is the Lamb.”

Selected.

The Suffering Saviour.

Through the days of Lent we follow the suffering Saviour on His way of sorrows and behold the great agonies which He suffered for

our sins. In those agonies we find fitting occasion for woe and rejoicing. “The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all,” and we realize that it was the burden of our sins which oppressed Him, and their heinousness which brought upon Him, the spotless Lamb, the wrath of an offended God.

How great was the evil of those sins, that could lead to such a punishment! How great our guilt! Well may we cry out in the utmost humiliation when we remember that it was our sin which laid the gracious Saviour low. My sins were the scourges which sank into His quivering flesh, and crowned His majestic brow with thorns. My sins cried out, “Crucify Him.” My sins caused Him to sweat as it were great drops of blood. My sins wrung from Him the piteous cry of agony, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?” Well may we pause at the foot of the cross, and mourn; for it was our sins which nailed the sinless Son of God there.

But as we station ourselves before the Cross, our faith will mingle rejoicing with our tears of penitence. Beholding the cruel sufferings of the great Sin-Bearer, and knowing that it was our sin which He bore in His own body on the tree, we shall rejoice that He has paid the price, that He has borne the punishment justly due to us, and that by His stripes we are healed. Seeing the sufferings of Christ for us, we shall do honor to Him, by accepting the full, perfect atonement for sin therein contained, and rejoice that there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ by faith. Great and glorious is the fruit which springs from the tears, the sighs, the bitter woes of our Lord's passion.

But the sufferings of Christ give awful warnings to all who refuse to accept His atoning work. The sinner who rejects Christ has nothing left him but a certain fearful looking for of vengeance. If the penalty of sin caused such agony to Him who was sinless, what must be the fate of those who fall into the hands of an angry God with all the weight of their sins upon them; of those who refusing His own gracious plan of redemption are left to face perfect justice. The great sacrifice for sin was offered on Calvary. There remains no more

sacrifice for sin, and he who despises the grace of God shown in the person and work of Jesus, may well tremble at the prospect of going into the presence of Him in whose sight the very heavens are not clean. To such an one the pangs of Calvary speak only of unending woe, of eternal suffering. Oh, that men would but gaze upon the suffering Saviour, and looking by faith receive from Him the assurance of sins forever blotted out. Dear reader, look to Him and be saved!

The Little Lamb.

One evening Gotthold met a shepherd who was walking behind his flock, and carrying in his arms a little lamb which had been born in the field. This reminded him of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd; and he thought of what Isaiah had foretold of him: “He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young” (Isa. 40, 11).

Then Gotthold said further to himself: Be it far from me, O my Lord, to think for one moment that this shepherd is more tender and careful of his lambs than Thou, O blessed Lord Jesus, art of Thine own people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood! (1 Pet. 1, 18, 19.) O most faithful Shepherd! if Thou didst not carry the weak and tender lambs, seek the lost, bring back the wandering, and bind up the wounds of those who are hurt and bleeding, soon Thou wouldst have no flock at all. For all have strayed from Thy fold, lost themselves, and been wounded and bruised by sin. In Thee alone have they help and safety.

O my Redeemer! we Thy people are like sheep, timid, foolish, weak, and helpless; but Thou art the Good Shepherd, who seest all things, knowest all things, and canst do all things. If Thou wert to leave us to ourselves, who could preserve us from destruction? O my merciful and faithful Shepherd! raise and carry my weary soul. Care for me, that I may not be left behind. Be Thou my help and guide, so shall I praise and bless Thee for ever and ever.

The Bible in Italy.

A Christian minister from Italy writes as follows: "Thirty years ago this toleration of the Bible was unknown and impossible. Now, notwithstanding the rural population are ignorant, and still follow blindly the priest, good work is being done. The first time I visited Italy as a student, some thirty-seven years ago, I could not purchase a single copy of the Bible without note or comment—no, not even a portion of it—except in the little kingdom of Sardinia, and even there the right to buy and sell a Bible had only existed two years. In 1852 a seminary mate of mine was imprisoned in Florence for explaining the Bible. But now we may say that in the great centres, excepting Rome, the Bible has been accessible for a quarter of a century. Within twenty-five years the sales have been as follows: 186,495 copies of entire Bible; 450,719 New Testaments; and 596,459 Portions, i. e., copies of a single Gospel or Epistle: making in all 1,233,673 copies. Now if only two-thirds of these are in existence, there would be nearly a Bible for every 200, one Testament and a Portion to every 100 Italians. Of course the sacred word has not been thus evenly dispersed, for there are regions where not only the colporteur has not been, but there are whole communities in Italy very little known to the outside world, and almost unvisited by the inhabitants of the Italian cities. The work is, however, going on, and during the year 1885 the thirty-seven colporteurs have penetrated remote districts, where perhaps for years to come no preacher of the gospel will set his foot.

The result of this colportage and other efforts for diffusing the Scriptures in the year 1885 has been a very marked success for non-reading and non-book-buying Italy. Last year over 90,000 copies of Bibles, New Testaments, and Portions were sold in the depots of the cities and towns, and by the colporteurs in the far more difficult and ignorant country communities. The number of Bibles sold was 5,071; of New Testaments, 16,042; of Portions, 69,140. The free grants were 5,426, about 4,000 of which were in New Testaments to the Italian soldiers starting for military posts held by Italy at Massowah, and other points on the Red Sea. In view of the sales of over 90,000 Bibles, Testaments, and Portions, it is with pardonable pride that Signor Meilli (Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society) writes: "As far as I have been able to ascertain, there is no book in the Italian language that finds, year after year, more buyers—and let us hope, more readers—than the Holy Scriptures."

One or two incidents will illustrate the character of this work. In Milan, Signor Ghelfi had the happy thought of displaying in the window of the Bible depot, a large quarto Bible for passers-by to read, taking care to turn the page every morning. He soon observed that two or three of those whose business led them daily past his door, stopped to read their two

pages of the Bible before going to their work. One morning he heard one of these men complain that the page had not been turned. It was turned at once, and a conversation followed. The result was that this man was led to the truth, and has since joined one of the Protestant Italian churches in Milan.

At a village in Lombardy two colporteurs sold many gospels to the people as they came out of church on a fete day. The priest appeared on the scene, and getting hold of a copy, tore it to pieces. Gerelli, the elder colporteur of the two, quietly observed to the people that this insult was not done to him, but to God's word! The remark struck home, and the priest had the mortification to see the torn leaves picked up by many and read with avidity. The "irrepressible conflict" took a very different turn from what he had expected, for the sale of the "Portions" became more brisk than ever.

Lutheran Missions.

Up to the present year there has been no cooperation of the various Scandinavian Foreign Mission societies. Some weeks ago, however, the first General Mission Conference of the churches of Scandinavia was held in Gothenburg and 1,084 representatives from Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland were present. The Lutheran Norwegian Mission Society has been laboring chiefly among the Zulus and in Madagascar. The Zulu mission was commenced in 1873. The Madagascar work has been most prosperous, and since 1867 about 7,000 heathen have been baptized, and about 30,000 children are instructed in the mission schools. The Finnish Society was founded in 1858, and for five years co-operated with the Gosner Society. In 1862 a missionary seminary was opened in Finland, and work was commenced on the western coast of Africa. The Finnish missionaries have translated a portion of the Scripture into the Ovambo language. The Swedish Church has an older Mission record. Not only was the work carried on among the American Indians in the days of Gustavus Adolphus, but almost a century earlier Gustavus Vasa sent missionaries to the Lapps. In 1818, the first foreign mission journal appeared in Swedish, and the Swedish Society was established in 1836, and again took up the work in Lapland. In 1845 missionaries were sent to East India, while another Swedish society labored elsewhere. The Swedes, like the Norwegians, are laboring among the Zulus, where they have three missionaries. In East India and elsewhere many of the Swedes co-operate with German societies—*e. g.*, in the work in Abyssinia and Egypt. The Danish Mission Society was founded in 1821, and was at first connected with the Basel Society, but in 1864 commenced independent mission work in India. The society is also at work in Greenland, where about 7,000 Christians are under their missionaries. The Scandinavians, espe-

cially the Swedes, have been firm friends of the cause of the Jewish missions also. The conference decided to appoint a committee of nine, three from each of the Scandinavian countries, to make arrangements for a similar and second joint mission meeting to be held in 1889, either in Christiania or Copenhagen. The meeting was a great success, and doubtless will give the missionary cause in the northern kingdoms a renewed and powerful impetus. Doctrinally the conference decided to stand upon the basis of the confession of the Lutheran Church, the official and State Church of all these countries.

Ex.

God's Hatred of Sin.

If we would have a just sense of the awful reality of the government of God, His wrath against sin, and the true character of His holiness, we must gaze at the cross; we must hearken to that bitter cry that issued from the heart of the Son of God and broke through the dark shadows of Calvary, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Never had such a question been asked before, never has such a question been asked since, and never shall—never can such a question be asked again. Whether we consider the One who asked it, the One of whom it was asked, or the answer, we must see that the question stands absolutely alone in the annals of eternity. The cross is the measure of God's hatred of sin, as it is the measure of His love to the sinner. It is the imperishable foundation of the throne of grace, the divinely righteous ground on which God can pardon our sins and constitute us perfectly righteous in a risen and glorified Christ.

C. H. M.

Love.

It had been enough (in enumerating the fruits of the Spirit) to have said love and no more: for love expandeth itself into all the fruits of the Spirit, when he saith, "Love is patient, courteous," etc.

Our love to our neighbors should be like a pure, chaste love between bride and bridegroom, by which all infirmities are veiled, covered, and made the best of, and only virtues looked at.

The law of Christ is the law of love. And to love is not merely to wish well one to another, but to bear one another's burdens, that is, to bear those things which are grievous unto thee, and which thou wouldst not willingly bear. Therefore Christians must have strong shoulders and powerful bones, that they may bear flesh, that is to say, the weakness of their brethren; for Paul says that they have burdens and troubles. Love is mild, patient, courteous.

Luther.

When two truths seem directly opposed to each other, we must not question either, but remember there is a third—God—who reserves to himself the right to harmonize them.

"I Cannot Get Away From God."

Not many years since, a young coachman was living in a gentleman's family, near London. He had good wages, a kind master, and a comfortable place, but there was one thing which troubled and annoyed him. It was that his old mother lived in a village close by, and from her he had constant visits. You may wonder that this was such a trouble to him; but the reason was, that whenever she came, she spoke to him about Christ and the salvation of his soul.

"Mother," he said at last, "I cannot stand this any longer. Unless you drop that subject altogether, I shall give up my place and go out of your reach, when I shall hear no more of such cant."

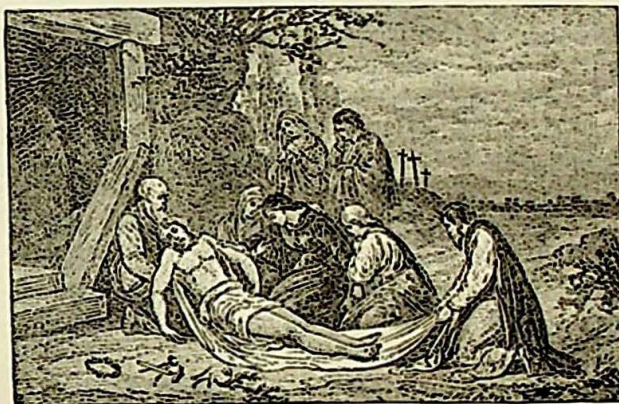
"My son," said his mother, "as long as I have a tongue, I shall never cease to speak to you about the Lord, and to the Lord about you."

The young coachman was as good as his word. He wrote to a friend in the Highlands of Scotland, and asked him to find him a place in that part of the world. He knew that his mother could not write, and could not follow him; and though he was sorry to lose a good place, he said to himself, "Anything for a quiet life." His friend soon got him a place in a gentleman's stables, and he did not hide from his mother that he was glad and thankful to get out of her way.

You may think it was a pity she thus drove him to a distance. Would it not have been wiser to say less, and thus not lose the opportunity of putting in a word in season? But she believed, in her simplicity, that she was to keep to the directions given her in the word of God—that she was to be instant, not in season only, but also out of season. And true it is that the foolishness of God is wiser than men.

The coachman was ordered to drive out the carriage and pair the first day after his arrival in Scotland. His master did not get into the carriage with the rest of the party, but said he meant to go on the box instead of the footman. "He wishes to see how I drive," thought the coachman, who was quite prepared to give satisfaction. Scarcely had they driven from the door, when the master spoke to the coachman for the first time. He said, "Tell me if you are saved!" Had the question come to the coachman direct from heaven it could scarcely have struck him with greater consternation. He felt simply terrified. "God has followed me to Scotland!" he said to himself. "I could get away from my mother, but I cannot get away from God!" He could make no answer to his master, and scarcely could he drive the horses, for he trembled from head to foot. His master went on to speak of Christ, and again he heard the old, old story so often told him by his mother; but this time it sounded new—it had become a real thing to him. It did not seem

to him then to be glad tidings of great joy, but a message of terror and condemnation. He felt that it was Christ, the Son of God, whom he had rejected and despised. He felt for the first time that he was a lost sinner. By the time the drive was over, he was so ill, from the terrible fear that had come upon him, that he could do nothing more. For some days he could not leave his bed; but they were blessed days to him. His master came to speak to him, to read the word of God, and to pray, and soon the love and grace of the Saviour he had rejected became a reality to him, as the terror of the Lord had been at first. He saw that there was mercy for the scoffer and despiser: he saw that the blood of Christ is the answer before God even for such sin as his had been, and he now felt in his soul the sweetness of those blessed words, "We love Him because He first loved us." He saw that Christ had borne his punishment, and that he, who had tried to harden his heart against God and against his



"He hath loved us and hath given Himself for us."

own mother, was now without spot or stain in the sight of that God who had so loved him as to give for him His only Son. The first letter he wrote to his mother was to tell her the joyful tidings, "God has followed me to Scotland, and has saved my soul."

Found Out.

"During the rule of Cromwell, a knight and his minister had a quarrel. While the dispute was pending, this knight, a certain Sir John, fancied that the minister preached at him, as he called it, every Sunday. So he complained of him to Cromwell. The preacher denied the charge, saying he had but done his duty, and had only preached in general terms against drunkards, liars and thieves, and defied Sir John to instance any particular allusion to himself. After Cromwell had attentively heard both parties, he said: 'Sir John, go home and live in good friendship with your minister; the word of the Lord is a searching word, and I am afraid it has now found you out.'"

Name of the Good Samaritan.

Oberlin, the well-known pastor of Steinthal, while yet a candidate for the ministry, was traveling on one occasion from Strasbourg. It was in the winter time. The ground was deeply covered with snow, and the roads were almost impassable. He had reached the middle of his journey, and was among the mountains, and by that time was so exhausted that he could stand up no longer.

He was rapidly freezing to death. Sleep began to overcome him; all power to resist it left him. He commended himself to God, and yielded to what he felt to be the sleep of death.

He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly became conscious of some one rousing him and waking him up. Before him stood a wagon driver in his blue blouse, and the wagon not far away. He gave him a little wine and food, and the spirit of life returned. He then helped him on the wagon and brought him to the next village. The rescued man was profuse in his thanks, and offered money, which his benefactor refused.

"It is only a duty to help one another," said the wagoner. "And it is the next thing to an insult to offer a reward for such a service."

"Then," replied Oberlin, "at least tell me your name, that I may have you in thankful remembrance before God."

"I see," said the wagoner, "that you are a minister of the Gospel. Please tell me the name of the Good Samaritan?"

"That," said Oberlin, "I cannot do; for it was not put on record."

"Then," replied the wagoner, "until you can tell me his name, permit me to withhold mine."—From the German.

The Martyr Child.

The parents of William Hunter, the Brentwood martyr, deserve to be held in remembrance. Condemned to be burned in his native town, "his father and mother came to him, desiring heartily of God that he might continue constant to the end in that good way in which he had begun. His mother added that she thought herself happy that she had born such a child, who could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's sake." The noble woman then knelt down and uttered a prayer which showed how little present inconveniences weighed in comparison with final victory. "I pray God to strengthen thee to the end. I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bore." In the eyes of such people Jesus honored their family by allowing their dear child to give his life for His cause. Such parents are not met with every day.

A holy life has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a continual reproof.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—In a recent interview with a newspaper correspondent, Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, gave the following remarkable account of his experience and relations with Dr. Livingstone: "I have been in Africa for seventeen years, and I have never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What I wanted, and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months that I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. I was out there, away from the worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there and asked myself: 'Why on earth does he stop here?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, and wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible. Little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; mine was aroused; seeing his pity, his gentleness, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon! How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has since happened there!"

—THE Springfield Republican states that a Boston minister a few days ago had occasion to look up a very poor family, and climbed up four flights of stairs in a noisome tenement house on his errand. His tap on the door was answered by the Rev. Dr. Philips Brooks, with a baby in his arms. Inquiry revealed the fact that the woman had been very sick and sorely needed fresh air, but had no one with whom to leave her little baby. Philips Brooks found her out, gave her tickets for a horse-car ride, and was staying tending the baby while she enjoyed it.

—A LETTER from a missionary in Japan, says, "The schools are very prosperous, as are all Christian English schools throughout Japan. There is such a rage for English through the country that a school is popular if it has no other advantage than teaching English. But we are trying to make our schools more than that. The attitude of the students toward Christianity has improved very much since last year. We preach a sermon every Sunday in the school adapted to student hearers."

—DR. WITHERSPOON, one of the first presidents of Princeton College said: "Cursed be all learning that is contrary to the cross of Christ; cursed be all learning that is not coincident with the cross of Christ; cursed be all learning that is not subservient to the cross of Christ."

—THE old time Methodist habit of shouting "Amen" and "That's so, brother," in church sometimes leads to ludicrous results. An instance occurred recently in the Hanson Place Methodist Church, in Brooklyn. The Rev. George E. Reed, in his sermon, was telling of the benefits of giving, and illustrated it by

examples from the Bible. An old gentleman frequently interrupted by shouts of "amen" and "that's so." The preacher remarked some persons might doubt what he told them, and say, "Oh, that's only what Mr. Reed says, and he doesn't know much anyway." Just then came the familiar interruption, "That's so, brother." The house was convulsed with laughter, and the pastor smiled, and said, "Your interruption came in at the wrong place that time, brother."

—A COLORED woman is reported to have been stricken dumb while giving false testimony recently at a court in Shelby county, Tenn. Soon after beginning her evidence she was asked by the judge, "Do you know that you are lying?" She then answered, "Yes, sir," and these were the last words she spoke. Other questions were asked, but she made no reply. The judge ordered the constable to take her from the room, but she did not move. Two colored men were then told to carry her out. It was then discovered that she was in a helpless condition; she had been paralyzed in every part; her limbs were motionless, her tongue had no power. The woman was placed in a wagon and conveyed to her home. She never spoke or moved after, but the next evening she expired, no antidote applied during the interval having availed in affording the slightest relief. Gal. 6, 7.

—THE Mission work in Uganda, Central Africa, is now carried on secretly. Persecutions, bloody and fiery, have assailed the young church; the present king, Mwanga, hates the Christians. Many believers have been clubbed to death, others have been speared to death, while thirty-two young Christians were burned alive on one huge fire. Yet converts keep coming, and portions of Scripture now available in the Uganda tongue are in demand.

—DURING last year about \$50,000 was contributed to the Church Missionary Society of England by native Christians in their mission fields.

—It is said that the heathen have no words with which to blaspheme the God that made them. It was reserved for men who had heard of Christ and His salvation, to coin and utter the terrible blasphemies that often shock our ears. When Dr. Scudder was returning to America, from his mission in India, with his little son, he heard a man on the ship swearing and blaspheming God. "See, friend," said the doctor, accosting the swearer; "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and in a land of pagan idolatry; but, in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man colored, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself. Let us hope he also thought that God had heard him as well as the missionary.

—A TEACHER was explaining to her class the words concerning God's angels, "ministers of His who do His pleasure," and asked: "How do the angels carry out God's will?" Many answers followed. One said: "They do it di-

rectly." Another: "They do it with all their heart." A third: "They do it well." And, after a pause, a quiet little girl added: "They do it without asking any questions."

—GEESE are generally considered very silly creatures; but the story below, from an English paper of a staid old gander who took upon himself the care of a poor blind woman, ought to give us a new feeling of respect for the race. It must have been a funny sight indeed to see the dear old woman finding her way to the house of God led by a gander. But is it not, too, a touching instance of the care which our Father has for his afflicted ones? In Germany an aged blind woman used to be led to church every Sunday by a gander. He would take her to the door of the pew where she sat. As soon as she was in her place, he would walk quietly out of the church and occupy himself in the churchyard, feeding on the grass till the service was over and he heard the people coming out of church. Then he would go to the pew of his old mistress and lead her home again. One day the minister of the church called to see this old person at her own house. He found that she had gone out, and he expressed his surprise to her daughter that they should let her go out alone. "Oh, sir!" replied the daughter, "there is nothing to fear. Mother is not alone; the gander is with her."

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. BERGDORF, 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 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1887.

No. 4.

Jesus Christ.

THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY AND FOREVER.

For our Confirmed Children.

Jesus be with thee in all thy ways,
Jesus crown with blessing all thy days,
Jesus' face in favor shine on thee,
Jesus save thee from all injury,
Jesus be of all thy joy the spring,
Jesus' love in sorrow comfort bring,
Jesus' blood be of thy soul the life,
Jesus' honor nerve thee for the strife,
Jesus' innocence hide all thy sin,
Jesus' image formed be within,
Jesus' name shine clearly in thy heart,
Jesus' cross soothe in each bitter smart,
Jesus' hand guide thee in all thy ways,
Jesus hear thee when thy spirit prays,
Jesus of thy songs the keynote be,
Jesus give distaste of earth to thee,
Jesus be the longing of thy soul,
Jesus of thy weeping be the goal,
Jesus' will the food thou lovest best,
Jesus' word the staff that giveth rest,
Jesus be thy heaven e'en here each day,
Jesus bring thee into rest for aye.

From the German.

The Resurrection of Jesus.

By Jesus' resurrection we may be sure He was the Son of God. The truth of all that He said and the worth of all that He did, depend upon our being sure of this. Before His death He told men He was the Son of God, but many did not believe Him. Then He did many wonderful works which should have convinced them, but they did not. At last, speaking of the temple of His body, He said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." This would be the greatest miracle of all if it could be done; and it was done. Men killed Jesus, they made sure He was dead, they buried Him in a tomb, they made the tomb fast, and even set soldiers to guard it, and yet for all that He came forth on the third day as He had said He would, and His enemies could not truthfully deny it. Here then was a miracle which proved the truth of all that Jesus said about Himself, and it is for this reason that Paul, in his letter to the Romans, says that He was "declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead."

By Jesus' resurrection we may be sure that our debt of sin is paid. It is very important to be sure of this; for if our debt of sin is not paid, we are lost forever. Jesus came into the world to pay our debt of sin, and when He died upon the cross that debt was paid. But how were we to know it was paid? How were we to know that God had accepted the sacrifice of Jesus on our account? In order to be satisfied we must have that fact certified to in some way; and this certificate was given to us on the third day by the resurrection of Jesus. Just as the business man goes to the bank to have the word "good" written across the face of his check, so Christ on Easter morning comes forth from the grave bringing us great joy, because His rising from the dead is the word "good" written by His Father and our Father upon His work. "He was delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification," Rom. 4, 25.

The Offering Accepted.

By the resurrection of Christ we see that God the Father has accepted the offering made by His Son for our sins. Christ suffered and died as our substitute for our sins, and by raising our substitute from the dead God the Father declared Himself perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son. God is satisfied, and the offering is accepted! This is the glad Easter news upon which our faith must simply rest and which will then fill our heart with true Easter joy.

Some time ago we sat at the dying bed of a young student. He was distressed by the thought that he might be rejected at last, though he had been a professing Christian for some years. We sought to lead his soul into the knowledge of what the *grace* of God is; but, while assenting to every Scripture we read him, he continued in the same state. We had spoken to him of Christ, when he said despondingly, "I am afraid the trouble with me is that I haven't accepted Him aright."

"To whom did Christ offer Himself in sacrifice for us?" we asked.

"To God of course," he replied.

"And did God accept the offering?"

"Certainly!"

"And what do you say to that?"

He looked as if ready again to answer, but not a word could he find. For a moment he seemed confused. The scene of his thoughts had suddenly been changed. Instead of troubling over his faith, he was now looking at the perfect satisfaction God had found in the sacrifice of Christ for his sins. His eye brightened strangely, as he said, "*I never looked at it in that way before; yes, God is satisfied, the offering is accepted, and I am saved.*"

His end was peace; and now, "absent from the body, present with the Lord," his song is, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, . . . to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

A Presumptuous Countess.

A young German countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed:—"This burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done; but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the sidestone and the upper slab, and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the granite lid was raised and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it as almost a kind of superstition, and speak in lowest tones of the wicked countess; and it is natural they should, for as I stood beside that grave in the old churchyard it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.—*Selected.*

Is There a Real Presence in the Holy Supper?

Christ says there is, and we teach that his body and blood are truly present under the form of bread and wine, and are communicated to those who participate in the Lord's Supper.

It is just here that most of the doctrinal differences arise as to this holy sacrament. The feast that should have been the bond of union among Christians has become through the evil one an apple of discord.

Satan has always tried to cheat men out of great blessings by darkening God's word and misrepresenting his promises. God plainly forbade our first parents to eat of a certain tree in Eden. Satan wishing to raise doubts, whispered, "Yea, *hath* God said ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" God spake from heaven clearly affirming: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Satan in that great temptation boldly said: "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." And when Jesus, almost in his dying hour, said to his disciples: "Take, eat, this is my body, take, drink, this is my blood," does it not seem like Satan's old device to hear the suggestion: "Did Christ *really* mean what he said?" "How could he; he only meant to say 'this represents my body, this is a symbol of my blood!'"

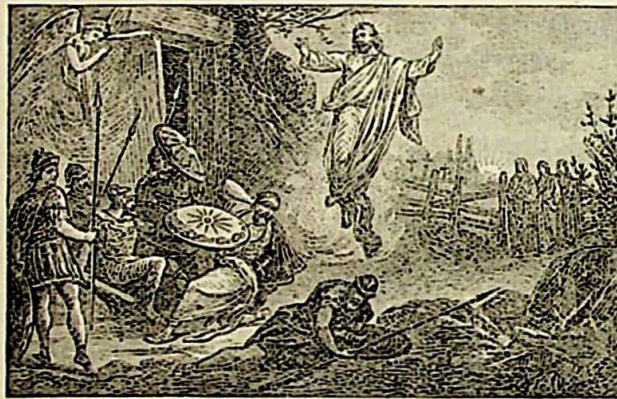
Now, if these words were dark or equivocal; if they had been spoken in haste or by a thoughtless, impulsive man, we might have put some other meaning into them. But they are the words, the solemn testamentary words of God himself, and are so plain, so clear, so simple that they cannot be plainer, clearer, or more simple. A child can understand them, but no angel dare change them, no creature has any authority to expound them otherwise than as they read.

What other language could Christ have used to express this mystery: Consider, if a person were to hand you a cup, without stating explicitly that there was anything in it, saying, "Take, drink, this is wine," could we understand the words to mean anything else than that there is wine in the cup, that the wine is offered to us in and at the same time with the cup, and that we are to drink the same. Would it not be a piece of mockery if the cup really contained no wine? Now can we, dare we believe that the dying Redeemer only wished to mock his disciples and His whole Church, when handing bread He said, "Take, eat, this is my body," and extending the cup, said, "Take, drink, this is my blood"? Christ gave and the disciples received His true body and blood.

There are some who try to escape the force of this plain statement by saying that Christ calls Himself the door, the vine, a rock, and as we are to take these figuratively, so with the words "this is my body, this is my blood."

We admit that Christ is not an ordinary door, but the spiritual—but no less actual and real—entrance into his kingdom. But where does Christ say that by the body and blood He only means a spiritual, figurative body and blood? It is against this very error that the words of Christ guard, for He says, "Take, eat, this is my body *which is broken for you*," "Take and drink, this is my blood *which is shed for you*." Christ's real, substantial body was given for us, not a figure of it. His true life's blood, not spiritual blood, delivered us from sin.

St. Paul, to whom was granted a special revelation upon this most vital point, is very clear in enforcing the above truth. Writing to the Corinthians he says: "The cup of blessing, which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" What he intended to teach is freed from all doubt by his following words in another place: "Wherefore, whosoever shall eat of this bread



"He is Risen."

and drink of this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." Then the body of the Lord is present, for unworthiness in eating and disrespect to a little bread and wine would not incur such a penalty as that spoken of in another place, for St. Paul says, "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, *not discerning the Lord's body*."

We cannot evade the fact, nor do we desire to, that in, with and under the bread and wine the body and blood of Christ is given to and received by each communicant at the table of the Lord.

And, let us ask, where, if any one is allowed to change or twist or explain away these solemn words, where will a halt be called? If one has a right to explain Christ's clear words "this is my body," into this represents or symbolizes my body, why has not another the same right to so change the word of God where it positively asserts that Christ is the Son of God, that he is the Saviour of the world, as to teach that Christ only represents what a son of God should be, or he symbolizes the saving power

of virtue in a sinful world. Beware! You are treading on dangerous ground. "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."

The Workman.

The Hope of a Better Life.

By Dr. Martin Luther.

If there were no hope of the resurrection of the dead nor of another and better world, after this short and miserable life, wherefore then doth God offer Himself that He will be our God, that He will give us all that is necessary and healthful for us, and in the end will deliver us out of all trouble both temporal and spiritual? To what purpose is it that we hear His Word and believe in Him? What are we the better when we cry and sigh to Him in our anguish and need, that we wait with patience upon His comfort and salvation, upon His grace and benefits which He shows in Christ? Why do we praise and thank Him for the same? Why are we daily in danger, and suffer ourselves to be persecuted and slain for the sake of Christ's Word, which we teach and hold for our greatest treasure, and do acknowledge it before the wicked world!

But forasmuch as the everlasting merciful God, only through His Word and Sacraments, talketh and dealeth with us (all other creatures excluded), not of temporal things which pertain to this vanishing life, all which in the beginning He hath provided richly for us, but where we shall remain when we depart from hence, and giveth unto us His Son for a Saviour, who delivereth us from sin and death, and hath purchased for us everlasting righteousness, life, and salvation; that we believe in Him, and at His commandment are baptized, etc. Therefore it is most certain that we do not die away like the beasts that have no understanding; but so many of us that do sleep in Christ, shall through Him be raised again to life everlasting at the last day; but the ungodly to everlasting shame and destruction.

The Place for Luther's Catechism.

"And this I say for myself. I also am a doctor and a preacher, yea, as learned and experienced as all who have such presumption and security. Yet I do as a child who is being taught the catechism. Every morning and whenever I have time I read and say, word for word, the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Psalms, etc., and I must still read and study daily, and yet I cannot master it as I wish, but must remain, and that too gladly, a child and pupil of the catechism."

—Luther.

Thanksgiving Ann.

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:

“Thanksgivin’ an’—”

“Johnny, don’t play dar in the water, chile!”

“Thanksgivin’ an’—”

“Run away now, Susie, dearie.”

“Thanksgivin’ an’—”

“Take care dat bressed baby! Here’s some gingerbread for him.”

“Thanksgivin’ an’ the voice of melody.”

You laugh? But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be, now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the kitchen she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann’s “Bible money” was still in her pocket.

“Didn’t ask me, nor give me no chance. Just’s if, ’cause a pusson’s old an’ colored, dey didn’t owe de Lord nuffin, an’ wouldn’t pay it if dey did,” she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and “catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy.” And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

“Wa—ll, I come up with him—told ye I would—and give him the three dollars. He

seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said ’twas a ginerous donation—equal to your master’s. Which proves,” said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, “that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin’ an’ screwin’ beforehand.”

“Think it proves dat folks dat don’t have no great mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin’ ’bout it a little aforehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics ’bout such things, I does;” and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

“Thanksgivin’ an’ the voice of melody,”

she began in her high, weird voice. But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.



“He is not Here.”

“Only three dollars out’n all the ’bundance!” she murmured to herself. “Well, mebbly I oughtn’t to judge; but then I don’t judge, I *knows*. Course, I *knows*, when I’s here all de time, and sees de good clo’es, an’ de carr’ages, an’ de musics, an’ de fine times—folks an’ hosses an’ tables all provided for, an’ de Lord of glory lef’ to take what happens when de time comes, an’ no prep’ration at all! Sure ’nough, He don’t need der help. All de world is His; and He can send clo’es to His naked, an’ bread to His hungry, an’ Bibles to His heathen, if dey don’t give a cent; but den dey’re pinchin’ an’ starvin’ der own dear souls. Well—’taint *my* soul! But I loves ’em—I loves ’em, an’ dey’re missin’ a great blessin’.”

But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. “’Cause if dem ole Israelites was tol’ to give one-tenth, I’d jist like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk ’bout it’s bein like a tax to put some away for such things! ’Clare! I get studyin’ what each dollar mus’ do, till I get ’em so loadened up

wid prayin’s an’ thinkin’s dat I mos’ b’lieve dey weigh double when dey does go.

“O de Lamb! de lovin’ Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain, an’ lives again,
An’ intercedes for me!”

A New Heart.

An anecdote was published many years ago, concerning the Indian chief Teedyuscung, King of the Delawares. “One evening he was sitting at the fireside of a friend. Both of them were silently looking at the fire, indulging their own reflections. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said, ‘I will tell thee what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the author of the Christian religion, which, from its excellence, we call the *Golden Rule*.’

“‘Stop,’ said Teedyuscung, ‘don’t praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence; tell me what it is.’

“‘It is for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him.’”

“‘That’s impossible; it cannot be done,’ Teedyuscung immediately replied. Silence again ensued. Teedyuscung lighted his pipe and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came to his friend with a smiling countenance, and taking the pipe from his mouth, said, ‘Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a *new heart*, he could do as you say, but not else.’ Thus the Indian saw the necessity of a new heart.”

In a Hollow Place.

A mother in New York was quietly engaged in her domestic work, when the dreadful news came:

“Come at once to the police station. Your child has been run over by an express wagon.” She hastened to the police station and found her child surrounded by strangers. The surgeon had not yet arrived. She was told that the wheels had passed over his foot, but on examination she found no real injury. She said to the little darling:

“Why, Willie, how could the wagon have passed over your foot and not have crushed it?”

The child looked up in his mother’s face and said, “Mamma, I guess God put it in a hollow place.”—*Little Christian*.

LET your religion be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong; yet far over the waters its friendly light is seen by the mariner.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—“ARE all teachers?” asks St. Paul. This should be remembered by those who get the mistaken notion that they are sent to publicly preach the Gospel without having been prepared for the work and without having been called into the holy office of the ministry. We recently read of a young colored man in the South who professed conversion and wanted to preach at once. His elders, however, thought he was not fitted for this important work; but he wellnigh staggered them by relating a vision, in which he had plainly seen the letters “G. P. C.” which, he believed, could mean only “Go preach Christ.” But a white-haired colored uncle slowly arose and told the ambitious young brother that, while he had no doubt seen the letters in a vision, he had failed in the interpretation. They probably meant, “Go pick cotton,” or “Go plow corn.” This settled the matter.

—SOME time ago the red beretta was brought from Rome for the new Romish Cardinal, Mr. Gibbons, of Baltimore. The beretta is a red hat differing from the hat worn by the priests only in its color, and in that it has four points at the top instead of three, the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. The poor man has now gone all the way to Rome to get still another hat—the Cardinal's hat. Surely there will be no occasion for Mr. Gibbons ever to go bare-headed.

—A NOBLEMAN who had been overcome by anger, sent word to his neighbor, John Brown, that neither he nor any member of his family should ever again undertake to come upon his property. Brown sent back word with the messenger to tell his master that, if he or any of his family desired to come upon his lands, he would rejoice to allow them to do so, but if any of them wished to come into his house this would please him still more. The answer overcame the wrath of the neighbor, and he came and was reconciled to Mr. Brown.

—NEAR the close of the eighteenth century, the East India Company refused to allow English missionaries to go by their ships to India, and they were thus driven to take passage on vessels of other countries. In striking contrast is the following from the recently issued Blue Book of the Government of India: “The Government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligations under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by the six hundred missionaries, whose blameless example and self-denying labors are infusing new vigor into the life of the great population under English rule.”

—A SHORT time since the Steamer British Queen landed her cargo in Halifax. Part of it consisted of what seemed half a-dozen large coffins, which from their weight appeared to be freighted with their usual burden of lifeless clay. They proved indeed to be human forms, not in clay but in stone, “graven images,”

“carved saints,” consigned to a prominent Romish priest of that city, and will no doubt occupy a prominent place in some of the chapels and in the devotions of some of their worshippers. Another part of the cargo of the same ship, consisted of a dozen casks of arrowroot, manufactured and sent by the Christian natives of the New Hebrides as a contribution to the Protestant Mission funds. Can there possibly be a stronger or sharper contrast? In the boxes graven images, to aid the people of Nova Scotia to worship! In the casks, the thank offering of the natives of the South Seas who have been turned from idols to worship the living and true God!

—THE air we breathe has much to do with the health and vigor of our bodies. So the home influence which surrounds us has much to do in moulding character, and in shaping our course of life. This was certainly so in the case of the late Dr. Alexander Duff, for many years a missionary in India. He tells us that his father was a man of profound missionary spirit—a man with whom love for Christ's kingdom was a passion. The cause of modern missions was much upon his lips. He “rejoiced in tracing the triumph of the gospel in different lands.” To interest his children in the subject, he procured pictures of Juggernaut and other heathen idols, and spoke of them in such a way as to show the awful sin of idolatry, and to excite the compassion of the children towards the poor blinded idolaters. These talks on heathenism were also sure to be well mixed with statements of the love of Jesus for perishing sinners. Is it any wonder that the mind of young Duff was well instructed touching the condition of the heathen, and that his heart beat for them in loving sympathy—a sympathy which ripened in later years into an active and unreserved consecration to the cause of Christ in India?

Mohammedanism.

To-day six millions in Europe—one-half of the dark sons of Africa—and more than one hundred millions in Asia, are under the great delusion of Islam. In spite of the famous “crusades” the Holy Land is still in the hands of the Moslems, and a Mohammedan mosque occupies the very spot where Solomon's Temple stood three thousand years ago. In the old land of the Pharaohs there are now eight millions of followers of the False Prophet. They crowd the banks of the Nile, and repose under the shadow of the pyramids. In the Soudan, where “El Mahdi” made himself so notorious, there are over thirty millions of fanatical believers in the great imposter. The Turkish empire has twenty millions. From the deck of the vessel as you approach Constantinople you can count the minarets of 90 mosques, the most famous of which was once a Christian church. In the land of the Hindus over forty millions believe in the great Prophet, and the most beautiful building in the world is a Mo-

hammedan tomb (Taj Mahal) in Agra, India. In the “Celestial empire” five millions have turned from Confucius to Mohammed. According to the best and latest statistics, Mohammed is revered as the prophet of God by one hundred and seventy-five millions of the human race. Think of it—one in eight of the population of our globe listen to muezzin's call, and turn their faces toward “holy” Mecca when they pray!

BOOK-TABLE.

ZWEITES LESEBUCH fuer Evangelisch-Lutherische Schulen. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 35 cts; postage 5 cts.

This is a most beautiful German Reader of 117 pages, and especially prepared for use in our Parochial schools. The reading lessons are well selected. The Reader, however, is not merely a collection of reading lessons, but these lessons are skillfully arranged, leading the child step by step in its reading exercises. The paper, illustrations and binding are good, and the type clear and distinct.

PRUEFUNGSTAFEL fuer Kommunikanten. By Rev. P. Brand, Pittsburgh, Pa.

This is an excellent little manual well adapted to aid Communicants in examining themselves before partaking of the Lord's Supper. Any number of copies can be obtained by addressing Rev. P. Brand, 72 S. 18th St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Price per copy 10 cts.; postage free.

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.
CAROLTON.
Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BERGDORF, 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 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1887.

No. 5.

Will You be There?

Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of grief and tears,
There is a region fair;
It knows no change and no decay,
No night, but one unending day;
O say, will you be there?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin,
Naught that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare;
Upon that bright eternal shore
Earth's bitter curse is known no more;
O say, will you be there?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sign;
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river, ever flow;
O say, will you be there?

Those who have learned at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss
So that His love they share;
Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me He died,"
These, these shall all be there!

E. R.

The Ascension.

When Jesus ascended up into heaven, St. Luke tells us that His disciples returned to Jerusalem with great joy. Great was their joy as they dwelt upon the glorious event of which they were witnesses, great their joy as they looked for the power shortly to come upon them, and great their joy as they thought of the day when He they loved should come again. With joy they went back to Jerusalem to await in simple obedience the blessing of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost promised to them. They found ground for rejoicing also in the glorious ending of their loved One's labors. They had been witnesses of His sorrows; they had seen His sufferings; they had been present when the world rejected Him, and now they had seen the end of all that, and the exaltation of Him to whom they gave the love of their hearts.

To us also Christ's ascension into heaven may well be a source of great joy. To us also the glorious ending of the Saviour's work is a matter

of joyful thanksgiving. He came into the world to snap the bonds of slavery with which we were bound by sin and Satan. He came to set us free. He took our sins and our punishment upon Himself and was thrown into prison in our stead. Our enemies rejoiced. But they could not hold Him captive. Jesus broke the prison. Rising from the grave, He came forth as the Conqueror over all our enemies; and ascending into heaven, He led our captivity captive, He made our enemies captives and slaves. And now we rejoice over the finished work of our redemption. IT IS FINISHED! This is the cry of victory from the cross. IT IS FINISHED! This is the cry of triumph from the empty grave on Easter morning. IT IS FINISHED! This triumphant shout we again hear from the Mount of Olive on Ascension Day. Yes, the work of our redemption is finished, and nothing has been left undone. Christ, therefore, before His ascension told His disciples to go out into the world and preach the Gospel to all creatures. That Gospel is the glad news of the finished work of our redemption. They who accept this Gospel in true faith have forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. With confidence and joy they look for the time when He who ascended into heaven will come again in like manner as the disciples saw Him go. They will see Him whom their souls loved and will dwell in the heavenly mansions of joy which their ascended Saviour prepared for them. Dear reader, will you be there?

Afraid of God.

A great many people are afraid of God, because they think that He wants to get something from them which they are not able to give. This is a great mistake. God wants us to receive what He has got to give, and it is because we will not receive His gift that we are unhappy.

When I was in Glasgow, Dr. Wm. Arnot heard that a poor woman, living in one of the wretched courts, was unable to pay her rent, and he thought he would go round to her house and give her some assistance. After

knocking, he heard some one moving; he knocked again, but no one came; he waited some time, but after knocking repeatedly, he had to leave without gaining admittance. A day or two afterward he met the woman in the street, and told her that he had been at the house, with a view of helping her. "Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the poor widow, "was that you? Why I thought it was the landlord, and was afraid to open, as I had nothing to pay him with."

Now, that woman closing the door of her house against her best friend, is just like the sinner closing his heart against Jesus. The Lord Jesus knocks at the door of our heart, and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man open the door I will come in and sup with him." Have you let Him in? Have you kept the door fastened, trembling all the while lest God should find you out, because you think that He has come to ask you to be something, or to do something which you cannot be or do.

Our Saviour wants to give you a gift, dear reader, the gift of a new heart, of forgiveness, and of His great love. Will you trust Him and receive His gift?—D. L. M.

Crooked Habits.

While shaking hands with an old man the other day, we noticed that some of his fingers were bent quite inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For fifty years I used to drive a stage coach, and these bent fingers show the effects of holding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft-repeated acts become a habit, and, once acquired, remain generally through life? The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words and actions of men and women.

HE is rich who has a merciful God.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

It may interest your readers to learn that your Missionaries have started two new stations in this city. A highly respected colored family in the Garden-District where the new Chapel is to be erected has kindly placed its parlor at the disposal of Pastor Burgdorf for divine services. This family has occasionally worshiped with the Mt. Zion congregation, their children being pupils of that school. We appreciate the kindness of this family. It is an expression of grateful acknowledgement for what the Evang. Lutheran Church is doing for the christian education of their children, and they together with others look forward with joyful expectation to the time when a Lutheran Church and school will be established in their neighborhood. The temporary hospitality which they give to a Lutheran Missionary will, we are sure, be amply rewarded. He comes to them with a Gospel free from obnoxious human admixtures; and through that Gospel the blessed Savior himself makes his entrance into their home with the offers of salvation. For wherever His name is recorded in truth and purity there he will come and bless.

Another family in another part of the city has gratuitously opened its doors to the undersigned. On the 13th of February the first sermon was delivered in their cottage. This family formerly lived in the vicinity of Mt. Zion Church, the grandmother being baptized and confirmed there some years ago. Since the family removed from the neighborhood she could no longer attend her church and the Missionary was called on to administer to her the means of grace at her home. The neighbors were invited to these services and the attendance has varied from 5 to 17 persons, mostly adults without any churchly connection.

It is too early to express an opinion as to the prospects of our Mission in these new fields. The undertaking is a small one and under present circumstances much good can not be expected to result from it. Yet it is no mere experiment. Being divinely convinced of our calling and of the ripeness of these fields for the Gospel of Christ, we have come to stay. Oppositions and prejudices we will meet with here as elsewhere, but we have thoroughly made up our mind to face them, and by the grace and help of God turn our enemies into friends.

How long we are to trespass upon the hospitality of these families to the detriment of our Mission work is left to our fellow christians to determine. If we had a proper house of worship to which we could invite the people, a small congregation would soon be gathered and a Sunday School organized. Therefore come to our help, christian friends, come to our help quickly. Let every one be aroused to a sense of his duty and be stirred up to greater activity in the work of our Colored Mission, so as to encourage the missionaries in the field and to make it possible for other laborers to be sent out and thus aid in building up the Lutheran Zion among our Freedmen.—

The cause and glory, dearest Lord,
Are Thine, not ours—do Thou afford
Us help and strength and constancy;
We ever put our trust in Thee.

New Orleans, La., March 28, 1887.

MISSIONARY.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

† Dora C. Johnson. †

Our mission has sustained a sore bereavement through the loss of Mrs. Dora Cynthia Johnson whose death occurred on the 24th instant. Having been the pioneer of our church in Carrollton and having proved herself a consistent, faithful adherent to it, we think it meet to dedicate a column of the PIONEER to her memory.

The deceased was a native of Virginia. The manner in which our gracious Saviour led her to the knowledge of his pure and saving word may indeed be termed a wonderful one. Having lost her mother in the early years of her childhood, she was given over to the care of people who educated her in the faith of the Quakers. At the age of eighteen, however, we meet her in Boston, a convert to the Baptist church, in the faith of which she was also baptized. Later the providence of God led her to New York, where she connected herself with a Presbyterian church. Having there been joined in holy matrimony with her surviving husband, she was after some years called upon to follow him to a little village, situated a few miles above New Orleans, where she resided until she finally made her home in Carrollton. At both the latter places the Methodists and Baptists made repeated attempts to draw her into their communion, but as she could not reconcile herself to the noisy and—to say the least—at times disorderly conduct carried on in these churches, the exertions of her friends proved fruitless. When we announced the opening of our church, she was among the worshipers, and so highly delighted was she with the services of the Lutheran church that she at once resolved to become a member of it. The undersigned, who accidentally met her at the fence of a neighboring property, conversing with another lady, being informed of her purpose, immediately requested her to appoint a day on which he might come to give her an exposition of the Lutheran tenets. During our visits to her we found that she had but a very limited understanding of sin. Certainly she joined in the common confession: "I am a sinner," but to convince her, that she had transgressed and was daily transgressing every one of God's commandments was no easy matter. At length, however, the word of God proved its enlightening power and caused her not only to see herself in all the abomination of human corruptness, but also to receive with hearty joy the tidings of Christ's bloody passion and sacrificial death for her sins. Never would she go on until she had fully grasped the meaning of the doctrine set before her, but having once comprehended a doctrine and seen that the Scripture teaches it, she would reverently bow to its authority, and it was a day of rejoicing to her as well as to your humble servant when on the 11th day of July 1886, she was admitted to membership in our church by the solemn rite of confirmation, her two younger children having already on the Sunday previous been received into the covenant of grace through the regenerating waters of Baptism.

Having come to a knowledge of the truth and purity of the Lutheran doctrines, or their strict conformity to the Holy Scriptures, it was her greatest desire that others might be led into our church also; and whenever she could, she was sure to bring others with her to our services. But her work for the church of Christ was not confined to that only. When our Sunday School last fall had increased to such a number, that we could no longer attend to it as we desired, she also took an active part

in this work and zealously and ably labored among the lambs of Christ until her health had become so much impaired that she was no longer able to come. But when the treacherous disease, phthisis, had already taken hold upon her and she was already much weaker than we thought, she continued coming to the house of God to have her soul fed with the bread of life. And when in the beginning of January the celebration of the Lord's supper was announced she again came, though the weather was highly unfavorable to her, and her trembling and tottering knees were hardly able to support her frail and infirm body. This was her last visit to the church. The disease rapidly wasting her strength, she was confined to the house and during the last weeks also to the bed. As long as she was able to sit up she pored over the pages of probably an entire volume of the "Lutheran Witness," and diligently read in the larger catechism together with the Bible and the "Little Treasure of Prayers." Owing to her faithfulness to the Lutheran church she had some severe trials to go through even during her illness. But having for a whole year stood with us as the only adult member of our church and having borne all the trials and tempests that were upon us during this time, the Lord, who redeemed and cleansed her with his blood, gave her strength to bear up also amidst these sore afflictions. Being on her last day asked, whether she was prepared to die in the faith she had confessed, she answered, that she wanted to meet her Judge in the Lutheran faith. Soon after we had left her, she asked her husband not to leave the house anymore, as this would be an important night to her. Some time after this she again called him and requested him to raise her up as she desired to put on her *new dress*. Then already the angels were at her bedside, for it was but a few moments later that they wafted her spirit heavenward, where her Saviour stood ready to clothe her with the white raiment prepared for the worshipers before his throne. God had graciously answered our last prayer. Without a struggle, she peacefully departed this life.

On the following day we sang a hymn and offered up a prayer at the house of mourning, whence the mortal remains of the deceased were conveyed to the Trinity church. Besides those who had followed the funeral from the house to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased, quite a number of others had assembled at the church, so that the services were attended by as many as the structure could comfortably contain. The funeral rites at the church having been completed, we attended the remains to the cemetery where they were laid away to rest until the golden resurrection morn.

How keenly we feel the loss of this loved one and how untimely it seems to our foolish judgment may be left unsaid; but knowing that our loss is her gain, we will not begrudge her the happiness she now enjoys, but praise God's mercy towards her and ask him to let us meet her in the everlasting and blissful mansions above.

May the Lord wipe away the tears and heal the wounded heart of the surviving husband, and open his eyes that he may see the truth and purity of the faith and doctrine, in which his beloved wife so cheerfully died. May He also according to his gracious promises take under his protecting care the little ones who are not old enough to know and mourn the loss of a dear mother.

New Orleans, La., March 28, 1887.

AUGUST B.

A Sailor Lad's Death.

One winter evening, writes a pastor, I was startled by the intelligence that a bark, laden with palm oil from the African coast, with her crew dead and dying, was brought into harbor by some of the revenue cutter's sailors, who had found her drifting helplessly toward the coast. After some delay, partly arising, I imagined, from reluctance on the part of the boatmen to approach the ship, I succeeded in getting a boat. Pushing off, we pulled toward the mouth of the harbor. The darkness of the winter's night fast shrouded the lessening shore as we glided rapidly on our way, and a dense bank of clouds hung away to seaward. We rowed along-side and soon found ourselves on deck. A coast guard came forward to receive us, and we learned that the crew were in an awful state below. All around was dense darkness. The coast guard held the light. The moans of the sick and dying in the berths all around mingled with the melancholy wailing of the wind through the shrouds. The rolling of the ship rendered it somewhat unsteady footing as I bent over one of the sufferers beside me. The light flickered, then fell steadily on the pale, emaciated, ghastly features of a young lad. Scurvy had played fearful havoc with that face. The fever had clinched him in its firm grip. The cap upon the head, and pea-jacket, told the tale that he had struggled to the last, and then turned in—nevermore to rise from that narrow, stifling bunk. A horrible odor filled the fore-castle. The fever stench mingled with the scurvy atmosphere. Altogether, I could scarce hold on by the poor boy's side. The dying face was painfully and slowly turned toward me.

"Boy," I said, "my boy, you are dying." The eyes languidly shut, then re-opened. "I know it," he gently said. Pointing to the gloom, "I have a mother," he muttered; "she taught me to pray—I have been at Sunday-school—yonder, in my box is my Bible."

There was something in the way the words were uttered, and in the loving gleam that stole across the pale, sickness-worn features, as he looked toward the Bible, which made me feel that the boy was resting upon his Lord and Saviour. I bent over, and whispered:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

The words had barely passed my lips, when he took them up, and feebly said:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

Never did those words so thrill my heart before, though often heard, as when repeated by those dying lips in that dark, stifling fore-castle.

"I wish," he said, "I could be removed out of this berth. For the last seven days I have

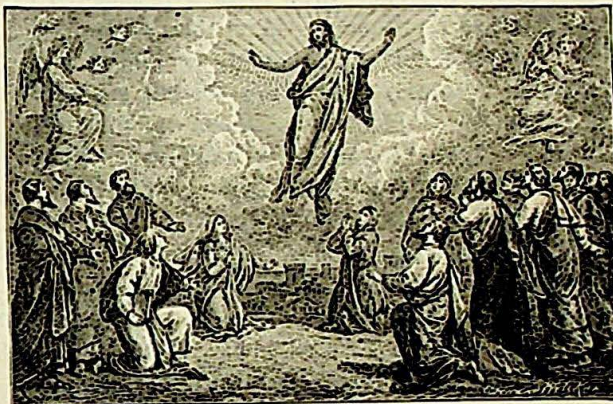
been lying in the wet; but," he continued, "it's no matter; my soul is safe."

Bending over him, I prayed earnestly; and the poor, thin lips moved, and the dim eyes brightened, as he mentioned in the prayer that the blessed Saviour would sustain and comfort him in his dying hour.

It would be well, I thought, that many a careless man should stand by that dying boy's side this night, and see how the blessed Lord can whisper peace, and hope, and joy, even in the dark valley of death's shadow.

Before the morning light had dawned, the boy's happy spirit had taken its flight to the "better land."

Would the reader's present knowledge of the blessed Saviour give him peace and joy under such circumstances. The end of your earthly history may not be so far distant as you may imagine; your voyage may be nearly ended; life's hour may nearly have emptied its sands, and the few remaining grains in the glass call



The Ascension of Christ.

to you with solemn earnestness, "Prepare to meet thy God!" "But, how?" you say. Christ is the only, but all-sufficient Saviour! He can save you; none other can. The rock has been cleft; hide thee there, and He will prove a "covert from the storm."

Saved by Song.

A party of Northern tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881. A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for some seconds after the

musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with, "Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously; "I fought under Gen. Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed, am quite sure, I was very near you one bright night eighteen years ago, this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand; the shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart, and I had been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

"Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that, and there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking." The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of oppression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then

the thought of God's care for all that He had created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cares for the sparrow, how much more for man created in His own image? And I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now, it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.

WE go through life like a man with a dark lantern, throwing light only on the few steps before; but since, little by little, all the miles of mysterious darkness that stretched beyond our sight, will become the few steps before us, the light, thank God! is enough for the whole way.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

— THROUGH the kindness of the Secretary of the English Lutheran Conference of Missouri we have received the Proceedings of the 13th Convention of said Conference. The pamphlet contains interesting discussions on some characteristics of a truly Lutheran Congregation. We also learn that our brethren in the English Lutheran Conference are laboring earnestly for the spread of the Gospel among the English speaking people of the West. May God continue to bless their mission work.—The pamphlet, we think, can be had by addressing Rev. W. Dallman, Box 42, Marshfield, Mo.

— REV. W. R. BUEHLER, assistant to Rev. Halfman in New York, and for some time previous, a faithful missionary of the Synodical Conference among the colored people in Meherin county, Virginia, was lately called to his rest. He died in the small-pox hospital at New York, having probably caught this dreadful disease in his pastoral ministrations. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

— A TEACHER was speaking to some very little children in a Sunday-school about the loving Jesus, who had once died on the cross to take away our sins, and that the same Jesus had gone up to heaven, and was there now, and the question was put to the class, "What is He doing there now?" A little girl, not more than five years old, answered, "Teacher, he's making the place tidy for us."

— AN exchange tells the following dream, from which those churchmembers may learn a lesson who let their pastor do all the work while they do all the grumbling. Here is the dream: A certain pastor once dreamed a dream. He dreamed that his congregation proposed holding a pic-nic. A large wagon was procured, and in it all embarked and started for the place selected. For a time all went well. At length, however, a large hill was reached, and the horses refused to pull. A consultation was held. It was suggested that the pastor take the pole of the wagon and guide its course, while the rest get out and push. Agreed! The always willing pastor quickly took his place and began to pull with all his might. But the wagon refused to budge. He tugged and tugged, but all in vain. At length he looked back, and there, seated on the wagon, was his entire congregation, frantically shouting and encouraging him with the words, "Go on, pastor, pull away, we're all here."

— DR. JOSIAH STRONG of New York says that "in 1880 ten million people in the United States paid \$900,000,000 for liquors, and the same number of professed Christians gave \$5,500,000 for missions."

—"I MINISTERED ONCE," said Bishop Huntington, "where a pew stood for a million of dollars. There were generous men and saintly women among them not a few. But it only happened once in nine years that, after I had announced an offering for a following Sunday, a person

stopped after the service to say, 'I must be absent next Sunday, and wish you to take my gift now.' She was not a Samaritan, but she was a cook, and she was to be absent to cook a rich man's dinner, and I had some reason to suspect that her gift was larger than his."

— A MISSIONARY, who had labored faithfully for a season among the heathen, once gathered the people together and asked each one, calling him by name, for a contribution towards the erection of a house for the Lord. The name of Fitzgerald Matthew was reached—"Here am I," was the reply, and he at once arose from his seat, and hobbled with his wooden leg to the table where the Missionary sat, recording the names of the contributors, and the amounts given. Having reached the table, he inserted his hand into one of his pockets, drew forth some silver, and with deep fervor said: "Massa, this is for me." When he was told by the Missionary that no money was needed at the time, he replied: "Massa, the work of the Lord must be done, and I might die." And thereupon he thrust his hand into another pocket, drew forth a package of silver, with the remark, "And this, Massa, is for my wife." Having so said, he placed his hand in a third pocket, drew forth a smaller sum, saying; "And this, Massa, is for my child." When counted, the amount reached almost fifteen dollars, a large sum for a poor, one legged day laborer.

— WE recently read of a Sunday-school teacher in a church at Deerfield, N. J., who encouraged seven of her scholars to plant each six potatoes and cultivate them, the proceeds to be given to the missionary cause. They did so, and when the crop was harvested and sold, forty-two dollars was realized from it.

— THE Synod of Missouri, says the *Church Messenger*, is not only zealous of good words, but also of good works. The contributions received for benevolent objects during 1885, amounted to \$112,285.39. Of this grand total \$27,006.06 were for missions, \$14,236.17 for poor students, \$5,365.34 for pastors' widows and orphans. The publication house of the Synod, which latter is following the maxim, "Union is strength" in everything, has paid the sum of \$406,855.30 into the Synodical treasury within 25 years.

— THE best news from Italy is the report of the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to the effect that no book is more eagerly bought in Italy at present than is the Bible. During the past year these agents disposed of 5,071 whole Bibles, 16,042 New Testaments, and 69,140 portions of the Testament.

— IT was a female missionary, now laboring among the heathen, who when asked to give a sketch of her life, said: "I would like to bury myself under my work, and that is so small that I would hide it and myself behind the cross of Christ, seeking there forgiveness for all errors and sins, and wishing that whether in life or death, his grace may be magnified." This is an experience common with all Christ-

ian workers, let their age, condition, sex, and nationality be what it may.

— IT is proposed that the Papists throughout the world make Pope Leo XIII. the present of a vast amount of money on the occasion of his golden jubilee. Italy, where the people have been debauched and impoverished for years, has subscribed \$35,000, mostly in penny contributions. Naples is to send a throne of gold. We suggest that American Papists celebrate the Pope's jubilee by paying back the money which was stolen from the poor by Archbishop Purcell, now "passing through purgatorial fires," and backed by his successor. This is the worst piece of Romish robbery ever perpetrated by the Papacy in this country.

— ON the Island of Madagascar there are 1200 self-supporting churches, and over 80,000 communicants. Seven hundred Protestant chapels have been erected on the island during the past fourteen years.

BOOK-TABLE.

CROWN THE FEAST WITH FLOWERS. A Festal Hymn for Whitsuntide. Duetto for Soprano and Alto, with Chorus for the several voices. Composed by C. Wonnberger. 2d Edition. Published by Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 25 cts.; per dozen \$1.75.

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. BURGENDORF, 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. 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1887.

No. 6.

The Burden-Bearer.

Christian, when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.
Not to human ear confiding
Thy sad tale of grief and care,
But on God thy Father resting,
Pour out all thy sorrows there.

All thy griefs by Him are ordered,
Needful is each one for thee;
All thy tears by Him are counted,
One too much there can not be:
And if, while they fall so quickly,
Thou canst own His love aright,
Then each bitter tear of anguish
Precious is in Jesus' sight.

Far too well thy Saviour loves thee,
To allow thy life to be
One long calm, unbroken summer,
One unruffled, stormless sea.
He would have thee fondly nestling
Closer to His loving breast;
He would have that world seem brighter
Where alone is perfect rest.

Though His wise and loving purpose
Clearly now thou canst not see,
Still believe, with faith unshaken,
All shall work for good to thee.
Therefore when thy way seems darkest,
And thine eyes with tears are dim,
Straight to God thy Father hastening,
Tell thy sorrows unto Him.

Selected.

"He Said It."

As the story goes, Napoleon was once reviewing his troops near Paris. The horse on which he sat was restive, and the Emperor having thoughtlessly dropped the reins from his hands, the spirited animal bounded away, and the rider was in danger of being hurled to the ground. A young private, standing in the lines, leaped forward, and seizing the bridle saved his beloved Commander from a fall. The Emperor, glancing at him, said in his quick way, "Thank you, captain." The soldier looked up with a smile, and asked, "Of what regiment, Sire?" "Of my guards," answered

Napoleon, and instantly galloped to another part of the field. The young soldier laid down his musket with the remark, "Whoever will may carry that gun; I am done with it," and went at once to join a group of officers who stood conversing at a little distance. One of them angrily said, "What is this insolent fellow doing here?" "This insolent fellow," answered the young soldier, looking the other steadily in the eye, "is a captain of the Guards." "Why, man," said the officer, "you are insane; why do you speak thus?" "He said it," replied the soldier, pointing to the Emperor, who was far down the lines. "I beg your pardon, Captain," politely returned the General, "I was not aware of your promotion."

Remember that when "he said it," there was nothing to show the sudden passage of the young soldier from the ranks to a position of honor, except the word of the Emperor. Doubtless he felt glad as he laid down his musket, but he was not promoted because he felt glad; but he felt glad because he was promoted. The truth is he was not thinking of his feelings, nor of his worthiness, nor of his unworthiness, but only of the promise of Napoleon, and trusting in that promise he was happy. To those looking on the outward appearance he seemed precisely like the thousands who were standing in the lines to be inspected as "food for powder," and after awhile to sleep in nameless graves; but he could meet all the jeers of his comrades and all the scoffs of his superiors with the ready reply, "He said it."

Such is faith's triumphant answer to every accusation, every doubt, every fear. The troubled sinner has heard the precious word, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," (Luke 19, 10); "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," (John 6, 37); "He that believeth on me HATH everlasting life" (John 6, 47); "Beloved, Now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John 3, 2). This is enough. He is led by the Holy Ghost to accept as true, and true for himself, the promises of the Gospel; and

he knows by the word of the Saviour who can not lie, that he has passed out of death into life. His life for the present is hid with Christ in God, but he also knows that when Christ, who is his life, shall appear, he too shall appear with Him in the glory. Hence he is ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in him by pointing to the Word of God, and exclaiming, "He said it, HE SAID IT."

Make Him Not a Liar.

Christian reader, can you say, I know that all my sins are forgiven, and that I now stand complete before God? If you cannot, you have not yet seen, as you should do, the bruised hands and wounded side of Jesus. Those marks on Him were made by your sins; and this being so, how can you be condemned for what He has already suffered? How can you be punished for the very thing He was punished for instead of you? Will God be unjust and exact double punishment? God forbid! Then why can you not say, "I know that all my sins are forgiven?" Simply for this reason, that you do not believe that He has borne them away. Thus do you disbelieve His word and make Him a liar! God Himself says so. Listen to His word: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life." This is God's record. Have you, then, all sins forgiven? Have you everlasting life? If you say, I "cannot believe that I have," then listen again, "He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son."

GIVING.—It is as much a Christian's duty to give money to the cause of Christ as it is to pray. The same Word of God that directs us to pray, commands us also to give. He that refuses to give, breaks God's command as plainly as he that neglects to pray. Ministers should have no more hesitation to call upon the people to give, than to exhort them to pray.—Old Trinity.

Armenians Traveling in Asia.

In our picture we see a party of Armenians traveling in Asia. They have been driven from their former home by the enemies of the Bible and are now on their way to some Protestant missionary station. Protestant missionaries from America carry on a mission among the poorer classes of the Armenians in Asia since the year 1846. One of the missionaries, the daughter of a New York publisher, recently wrote the following account of one of the Sunday-school services:

"During the busiest season of the year, I heard it mentioned that a youth who had occasionally attended our school had gathered a few little children about him, and was teaching them to pray." After visiting this little school, she says: "An American who knew nothing of the customs of the country would expect to find a place furnished at least with seats and a desk, and neatly dressed children. Instead, my little guide led me into the corner of a stable. The door was low, the light dim, the air oppressive with the heat of animals. Its floor was the ground, its sides mud, its roof of earth, low, and supported by rough logs. As I entered, about twenty boys and girls rose to receive me. Almost all of them, the leader included, were barefoot, and some were naked to the knees. These children had done what they could to make the place ready for the service, and had found a clean cushion and pillow for me to sit on. For their leader they had arranged three or four mud bricks together with a table made from a box, according to their boyish skill. On this rested a nine-cent Armenian Testament and hymn-book, and a little bell, such as they hang round the necks of sheep. The leader was a boy named Luther, about twelve years of age, and utterly blind. The services consisted of the reading of a few verses of the third chapter of Matthew by one of the children, with questions by the leader, and explanations. Thus for about fifteen minutes his appropriate and useful questions on the verses read, and the usually correct answers, were well worthy of attention and imitation. 'I want to be an angel' was then sung by the children in Armenian; and when the leader asked a very little girl to pray, she complied at once, repeating the Lord's Prayer in a childish voice, and apparently not at all awed by the spectators who had by this time gathered around. The children were all reverent and attentive. At the final touch of the bell they rose, and, making polite bows to their leader and the visitor, walked in a body quietly from the room. These

children have already commenced to make missionary collections, chiefly consisting of eggs and heads of wheat. Coin is very scarce among them. One day I was going along where the carts that bring the unthreshed wheat from the fields were passing and re-passing. I saw the little girl who came to bring me to the meeting busy gathering heads of wheat. On being asked why she did this, she explained that she was endeavoring to pay the debt of a very little boy whose big brother failed to bring his share of wheat."

Blue Sky Somewhere.

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our heart good have we learned from their lisping lips. It was but the



Armenians Traveling in Asia.

other day another took root in memory. We were going to a picnic, and of course the little ones had been in ecstasies for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no glad sunshine, no songs of birds, no peals of mirth. There was every prospect of rain.

"Shan't we go, mother?" exclaimed a child of five, with emphasis.

"If it clears off."

"But when will it clear off?"

"Oh, look out for blue sky."

And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes.

"Well, I don't care, mother," he said, when at length the tedious day had drawn to a close, "if I haven't seen it, I know there is blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was blue sky, a whole sky full of it—clear, glorious blue sky, such as only greets us after a storm.

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice. "There is blue sky!" Then the little head dropped for a moment in solemn

thought. "Mother," he exclaimed, when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, 'cause, you see, there aint no place where it could have gone to. God covered it up with clouds, didn't he?"

Children are indeed eloquent teachers. From them we may learn much of unwavering faith and trust in our heavenly Father, that will put us with our "wiser heads" to shame. Do we not all remember, with pleasure (mingled with regret), how confiding and trustful we were in our early years? Now that we have grown older, with all our reasoning faculties fully developed, we so often, in the hurry and flurry of earthly labors and cares, forget our heavenly Father, who cares for us, and wants us to cast all our cares on Him. These reflections call to mind what Luther says about the text, "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" He says, among other things, "This is a very fine, striking example, putting us all to shame, that we, who are men possessed of reason, and besides have the holy Scriptures, are not wise enough to imitate the fowls of the air. . . . But man, after he fell away from God's Word and command, became foolish and unreasonable, so that henceforth there is no creature that is not wiser than he; and a little chaffinch, that can neither read nor write, is his teacher and master in the holy Scriptures, though he may have the whole Bible and his reason to help him."—L. V.

Raffling for the Church.

A boy astonished his Christian mother by asking for a dollar to buy a share in a raffle for a silver watch, that was to be raffled off in a beer saloon. His mother was horrified, and rebuked him. "But," said he, "mother, did you not bake a cake with a ring in it, to be raffled off in the Sunday school fair?"

"O, my son," said she, "that was for the church."

"But if it was wrong," said the boy, "would doing it for the church make it right? Would it be right for me to steal money to put it in the collection? And if it is right for the church, is it not right for me to get this watch if I can?"

The good woman was speechless; and no person can answer the boy's argument. The practices are both wrong, or they are both right.

John 3, 16.

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

One cold, wintry night, a poor Irish boy stood in the streets of Dublin—a little city arab, homeless, houseless, friendless.

He had taken to bad courses, and become an associate of thieves, who were leading him on the broad road to destruction. That very night they had planned to commit a burglary, and appointed him to meet them in a certain street at a certain hour.

As he stood there, waiting, shivering, and cold, a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder. It was very dark, he could only see a tall form standing by him, and he trembled with fear; but a kindly voice said, "Boy, what are you doing here at this time of night? Such as you have no business in the streets at so late an hour. Go home; go to bed."

"I have no home, and no bed to go to."

"That's very sad, poor fellow! Would you go to a home and to a bed if I provided one?"

"That would I," replied the boy.

"Well, in such a street and at such a number (indicating the place) you will find a bed." Before he could add more, the lad started off. "Stop!" said the voice; "how are you going to get in? You need a pass; no one can go in there without a pass. Here is one for you—can you read?"

"No, sir."

"Well, remember that the pass is 'JOHN 3, 16;' don't forget, or they won't let you in. 'JOHN 3, 16.' There, that's something that will do you good."

Joyfully the lad rushed off repeating his lesson, and soon found himself in the street and at the number indicated, before a pair of large iron gates. Then his heart failed him, they looked so grand. How could he get in there? Timidly he rang the bell. The night-porter opened, and in a gruff voice asked, "Who's there?" "Me, sir. Please, sir, I'm JOHN THREE SIXTEEN;" in very trembling tones. "All right; in with you; that's the pass," and in the boy went.

He was soon in a nice, warm bed, and between sheets such as he had never seen before. As he curled himself up to go to sleep, he thought, "This is a lucky name; I'll stick to it!" The next morning he was given a bowl of hot bread and milk, before being sent out into the street (for this home was only for a night). He wandered on and on fearful of meeting his old companions, thinking over his new name; when, heedlessly crossing a crowded thoroughfare, he was run over.

A crowd collected; the unconscious form was placed on a shutter, and carried to the nearest hospital. He revived as they entered.

It is usual in the Dublin hospitals to put down the religion, as well as the name and address, of those admitted. They asked him

whether he was Catholic or Protestant. Sure, he didn't quite know. Yesterday he was a Catholic, but now he was JOHN THREE SIXTEEN. This reply elicited a laugh.

After his injuries had been attended to, he was carried up into the accident ward. In a short time his sufferings brought on fever and delirium. Then was heard in ringing tones, and oft-repeated, "JOHN 3, 16! *It was to do me good, and so it has!*"

These persistent cries aroused the other patients. Testaments were pulled out to see to what he pointed. What could he mean? and here one and there another, read the precious words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." ("It was to do me good, and so it has!" the sufferer cried.) Luther called this verse "The miniature Bible." When those poor sick folk read the tender words, and heard the unconscious comment: "*It was to do me good, and so it has!*"—the Spirit stirred within them, and God the Holy Ghost used that text then and there to the conversion of souls. There was "joy in the presence of the angels of God" over sinners that repented. The Holy Spirit used this *one text* from the lips of a poor ignorant boy in that hospital ward, and souls were saved.

Consciousness returned, and the poor little fellow gazed around him: how vast it looked! and how quiet it was! Where was he? Presently a voice from the next bed said, "JOHN THR-REE SIXTEEN, and how are you to-day?" "Why, how do you know my new name?" "Know it! you've never ceased with your JOHN THREE SIXTEEN, and I for one say, *Blessed John Thr-ree Sixteen!*" This sounded strange to the little lad's ears. To be called "blessed"—he for whom no one cared. "And don't you know where it comes from? It's from the Bible."

"The Bible! what's that?" The poor little waif had never heard of the Bible—that blessed book, God's word to man. "Read it to me," he said; and as the words fell on his ear, he muttered, "That's beautiful! it's all about love, and not a home for a night, but a home for always!" He soon learnt the text, saying, "I've not only got a new name, but something to it!"

Days passed on, and there were changes in the ward, but our little friend never felt lonely; he *fed* on his text and its precious words.

Another soul in that ward was to be won to Christ by his means, and now in simple conscious faith he was to be the agent of blessing.

On a cot near him lay an old man who was very ill. Early one morning a nun came to his bedside, and said, "Patrick, how is it with you to-day?" "Badly, badly!" groaned the old man. "Has the priest been to see you?" asked the nun. "Oh, yes; but that makes it worse, for he has anointed me with the holy oil, and I am marked for death. I'm no' fit to die—oh, what shall I do?" "Patrick, it's very sad to see you so," she gently answered; "look!

here are these beads, they have been blessed by His Holiness the Pope, and they will help you to die happy." She placed them around the man's neck, and then, wishing him good-by, went out. But how could a string of beads ease a dying man, facing eternity, with his sins unforgiven? Poor Patrick groaned aloud. "God, ha' mercy!" he cried; "I'm such a sinner, I'm no fit to die. What *shall* I do? O, what *will* become o' me?"

Our little fellow heard his miserable words. "Poor old man," thinks he; "he wants a pass." "Patrick," he called, "I know something that will do you good—quite sure—it has done me." "Tell me, tell me quickly," cried Patrick. "If only I could find something to do me good." "Here it is! Now listen, JOHN 3, 16. Are you listening?" "Yes, yes: go on." "JOHN 3, 16—'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" Through these words Patrick found peace in his dying hour, and entered into everlasting life—another soul brought to Christ in that hospital ward by means of a single text blessed by the Holy Spirit.

Our little friend recovered. For long, JOHN THREE SIXTEEN was his one text. God blessed his simple faith; friends placed him at school, and now he is an earnest, hearty worker for the Master.

"Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it." Luke 11, 28.

Seeking Strength.

Doubtless most young readers have heard of Gustavus Adolphus, the great and famous king of Sweden.

Well, one day, he was sitting quietly by himself, reading a book in which he was apparently much interested. It was the Bible. One of his officers finding him thus, looked with surprise at the volume in his master's hand. Perhaps his astonishment was increased when the king said quietly:

"I am seeking strength against temptation."

There are some more words which Gustavus added, preserved for us by history, but these are the ones which I want to fix in your minds. "I am seeking strength against temptation." Where was he seeking it? In the Bible.

This story of Gustavus reminds us of another mighty king who lived many hundred years before—royal David. Do you remember what he says in Psalm 119? "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

Now, dear children, will you learn a lesson from these kings?

Do you really want to follow the Lord Jesus, but find temptation comes to you, perhaps every hour? Well, I think the best way to meet it is just to get your mind and heart filled with His words, earnestly asking Him to help you to obey them.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—AN eminent servant of our Lord, whose praise is in all the churches, has fallen asleep in Jesus. The Rev. Dr. C. F. W. Walther departed this life on the 7th of May, in the 76th year of his age. This is not the place for a biography nor for a detailed account of his many labors in the church. Eternity alone will reveal the results of his manifold labors in the service of the Master. He now "rests from his labors" and receives from the Saviour, whom he so faithfully served, the crown of light burdened with stars. We rejoice at his gain and deplore our loss. In him our Colored Mission has lost one of its most devoted and faithful friends. On the floor of the Synodical Conference his eloquent voice was often raised for our Colored Mission, and his mighty influence was exerted for the propagation of the Gospel among the freedmen of the South. That silver tongue is stilled, but let us remember that "he, being dead, yet speaketh," Heb. 11, 4.

—SPEAKING of the death of Dr. Walther, the Rev. Dr. Rhodes, President of the General Synod, writes in the *Observer*: "Prof. Walther came to St. Louis forty-seven years ago, and became pastor of the first and only German Lutheran church in this city. There are now thirteen or more such churches, and his influence has had much to do with the growth and moulding of every one of them. The work he has accomplished in these years, for extent and permanence, has perhaps no parallel in any single life devoted to the cause of Christ in this country. Whether we speak of the Missouri Synod, the College at Fort Wayne, Concordia Seminary, the large publishing house in this city, the literature of the body, or the many ministers sent out by it to preach the gospel, the name and influence of this splendidly endowed and faithful man cannot be omitted. Who writes the life of Dr. Walther, will write the history of the Missouri Lutheran Church in this country. He was a man of gentle soul, delighting most, as one of the professors informed the writer, in building up the church; and yet as a polemic he wielded a keen blade, and was seldom vanquished. He was a man of well-balanced judgment, so that his opinion was not only sought in all the great movements of the body in which he was a recognized leader, but when given it was usually final. He was a born leader. The work he was enabled to achieve, often under difficulties that would have mastered many a man of less faith and persistence, is the unanswerable testimony not only to his faith in God, but also to those magnificent executive gifts which belong to few men. It must have been a great joy, the source of a sunny hope, to this aged servant of the Lord, to look back over his long and useful life and see what God had wrought through him."

—The *Church Messenger* says of Dr. Walther: He was a voluminous writer, a preacher of

extraordinary merit, a theologian whose fame was world-wide, abundant in labors, fervent in spirit, a man of great humility, earnestness and learning. He will be missed in the Councils of the church.

A MISSIONARY writes from Africa: "The children are poor and ignorant, and often go about with hardly a rag of clothing; but they are affectionate and are generally gentle and teachable. We have been teaching some of them to read and write and also teaching them about Jesus. One of the boys, Kapila, who labors all the day, spends his evenings in reading his Portuguese Testament and in inquiring about the meaning of what he reads. Not long since, as he was practicing with his pencil, he wrote, 'My heart rejoices now, because I am trusting in Christ;' and when he showed his slate with this written upon it, his black face was all aglow with pleasure. There is nothing that will make human hearts so glad, whether it be black children in Africa or white children in America, as a full trust in Christ."

—FORTY years ago Dr. Morrison was addressing in a locked inner room two or three Chinese who listened in peril of their lives. There are now in China some 50,000 converts. "Do you think," asked the captain of the ship which took him out, "that you can make an impression on the 100,000,000 Chinese?" "No!" he answered, "but God will."

—EIGHTY-FIVE years ago the honorable directors of the East India Company placed on solemn record: "The sending of Christian missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most expensive, most unwarrantable project that was ever proposed by a lunatic enthusiast." A few months since, Sir Rivers Thompson, lieutenant-governor of Bengal said: "In my judgment Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good to the people of India than all other agencies combined. So great is the difference between the fears of prejudice and the facts of God's hand."

—WHEN the terrible labor riots in Belgium were subdued by military force, investigations were made as to the church connections of the strikers. It was found that not one of them belonged to the Protestant Church, whilst all of them acknowledged the Pope as their lord and master. This is an illustration to the assertion of the Romanists, that the Lutheran Reformation is the mother of revolutions.

—IN 1869 the first Protestant chapel was opened in Madrid. Now there are about sixty Protestant communities in Spain, and hardly a large town without a regularly organized church. The number of openly professed Protestants is 14,000, though there are from 26,000 to 30,000 who are thought to be Protestant at heart.

—THE *Church Messenger* says: Bad news have come from Africa. The work of the German missionaries on the Gold-coast, West Africa, was rudely interrupted by the savage King of Kyebi, who took the Revs. Mohr and Draesler prisoners and slaughtered a large number of

Christians. But we are glad to state that not one of them denied his Saviour whilst tortured. The fact ought not to be overlooked, that Mohammedan missionaries are inciting the native rulers everywhere to hostility against the Gospel. They are in union with the devil, who is fighting hard for his kingdom of darkness. But he will not prevail; "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church's harvest."

RESOLUTIONS

passed by the Dr. Martin Luther Monument Association of St. Louis, Mo., in memory of Rev. Dr. C. F. W. Walther.

WHEREAS, it hath pleased Almighty God to take from out of this world, his true and beloved servant, Rev. Dr. C. F. W. Walther,

Resolved, That we sadly deplore his departure from out of our midst,

Resolved, That we have lost in him the most faithful and strenuous supporter of our Associations interests.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12, 3.—

ED. DAMSCHROEDER, Sec'y.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

118 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. ALLENBAUGH, 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. 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1887.

No. 7.

The Useful Life.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." John 9, 4.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The master praises—what are men?

Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labor on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away:
It is not thus that souls are won.

Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
"Go forth" into the world's highway,
"Compel" the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest: for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The welcome word, "Behold, I come!"

H. B.

Wrapped In A Flag.

In one of our exchanges we read the following story: During the Cuban war a man was arrested by the Spanish soldiers as a spy. He was by birth an Englishman and had become a citizen of the United States; so that he had a claim upon two of the most powerful nations on earth. The Consuls of both Governments tried to have him set free; but in vain. He was tried by court-martial, sentenced to death, and led forth to be shot like a dog. His grave was dug, his coffin was placed beside it, his arms were tied, the soldiers stood a few paces from him with loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and the officer in command held the

handkerchief that was about to fall as the signal to fire, when the consuls rushed forward from the crowd of spectators, and each threw around the doomed man the flag of his country. Instantly the guns were lowered, and he who was "as good as dead" was saved, simply and only because he was wrapped in the flags that linked him to the honor of two great nations. The balls could not reach his body without first piercing the flags of the mighty powers that were thus pledged to his protection.

From this story we may see the way in which the sinner is saved from "everlasting burnings." By nature he is "dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. 2, 1); "condemned already," (John 3, 18). The broken law demands his punishment; for it is written, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them," (Gal. 3, 10). Sin demands the payment of its wages in death, and Satan claims the helpless wretch as his prey. No created being can rescue the condemned sinner. "None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him," (Ps. 49, 7).

But the moment the convicted sinner turns his eyes with a trustful look to Jesus, the blessed Saviour throws around him the beautiful robe of his own merits, and every claim is met, every accuser is silenced. The law asks nothing more; for Jesus has fulfilled its demands and has borne its curse. Justice is perfectly satisfied, sin is atoned for, and Satan slinks away frightened from the blood-red banner of the cross. "It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?" (Rom. 8, 33, 34).

"And lest the shadow or a spot
Should on our souls be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

From the very moment we trust in Christ, God is for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. 8, 31.) Well may the happy believer sing,

"Had I an angel's holiness,
I'd throw away that beauteous dress,
And wrap me up in Christ."

God has his eye on your heart; your tongue cannot deceive Him.

Lost in Sight of Home.

A few months ago, during one of the severe storms that visited Colorado, a young man perished in sight of home. In his bewilderment he passed and repassed his own cottage, to lie down and die almost in range with the "light in the window," which his young wife had placed there to guide him home. All alone she watched the long night through, listening in vain for the footsteps that would come no more; for, long before the morning dawned, the icy touch of death had forever stilled that warm, loving heart. The sad death was made still sadder by the fact that he was lost in sight of home. How many wanderers from the Father's house are lost in sight of home, in the full glare of the Gospel light! They have the open Bible, overflowing with its calls and promises, the faithful warnings from the pulpit, the manifestations of God's providence, all tending to direct their steps heavenward, and yet from all these they turn away, waiting for the more convenient season, and are lost at last in sight of the many mansions.—Forward.

The True Motive of Service.

When a great citizen of Florence lay dying of the plague, deserted by his courtiers, abandoned by his family and friends, he appealed to a crowd under the window for some office of charity. "No," said one, "you are not rich enough to buy us. We will not give life for gold." But up started a young man, and rushed through the crowd, exclaiming: "I will come in to you, not for money, but for gratitude; for I am one of those you saved from the death-block." That is the language of true Christian love. It says to Christ: "I will come to Thee, not for a great name, not for reward, not for praise, but because I am one thou hast saved from death."

By putting on Christ you will put off the love of this world; you will live above the world while you live in it.

The Jews in Syria.

A letter from a Missionary at Beirut, Syria, states that the number of Jews in Syria and Palestine is not very accurately known. He says: I should estimate them about as follows:

Jerusalem, 20,000; Hebron, 500; Safed, 5000; Tiberias, 3000; Damascus, 6000; Beirut, 2500; Aleppo, 4000; other towns, 1500. Total 42,500.

I may have under-estimated, but we can do little more than guess in a land where the census is rarely taken, and utterly unreliable when taken.

The Jews in Damascus speak chiefly the Arabic, as do the other part of the Beirut and Aleppo Jews. But those in Jerusalem, Safed, and Tiberias, and the recent addition to the Israelitish population in Beirut, speak Spanish, Russian, German, Polish, and Hungarian, and one must be a very polyglot to be able to have anything to do with them.

The Austrian Jews in Safed are proverbially quarrelsome, and keep the Austrian Consul in Beirut in constant worry about them.

The Beirut and Damascus Jews, with those in Aleppo, that is, the Jews of Syria Proper, are in general industrious, engaged in various trades and departments of business. They belong to old families that apparently never left Syria, but have lived here since the time of our Lord. They speak Arabic and are old Syrians. Many of them are wealthy, and in Damascus they own magnificent houses. The Jew palace in Damascus is visited by all travellers. The Syrian Jews are bankers, money changers, usurers, pawnbrokers, tailors, tinner, cotton-beaters, bed-makers and merchants. Such a thing as a Jewish farmer has not yet been seen in Syria. Of the European Jews recently arrived, *i. e.*, within the last twenty-five years, in Syria, the majority are importing and commission merchants, bankers, and wholesale and retail clothing dealers. They are so unscrupulous and shrewd that they give even the Arab merchants a close contest for the supremacy in trade.

In Palestine the Jews are cursed by the worst form of religious pauperism and mendicancy. They are about as badly demoralized as the once lordly Sioux Indians are by our reservation system. Thousands of Jews have been sent, through a series of years, from Central and Southeastern Europe to the Holy Land and the Holy City, to live on the charity of European Israel and die on the sacred soil. Large funds are sent out annually to the Rabbis of Jerusalem, who act as the treasurers of this colossal almshouse. The wealthy Jews of Europe and America contribute largely to the fund. However decent and respectable a Jew may have been in Europe, it will not take many years of this almshouse régime to extinguish every spark of manliness and self-respect. Quarrels, jealousies, and bitter dissatisfaction are the natural and common experience of the colony.

Any Jew attending a Christian religious service, or becoming a Christian, is not only excommunicated, but cut off from all charitable help. As few of them have business, this amounts to driving them to starvation. You can imagine then the difficulties attending missionary labor in Jerusalem for the Jews. Those converted have to be taught trades at once, and set up in business, or they would starve. The most of the olive woodwork brought from Jerusalem is made by these Jewish proselytes connected with the London Jews' Society.

Agriculture has been tried, to give them work, but they seem to hate the very thought of it. A colony of European Jews have a "Model Farm" near Jaffa, but they have not yet made it pay its way. The persecutions of Jews in Roumania and Southern Russia drove quite a number of them into Palestine, but the Turks took the alarm, lest a large influx of Jews should lead the Jews to claim Palestine as their own, and so the Sultan's Government forbade their coming, and is trying to stop all Jewish purchase of land and building of houses throughout the Holy Land.

A few Jews have been reached by the Gospel in Syria. There is in Jerusalem quite a congregation of Jewish proselytes. The English missionary in Jerusalem is a very devoted and earnest man, and during our visit to Jerusalem in April, we heard much of his work. He is himself a converted Jew.

Last week a young man from Beirut called on me here in our Summer home, and blushing asked if I would aid him in securing the hand of Miss Sabat (Elizabeth) in marriage. She was teaching the Arab girls' school here, and he has been teacher in the Church of Scotland's mission boys' school in Beirut for fifteen years. He was born in Damascus of a wealthy Jewish family of Harari, and was converted in Beirut, and united with our Church thirteen years ago. This summer he has been here, teaching Hebrew to a Harvard graduate temporarily in Syria. I did what I could for him, and now the engagement is made, and he has gone to Beirut to secure a house and prepare for the marriage. He is a faithful and exemplary young man, and the young woman is a good teacher, and was this summer the chief soprano singer in the Arabic services here. The young man Da-ood (David) was cast off by his family on becoming a Christian, but has supported himself regularly by teaching.

Evangelist.

The Soul's Cry and the Saviour's Answer.

Lord, be Thou my helper. Ps. 30, 10.

Fear not: I will help thee. Isa. 41, 13.

O Lord, I am in trouble. Ps. 31, 9.

Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee. Ps. 50, 15.

Keep the door of my lips. Ps. 141, 3.

I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say. Ex. 4, 12.

God be merciful to me a sinner. Luke 18, 13.
Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. 1, 15.

What must I do to be saved? Acts 16, 30.
Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Acts 16, 31.

O that I knew where I might find Him! Job 23, 3.

Ye shall seek Me and find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart. Jer. 29, 13.
Behold, I am vile. What shall I answer Thee? Job 40, 4.

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Isa. 1, 18.

Create in me a clean heart, O God. Ps. 51, 10.
A new heart also will I give you. Ezek. 36, 26.

I am weary with my groaning. Ps. 6, 6.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. Ps. 55, 22.

Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. Ps. 27, 9.

I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Heb. 13, 5.

Who is sufficient for these things. 2 Cor. 2, 16.

My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. 12, 9.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. Ps. 13, 2.

Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty. Isa. 33, 17.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning. Ps. 130, 6.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. Isa. 40, 31.

The terrors of death are fallen upon me. Ps. 55, 4.

He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. John 11, 25.

Come, Lord Jesus. Rev. 22, 20.

Surely, I come quickly. Rev. 22, 20.

The First Article.

The heathen king Hiero said to his celebrated philosopher Simonides: "Tell me, what is God?" "Give me a day's time for meditation," answered the philosopher, "and I will tell you." When the day was over, and the king wanted the answer, he said, "Give me two days time, and I will tell you." After two days the king wanted the answer, Simonides said: "Give me four days time, and I will tell you." In this way the philosopher continued, giving no answer, but always wanting double so much time as he had asked for the time previous. When the king finally grew impatient and asked him what this repeated delay meant, the philosopher said: "The more I meditate upon this question, the less I know about it."

To THE complaint, "I make no progress in the Christian life," an old Christian made answer: "Take your Bible on your knees, plow into it, and you will not stand still."

The Story of a Bible.

"Did he leave any message for me?"

"Yes, and he cursed the day he ever saw you."

This was the answer given by a nun to a lady in London under the following circumstances, which were related to me by a gentleman of culture and piety, as we were sailing along the coast of Norway, from Trondhjem to Bergen, in and out among the beautiful fjords and snow-capped mountains: Monsignor Capel was asked by a lady of position in London, "How can I find peace of mind?" Instead of pointing her to Christ and telling her that He atoned for our sins on the cross, he bade her dismiss such unwelcome thoughts and attend places of amusement. One day she followed a crowd of people into Exeter Hall, expecting to have her mind diverted from serious thoughts about the future by a musical entertainment. She was surprised when she found herself in a great religious meeting. Annoyed at this, she attempted to get out, but in doing so she knocked some umbrellas on to the floor, and abashed took her seat. Her attention was soon riveted upon the speaker. He explained our relation to God, as under condemnation already, and spoke of Christ's suffering on the cross as an atoning sacrifice, of God's willingness, for His sake, to pardon us. She was deeply moved, and at the close she said to some one near her: "Can I speak to the gentleman who has just addressed us?"

Soon after, in conversation with her, he said: "You will find the truth which I have mentioned often repeated in the Bible."

"But I have no Bible," she replied.

He quickly handed her his own, saying: "I have pleasure in giving you mine."

Some time after this the high Catholic dignitary, remembering the advice he had given this lady, sent the priest to inquire about the state of her mind. Instead of needing his help, he soon found that she was able to direct him in the way of life. Before leaving she gave him the Bible that had been given her at Exeter Hall, and begged him to read it with prayer, and to trust alone in Him who "bore our sins in His own body on the tree." Some time after she received a note from the priest asking her to call upon him. As she was about to take her son to Eton College, she did not accept the invitation at the time.

When she called, some weeks after, she was shown into a room where there was a coffin, and in it the body of the priest. Beside it a nun was kneeling in prayer. The lady approached and asked: "Did he leave any message for me?" "Yes," was the reply. "He wished me to say, if you called, that he died in the full faith of the Catholic church, and that he cursed the day he ever saw you." The poor lady turned away greatly distressed, saying to herself, "If I had gone to his bedside when he sent for me, I might have pointed him to Christ, and he might have been saved through

faith in Him; and now, alas! it is too late; I fear through my negligence he is lost forever." This reflection produced such an effect upon her that it destroyed her peace of mind, which she sought to overcome by foreign travel. One day in Rome a lady approached her and said: "Do you remember standing by the coffin of Father —, and the dreadful message delivered to you?"

"Yes," she replied, "and it has followed me night and day."

"But it was not a true message. The words he bade me deliver to you were these: 'Tell her that I bless the day I ever saw her, and that I die in the full faith of Jesus Christ. Tell her that the Bible she gave me was the means of leading me to trust alone in Him for pardon. Tell her I shall meet her in heaven; and then,' added the nun, 'he gave me that precious Bible, which has also been the means of leading me to see myself as a lost sinner and Christ as my only Saviour. Will you forgive me for telling that falsehood?'"

Dear reader, are you a Christian? If so, may the recital of these facts strengthen your faith in the promise of God, "My word shall not return to me void," and lead you with more faith and determination to assist in putting the Bible into every sinner's hand.

If you are not a Christian, I pray that these striking incidents may lead you to feel your need of Jesus, and that you can never have lasting peace and joy till you come as a lost soul and believe in Him. He has suffered that dreadful death on the cross in your stead that you might be forgiven and fitted for heaven. Will you confess your sins and believe in Him? "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1, 6). You see how he saved this lady, this priest, and the nun. He is able and willing to save you.—*Selected.*

The Lord Helps.

A weaver living in the little German town of Wupperthal, a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, was well known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utterances under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "The Lord helps," he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was, when in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well, the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the sad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although as the days went on, poverty

pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on Him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left, no bread, no fuel in the house, only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside, with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man. "There, saint! there is something for you to eat!" he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven and stroking the feathers down, said compassionately, "Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and wishing to know what had caused the bird's death he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand. The wife looked at it, confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps;" and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received two dollars which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again. "Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory.

Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully and kindly, "the Lord helps, and now you not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need." Thus He who fed Elijah by living ravens, proves Himself equally able to supply the needs of His tired servant by the same bird when dead.—*From the German.*

Holy Diversion.

As husbandmen, when their ground is overflowed by waters, make ditches and waterfurrows to carry it away, so when our minds and thoughts are overwhelmed with trouble, it is good to divert them by some other matter. But every diversion becometh not the saints; it must be a holy diversion as with the Psalmist: "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul."—*T. M.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A CONCEITED student, fresh from a Seminary, tried to convince an old farmer that many things in the Bible must give way before the advance of modern science. He assured him that astronomy, geology, and higher criticism had completely routed the ideas that prevailed in the dark ages, and that no intelligent person now believes in the literal truth of the Old Testament stories. Finding the old farmer unmoved, he at last said with some impatience, "You will admit that it was at least strange for an ass to open his mouth, and speak like a man." "No," replied the old Christian farmer, "I don't think it was very strange; for it was not a bit stranger than for a man to open his mouth, and speak like an ass, as you are doing now." That settled the silly student.

—THERE is much nonsense talked in the name of culture. A Boston preacher recently stunned his congregation by the following daring assertion: "All men are not bad by nature. The badness of the bad shall never prejudice my mind against the goodness of the good, the purity of the pure, the honor of the honorable." It is to be hoped that the mind of this preacher is not blind to the absurdity of the absurd, the emptiness of the empty, the boshiness of the bosh, and the slushiness of the slush.

—THE work of the American Bible Society, the past year, has been large and successful. According to the annual report, the cash receipts were \$493,358, and the expenditures were \$554,490. During the year 1,675,897 copies of the Scriptures were printed and purchased. The aggregate circulation in foreign lands was 521,356 copies. In seventy-one years the society has issued 48,324,916 copies, which have been distributed in all parts of the world.

—PASTOR HOMME, the Norwegian Lutheran missionary among the Indians in Wisconsin, reports seven children in the Indian Mission House in Shawano County, Wisconsin. Four tribes are there represented. The children seem to succeed well, although the members of each tribe cannot understand the speech of any of the other tribes. Thus, however, they are driven to use the little English which they daily learn in the school-room. The pastor reports them handsome and lively youths, and says that we can hope for more of them for this work.

—A FORMER Romish priest in a recent address on Mexico said: No one can visit Mexico to-day and fail to behold the deplorable result of Roman power in that unhappy country. The people's religion is a compound of servile fear and wild fanaticism. I have seen them run to church to pray on the approach of earthquakes, and return home to get beastly drunk on mescal. I witnessed them go to mass, kiss the clayey floor of the adobe church, through devotion, and, on leaving, steal candles from the vestry of that temple of worship.

—A ROMISH priest, in Worcester, Mass., recently stated to his congregation that he noticed that out of the thirty-one applications for license to sell liquor within the limits of his parish, twenty-nine came from members of his own congregation. This proportion undoubtedly is the prevalent one in most of the cities, and the fruitage thereof is seen in the large proportion of convicts in State prisons.

—FROM the *Lutheran Observer* we learn that in Lutheran Sweden, 98 out of every 100 of the people can read and write; in Roman Catholic Italy, Austria, France and Spain, only 25 out of every 100 can read and write.

—CANON FERGIE, Vicar of Ince, near Wigan, England, recently told the following: A man who had once been a Sunday school teacher became an atheist through attending a lecture by the notorious Bradlaugh, and on one occasion he said, "I am going to St. Helen's, and if there be a God, let Him meet me on the way, as your old Bible says He met Saul of Tarsus, and strike me down, and then I'll believe in Him." On the Sunday after this awful and impious challenge to his Maker he set out, full of health and vigor, for St. Helen's, when suddenly he fell to the ground. When picked up it was found that half his body was paralyzed. He lingered for a few days and then died, but before his death, he sent for Canon Fergie, saying, "There is a God." He received the Holy Communion before he died, together with the woman who had been a witness of his blasphemy. Bradlaugh had corresponded with Canon Fergie on this very matter, and the deposition of this respectable woman had been taken before a magistrate that the man really did challenge his Maker to strike him down.

—WHILST a Lutheran congregation at Decorah, Iowa, was celebrating the Lord's Supper recently, a policeman, acting under instructions from a Prohibition Committee, boldly entered the church, interrupted the services and prohibited the use of wine. The impudent fellow was shown the door and the service was continued.

—AN African princess is living in Hanover County, Va. She is 14 years old, and lives in the family of an Episcopal clergyman, who was a missionary to Western Africa some years ago. She is soon to return to her native land to marry the King, and, with her American education, she is expected to prove a useful queen.

—MISSIONARY SOCIETIES engaged in Africa, have made a thorough investigation of the liquor trade in that continent, and find that in a single year, 8,751,527 gallons of spirits were imported from Great Britain, Germany, United States and Portugal. Drunkenness is spreading at a frightful rate, and the missionaries think it a cruel thing that the agent of so much evil should come from nominally Christian lands.

—THE Earl of Chichester was authorized by the Queen of England to write to Sagbua, and

other chiefs of Abbeokuta, a letter in which occurs the following: "The Queen, and the people of England, are very glad to know that Sagbua and the chiefs think as they do upon this subject of commerce. But commerce alone will not make a nation great and happy, like England. England has become great and happy by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ. The Queen is, therefore, very glad to hear that Sagbua and the chiefs have so kindly received the missionaries, who carry with them the word of God, and that so many of the people are willing to hear it. In order to show how much the Queen values God's word, she sends with this, as a present to Sagbua, a copy of this word in two languages—one the Arabic, the other the English."

CENTRAL RUSSIA has some of the largest parishes of the Lutheran Church. One of these embodies 300 villages, and takes within its sweep 30,000 souls.

—IN England, an edition of the Gospel by St. Mark has been published in Mandarin, in raised Chinese characters for the use of the blind in China. Portions of Scripture have been printed for the blind in two hundred and fifty languages, according to the "Moon system."

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.
CARROLLTON.
Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDOFF, 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 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1887.

No. 8.

A Baptismal Hymn.

(Translated by Rev. H. E. Jacobs, D. D.)

Baptized ones, who know your God,
And bear the Saviour's name,
Consider well how great the gift,
That through this covenant came.
Cleansing from sin, and beauty true,
Escape from Satan's prison;
Sonship with Him who wears the crown,
And reigns in highest Heaven.
Our native curse is here removed,
With blessing pure exchanged;
Death dies, Hell breaks, and all its foes
Beneath our feet are ranged.
Here Jesus Christ is now put on;
Our shame is covered o'er,
With all that He has done for us,
And with the cross he bore.
His precious blood here washes us,
And makes us pure and white;
Stainless and sinless, fair and good,
Before His Father's sight.
O glorious work, O precious bath,
O water such as earth
Could never yield. No human tongue
Can tell how great thy worth.
Mere water never could bestow
The blessings thou dost give;
God's Word and Spirit are in thee
And through them thou dost live.
Help us, O Lord, to use aright
Thy quick'ning power and love,
Till we at last receive from thee
Still fairer robes above.

Paul Gerhardt.

The Red Hand.

"I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions."—
Isa. 43, 25.

There was once a deaf mute, named John. Though he never heard any other voice, he heard the voice of Jesus, knew it, loved it and followed it. One day he told the lady who had taught him, partly on his fingers and partly by signs, that he had had a wonderful dream. God had shown him a great black book; and all John's sins were written in it, so many, so black! and God had shown him hell, all open and fiery, waiting for him because of all these sins. But Jesus Christ had

come and put *His red hand*, red with the blood of His Cross, all over the page, and the red hand, the *dear red hand*, had blotted all John's sins out; and when God held up the book to the light He could not see one left.

Now His sweet word to you to-day is, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out your transgressions." Will you believe it? "Only believe," and "according to your faith it shall be unto you." It is no fancy or mere feeling, but God's truth, that Jesus Christ's blood has been shed—nothing can alter that; and that His precious blood blotteth out our transgressions; as St. Paul says (Col. 2, 14): "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us." And oh! how much there is to blot out!—sins that you have forgotten, and sins that you did not think were sins at all, besides those you know of—to-day, yesterday, all the past days of your life. And all these written in His Book!

Do you want to have them blotted out forever? Do you pray, "Blot out mine iniquities?" do you want to know that they are blotted out? Then take His word about it, and just believe that it is true, and true for you—"I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins: return unto Me for I have redeemed thee."

"I am trusting Thee for cleansing
Through the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood."

F. R. H.

Not the Righteous.

It is a serious thing for a man, be he young, old, or middle-aged, to have a good opinion of himself—to think that his conduct and character are good in the sight of God, and deserving of His approval. For if a man think well of himself, and fancy himself a righteous person, he can lay no claim to Christ as his Saviour, for Christ came not to call the righteous. Christ came not to call those who think well of themselves, and who trust that God will accept them for their good works; but He came to call those who are broken down under a sense of their sins, who feel that they cannot make

themselves better, who know that their case is so bad, that no man can give them relief; and who, therefore, in the anguish of their souls, cry to the Lord to have mercy on them.

It is a right thing to pay one's debts, to be courteous to one's neighbors, and kind to the poor—to avoid evil speaking and evil-doing, and to acknowledge God as the author of all good; this is all right in its place; but many flatter themselves that by such a course they have a good chance of acceptance with God in the day of judgment. Now this notion, however popular it be, is the great delusion of the enemy for man's eternal ruin. Those who cherish this notion are altogether deceived. A person may be blameless in his ways before men, and amiable and devout in his disposition, without Christ in his heart.

Morality, and the performance of the outward decencies of religion give no title to heaven. There is not one in heaven who is there on the ground of what he is in himself, or of what he has done. All those who are there, are there as sinners saved by the grace of God—washed from their sins by the precious blood of Christ.

Dear reader, have you thus come to the Saviour and claimed Him for your own? Have you come as a *sinner*, and said to Him in faith, Thou camest to save sinners: I am one. Thou camest to seek the lost: I am lost. Therefore, take me: let me be Thine, and be Thou mine forever.

Bad Bargains.

A teacher in a Sunday-school once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy; "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain indeed!

Homes for Lepers.

Leprosy is the most frightful and loathsome disease mankind is afflicted with. There are about 2,500 different forms of sickness known to physicians, but the worst of them all is leprosy. It is really nothing else than a slow process of putrefaction of the body before burial; it is a dying off of the members and limbs of the body, not in the hidden grave, but in the sight of man. We hear of lepers in the time of our Lord's sojourning on earth and of His healing those incurable wretches by His almighty word. We know also, and ought never to forget it, that the leprosy of the mortal flesh is but an image of the leprosy of the immortal soul, tainted and poisoned by sin and that there is no remedy for that incurable disease of the soul, but that same almighty word, which proclaims to us a washing off of the sin by the precious blood of the Lamb of God.

There are lepers to-day in various parts of the world. Strange to say, leprosy is found even in cold climates, for instance in Norway, whose people have cleanly habits. It is found in China, at the Cape of Good Hope, on the islands in the Pacific Ocean, in Palestine. But although the sickness is as little curable as two thousand years ago and baffles the skill of physicians, the condition of the lepers is much more endurable than in olden times. It is true, the nature of the disease requires a complete separation of the afflicted from other men, but they are not shunned and cast away like carcases. Christian charity is trying to imitate the Master-Physician in bringing help and comfort to them, not because they can reward it, but because they sorely need it both for their poor bodies and their afflicted souls.

On an island off the coast of the Cape Colony, there is an asylum for lepers. Whoever sets his foot on the shore, must stay there until his death. The love of Christ constrained some brethren of that great Missionary Society, the Moravian Church, to shut themselves up with the lepers on that island and to live and die with them and for them. A similar heroism, greater than any other, is shown by English missionaries on the island of Molokai, whither the lepers of the Sandwich or Hawaii Islands are brought as soon as "the white spot" is detected on the body of any native, be it an old man or a fair young girl. The Norwegian lepers are tenderly cared for by their government, and Lutheran deacons and deaconesses are their nurses. It is not known to us what the Chinese are doing with their lepers; but we rather fear that they are more merciful to their beasts than to those stricken with the terrible pestilence.

The lepers at Jerusalem are a familiar sight to the visitors and inhabitants of the holy city. But that repulsive feature of the western avenues to the city soon will be a thing of the past, owing to a victory of Christian charity over the prejudices of Mohammedanism.

Twenty years ago the German Baroness Keffenbruck conceived the idea of bringing help and comfort to the lepers of Jerusalem by the opening of an asylum. Rev. Mr. Tappe and his wife, formerly Moravian missionaries in Labrador, were sent by her to Jerusalem to take charge of the lepers' home, called "Jesus' Help." It took some time until a few patients from among the peasantry of the Holy



A DWELLING ON THE ISLAND OF SUMATRA.

Land entered the hospital and subjected themselves to treatment. The asylum became, by and by, better known, and more lepers were willing to enjoy its clean wards, better food, and the service of Mr. Tappe and his excellent wife. None were cured, but all of them experienced a lessening of pain and a lightening of their burden.

On the 24th of April, the Sunday of the Good Shepherd, a new and much larger lepers' home was dedicated in the presence of the three Protestant congregations in Jerusalem. The praise of the God of mercy was sung and said in Arabic, English and German. Mr. Tappe is house father still, and highly respected by the whole community. The Turkish government, which constantly tries to throw obstacles into the way of any direct missionary work, is well disposed towards this one branch of Christian charity. It has promised pecuniary aid and intends to place the leprous street-beggars in the asylum, although knowing that the Gospel is daily read in the home.

Famine in Turkey.

A severe famine is raging in central Turkey, and much suffering is the result. The rains have been withheld from the parched earth for the period of a year, and the ground is barren. Everything has been burned up by the fierce rays of the sun. The missionaries laboring in that region send most heart-rending accounts of the state of things. We give below an extract from a letter sent by a committee of the Protestant Church at Adana, one of the principal cities of the famine district:

"In the providence of God the year 1887 has become a year of calamity such as we have never seen before. This is owing to the fact that there has been almost no rain since a year ago. The farmers sowed their winter grain in hope and the damp earth nourished it, but without rain it was all wasted. Everything sowed or planted soon dried up and was lost.

"A square section of our most fertile plain, 3,600 square miles in extent, extending from Mersine on the west sixty miles to Missis on the east, and sixty miles north and south, is stripped of its glory and beauty and remains a sad desert. A part of our vineyards did not begin to put forth their new branches, and those that did so are already beginning to wither. The yearly exports from these fields during the last few years, in cotton, sesame, oats, and millet, have been about \$3,500,000, and the wheat and barley produced have been worth even more. This year also, because there is no grass, the flocks and herds are being destroyed. Butter, cheese and milk are with difficulty found.

"From these statements you will understand something of the calamity which is upon us. This section of the country contains over 100,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 are able to find a living without help. But 80,000 are destitute and cannot be kept from starvation unless help is brought to them from without. Many of them have lived until now only by selling their furniture, in some cases even to the beds from under them."

A Child's Faith.

A mother, with her three children, was clinging to the wreck of the steamer *Bohemia*, when the mother said she *must* let go her hold and be drowned.

Her little girl replied, "Hold on a little longer, mother. Jesus walked upon the water and saved Peter, and perhaps He will save us."

The little girl's words so strengthened her mother that she held on a few moments more, when a boat was sent to their rescue.

Pray Always.

The following incident occurred on Lake Erie nearly forty years ago.

The principle personage in the narrative was a Christian sailor, John —, employed as first mate under Captain C—, who had command of one of the two ships which some ambitious person in Buffalo set afloat on Lake Erie during the fierce heat of the speculation which raged like a forest-fire over the West for a few years prior to 1836.

Determined to lead the navigation of the season, the ship left Buffalo immediately after the harbor was cleared of ice, supposing, what was quite a usual occurrence, that the wind would carry the ice up the lake, break it up, and so disperse it that they would have no further trouble with it; but to their great surprise, as they neared the upper end of the lake, they found themselves moving between two immense fields of ice—that on the right extending apparently to the Canada shore; that on the left moving before the wind, slowly, but surely, down upon them.

The ship was not prepared for an Arctic encounter like this, and how to escape from their perilous position was of course an anxious question. But two courses presented themselves, and whether either of these was practicable remained to be seen. The first was to land on the ice, and so make their way to the Canada shore. Our hero, John —, volunteered the attempt to reach the shore. It was of course fraught with fearful hazard; but he succeeded in making the exploration and in returning safely to the ship, but only to report that the ice was entirely detached from the shore, and that escape in this direction was impossible.

The second method was to reach the open water through the channel between the ice-fields in the ship's boats; but this idea was soon abandoned, for, at the rate the ice was moving before the wind, it was very certain the two fields would meet long before the boats could reach open water, and if caught, they would be crushed like egg-shells. What was to be done? Officers, sailors, passengers looked in silence and with pallid cheeks upon the approaching foe. In front, as far as could be seen, there was nothing but that narrow channel, and no wind to carry them through to the open water.

Under these circumstances, the captain called the passengers, and as many of the crew as could be spared from the deck, into the cabin, made a plain statement of their danger, and of his entire want of power to afford them relief; and, though not a professing Christian, said, "We are in the hands of God; if He does not interpose for us, there is no help, no hope. If any of you know how to pray, I wish you would do so." There sat that despairing company, with bowed heads, in dead silence—so still, you could hear your heart beat. In that terrible moment, John —, the pious

mate, raised his head, and just in a whisper, said, "Let us pray." Officers, passengers, sailors, at once quietly went down upon their knees, and naught was heard, except now and then a deepdrawn sigh or a half-suppressed sob, while the converted sailor, in simple, child-like language, told in the ears of Him who holds the winds in His fists and the sea in the hollow of His hand, their exposure and danger, the interest they each had in their own lives and the lives and happiness of others—fathers, mothers, wives, children and friends; humbly confessing their sins and just exposure to pain and penalty; and then, with tearful penitence and loving trustfulness, supplicating mercy and deliverance through the crucified and exalted Redeemer.

After the prayer, the captain and mate went on deck, and who can tell what were their thoughts or feelings when they saw that, during that solemn moment of penitent prayer, the wind had changed, and now, instead of blowing the crushing ice-field upon them, it was blowing the ship slowly, but surely, through that open channel. In the presence of that strange fact, the captain and mate uncovered their heads, and John —, looking aloft at the nearly naked yards, said, "Shall I put some more canvass on her, captain?" "No," said the captain, "don't touch her, some One else is managing the ship." And so the unseen hand did lead them to the open water, and to their desired haven in safety.

We will not stop to do battle with the speculative theories of prayer which infidel scientists have latterly thrust into the face of Christendom. The incident, of the truth of which the reader can rest assured, shall be left to bear, uninterpreted, its own testimony to the truth that God hears and answers prayer. And therefore it is written that "men ought always to pray and not to faint."—*Selected.*

The Infidel's Death.

There lived in France, some years ago, a gentleman of intelligence and culture, but the same was an infidel, believing neither in heaven nor hell. His life was in full accord with his unbelief, he was, namely, a servant of the devil. In the days of his health he mocked at all Christianity, and gave no heed to any of its admonitions: but when he was laid upon a sick bed he became timid as a woman, and no one could have feared death more than he. While in this condition a devout and godly nobleman sought to direct his mind and heart to the great mercy of God, and the saving merits of Jesus Christ, but sought in vain; he was told by the sufferer that all was useless, as the heart was hardened against such comforts, and he would have his portion with Cain and Judas, and all who despised the mercy of God. One of his companions in sin also came to him, to see whether death could make such a bold and courageous sinner afraid. The sick man looked upon him, and with anguish of

heart said: If one could know at the time of his birth what one realizes a short time before his death, one of two things would take place: Either all would wish at once to die, or they would live near God all through their lives, so that they could die without fear. I was an unbeliever, but now I believe, yet my faith is like that of the devils, they also believe—and tremble.

Love for the Bible.

A blind girl, who had received a copy of the Bible in raised letters, read it so eagerly and constantly with her fingers that they were soon so worn that every line she read was marked with blood; and ere long her fingers became so sore that she could no longer use them. Thinking that for weeks she could not read her Bible again, she raised it to her lips for a loving good-bye kiss. As the raised letters of the page touched her lips, a thrill of surprise flushed her face, for she found she could read the page with her lips; and so, while her fingers recovered, she moved the pages across her lips; with greater relish than for physical food. "God's words were found, and she did eat them, and they were unto her the joy and rejoicing of her heart"—"sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb."

But there are many Christians who have not this "relish" for God's Word—who read it as a duty not as a delight; who come to it, not because they hunger for it as a delicious food, but because they think they must take it as a necessary medicine. How can such Christians secure this relish for Bible reading?

"Vengeance is Mine."

A regiment of soldiers had received the strictest orders, because of the nearness of the enemy, to remain perfectly quiet, and not to break ranks under penalty of hanging. But one of the soldiers could not possibly ward off sleep, and so his horse walked off to graze. His companions awoke him several times, reminding him of the orders, but he would immediately relapse into sleep. Suddenly the Colonel appeared, and called out, "Soldier, what are you doing? You must hang!" He began to lament, but in vain. "You shall be suspended from the first tree to which we come," said the Colonel, and gave him one hour's grace. Upon arriving at the tree where the sentence was to be executed, the soldier smote his hand, and said, "Lord, how just art Thou! On this very spot, one year ago, I murdered a man and buried him under this tree." He pointed out the exact spot. They dug down, and found the head and feet, whereupon the merited punishment was inflicted.

CHRIST is not valued at all unless he is valued above all.—*Augustine.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

— A MIGHTY king recently came into the New York Stock Exchange. It was Death, the king of terrors. The Vice-President had ascended the platform to make the formal announcement of the death of a member. He had done so with genuine feeling and descended. Instantly he was seized with faintness and in a few minutes was dead. All paths "lead but to the grave." The Stock Exchange did no more business on that day; but will the event give any of its members, or any who read of it, any deeper sense of the truth so concisely stated in God's Word: "No man is sure of life?" The lesson of all death is: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

— A MILLION of dollars a word is said to have been the value of a sentence spoken by the presiding judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania recently. The question before the court was whether it should reverse the decision of the court below, forbidding the transfer of a large block of stock in the Beach Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern Railroad Company from one holder to another. Having listened to long and elaborate arguments by counsel on both sides, the court decided to confirm the decision of the lower court. The judge pronounced the decision in eleven words. He said: "Decree affirmed and appeal dismissed at the cost of the appellants." The ownership of more than eleven million dollars was determined by those few momentous words. The parties concerned must have listened to them with breathless attention. It would be so with the words in which God's message offering eternal life to the world is conveyed if men realized their full import as they do the words involving the possession of money, John 5, 39.

— AT a public meeting, one of the orators addressed the assembly as follows:—"My dear brethren, it has been the usual custom for an audience to testify their approbation of the speaker by clapping their hands; but I beg to recommend to your adoption a new method of clapping, less tumultuous, and much more pleasing; when you leave this place, clap your hands into your pockets, and clap your money into the plate held to receive it, and the Lord give it His blessing." This address had the desired effect.

— THE ancient school-master, Jacob Trebo-nius, was accustomed, when he entered his school, to take off his hat to the boys, alleging as his reason for so doing that he did not know what learned doctors and great men he might be training; and it proved that Martin Luther was amongst his scholars.

— OF the five hundred Chinese now living in Philadelphia, about one-quarter attend Christian Sunday-schools. One is studying for the ministry and expects to return to China as a missionary. As an illustration of the unselfish spirit of the Chinese, it is mentioned that when

the news of the Charleston earthquake reached Philadelphia, the Chinese residents promptly subscribed \$1,200 as their offering to the stricken city.

— A MEMBER of a church was prostrated by illness, and complained bitterly to his pastor that only one or two persons had come to see him. "My friend," said the minister, "you have been a professing Christian for thirty years. During this time how many sick have you visited?" "O," he replied, "it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them."

— IN one of the great picture galleries of Windsor Castle in England are several precious caskets. The Queen entered one day with a small book in her hand, and asked the keeper of these treasures which was the most rare and valuable of all the caskets. He showed her one made of pure rock crystal, ornamented with gold and enamel. In this casket the Queen placed a little book—General Gordon's pocket Bible, annotated and marked by his own hand, and in this precious casket will remain this most precious relic of one of England's greatest heroes.

— AGAINST THEATRES. — "An effort was made early in the present century to establish a theatre at the capital of one of our Middle States. A clergyman of the place, believing it would be an injury to the community, gathered the female portion of his congregation together and urged them not only to refuse to attend the representations themselves, but to exert their influence to persuade others to do the same. His advice was taken, and although the town soon after became a city, for more than half a century every effort to establish a theatre in it proved a failure."

— AT Shamachi, a mountain city of the Caucasus, there is a Lutheran congregation of native Armenians in charge of two pastors, one of whom is the Rev. Johannes Pera, who graduated at the mission school of Hermannsburg. He preaches four times each Sunday and twice each week day.

— MISSION WORK is carried on by Swedish Christians in Lapland, East and South Africa, and on the Congo, in South and Central India, and in the Caucasus.

— 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 two thousand Christian martyrs, and from the fifty converts left there have sprung five thousand. 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. Blessed feet of the embassadors of peace.

— DURING a single century the translations of the Scriptures have increased five-fold; the Evangelical Missionary Societies, ten-fold; the number of missionaries, fifty-fold; contributions in moneys, twenty-five-fold; the circulation of the Bible, thirty-fold; and the number of converts from heathenism, thirty-five-fold.

— REV. W. SWANSON 25 years ago went to China and found but five small churches at treaty ports. Now he goes from Canton to Shanghai, and could sleep nearly every night in a village having in it a Christian Church.

— THE Protestants in Italy have 300 churches, and it is estimated that 10,000 members have been converted from Romanism.

— THE Danish Missionary Society cares for 7000 Esquimaux converts in Greenland.

— IN a select company the conversation chanced to turn upon a minister who had fallen into sin, when one of the ladies present sneeringly remarked: "Here you can see what the preachers generally are!" The subject was changed, and the objectionable life of a lady of the nobility was spoken of, when the Lutheran Bishop Brockmand, having said something relating to the case, concluded his remarks with the words: "It by no means follows from this instance, that all our ladies are of such a character."

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. BURGDOFF, 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 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., September, 1887.

No. 9.

A Worker's Prayer.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart:
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Selected.

Come, Though Unworthy.

"I thought not myself worthy to come unto Thee," said the centurion to our Lord. And what he said many feel. But let no sense of unworthiness keep you back. Jesus looks for nothing in you. He asks nothing of you. He simply invites you to come unto Him, that He may make you happy. His heart is set upon making poor sinners rich, miserable sinners happy, polluted sinners holy, and guilty sinners righteous.

Wait as long as you please, you will never find any worthiness in yourself. Come as soon as you will, you will never find Jesus refuse you because of your unworthiness. If you were the most unworthy creature that sin ever defiled, or that Satan ever led captive at his will,

you would be most welcome to Jesus. Saving great sinners gets Him great honor.

Speaking to some who thought themselves worthy, He said, "Publicans and harlots enter into the kingdom of God before you;" and when he sent forth His apostles, "Repentance and remission of sins must be preached among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." At Jerusalem, where they mocked Him, spat in His face, smote Him with their hands, insulted and scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and at last crucified Him!

Could sinners be more vile than these? Could any be more unworthy than such? But if you, my dear reader, were the most unworthy wretch, your unworthiness would be no barrier in His way, nor would you be rejected because of it. Come, then, unworthy sinner, with all thy deep and bitter sense of unworthiness, come to Jesus, and thy soul shall live.

Two Pairs of Fetters.

More than eighty years ago, a fierce war raged in India between the English and Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion, several English officers were taken prisoners; among them was one named Baird. One day, a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness.

A grayhaired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer; "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the noble officer, "put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own." This was done. Strange to say, Baird lived to regain his freedom—lived to take that city; but his noble friend died in prison.

Up to his death he wore two pairs of fetters! But what if he had worn the fetters of all in the prison? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had left a glorious palace to take their place in the horrible prison, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and

die for them, that they might go free, and free forever!

Reader, such a thing has been done. "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus;" "who gave Himself a ransom for all." "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures." "Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity."

God is Love.

By Dr. Martin Luther.

If we will only consider Him in His works, we shall learn that God is nothing else but pure, unutterable love, greater and more than any one can think. The shameful thing is, that the world does not regard this, nor thank Him for it, although every day it sees before it such countless benefits from Him; and it deserves for its unthankfulness that the sun should not shine another moment longer, nor the grass to grow; yet He ceases not, for one moment, to love us and do us good. Language must fail me to speak of His spiritual gifts. Here He pours forth for us, not the sun and moon, nor heaven and earth, but His own heart, His beloved Son, so that He suffered His blood to be shed, and the most shameful death to be inflicted on Him, for us wretched, wicked, thankless creatures. How, then, can we say anything but that God is an abyss of endless, unfathomable love?

Christ for Me, the Sinner.

God knows us much better than we know ourselves. None of us have an idea how really bad we are! You think you have some idea; but what you see of yourself is only a peep, and nothing at all compared with what is there; but God knows you thoroughly. Your whole life, with all its failure, is before Him; but, oh! the comfort! God, who knew these sins, laid them on Christ, and believing, thou art free. Jesus only knows how heavy our debt is, for He had to pay it.

A Missionary Picture.

Collections for missions \$8.67. "Best that we can do on account of home expenses."

Collection for Colored Mission in the South, \$3.99. "We have no money."

Gospel according to St. Matthew, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations." St. Mark, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

"The silver and the gold is Mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." "Give and it shall be given unto you."

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him."

"I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. . . . That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God."

\$5,000 collection for our new steeple. "We must hold up the cross" (on the steeple).

\$4,000 for new organ. Paid choir. "We must push ahead."

Gospel according to Brother Closefisted, "The Lord have mercy upon the poor heathen. We cannot do anything for them. Charity begins at home."

"Let the missionaries live on faith. Lord, keep them humble and we'll keep them poor."

Church fairs, suppers, lectures, and many other devices.

"If we don't entertain the people they will leave us." "Sacred" concerts, dancing etc. etc.

The Two Sacks.

There is an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of traveling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view; and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got here, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other: "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where

I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See, here is the halfcrown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ-grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door; and"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveler, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two, "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when, happily, a third traveler—also carrying two sacks, as they were—overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sack?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," said number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger, "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onwards."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through, and is lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down backward."

Independent.

Harms' Mission Ship.

Louis Harms, a pious Lutheran minister of Hermannsburg, had determined upon establishing a mission among the heathen. Twelve young men had offered themselves for the work, and had already been educated by him and his brother. He selected the Gallas, on the coast of Africa, as the objects of the mission, but could not find the means to send the missionaries. He tells the story of the ship himself: "One of the sailors said, 'Why not build a ship, and you can send out as many, and as often as you will?' The proposal was good; but the money! That was a time of great conflict, and I wrestled with God. For no one

encouraged me, but the reverse; and even the truest friends and brethren hinted that I was not quite in my senses. When Duke George of Saxony lay on his death-bed, and was yet in doubt to whom he should flee with his soul, whether to the Lord Jesus Christ and His dear merits, or to the pope and his good works, there spoke a trusty courtier to him: 'Your Grace, straightforward makes the best runner.' That word had lain fast in my soul. I had knocked at men's doors, and found them shut; and yet the plan was manifestly good and for the glory of God. What was to be done? Straightforward makes the best runner. I prayed fervently to the Lord, laid the matter in His hands, and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room: Forward now, in God's name. From that moment there never came thought of doubt into my mind." The ship was built, and October 28th, 1853, it left Hamburg with the first colony of missionaries.

Babies in a Snow-Bank.

Shall I tell you how the mammas away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sunday? Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church. And I suppose, too, that the ministers are privately as thankful as can be. But the Lapp mammas don't stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sure of a large audience, and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is, should he choose to drop one himself; the congregation wouldn't make so much noise as that under any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then papa piles the snow around it, while the parents go decorously into church. Over twenty or thirty babies lie out in the snow around the church, and I never heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough! But how would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think?—*Wide Awake.*

Good Angels.

The nature and character of the good angels is a humble, loving, friendly nature, which does not deem itself too high to serve poor sinful creatures, both men and women. For they are full of light, of the knowledge of God, and of the wisdom of the divine goodness. Therefore, all that God commands they understand to be perfect, and very good, because it pleases God.

Luther.

St. Barbara.

Away over the blue sea, about the year 303 after our blessed Lord's birth, we are told there lived in the Egyptian city of Heliopolis, a beautiful little heathen maiden by the name of Barbara.

Her father, Dioscorus, was a noble and of great possessions, but far above his wealth was his exceeding love for his only daughter. Very beautiful was this little girl, and fearful that some evil might befall her, her father shut her up in a high tower, and kept her secluded from the eyes of men.

But this child not feeling discontented with her solitude, as many might have done, gave herself up to study and quiet meditation. Many a night from the summit of her lofty tower, as the stars crept out into the soft blue sky, she thought upon their wondrous meaning. By degrees vague doubts began to find a resting-place within her mind. Her old belief in the idols of wood and stone her parents worshipped, passed away. They, with their stony, fast-shut fingers, could not have created the marvelous facts she pondered upon by night and day. So, as the sweet old legend hath it, "she contemned in her heart these false gods; but as yet she knew not the true faith."

Although shut out from the world in her lonely tower, Barbara learned in some manner of the fame of a certain man named Origen, who lived in the city of Alexandria, and boldly taught a new and holy religion. Longing to know more of this man and his doctrine, she wrote to him secretly. Her letter, sent by the hand of a trusty messenger, found the preacher in Alexandria occupied in teaching Gospel truths. Origen was overjoyed on reading this letter, and immediately dispatched to Barbara one of his own disciples disguised as a physician, and in a very short time the love of God shone into her heart, and she received baptism.

Then, indeed, commenced sweet Barbara's troubles!

Her father hated intensely the followers of the loving Jesus. He was absent when his daughter enrolled herself among their number, but just before his departure he had sent to the tower skillful architects to construct a bath-chamber of surpassing beauty. The work proceeded, and two windows had been reared in the room, when Barbara, to the surprise and wonder of the builders, ordered another to be added. Fearing her father's displeasure they hesitated to obey, but at length yielded to her earnest entreaties. When her father returned he was much annoyed, and said:

"Why hast thou done this thing, and inserted three windows instead of two?" and she answered:

"Know, my father, that through three windows doth the soul receive light—the Father,

the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and the Three are One."

Filled with unutterable rage, with a bitter curse this kind father's love turned to hatred. Heaping upon her terrible reproaches, after attempting to take her life, he shut her up within a loathsome dungeon, and finding that all endeavors to induce her to change her faith were vain, denounced her as a Christian to the cruel Proconsul of the city.

The account of her heroic martyrdom is very pitiful.

The Proconsul, after talking with her and striving to persuade her to sacrifice to his false gods, condemned her to the torture and the scourge. With no earthly friend to cheer her



CRUEL TORTURING IN CHINA.

fainting spirit, Barbara turned her thoughts to One who never fails to help and comfort those in sore distress.

Vain were the fearful torments, powerless the dreadful scourging; Barbara only prayed the more, and rejoiced to be counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. But at length, on December 4th, the weary days came to an end, and with them steadfast Barbara's life. Seeing no indications of her yielding to his wishes, her father is said to have carried her to a certain mountain, and with his own hand to have dealt the fatal blow which freed her faithful soul.

May we be enabled to join that glorious throng of whom it has been said: "These are they which came out of great tribulation."—

E. T. H.

If you had strength in yourself to lay hold on Him by faith, Christ would never be presented to you as the author of faith, as well as the object of it.

The Trinity.

"Little girls," said Miss Bell to her school-class, "What do you understand by the Trinity?"

"Three persons in one God; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," answered the children.

"Do you understand how there can be three persons in one God, and all equal?" asked Miss Bell.

"No, ma'am."

"Do you think any one does?"

"I suppose you do, ma'am," said Sophie.

"No," said Miss Bell, "I do not understand how the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are one.

"You do not understand how the flowers grow; or how one kind of seed always produces one kind of flower. You know the sun and the rain make the grain grow, but how, you cannot tell.

"An old lady in one of our quiet villages saw the telegraph posts, and the wires passing through the village. And she said, 'They tell me that thing carries a message from New York to Boston in no time at all; but I don't believe it, and I never will believe it. It is not possible.'

"One day a letter came to the old lady, and on opening it she found it was a message by telegraph, saying, 'Your son Robert is very ill; come immediately.' She asked a great many questions as to how the message came: and when she heard that the 'wires' brought it, and when she saw the date only an hour before the time that she was reading it, she said, 'It is a hoax. It isn't possible a message could come to me that way.'

"So she stayed at home. The following day she got a letter, saying, 'Robert has just breathed his last. Oh, how he longed to see his mother! We telegraphed to you to come, and if you received, and had started immediately, you might have seen him before he died.'

"Sorely she reproached herself! After that, she did not refuse to believe a thing which she could not understand.

"Now, we have the Word of God telling us of many things which our poor, weak minds can no more understand than the old lady could the telegraph, or the little fly which crawls on my book can understand the words printed there; but we know that they are true, because the God of all truth tells us they are. We have only to believe, and we must be contented not to understand, saying with the Psalmist, 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; I cannot attain unto it.'

Young Reaper.

"I wish," says Luther, "the people to be well taught in the Catechism. I found myself upon it in all my sermons, and I preach as simply as possible. I want the common people, and children, and servants, to understand me."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—AN affrighted mother had a narrow escape at Port Ewen, N. Y., recently. She was rocking her child to sleep when she heard a buzzing sound similar to that made by a bee. At the same time she felt something on her back to which she paid no particular attention. After a few moments, the buzzing sound being again heard, this time close by the side of her head she looked around, and was horrified to see a snake of large size. The reptile quickly wound itself around the upper part of her arm, and its tongue darted in dangerous proximity to her face. Uttering a loud cry, she threw her child to the floor and ran out of the house, screaming for help. The noise brought a number of neighbors to the scene, by whom she was rescued from her dangerous assailant. Soon after her arm began to swell, the coils of the snake being plainly visible by black and blue ridges. She had been sitting on the grass during the evening, and it is supposed that the snake must have attached itself to her dress. Had the mother been less prompt in putting her child out of harm's way, and seeking assistance, one or both might have lost their lives. If a similar promptitude was shown when the soul is in peril under the assaults of Satan, many might be saved who perish eternally by trusting to their own strength until it is too late.

—THE Swedish Mission among the Jews has a missionary who is one of their own converts—Brother Wolfe. Filippus Gordon, a convert, says the first mission was established in Sweden in 1874. "The same year the Lord awakened a Lutheran pastor who, with indescribable zeal, commenced a Jewish mission. He was ridiculed by all. The Jews were here despised, and the people cared not to hear of the subject. He began to publish a mission paper, which gradually won friends for the cause. In a few years about twenty Jews have come to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and altogether sixty have received care and instruction. The converted Jews of Sweden do not live in the same place, but correspond frequently and encourage each other in the faith. The love of Christ has united them all, and Pastor Lindstrom, the founder of the mission, is especially a man full of the love of Christ. His converts are his children."

—THE Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia is a Lutheran, and because she would not identify herself with the Greek Church, when the terms of her marriage settlement entitled her to remain a Lutheran, she barely escaped being assassinated.

—MISSION HARVEST.—Eight hundred and seventy thousand adults, converts from among the heathen, are now in communion with the Church of Christ as the result of Protestant missionary labor. These, with their families and dependents, form Christian communities scattered over almost every portion of the habitable globe, numbering in aggregate at least

2,800,000 souls; 2,500 of these converts are ordained ministers of the gospel, placed over Christian congregations; 27,000 are employed as evangelists to their heathen fellow countrymen, and a large number are acting as voluntary agents in preaching and teaching in Sabbath schools, and engaged in other works of Christian usefulness. The children of these converts, with a large number of the children of the heathen, are receiving secular and religious instruction in the day schools.

—A ONE-ARMED saw-miller, losing his occupation, became a colporteur of the National Bible Society of Scotland. After service of some years in his home land, studying all the while the various systems of printing for the blind, he was transferred to Peking, China. To read an ordinary Chinese book one must learn some 4,000 characters; to read, say, "Jack the Giant-killer," one must master 1,200 characters. This man, Mr. Murray, reduced the sound of Chinese speech to 420, and devised a system of dots to represent them. He next took an orphan beggar-boy, blind from his birth, washed, clothed and housed him, and taught him to read by means of the dots. Others were taken in the same way and taught. The Scriptures were printed in this style; and now many blind men may be seen reading the Bible on the street corners of Peking to the astonishment of their fellow-countrymen.

—KWANGTUNG is a province of China, and its principal city is Canton, with a population of one and a half millions—greater than that of New York. In this Province, the Berlin Mission for China has five European missionaries at work, who have baptized 834 persons. These live in 138 different townships, among the twenty millions who make up the populations of the province. These figures show that this one province of China has a population equal to nearly five times that of Pennsylvania, among whom 834 baptized persons are but as a drop in the sea. Nevertheless "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."—*Our Church Work.*

—THE present population of the empire of Japan is 38 millions; the number of Japanese Christians is 50,000, which number is large enough, considering the fact, that the gospel was first preached in Japan only 30 years ago. These 50,000 are a powerful leaven, and its working is felt all over the islands and in every part of society.

—THE loftiest church spire in the world is that of the Lutheran cathedral of Ulm. When finished, in June, 1889, it will reach a height of 540 feet, 28 feet higher than the spires of Cologne.

—A NEW missionary society has been established in Germany, with headquarters in Berlin, for the purpose of carrying on missions in the East African colonies of the German Empire.

—MISSIONARIES have, in the past eighty years, formed and reduced to writing over forty languages.

BOOK-TABLE.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER'S COLLOQUIA ODER TISCHREDEEN. Zum ersten Male berichtigt und erneuert durch Uebersetzung der beiden Hauptquellen der Tischreden aus den lateinischen Originalen. Price \$4, postage, 50 cts. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

Our Publishing House has issued another volume of the splendid American edition of Dr. Luther's Works. This, the XXII. Volume of Walch's edition, contains by far the best collection of Luther's "Table Talk", Prof. Hoppe, the learned editor, having for years made a special study of the literature bearing upon the contents of this volume.

REFORMATION ALBUM. Forty-Four Pictures from the History of the Reformation, with Explanatory Text. Price, \$1; per dozen, 75 cts; per hundred, 50 cts. Theodore Wischan, Reading, Penn.

Acknowledgment.

Received for the Organ in the Ev.-Luth. Mount Zion Church from: Albert White \$0 40, Joe Moseley .25, Sam. Hurley 1.00, Richard Morris 1.40, Robert McCullum .40, Jos. Charle .05, Jno. Lewis .15, Chas. Fisher .05, Frank O'Reed .55, Clara Fisher .15, Louisa Thomas .15, M. Reed .10, M. Brady .40, Frank Henderson .75, C. Hagins .20, Al. Vagner .35, Edw. Miller .15, B. L. Miller .25, Anna Jackson .25, Clem. Foster .10, Lottie Lotz 5.00, George Woods 5.00, Ev.-Luth. St. Paul's S. S. 5 00, Ev.-Luth. Trinity S. S. 2 00, Pleasant Green .50, James Hubbard .50, Mrs. Am. Davis 1.00, Mrs. L. Hurley .50, Mrs. C. Hardy 1.25, Mrs. Hosbond .25, Mrs. Mary Brown .50.

New Orleans, La., Aug. 15, 1887. N. J. BAKKE.

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. BURGDOFF, 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1887.

No. 10.

Luther's Battle Hymn.

Translated by Dr. Swartz.

A mighty stronghold is our God,
A sure defense and weapon;
He helps us free from every need
Which hath us now o'ertaken.
The old angry foe
Now means us deadly woe;
Deep guile and great might
Are his dread arms in flight,
On earth is not his equal.

In our own strength can naught be done,
Our loss were soon effected:
There fights for us the Proper One,
By God himself selected.
Ask you who frees us?
It is Christ Jesus—
The Lord Sabaoth,
There is no other God;
He'll hold the field of Battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
All waiting to devour us,
We'll still succeed, so God hath willed,
They cannot overpower us:
The prince of this world
To hell shall be hurled;
He seeks to alarm,
But shall do us no harm—
The smallest word can fell him.

The Word they still must let remain
And for that have no merit:
He is with us upon the plain,
By His good gifts and Spirit.
Destroy they our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife?
Let all pass amain,
They still no conquest gain,
For ours is still the kingdom.

Luther's Work.

Luther's work did not consist in starting a new sect or party and in preaching a new doctrine. No! He only purified the church of Christ and gave back to her the true liberty and glory which she possessed in the days of the apostles, but of which she had been robbed by the Antichrist at Rome. He preached anew the old eternal doctrines of the Bible which had lain hidden for centuries under the rubbish of Romish errors and superstitions.

Prince George of Anhalt, a true friend of Luther, says in one of his writings: "I remember well how Dr. Martin Luther, when he sat here on my chair at Merseburg, shortly before he took his leave, made mention of the many sects that sprang up in foreign countries, and especially the Zwinglians. He then lifted up his eyes and hands and said, 'I thank my dear God that I have not invented nor set up any new doctrine, but have held fast to the old true doctrine and clung to it, and have struggled against all new doctrines brought in contrary to the old Christian doctrine and faith, by Jews, Turks, Heretics, the pope and all sects, Sacramentarians, Anabaptists, and whatever their name may be; for I have done all in my power to check their progress.' These words pleased me very much, and I relate them only to show that it was not his desire to bring in something new, as I formerly myself supposed as well as others; but he clung firmly to the Scripture and the articles of our Christian Faith, and attacked only the contrary doctrine and the abuses. Neither is there a safer way of keeping pure doctrine and avoiding error, than to hold fast to the articles of our holy Christian Faith, as the Apostles' Creed teaches us, and not to depart from it, neither to the right nor to the left."

The Lutheran church still rejoices in the possession of the pure Gospel doctrine which God restored to us through the instrumentality of Dr. Martin Luther. Reformation Day should admonish us to new diligence in holding fast what we have and to new zeal in bringing to others the great treasure. Thus the festival of the Reformation will not only be a day of thanksgiving to God for blessings received, but also of prayer and labor and contribution for our missionary cause. To this end may the Lord bless the celebration of the festival in all our churches!

Heavy in Heart.

Your distress is, that God Almighty knows from eternity who will be saved. Which is true: for he knows all things, the drops in the sea, the stars in heaven, the roots, branches,

twigs, and leaves of every tree. He has numbered the hairs of our heads. From this you conclude that do what you will, good or bad, God knows already whether you will be saved or not. And further, you think more of damnation than of salvation, and therefore your despair, and know not how God is minded toward you.

Wherefore I, as a servant of my dear Lord Jesus Christ, write you this, that you may know how God the Almighty is minded toward you.

God, the Almighty, does know all things; so that all works and thoughts in all creatures must happen according to His will. But His earnest will, and mind, and decree, ordered from eternity, is "that all men shall be saved," and shall become partakers of eternal joy. "God willeth not the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted and live."

If, therefore, He wills that sinners, wherever they live and wander under the broad, high heavens, should be saved, will you, by a foolish thought suggested by the devil, sunder yourself from all these, and from the grace of God?

God the Father Himself, with His own finger, points out to you how He is minded toward you, when with loud clear voice He cries, "This is my beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased. Hear Him."

And even if you were ever so hard and deaf, and as a despairing man turned to stone, could not look up to heaven, nor hear God the Father calling to you on those heights, yet can you not fail to hear the Son, who stands in the highway by which every one must pass, and as with a mighty trumpet calls, "Come, come!"

But who are those who are to come? "Ye that are weary and heavy laden." What kind of a company is that? "Heavy laden;" as if He knew it all well, and would take our burdens and loads on His shoulder, and not only help us, but altogether rid us of them.—*Luther.*

THE true Christian is like the sun, which pursues his noiseless track, and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in a blessing upon the world around him.—*Luther.*

The Life of Dr. Luther

presents us with a bright and shining example of activity in the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ and his Church. Before Luther grasped the meaning of the precious words: "The just shall live by faith," he had labored incessantly, but the real main-spring of Christian effort had been wanting. When his soul was filled with faith in that dear Redeemer, whose lifeblood was freely poured out for the children of men, the labors of Luther became more abundant and effective. Grace was the theme which he magnified at every opportunity. The love of God in Christ enabled him to bear witness before the mighty ones of this world and robbed the prospect of death of its terrors. The secret of his courage lies here. His life he accounted but as a small thing compared with the debt of gratitude he owed to his Saviour. Urged on by the love of Christ, he became a worker in the Lord's vineyard to such an extent and to such a degree that his works still praise him in the gates. The writings of Luther are the product of grace, which moved him to write for the cause of the gospel as well as to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ. He was a mighty man of God. The arm of flesh could not allure him away from his childlike reliance on the arm of his God. No earthly alliance was able to charm him into its embrace. The sword of knight and monarch was held out in vain. The cause of the Lord needed no fleshly defense to preserve it from the adversaries who were bent on its destruction. The Word of God was the agency on which Luther relied for the salvation of souls, and the casting down of principalities and powers. With this two-edged sword he went forth unto defense and conquest. He was persuaded of its might and felt no fear that it would not prevail.

Church Messenger.

"Where was Your Church Before Luther?"

This question is sometimes asked us with an air of triumph. As wisely might it be asked where the wheat was before it was separated from the chaff? or where the flour was when the sack went to mill? When Lord Lindsay was in Egypt, wandering amid the pyramids, and creeping among the tombs of that land of mystery and wonder, he stumbled on a mummy, afterward ascertained to be 2000 years of age. Unwrapping it, he found in its closed hand a bulbous root, which he carried home, and planted where it might have the warm sunshine, rains and dews. To his astonishment it sprouted, and finally bloomed into a beautiful flower. Let that be a parable of where Protestantism was before the Reformation. It was closed up in the iron grasp of the papal apostasy, shut up in the musty tomb of the dark ages. What the Reformation did was to unclench that dry and terrible hand, and bring out the wasting truth of God to daylight and sunshine and free moist air, where it might sprout into life and bloom into the glory for

which it was designed. And by the grace of the Almighty it has taken root in many lands, and spread out its branches with living blossoms and precious fruit to rejoice the world.

Where was the Protestant religion before the Reformation? Just where God Himself put it—in that Bible which Luther took from the library of Erfurt—in which it still has its life and strength, and in which it will live and triumph forever. *Where?* If no where else, in little babes who had received upon them the holy waters of Baptism—in witnesses for the truth of God whom Rome persecuted, burned at the stake, stifled in the prison, or drove out from the common habitation of men—and in plain and simple Christians who had learned the apostles' Creed, and sincerely believed it in their hearts, and knew the Lord's Prayer and prayed it night and morning in devout love to God and trust in His mercy through Jesus Christ, and departed this life in these simplicities, caring nought for popes and priests, purgatories or masses. Through such as these, and hidden ones of God in every age, the Church of the Reformation traces back its succession and historic life to the apostles and to Christ. In such as these, more numerous now, and not afraid to avow their faith, it at present lives and flourishes in all portions of the earth. And in the perpetual multiplication of such as these it shall continue to live on until the great clock of heaven shall strike the hour of doom.

C. K.

Luther's Great Prayer.

The Diet at Worms, where the monk Luther stood before emperor and empire in the cause of truth and in defence of the Gospel, was a time when the world's history hung upon a thread. The prayer of God's messenger before he took his noble stand is one for which the history of Christianity probably shows no parallel. Not in polished sentences, but broken up into short ejaculations his appeals ascend on high. His ever memorable words are these:

"O Almighty and Everlasting God! How terrible is this world! Behold! it openeth its mouth to swallow me up, and I have so little trust in Thee! How weak is the flesh, and Satan how strong! If it is only in the strength of this world that I must put my trust, all is over! My last hour is come, my condemnation has been pronounced! O God! O God! O God! do Thou help me against all the wisdom of the world! Do this; Thou shouldst do this—Thou alone—for this is not my work but Thine. I have nothing to do here, nothing to contend for with these great ones of the world! I should desire to see my days flow on peaceful and happy. But the cause is Thine, and it is a righteous and eternal cause. O Lord! help me! Faithful and unchangeable God! In no man do I place my trust. It would be in vain! All that is of man is uncertain; all that cometh of man fails—O God! my God! hearest Thou me not? My God! art Thou dead? No! Thou

canst not die! Thou hidest Thyself only! Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it well!—Act, then, O God!—stand at my side, for the sake of Thy well-beloved Jesus Christ, who is my defense, my shield, and my strong tower.

(After a moment of silent struggle he thus continues:)

Lord! where stayest Thou? O my God! where art Thou?—Come! come! I am ready!—I am ready to lay down my life for Thy truth—patient as a lamb. For it is the cause of justice—it is Thine! I will never separate myself from Thee, neither now nor through eternity!—And though the world should be filled with devils—though my body, which is the work of Thy hands, should be slain, be stretched upon the pavement, should be cut to pieces—reduced to ashes—my soul is Thine—Yes! Thy word is my assurance of it. My soul belongs to Thee! It shall abide forever with Thee—Amen! O God! help me!—Amen!"

Evidences of God's Love.

A certain gentleman, in the time of Luther, built for himself an elegant house, but chanced to fall from the scaffolding. However, he suffered no harm by the accident. When he next met Luther, he related to him the circumstance how God had shielded him, and boasted, that it was evident from this, that the Lord loved him greatly, but Luther replied: "My dear friend, you have other and greater evidence than this that God loves you. Hold before your eyes the sufferings of Jesus, and reasons enough will be given you not to doubt the love of God."

A Witness for Luther's Doctrine.

About the time Luther began his work in Germany, a young prince started upon a pilgrimage to Spain. While in that country, he visited and confessed to an old monk, and also informed him of the object of his journey to Spain, "But, my son," said the priest, "why do you journey so far for that which you have so much nearer home. I have recently seen a book from an Augustinian monk, Luther, in which he plainly shows from the Word of God, that there is no other way of securing forgiveness of sin than through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Only do this, and you shall be pardoned."

Comfort from a Psalm.

At one time, when the daughter of Melancthon had died, Luther, Cruciger and Justus Jonas came to visit and to comfort him. But he could not forget his sorrow, and walked up and down through the room. At last he came to a table, saw a Psalter lying upon it, picked it up, and opened it, when his eyes fell upon the words of the one hundredth psalm: "It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves." Having read them he turned unto his friends and said: "If God has made us, why shall not we be content."

The Beginning of the Reformation.

In our picture we see Dr. Luther nailing his ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg. This was done in the year 1517. In that year pope Leo X., an infidel and ridiculer of Bible doctrines, instituted the sale of indulgences. An indulgence was a written certificate which promised to the holder, who had paid in money the price asked for it, freedom from all punishment of sin in this life and in purgatory. John Tetzel, a bold and reckless fellow, was employed as the principal salesman of these indulgences in Germany. He carried on this business in the most scandalous manner. He told the people that as soon as the money, paid for the deliverance of a soul from purgatory, rang in his box, the soul would leap up to heaven. With sorrowful heart Luther saw the people cheated, not only out of their money, but out of their soul's salvation. He felt it his duty as pastor of the congregation at Wittenberg and as Doctor of the holy Scriptures to raise up his voice against this abuse of indulgences. He drew up 95 Theses and, on the 31st of October, 1517, he nailed these Theses to the door of the church at Wittenberg. Stroke! stroke! stroke! went the hammer, and the strokes of that hammer rang in the new day of pure Gospel-light. It was the beginning of the Reformation. In these Theses Luther struck the keynote of the Reformation—salvation through Christ alone. They were therefore hailed with joy by thousands of anxious souls as the dawn of a bright Gospel day after the long dark night of Romish superstition and corruption. In a few days they had spread over all Germany, and in a few weeks they were read throughout all Europe. When Dr. Fleck read them, he cried out in the height of his joy, "Ho, ho! this man will do it; he comes, upon whom we have waited so long." He then told Luther to go on in good cheer since God and all the prayers of the captives in the Romish Babylon would be with him. Others again were alarmed and frightened. But Luther said, "If the work is not begun in God's name, it will soon come to naught; but if it is begun in His name, let Him do as seems to Him good." Again he said, "Let Christ see to it whether the cause be mine or His." But it was Christ's cause, and therefore it prospered in spite of all enemies. God's appointed time for the Reformation of His church had come, and Luther, without knowing it, was God's chosen instrument for this great and blessed work.

Faithful unto Death.

Dionysius Pelouquin of Blois was taken prisoner October 19, 1552, on account of his Evangelical faith which he confessed openly. The inquisitor asked him, among other questions, what he held concerning the Holy Scriptures.

Pelouquin replied: "All that is recorded in

the Old and New Testament is the infallible, certain, efficient truth of God, from which nothing should be taken nor anything be added thereto, for they omit nothing that is necessary for our salvation. Therefore I recognize them as the only rule of the Christian religion."

Thereupon the inquisitor became very angry and asked: "Who told you they were the Holy Scriptures? and How can you know this, if the Church has not assured you concerning this?"

Pelouquin understood very well that he referred to the Papistical church, consequently he replied: "There is no need for any church to assure me of this, for the Holy Spirit Himself assures me and bears witness in my heart and conscience that they are the eternal truth. Unto this will I be obedient, unto this will I live and in this truth I want to die! This does not require a witness from the old Romish



church, for the Church is built upon the doctrine of the Prophets and Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ as St. Paul testifies in his epistle to the Ephesians."

Pelouquin remained firm in this confession, consequently, on September 4, 1553, he was burned to death at the martyr's stake in Villa, France. To his latest breath he implored only the grace of God.

"None Other Name."

A few persons were collected round a blind man, who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed Bible. Receiving from the passers-by of their carnal things, he was administering to them spiritual things. A gentleman on his way home from the city was led, from curiosity, to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of the Acts, lost his place, and, while trying to find it with his fingers, kept repeating the last clause he had read—"None other name—none other name—none other name." Some

of the people smiled at the blind man's embarrassment, but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying in many ways to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits, all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load, and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music in his soul, "None other name." When he reached his home and retired to rest, the words, like evening chimes from village towers nestling among the trees, were still heard—"None other name—none other name—none other name." And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like matin bells saluting the morn, the strain continued—"None other name—none other name." The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. "I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save me. To Him I will look. 'Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name—none other name—none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.'"

Luther's Prayer for Melancthon.

On a certain occasion, a message was sent to Luther to inform him that Melancthon was dying. He at once hastened to his sick-bed, and found him presenting the usual premonitory symptoms of death. He mournfully bent over him, and, sobbing, gave utterance to a sorrowful exclamation. It roused Melancthon from his stupor: he looked in the face of Luther, and said, "O Luther! is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We can't spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. And, turning round, he threw himself upon his knees, and wrestled with God for his recovery for upwards of an hour. He went from his knees to the bed, and took his friend by the hand. Again he said, "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" "No, no, Philip; we cannot spare you yet," was the reply. He then ordered some soup; and, when pressed to take it, Melancthon declined, again saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. He then added, "Philip, take this soup or I will excommunicate you." He took the soup: he commenced to grow better and soon regained his wonted health. When Luther returned home, he said to his wife with joy, "God gave me my Brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer."

THE error of not knowing nor understanding what sin is, usually brings with itself another error, that of not knowing nor understanding what grace is.—Luther.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A FORMER Romish priest, M. P. Zaccom, has published a book in which he shows that the Roman Catholic church in Spain, in order to crush the "heresy" of Protestantism, in the 317 years, from 1484 to 1801, has burned 34,658 persons, and has thrown 288,914 into prison. This was the work of the pope's Inquisition.

—RELIGIOUS and secular editors, and Christians, who out of false charity have pleasant things to say about Popery, would do well to try and digest the following, from the *Western Watchman*, a Roman Catholic organ, and whose name is significant: "Protestantism! We would draw and quarter it. We would impale it, and hang it up for crow's nests. We would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons. We would fill it with molten lead, and sink it in hell fire a hundred fathoms deep." This has ever been the spirit and practise of "the mother of harlots," and occasionally a fit of candor will seize an editor, or some of the hierarchy will just tell the bald truth; while as a corrupt Church, so debasing to the world, in spite of themselves they will uncover her hideousness and diabolism, but quite instinctively, as the birth-place of the Papacy was hell.

—THE Czar of Russia persecutes, banishes and imprisons the Lutherans who are so unhappily located as to be within the domains which he calls his own; yet such of these faithful subjects as live in Riga lately collected \$40,000 in a few days to build a new church.

—THE Supreme Court of New Hampshire decides that "the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience and reason" does not secure to the Salvation Army the right to worship by beating the bass drum.

—THE Richmond *Religious Herald* tells of a lady who has rented out her fine residence, and gone into a smaller and cheaper house, that she may be able to give \$1,000 more per annum to the cause of Christ than she could have done had she not made the change. Such sacrifices are very uncommon.

—THE Lutheran missions in the island of Madagascar are very prosperous. They have resulted in the gathering of 5,000 converts in seventeen different stations, with 50,000 children in the schools.

—THERE are now about 7,000,000 Jews in the world. These are variously distributed. About 60,000 each in Great Britain, Holland, and France; 500,000 in Germany; about 250,000 in America, and as many more in Turkey. All together make only a little more than 1,000,000, as against 5,000,000 in Russia and Poland.

—A SOD CHURCH in Nebraska is described in *Our Church Work*. Its dimensions are 20×36 outside, 14×30 inside, walls 3 feet thick, built of sod, except the doors and windows; the floor is the natural soil, a tree serves the purpose of a coupling pole; the pews have backs when some one sits in them; the interior is plastered

and white-washed, and the ceiling is made of mosquito netting. At the dedication of this church not a few walked 15 miles.

—THERE is an old-time preacher on the Etowah Circuit, in Georgia, who has to make his fifteen mile rounds on foot every Sunday. He has a wife and five children, and a salary of \$200 a year. The *Atlantic Constitution* is trying to raise money enough to buy a horse for him.

—REV. DR. UNANGST, for many years a missionary at Guntur, in India, writes that the last has been the hottest season he remembers, and that in one town forty-two houses were burned by spontaneous combustion caused by the great heat of the sun. Native Christians are praying for rain and relief from heat.

—THERE are now twenty-seven vessels engaged in missionary work in different parts of the world under the auspices of sixteen societies; of these missionary vessels sixteen are running on the coasts or rivers of Africa, and six among the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Short Stops.

—AN earnest Christian farmer, who lives four miles from church in one of the staid New England towns, and whose family consists of only himself and his wife, sends three teams every Sunday to take people to church who reside in his neighborhood, and who have no conveyance of their own.

—"INDEED I don't," replied Mrs. A., with some show of asperity. "I can keep a secret as well as any one. It was only yesterday that Mr. A. told me that it was feared Mr. H. was short in his accounts, and I haven't mentioned it to a soul, and don't intend to either."

—THERE is a church in Olney, Ill., without a hypocrite in it. The other Sunday the clergyman invited the hypocrites to stand up and show themselves, and not a single person arose. The pastor must have been greatly pleased.

—THE *Standard* says: "There are lots of people who mix their religion with business, but forget to stir it up well. As a result, the business invariably rises to the top."

—ONE evening, in a parlor at a summer watering-place, the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part in the exercise. "Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother.

"No," was the reply.

"Why, how will she get on in this world?"

"I am not bringing her up for the world," was the quiet answer.

That young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests of a great city.

—If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—*Luther*.

MARTIN LUTHER wrote to his wife, Catharine, from Eisleben, in reply to a letter in which she expressed great anxiety for his safety:

"Dear Kate: Read John's Gospel and the Small Catechism, of which you once said: 'Everything in this book is said of me.' You are so anxious about your God, just as if He was not Almighty. He can create ten Dr. Luthers, if the old one were drowned in the Saale, or put out of the way in any other fashion. Do not bother me with your anxieties; I have a better protector than you and all the angels are. He lies in the manger at the breast of His mother, but at the same time is seated at the right-hand of God the Almighty Father. Hence be not uneasy. Amen."

BOOK-TABLE.

ABENDSCHULE-KALENDER auf das Schaltjahr 1888.

The Abendschule Publishing House is among the first to issue its Almanac for the coming year, and a good German Almanac it is. It contains 220 pages of instructive and entertaining reading matter for our German Christian homes. The engravings lend it an additional attraction. Price 30 cts. per copy. Address Louis Lange, St. Louis, Mo.

PRAYERS AND VERSES in Rhymes for Children. Compiled by Rev. N. P. Heilmann. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 35 cts.

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. BURGENDORF, 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 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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1887.

No. 11.

Jesus Is Coming.

Jesus is coming; for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The day draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee—
Oh, what a sunrise will that advent be!

Advent.

Advent means coming. The four Sundays before Christmas are called the Sundays of Advent, because they remind us of the coming of Christ. Christ has come. Christ is still coming. Christ will come in glory and in power.

First, Christ has come. The apostle says, "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." The Son of God came into the world and became man in order to save sinners. He was made under the law and fulfilled all the demands of God's law in our stead. He took the curse of the law, which we deserved, upon Himself and bore that curse and the punishment of sin in our place. Through His coming into the world as our Saviour we have been redeemed from sin and eternal damnation. Through the merits of this Saviour we have everlasting life. But this Saviour with all His blessings must be brought to us and we must accept Him in true faith.

Second, Christ is still coming. He comes to every sinner with all His blessings in the Gospel and in the Sacraments. The Gospel is not a mere sound of words. It is "a power of God unto salvation to all that believe." The sacraments are not mere signs and ceremonies. The Gospel promise is connected with them and therefore they are means of grace by which Christ and all His blessings are offered unto us. Whenever the Gospel is read or preached, and whenever the sacraments are administered, Christ Himself comes to the hearts of sinners and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," (Rev. 3, 20). O wonderful love! Christ has not only secured

salvation for us, but He also comes in His blessed Gospel with all His blessings to make us partakers of that salvation and to reign in our hearts as our merciful King and Lord. Will you reject that loving Saviour? If you reject Him, the wrath of God will abide upon you. Receive Him, and you will be blessed forever. Jesus will be yours and you will be His. You then need not fear His coming at the end of time. The hope of His coming again in the clouds of heaven will be a blessed hope to you.

Third, Christ will come. He will come to judge the living and the dead. "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory" (Matth. 24, 30). That day will be a day of great terror to all unbelievers. They will be sent into eternal woe. But it will be a day of joy to all the children of God. They will be taken into the mansions of their Father's house to be forever with the Lord. May all our readers be prepared for that day of Christ's coming, which every setting sun brings nearer! "Surely, I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

What is Believing?

A Christian sailor was once heard explaining the nature of faith to a shipmate of his. Among other things, he said, "Mark you, it isn't breaking off swearing and the like; it isn't reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good. It is none of these; for even if they would answer for the time to come, there is still the old score, and how are you to get over that? It is not anything you have done or can do; it is taking hold of what Jesus did for you. It is forgiveness because Christ let the 'waves and billows go over' Him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else but taking God at His word. 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" John 3, 16.

The faith that brings peace and joy to the soul is just taking what God says in His word about His Son to be true. "He that believeth

on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." John 3, 18.

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child of one whose mother was dead.

"Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was my mother's friend, and He's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky," answered the other. "He is a great way off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely He can stoop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know is, He says He will, and I believe Him."

What a beautiful answer was that! and what was enough for that child is enough for all. Does God in His word really say that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man? Heb. 2, 9. Then He tasted death for me, and through Him I am saved. Does He say that the blood of His Son cleanseth from all sin? 1 John 1, 7. Then it can wash away all my guilty stains, and now I trust in Him wholly and fully for the forgiveness of my sins.

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Happy Christian.

It is impossible for a man to be a Christian without having Christ, and if he has Christ, he has at the same time all that is in Christ. What gives peace to the conscience is, that by faith our sins are no more ours, but Christ's, upon whom God hath laid them all, and that on the other hand all Christ's righteousness is ours, to whom God hath given it. Christ lays His hand upon us, and we are healed. He casts His mantle upon us, and we are clothed; for He is the glorious Saviour, blessed forever.

Luther.

Letter to the Friends of our Colored Mission from New Orleans, La.

Not long ago we petitioned the friends of our Colored Mission through the medium of our church papers for generous contributions toward the upbuilding of a new mission station in this city. The responses to our calls have been both frequent and liberal and the prospects for founding a new church and school for our colored people in the near future are hopeful.

A beautiful site, centrally located, on the corner of Washington Ave. and Dryades, has already been purchased, plan and specifications for a chapel submitted to the Missionary Board for approval, and the new station is in a fair way of becoming a reality, thanks to the liberality of our fellow christians.

You may think it premature, not to say obtrusive, to solicit your generous aid again for another new church. But when you have read these lines carefully, you will say: "Yes, a new church is an imperative necessity for these people; and the glory of our God, the welfare of His church, and the salvation of immortal souls demand that the Missionary should plead the cause of our Mission and plead it in the most urgent terms, no matter what people think of it." God has prospered our work above our most sanguine anticipations, so much so, that even those who at first gave it the cold shoulder have been forced to admit: "Certainly, the Lord is with our Missionaries. Our unbelief has been put to shame." Particularly successful has our work been in the lower Mission District. So gloomy was the outlook at one time then that the work was actually given up and the St. Paul Chapel offered for sale. When reopened it was merely by way of experiment, to give the thing another trial. The trial is over, and what is the result? Doomed again to be sold? No; the chapel stands on its own soil, a blooming Day School, a flourishing Sunday School, a small but active congregation, numbering some 45 communicant members, who, though young in years, "contend bravely for the faith once delivered to the saints." To God alone who has faithfully fulfilled His promise: "Wherever my name is recorded I will come and bless," belongs the glory and the thanks for the result achieved.

But the St. Paul's Chapel is now too small. For years numerous applications for admission to the Day School have been refused, owing to lack of accommodations. For the same reason we have been forced to close the list of applicants to the Sunday School. Never sorer do we feel at heart than when we have to inform the parents that apply: How gladly would we accommodate you, if we could, but we have no more room. The schools are crowded. Look for yourselves: every inch of space is taken up in our chapel; during Sunday School even the desks are utilized as seats." And the parents seem to be as sorry to go away with their children as we are sorry to see them go. St. Paul's Chapel evidently was meant to be

but a temporary cradle for the infant Mission. It is a picture of plainness, a box, 20x30 ft., nailed together of undressed lumber, white-washed inside and weatherboarded outside. For holyday use a carpet strip is laid in the aisle, a table covered with a white cloth serves as altar, and the teacher's desk similarly covered as pulpit; the "vestry" is located behind the armoire in a corner. Both its exterior and its interior is devoid of every churchly appearance. But it is not against this primitive plainness we raise complaint. What we want and what we sorely need is a more spacious building in which to carry on our work unhindered. Christian friends, will you give it to us? Your generous and speedy contribution will be to us the most appreciated answer.

In conclusion we would have you to consider the words which the Rt. Rev. C. H. Schwan, president of our Synod, once wrote in the "Lutheraner" after an inspection of our Mission: "If you heartily wish all men what God already has given you in his own dear Son, include, I pray, in your Lord's Prayer at the words: 'Thy kingdom come', particularly and right heartily the poor Freedmen. Then see if there is not a mite in your pocket; out with it and add it to that which other pious hearts give. Thereupon take your pen and write to the Missionary Board: 'Onward in God's name. Place laborers in the field. Make room. Build a church. Enclosed is a contribution. Shall not be the last one, if it pleases the Lord. Speed you God. Amen.'"

New Orleans, La., October 20, 1887.

N. J. BAKKE, MISSIONARY.

Meeting of the English Lutheran Conference.

The English Lutheran Conference of Missouri held its 14th annual convention this year from September 2—6th in the congregation of Rev. A. S. Bartholomew, in Springdale, Ark. Rev. R. L. Goodman delivered the opening sermon, and at the election of officers was chosen president of the Conference for the coming year. Rev. C. H. Spanuth, a new member, was made secretary. Rev. Wm. Dallmann led the doctrinal discussions upon the following theses: I. "A truly Lutheran congregation lays more stress upon pure doctrine than holy life," and II. A truly Lutheran congregation receives only those as members who agree with her 1. in doctrine, and 2. lead a christian life.

Great interest was manifested by the home congregation, who attended the sessions in a body.

Parochial Schools were reported by all the members to be flourishing, and missionwork was also found to be progressing in a very encouraging manner. In order still more to further this work Conference requested Rev. A. Meyer and Rev. W. Dallmann to write tracts on the doctrine of Justification and Absolution.

As the Conference is now in so promising a condition it was decided to accept the kind invitation of Rev. C. L. Janzow from St. Louis to meet in his congregation next summer (in August) with all the English brethren from the East and South for the purpose of organizing an English Lutheran Synod. A committee was appointed to draw up a plan for a constitution, which is to be published in the "Lutheran Witness" in due season. A full report of the proceedings of Conference will soon appear in print. C. S.

Six Pall-Bearers.

Henry Mueller, a pious German, who lived 200 years ago, used to say: "When I look upon the youth of our day I see six grave diggers.

The first is called 'drunkenness.' How many kill themselves by excessive drink! The seed must spoil when there is too much water. Therefore, young man, if you wish to live, give up drinking.

"The second is called 'lust.' How many have thereby hastened death! By unbridled appetite the body is weakened and loses its strength. Is it not true that all that is exposed to fire is ultimately consumed?

"The third is called 'wrath.' Sirach says: 'Jealousy and anger shorten life,' and Paul in the book to the Galatians places next to each other wrath, strife, and murder. Wrath brings on strife; strife is often the cause of murder.

"The fourth is called 'disobedience to parents.' We know what a blessing the Fourth Commandment proclaims. Who does not keep it will feel its curse. Dry wood which cannot bend must break.

"The fifth one is called 'bad company.' How many who thereby have lost life and soul eternally! Tie a corpse to a living body, and although the living being cannot bring the dead body to life, yet the contaminating odor of the corpse will ultimately kill the living.

"The sixth and last is called, 'idleness.' It kills man, though he seems alive. 'Is an idle more use than a dead body?' When a tree will not bear any more fruit it is cut down and thrown in the fire. Ye who have a desire to live, consider this, and leave these grave diggers and pall-bearers alone."

The Right Kind of Religion.

I want, says Uncle Nick, a religion that bears on the sinfulness of sin, on the rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes pebbles from cotton bags, sand from sugar, chickory from coffee, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk-cans. The religion that is to advance the world, will not put all the big strawberries and peaches on the top and the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wine than the countries ever produced in bottles.

The Wicked Heart.

Some years ago there lived a man who was very irritable and passionate, but he soon repented of his anger. Upon thinking over the matter he concluded: "This comes from my being with wicked persons; if they would leave me alone, I would not become so angry. I will go into some secluded spot and not be so annoyed: there I will neither hear nor see any one, and so will not be overcome by my passions." Then he went into the forest, and sought a place where there was cool water dripping from the rocks. Having found such a spot, he said: "Here I will build myself a hut." He began the work, and growing thirsty he took his pitcher to the rock, and placed it beneath the dripping stream that it might become filled; but the pitcher toppled over, and he placed it on the spot the second time; in a few moments the pitcher again turned over, whereupon the man became so overcome with anger that he snatched it up, and smote it upon the rock, breaking it into a thousand pieces. Nothing but the handle remained in his hand. Seeing what he had done he said: "Oh! foolish man that I am, I thought that anger came upon me from without, but I perceive now that it comes from within me. I will, therefore, no longer remain a recluse, but will return to my brethren, that they may give me good advice, and help me to pray that my own heart may be bettered."

Power of the Gospel.

A European mechanic had started an industry in New Zealand, a country whose people are blood-thirsty and revengeful. A New Zealander who had been in the employ of this mechanic one day entered the work-shop in order to draw the wages due him. The mechanic spake haughtily to him, and ordered him to leave the shop at once. The man replied quite calmly, "I do not wish to be troublesome," whereupon the enraged European seized him, gave him a kick, and struck him a blow with his fist. All this was borne with patience; but when the European had ceased his violence, the man grasped him with his hand, cast him to the floor as though he were a child, seized the hatchet, and swung it over his head. "Now," said he, "you perceive that your life is in my hands. You can thank the Gospel of Christ. You see my arm is strong enough to kill you; my arm wants to kill you, but my heart says, no; for I have heard the Christian missionaries preach. If my heart were still as dark as it was before I had heard the Gospel, I would at once kill you." He thereupon let him go, without doing him the least harm. Behold the power of the Gospel!

Our Thoughts When in Trouble.

A little boy six years old, having been very naughty one day, was "put into the corner" by his governess. After a time, she said, "Come here. Now what have you been thinking about whilst you were in the corner?"

"About coming out," was the answer.

Are we not sometimes like this little boy? Our heavenly Father sends us some punishment, and, instead of thinking with sorrow over our fault, and how we will try in future to overcome it, we are only thinking "how soon will this trouble be over?"



good to see the bed-ridden saint, so she took her down to the house. She lived up in the garret, five stories up, and when they had got to the first story the lady drew up her dress and said, "How dark and filthy it is!" "It's better higher up," said her friend. They got to the next story, and it was no better; the lady complained again, but her friend replied, "It's better higher up." At the third floor it seemed still worse, and the lady kept complaining, but her friend kept saying, "It's better higher up." At last they got to the fifth story, and when they went into the sick room, there was a nice carpet on the floor, there were flowering plants in the window, and little birds singing. And there they found this bed-ridden saint—one of those saints whom God is polishing for His own temple—just beaming with joy. The lady said to her, "It must be very hard for you to lie here." She smiled, and said, "It's better higher up." Yes! And if things go against us, my friends, let us remember that "It's better higher up."

Lending to the Lord.

In Bavaria there lived a minister by the name of Fenneberg. He was so very liberal, that he sometimes was in great want himself. On a certain occasion he needed some money, but did not know where to get it. Then he remembered that some time before he had presented a poor person who had complained of want, with two crowns. He said: "Dear Lord, Thou knowest that I lent Thee the two crowns, a short time ago. Now I need them so much; be so kind—I earnestly pray Thee—pay them back to me." When he had thus ended his simple prayer, some one wrapped at the door.—"Come in!"—It was the letter carrier with a package of 200 florins for the minister. The poor person who had received the two crowns had spoken of the liberality of the poor pastor to her employer, whose heart was moved by the Lord to send the minister 100 florins for each of the two crowns he had given to the poor servant.

"He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will He pay him again." (Prov. 19, 17.)

The Master Always In.

"Johnnie," said a man, winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry goods store, "you must give me an extra measure; your master is not in."

Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously and said, "My master is always in."

Johnnie's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto—"My master is always in."

A Child's Evening Prayer.

"Dear loving Saviour, to Thy throne of grace
A little child draws near to seek Thy face;
Though very sinful, may Thy precious blood
Cleanse me from guilt, and bring me nigh to God.

Forgive what I have done amiss to-day,
And give me grace to walk the narrow way;
Help me behave, and speak, and live aright,
That I may be a bright and shining light.

Help me to follow in Thy footsteps here;
Help me to serve Thee with a godly fear;
Help me to learn the story of Thy love;
Help me Thy precious promises to prove.

Watch o'er me through the night, and when I wake
Stay with me through the day, for Jesus' sake;
Thus every hour protect me with Thy care,
And for Thy heavenly home my soul prepare."

"It's Better Higher Up."

Not long ago there lived an old bed-ridden saint, and a Christian lady who visited her found her always very cheerful. This visitor had a lady friend of wealth who constantly looked on the dark side of things, and was always cast down, although she was a professed Christian. She thought it would do this lady

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM the letter of our missionary in this number of the PIONEER our readers will learn that a new building is badly needed in one of our missionary districts in New Orleans. Let all the friends of our Colored Mission come to the rescue! God is blessing our mission work among the colored people. Our schools are crowded. There is not room enough to take in all that wish to come and to be instructed in the way of life. Our missionaries find anxious and attentive hearers among the colored people whenever they preach the Gospel of Jesus. What a great blessing this is! Is the blessed work to be hindered through want of money? No! There is plenty of money in the Synodical Conference to supply all the wants of our Colored Mission. Let Mr. Gold, and Mr. Silver, and Mr. Greenback, and old beloved Mrs. Copper (we would like to forget the old lady, but we can't) march into our missionary field, and there will soon be a new chapel for the colored people in New Orleans. We hope the appeal of our missionary will not be made in vain.

—WE recently read that if a single wasp discovers honey or other food, he will go back to his nest and bring the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. Shall Christians who have found honey in the Rock, Christ Jesus, be less considerate of their fellow-men than wasps are of their fellow-insects? Ought they not, rather, like the Samaritan woman, to hasten to tell the good news? Ought they not gladly to aid the Church in her missionary work?

—WHEN the heathen come to the light of the Gospel they often shame us by their giving. Six native Christians living on the banks of the Euphrates, whose property averaged perhaps \$800, gave toward their chapel and school-room \$308—an average of more than \$50 each. "This contribution," adds the missionary, "means for one of those poor mountaineers more than one thousand days' work!"

—A BEAUTIFUL story is told of Lady Stanley, wife of the late Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey. There is a hospital in London near the Abbey. Lady Stanley was in the habit of spending a good deal of time in the hospital—talking with the sick and suffering people there, and trying to cheer and comfort them. Among these was a poor woman suffering from a painful and dangerous disease. Lady Stanley's kind words had been a great comfort to her on her sick bed. The doctors said that her life could only be saved by her going through a very painful operation. They told her that she must certainly die unless the operation were performed. "I think I could bear it," she said "if Lady Stanley could be with me while it was being done." Lady Stanley was sent for. When the messenger arrived at her home he found her dressed in the splendid robes which ladies wear when called upon to attend on Queen Victoria. She had

been thus summoned, and was just about starting for the Queen's palace. She received the message from the hospital. There was no time to change her dress; so she threw a cloak over her and hastened to the hospital. She spoke some encouraging words to the poor woman, and stood by her side till the operation was over, and the poor, suffering patient was made comfortable. The noble lady hastened to the palace. She apologized to the Queen for her delay in coming, and told her what had caused her delay. The good Queen praised her for kindly waiting on one of her suffering subjects before coming to wait on her.

—A MISSIONARY in Africa found a heathen tribe worshipping an Episcopal Prayer Book, and was encouraged to think that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. He wanted to go home when he learned that the heathen had adopted the book as an idol on account of its gilded edges, after eating the missionary who owned it.

—THE American Bible Society, now in its seventy-first year, has agencies in Turkey, China, Japan, Brazil, Mexico, Cuba, Persia, and Uruguay; and assists missionary agencies in Austria, Ceylon, Gilbert Islands, India, Spain, Germany, Bulgaria, Sweden, Finland, Siam, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Liberia. In 1885 its expenditures in these countries were \$137,357.98. During its existence it has expended more than \$22,000,000; and there are now versions of the Bible in circulation in over 200 languages and dialects.

—THE statistics of all the churches in Japan give the total of organized churches at 193, of which 64 are self-supporting. The total addition reported in 1886 was 4626. This makes the membership on the 1st of January, 1887, to be 14,815 (429 were added in January 1887). As all baptisms were not reported, the membership at this on the last February must be upward of 16,000. There are 169 theological students, and the total contributions in 1886 were \$26,866.

—THE China Inland Mission now numbers a missionary staff of 225, including forty-three wives of missionaries; besides which there are 117 paid native helpers. The work is carried on in fourteen provinces, in which there are fifty-two regular stations and fifty-six out-stations. Since the commencement of the present year twenty-six new missionaries have been sent out, and twenty-one others have already been accepted. The income increased during the past year by \$15,000. Referring to the growth of the work and its present position, Mr. Hudson Taylor said: "We have to praise God for 2438 persons who have confessed Christ in baptism in connection with the work of this Mission since its formation. To some this might seem a small number for so many years' labor, but the difficulties in opening up some provinces were very great. One brother for six years lived a homeless life in travelling from city to city of two provinces trying to get a settlement. In another province it was

years before a church was formed, but last year the missionary had the joy of baptizing ten converts. Last year the number baptized, according to the reports received, was 402, but as some reports had not yet come in, the probability is the actual number is about 450. In the province of Shan-si nearly two hundred were added to the Church last year."

—IN Southern Kentucky a minister in traversing seven counties found only four houses of worship.

BOOK-TABLE.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1888. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

Our excellent German Almanac for the year 1888 not only brings us the accurate statistics of the Synodical Conference but also much interesting reading matter. It contains a Review of the principal church events of the past year, a history of the first Lutheran settlements on the Delaware river, a short sketch of the life of our sainted Dr. Walther, etc. etc. Price 10 cts.

ADVENTSPREDIGTEN. Auslegung der vornehmsten Weissagungen des Alten Testaments. By Prof. G. Stoeckhardt. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.25.

"Christ in the Prophets" is the theme of these excellent Advent Sermons. The sermons are a thorough and lucid exposition of the prophecies of the Old Testament that point to the Coming One as the Saviour of mankind. They deserve a place in every German Christian home, especially in every pastor's study.

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. IX.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1887.

No. 12.

Christmas.

"Waken, Christian children,
Up and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

"Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
'Let them come to me.'

"Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ the king of glory,
Born for us to-day."

Our Christmas Joy.

Christmas is a time of gladness and of joy. But not all the gladness which Christmas brings is pure. The joy which many have in this happy season is but a carnal and sinful joy. They give themselves up to pleasures which injure body and soul and which are an abomination in the sight of God. There is no room in their hearts and in their homes for the Babe of Bethlehem. They have a Christmas with the thought of Christ left out. Others may not engage in sinful pleasures, but they devote the Christmas season so entirely to gifts and parties that they are in danger of also having a Christmas joy with the thought of Christ left out.

Christmas is a time of gladness and of joy. Yes. But the true Christmas joy is found in the glad Christmas tidings which tell us of the great gift of a Father's love to sinful men. The angel who brought those tidings to the shepherds in the holy Christmas night said to them, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." And what tidings did he bring? He said, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Unto us sinners a Saviour is born! That is the Christmas Gospel! And that is what makes Christmas a time of gladness and of joy!

We are sinners condemned in our sin, and no creature in heaven and on earth could rescue us from everlasting damnation. But, behold, God, in His great mercy and love, sent His

only-begotten Son to save us from sin and eternal woe. That Son should take the sinner's place and pay the sinner's debt. In order to do this He must become man, must become one of us whom He was to redeem. As man, as one of us whom He came to save, He was born of the virgin Mary in Bethlehem in that holy Christmas night when the angel brought the glad tidings: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." He is born unto us. He is our Saviour, the Saviour of all people. For the angel says that the good tidings of great joy shall be "to all people." Don't you see that this is what makes Christmas jubilant with joy? Don't you see that only by accepting this Saviour we experience the true joy of the happy Christmas season? Here is joy for the colored and the white, for the high and the low, for the healthy and the sick, for the rich and the poor.

You may be very poor, dear reader, and perhaps no Christmas tree and no Christmas present will be found in your home. Still rejoice and be glad in the happy Christmas season! The Christmas Gospel brings you a gift which is far more precious than all the treasures of this world. It brings you the Saviour from all your sins. Believe in Him and rejoice!

You may live in trouble and in sorrow, dear reader, and perhaps some loved one whom you followed to the grave during the past year will be missed at your Christmas table. Still rejoice and be glad in the happy Christmas season! The Christmas Gospel brings you the loving Saviour, the Comfort of all the sorrowing and the Consolation of all the weeping. Trust in Him and rejoice!

You may be a very great sinner, dear reader, and perhaps you think the glad Christmas tidings are not for such great sinners as you are. But, oh, rejoice and be glad in the happy Christmas season! The Christmas Gospel brings you a Saviour whose love, grace and mercy are greater, far greater than all your sins. It is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Come to Him just as you are! Accept Him as your Saviour and rejoice!

We wish all our readers the true joy of the happy Christmas season.

Christmas and our Missionary Work.

What has Christmas to do with our missionary work? Is there any other connection between the two besides the "and" which the editor puts in the heading of his article? Yes, there is. Let me tell you. Christmas should arouse us to new zeal in our missionary work. "Good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," said the angel on the fields where shepherds watched. Mark those words "To all people." Christians who dwell with rapture on the words "good tidings" and "great joy" will not forget the "all people." The shepherds did not forget it. When the angel had winged his way back to heaven, the shepherds came with haste to Bethlehem and beheld with joy the Babe lying in a manger. And what did they do when they had found the Saviour? "They made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this Child."

Have you found the Saviour in the Bethlehem of the church? Have you seen Jesus with the eye of faith? Then make known abroad the saying concerning this Child. Is your heart filled with the great joy of Christmas? Then remember that this great joy is "to all people." And how is it brought to all people? Simply by bringing them the good tidings. This is done in our missionary work. It is done in our schools and in our chapels. It is done by our missionaries as they go from house to house pointing out the way of salvation to lost sinners. Many have thus already been made partakers of the "great joy" which shall be "to all people." But there are many others to whom the good tidings must be brought; for they too are included in the words "to all people." And it is our duty, yes, it is our sweet privilege to help the Church in this missionary work by our prayers and contributions. Make known abroad what you know concerning the Child Jesus!

Tell to others around
What a dear Saviour you have found.
The Christmas gift of God's great love
Is the only way to heaven above!

"EVERY song about Jesus, every church-bell that rings, echoes the music of Bethlehem."

Christmas in Alaska.

In the following letter a missionary in Alaska describes a Christmas celebration in that far-off country:—

You naturally connect the Christmas time with the holly and evergreens so profusely used in the decorations of your houses; then, when you have the beautiful snow covering all as with a mantle, the picture is complete. We, of Alaska, have these associations with us all the time, in the forests of the stately cedar and lofty spruce growing on the sides of the mountains, whose tops are covered with the snows. Yet, even then, when the day of joy approaches, with its memories hallowed from childhood, we must adorn our walls with the green tokens of the One "who ever liveth."

It was our first Christmas in that far-off land, when, with many thoughts and longings for the loved ones whom the morrow would gather around the hearthstone in our dear old home in the East, we went to bed and slept; but in our dreams we seemed to hear angelic music, which grew more and more distinct as our waking senses returned to us. We lay and listened to the strangely sweet refrain, our lonely hearts gathering comfort and joy from the cheering words, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," which came floating in to us on the still night air. But who is it that is singing these beautiful Christmas carols in this wild, desolate land of the seal and bear? On looking out of our window, we see standing about fifteen Indian men and women gladly voicing these hosannas; men and women who only a short time before would have raised their voices in the wild savage music of the dance or the superstitious dirge for the dead. The name of Christ heralded by angels, born on Judah's plain in the land flowing with milk and honey; now echoed from these rocky shores of the far north by hearts that beat with love for the Saviour. We opened the door and distributed candy and home-made cakes, which were duly appreciated by the Indians, who then left to wake the echoes at some other favored house.

The morrow brought the long-expected day, for, for weeks, the Indians had eagerly asked on all occasions: "Koon yukee sayah Christmas kuk" (How many days to Christmas)?

The Indian young men had been detailed, some to go to the mountain-side and bring the handsomest tree whereon to hang the presents, others to our kitchen to make doughnuts and popcorn, so that all who came, from the old grandfather to the infant in arms, should have a token of our goodwill.

I can assure you, that it was a happy company who met on that Christmas morning to receive some trifle sent by Christian friends in the East, and to partake of the cheer. When all were seated, the school children rose and sang the Christmas hymns they had learned, then God was thanked for all His many gifts, but especially for His "unspeakable Gift," af-

ter which the missionaries tried to impress on the people the cause of all their happiness.

We look over the assembled audience, it is a sight long to be remembered, the house filled to its utmost capacity, even to a hundred little folks sitting on the floor with upturned faces trying to comprehend the beauty of those wonderful trees with their strange fruit. We see all styles of costume, from the broad-cloth suit, immaculate shirt bosom and jaunty necktie of the young Indian swell, to the uncombed native with scarlet blanket and shoeless feet.

The articles are distributed, yet not one puts out a hand to receive them. Why is this? Do they not want them? Yes, indeed; but it is contrary to Indian style to reach out the hand for a gift; it savors of greediness, consequently the articles must be received by a friend, and then handed over or placed on the lap of the Indian.

The good ladies of the East have kindly sent for the young men and boys pocket pin-cushions, tops and reins with bells; let us watch them as they receive these things. "Yanatan, here is a pin-cushion for you." He takes it, looks at it, turns it over, pulls out a pin, and then looks up with blank amazement depicted on his face and says: "What am I to do with this?" We reply: "It is to hold your pins and to carry in your pocket." When you understand that he has not a pocket, and never uses a pin, you can appreciate his disgust; but look! there are some who have found a use for the bright covered pin-cushions, pinned on their breasts as an ornament,—happiness is restored. Having no horses, the boys never play horse, so they tie the reins and bells around their hats; but the little chaps with the tops are left in an unsolvable dilemma, not understanding the art of spinning tops, nor having any floors whereon to spin them. But as a rule, every one is made happy by a present of an article of clothing, or a toy, or both.

I doubt sometimes, if the thought of Christ is realized as the main source of joy at this season in the Christian household in the favored East, but to the isolated missionary when he sits down in his house after the day's work, and looks at the presents which have been made by loving hands, and sent by warm hearts from his far-off home, and calls to his mind's eye the dear faces of those cherished ones; Christmas would not be a day of joy if he did not realize the presence of the Christ who hath said: "Lo, I am with you all the days," then the heart responds: "I sat under His shadow with great delight, and His banner over me was love."

The Mystery of the Saviour's Birth.

Let us withdraw our minds from the things of this world and contemplate the great mystery of our Saviour's birth. The Son of God comes down to us from heaven that we might receive the adoption of sons, Gal. 4, 4; God

Himself becomes man that man might be partaker of God's grace and the divine nature, 2 Pet. 1, 4. "He is born pure and holy, that He might sanctify our impure and sinful birth." He who was the true light that illumines the darkness of this world, was born in the gloom of night. "He who is the true food of our souls was laid in a manger." He was born in Bethlehem, that is, in the house of bread, because He brought with Him the rich fullness of divine bounties. He who, according to His divine nature, is the First Born and Only Begotten of the Father in heaven, was the first born and only begotten son of his mother on earth. "He was born in poverty and want in order to secure for us the treasures of heaven." He was born in a miserable stable in order to bring us into the mansions of heaven. The messenger who should publish this gracious event to man was sent from heaven, because no one on earth understood its magnitude. Yea, it is meet that heavenly gifts should be proclaimed by heavenly messengers. The hosts of angels rejoice that now by the incarnation of the Son of God we can become sharers of their happiness. This great wonder was first announced to the shepherds, because the true Shepherd of souls had come, who should bring back lost sheep into the right path. To lowly and despised people this great joy is proclaimed, because none but those who are base in their own eyes can share it. To the shepherds who kept watch over their flocks the Saviour's birth is announced, because not those who lie in the deep sleep of sin, but those whose hearts are awake to God, become partakers of the divine gifts. Now the multitude of the heavenly host, who once were sorrowful on account of our first parents' fall, are filled with joy. In the heavens the glory of the Lord and of His King shine forth, whom in His lowliness men despised. The angel bids the shepherds rejoice, because He was born who should remove all cause of fear. Joy is proclaimed to us from heaven, for He is born who is the source and giver of all joy. Men are called upon to rejoice, because the enmity between God and man, which is the only ground of sorrow, is taken away. To God in the highest the glory is given again which our first parent by transgressing the divine command had sought to usurp. By the birth of the Saviour true peace has been secured; for men were enemies of God before, their own conscience was against them, they were divided among themselves. True peace is brought again on earth, because he is overcome who held us captive.

Come then, let us go with the shepherds to the manger of the Lord, that is, to His Church; there we shall find the child wrapped in his swaddling clothes, that is, in the Scriptures. Let us too keep in our hearts the words in which the great mystery is published to us, as did Mary, the blessed mother of our Lord, and repeat them daily without ceasing. Let us still sing the song of the angels and offer to God the thanks that are due for this great grace. Yea, let us rejoice and exult with the whole multitude of the heavenly host. For if the angels so greatly rejoice on our account, how much more then should we rejoice, unto whom this child is born, this son is given! Is. 9, 6.

J. GERHARD, D. D.

Christmas in the Old Car.

Not far from Charleston Junction, on the line of the Southern Railroad, is an old car, half buried in the swamp, its sides almost covered with the young palmetto trees. It is the home of a poor family. A rusty stove pipe protrudes from one end, from which the smoke often curls gracefully towards the tops of the tall pines.

One morning, last December, two little girls came out of this house on wheels. They were barefooted and bareheaded, for their mother could not afford hats or shoes, but, fortunately, the cold winds of the North never reached them, and snow and ice they had never seen. The children were going to the Junction to meet the Southern bound train, which was due in half an hour. While it waited they would sing to the Northern people some little songs their mother had taught them. The pennies they received from the passengers were often quite an income to this poor family. With hands lovingly clasped, curls dancing in the breeze, and eager, expectant faces, they hurried along that morning, for the season was advancing, more people would come South, and that meant more pennies for mother.

The train was already coming in the distance, so they took their places on a little bank of sand beside the track. This brought them nearly even with the car windows. The train rolled swiftly towards them, slackened, then paused, and the little girls began to sing. Immediately the car windows were raised, and the passengers looked out. There were tears in many eyes as their voices sang so sweetly, "Christ the Saviour" and "Over Yonder." Every one dropped a penny into their outstretched hands, but one man extended his arm from the window, saying, impatiently:

"Can't you sing anything but church songs? Give us some dance songs, and dance, and I'll give you ten cents."

The smiles faded from the children's faces, they stared at the man a moment, then the eldest said, gravely and sweetly:

"Please, sir, we are very poor and need the ten cents, but we do not know any dance songs, and cannot dance."

The train began to move, the stranger withdrew his arm, putting the dime back in his pocket. The little girls hurried home and gave the money to their mother, telling of the man's request.

Three weeks later, having transacted his business, the stranger was on his way home. Those "church songs" had rung in his ears, waking many sacred memories; already they had borne blessed fruit for himself and others!

That was why the busy man paused at Jacksonville on leaving the St. John's River boat, and spent the whole afternoon in its stores looking for "something suitable for two small girls," and why, at length, a mysterious box was added to his baggage.

The sisters were not at the Junction when the train arrived; there were no barefooted, curly-headed maidens upon the platform of sand; no sweet strains opened as by magic the car windows. He eagerly inquired for them—they had not "been seen round here lately." Out came the stranger's silver again, this time to tempt a man to deliver the box on the steps of the children's home.

So, after dark that night the box was placed on the old car platform. It laid undiscovered till morning, for all was excitement within the

could find no name. Who could have sent it? She decided to open it. As she opened the cover a note dropped out. On it were these words:

"A merry Christmas to the two little girls who sang so sweetly a few weeks ago the hymns 'Christ the Saviour' and 'Over Yonder.'"

"Sing the blessed message of the Master every chance you can get and great will be your reward. A STRANGER."

The mother's tears could not be kept back—they ran down her cheeks upon the Christmas box. She was thinking that those voices had nearly been hushed for earthly message-bearing, and also thanking God that even what they were forced to do by poverty might lead others to the Christ she loved.

In the box were two pairs of shoes, two dresses, two cloaks and some books, things they greatly needed. Now they could go to church and Sunday school, three miles away. Their mother had already plaited them some palmetto hats for Sunday. She had learned how of the Spanish women of St. Augustine.

Later in the day their mother told them of the Christmas present and the stranger's words. Never had anything so nice happened to these poor girls—they clapped their hands for joy.

Many elegant presents were exchanged last Christmas, many homes were filled with joy; but not the least joyful among them was the Christian home in the old car in the Southern woods.

E. L. B.



I bring you good tidings of great joy. Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour.

car. The dear little girls were sick with fever; it seemed at one time as if they would never sing their songs on earth again, but that night when the messenger brought the box another messenger of healing came, and they slept quietly. In the morning the fever had left them. One of the girls awoke as the sun streamed in through the window and said weakly:

"Mother, how long have I been here?"

"Almost three weeks, darling, but you are better now."

"What day is it, mother?"

She replied that it was Christmas.

"What is it about Christmas?" asked the sick girl. "There's something nice about it, I know, but I forgot."

"Christ was born on Christmas," said the mother.

The girl smiled faintly.

"Oh yes," she said, "it's all come to me now."

Just then the mother opened the door to let in more of the bright sun and saw the square box. What did it mean? Did it belong to them? She turned it over several times, but

The Bird's Christmas Tree.

At Christmas time the little people in Norway, not content with giving presents among themselves, provide a treat for the little brown birdies which have not deserted them for a warmer climate. Before the sun goes down, these sturdy little North men and women put on their wide snowshoes, which look like little boats, and muffle up in their warmest furs and woollens. Their father goes to the barn and brings out a generous sheaf of unthreshed grain, which is tied to a long pole. With many merry shouts, the children plant the pole firmly in the snow just by the cottage gable, and before long a greedy flock of little birds are hopping over it, enjoying to the full their Christmas feast. It is just the right sort of a Christmas tree for them, and it does the children quite as much good. It is a sweet lesson of thoughtful care for one of the lowliest, gentlest of God's creation. It is a good sign for a boy and girl, when you see them kind to animals. Birds soon learn where they are welcome.

Traveller.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THIS number closes another volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER. Gladly would we leave the editorial chair and let the work be done by some abler pen, knowing that thereby the subscription list of the PIONEER could be easily increased. There is no need of sending letters telling us that the work is not done well. We know all that. But at present we see no way of giving the paper over into the hands of those learned and able men. So we must go on for another year, trusting that the Master will own our poor service also in the future. Thanking our friends who have helped us in the circulation of our paper, we earnestly ask their continued and hearty co-operation. The most welcome Christmas gift for our dear little PIONEER is the name of several new subscribers. And don't you forget it.

—WITH profound sorrow we record the departure from this world on Saturday, November 19, of the venerable and beloved Rev. G. Schaller, Professor in our Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis, Mo. He was a learned scholar, a faithful pastor and teacher, a gentle and amiable Christian, a devoted disciple of the Saviour. Our loss is his gain. For it is written, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

—FROM the Baltimore American of Nov. 21st we clip the following interesting item: A Lutheran service was held at eight o'clock last evening at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, and was conducted by Rev. Mr. Schwoy, of Alexandria, Va. Besides others, there were present representatives of the churches in this city, of the German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States. After the services, Mr. Schwoy announced that the meeting was to take steps towards the establishment of an English mission of the Missouri Synod of German Lutheran churches to afford the English-speaking members of the Church an opportunity to attend services in English. Rev. Charles Frincke of St. Martin's, and Rev. Mr. Johannes were present. A number of persons remained after the services, by invitation, to hear the plans for the establishment of the English mission discussed.

—A LOUISVILLE clergyman said in his sermon, that if women and men would only dance in separate rooms he would not object to dancing. It would be just as graceful, he claimed, and just as healthful exercise, and they could keep step to the music just the same.—Correct!

—A MISSIONARY writes from West Africa: "The church numbers thirty members, of whom twenty-seven were wild savages only six years ago, at which time the site of the present church and station was a wilderness. Some of these church-members live seventy miles away, and must pull in their canoes against a swift current all this distance, in order to enjoy the privilege of gathering at the Lord's table. Others come a distance of eighteen or twenty miles. At a missionary meeting held

in the afternoon, over seven dollars were given to send the Gospel to the heathen!"

—A LUTHERAN missionary in South Africa reports the confirmation of a number of aged persons. Among them were two great-grandmothers, four grandmothers and two grandfathers.

—FROM English papers we learn that the house of a Mr. Richard Burnett in Ireland was forcibly entered by a mob of Roman Catholics, and under threats he was compelled to make at least a nominal submission to the Romish sect, by a form devised by the rioters for the occasion. Then about the same time a Protestant chapel at Athea, in the west of Limerick, was broken into, its memorial windows destroyed, the seats damaged, and the Bible thrown out of doors. Such brutal acts show the feeling with which Protestants are regarded by the pope's people in Ireland.

—THERE are said to be in India 135,000 lepers, and a society is devoting itself exclusively to relieving their sufferings, and proclaiming to them the gospel. Hospitals are provided, in which the victims of this dreadful disease can find shelter, and in one asylum there are ninety inmates, and in another sixty. A similar admirable purpose animates the persons who are endeavoring to send missionaries to the thousands of blind people in China, who wander about in bands of a dozen or more, hungry and almost naked, and many of them afflicted with leprosy. A Scotchman has invented a system for teaching the blind Chinese to read, and it is already proving successful.

—THE native Christians of Tinnevely, Southern India, have sent \$400 to the Church Missionary Society of England as an expression of their sympathy with the persecuted Christians in Uganda, Africa. The native Christians of Madagascar have given £800,000 for the spread of the gospel within the past ten years.

—It is said that out of the native population of the Fiji Islands, numbering about 112,000, nearly 100,000 are members of the Christian Church! Half a century ago they were a fierce race of cannibals; now there is not one of them who is a professing pagan.

—THE mission of the American Board in Micronesia is composed of forty-six churches, all self-supporting, with 5312 communicants; 42 common schools with native teachers, also self-supporting, with 2800 scholars, and six high schools that train native preachers and teachers and their wives. There are 178 pupils.

—THE London Christian World rightly says that "the promise to pay for a newspaper is neither more nor less sacred than the promise to pay for a farm." (Dear reader, have you paid for your PIONEER?)—We close our window wishing you all a

HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

THINK who you are! Is it not true that you are a poor sinner, and worthy of nothing better than that you should lie upon thorns? Yet, whilst your Lord lies on hard straw, in a manger, you lie on a soft bed; and still you are discontented and complain of great sufferings.
Luther.

BOOK-TABLE.

DER LUTHERISCHE KALENDER fuer 1888. Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa.

This well known German Almanac has made its appearance in its usual form and with a variety of instructive reading matter, bringing also a short sketch of the life and work of our sainted Dr. Walther. It is especially accurate in its statistics, giving a complete list of the ministers, educational and charitable institutions, periodicals and of all the churches bearing the Lutheran name, which makes the Almanac valuable for reference. Price 10 cts. per copy.

The same can be said of STALL'S LUTHERAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1888. It is a most accurate Year Book. By the aid of numerous charts and diagrams the growth and work of the "Lutheran church" is made plain at a simple glance. The ninety-two Institutions of Learning are located on a special map of the United States, and there are many other diagrams. The engravings are all new. Among them we find a portrait of Dr. Walther. The price of the book is 25 cts. and can be ordered from Rev. S. Stall, Lancaster, Pa.

CHRISTMASTIDE, or Birth of Christ. Told in Pictures and Words. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa.

A beautiful little pamphlet, specially prepared for teaching the little ones the story of the Christ-Child in pictures and words. Price 12 cts. per copy; by the dozen 10 cts., by the hundred 8 cts.

**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 Rev. R. A. BISCHOFF, Bingen, Adams Co., Ind.