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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. X.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1888.

No. 1.

A New Year's Prayer.

O God of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

To Thee our humble vows we raise,
To Thee address our prayer;
And in Thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

To Thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign;
And thankful own that all we are,
And all we have, is Thine.

Doddridge.

Old Uncle's Mistake.

Uncle Brown came to town with an old wagon. In the wagon there were five bales of cotton, on which his wife was seated with her knitting. Old uncle wanted to sell the cotton and with the money buy clothing and other things for the season. During the past year he had been living upon goods bought on credit, for which he had given his note for \$200. But uncle had forgotten that note, and on New Year's day he told his wife that he would turn over a new leaf, he would no longer live on credit, but just take that cotton into town and sell it and buy the goods they needed for the coming year.

Well, as I said, old uncle came to town with his cotton, and seven and a half cents was the best offer he received for some time. But at length a young man came up and offered him eight cents, which offer the old man gladly accepted. His wife went to a millinery store to buy her outfit, and the two men went to have the cotton weighed and figured up. The account came to \$195, and the old man held out his hand for the money. Instead of the money he expected, his own note for \$200 was

shown him, with a request for the \$5 to balance. Old uncle was sadly disappointed and shed bitter tears. He now saw the mistake he made. His resolution to turn over a new leaf in the new year could not wipe away the debts of the old year. They were still to be paid. It was the same mistake the school-boy made who, after spilling the ink on the page of his copy-book, turned over a new leaf. But "turning over a new leaf" did not take away the blots, and the teacher soon saw them and punished the boy for his carelessness.

The same mistake is made by people who think to put themselves right with God by outwardly reforming their lives. On New Year's day they form good resolutions which they intend to carry out by their own strength. They call this "turning over a new leaf." Now suppose they were able to carry out their good resolutions, what about those sins of the past? If it were possible for man to live a sinless life in the future, this would not take away the sins of the past. Those sins would rise up against him on the Day of Judgment and hurl him into eternal damnation.

Is there then no help for sinners? Yes. The New Year's Gospel tells us of the Babe of Bethlehem: "His name was called Jesus," Luke 2, 21. Why was his name called Jesus? The angel said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for *He shall save His people from their sins.*" Our good resolutions and our own good works were not called Jesus. No. The Son of God who became man to take away the sin of the world was called Jesus; for He is the only Saviour. It is only when we see the sins of the past blotted out by the blood of Jesus that we enter into peace and safety. On entering a new year, do not trust in your sinful self, but trust in Him whose name was called Jesus. Thus the new year will be a happy year to you.

How much money did you give to good objects during the year gone? Have you begun to give this year? Measure your contributions by what you pay for clothing, food, some unnecessary article of personal adornment, or what you paid for sensual pleasure, and see how they will bear the comparison.

1888.

A. D. 1888 now has begun. Do you know what A. D. means? It means the year of the Lord. We count our years from the birth of Christ, the Lord. The promised Saviour of the world, who came and died for the world, turned the course of events. Do those who deny Christ's Godhead, those who scoff at redemption by Him, those who deny the life after death, ever pause and consider, that as they date their daily letters they date them with the birthday of Christ whom they reject? It is a great thought that the three hundred and ninety-five millions of Christians in the world all acknowledge the year we "live in" to begin from Jesus Christ—many, doubtless, from habits too strong now to break or alter. But to those who glory in the fact of Christ born at Bethlehem, how unspeakable the thought of each year, that now so swiftly rolls by, bringing us all nearer to Christ glorified: when all who now believe in the great event of 1888 years ago will one day join their Redeemer, and sing the song of the redeemed where "Time shall be no more."

Follow your Leader.

All that the children of Israel had to do in the wilderness was to follow the cloud. If the cloud rested, they rested; if the cloud moved forward, then they moved as it did.

Israel's Shepherd could lead His people through the pathless desert. Why? Because He made it. He knew every grain of sand in it. They could not have a better leader through the wilderness than the great Jehovah.

And, Christian reader, can you in all your difficulties, or troubles and fears, have a better leader than Jehovah, the Lord Jesus? As you enter upon a new year of your pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world, let this be your prayer:

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land!
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven!
Feed me till I want no more."

He is able, and still more, He is willing to lead us. Follow your Leader!

Let the Light Shine.

All around our rock-bound coast light-houses have been built. When dark night comes over the earth, and moon and stars hide, those lamps are carefully lighted, and send their timely warning far out over the deep. And many a tempest-tossed vessel would be yearly dashed to pieces, and many a hapless crew would sink to watery graves were it not for those lights that warn the men in their ships to stand out to sea or all must be lost.

But what should be thought of the keepers of those light-houses were they night after night to hide those lamps behind a curtain, and to suffer vessel after vessel to be driven against the rocky coast, and altogether be lost in the deep?

To just such unfaithful ones may we be compared, if by careless neglect and sleepy service we suffer those around us to go uncared for and unwarned down to death. Lutherans have the pure Gospel light. Let that light shine, that sinners may see the way of peace and safety, and be rescued for eternity from destruction and woe. This is done in many ways. It is also done in our mission work among the colored people. Dear reader, are you helping the Church in this work? There is much to be done, and we need the help of every Christian in the Synodical Conference. Southern papers recently published an appeal for missionary work among the colored people. The churches are reminded that the colored man is here, and that he is for the most part hardly more than a savage, so far as religion is concerned. He indulges in religious excitement, but receives little moral elevation. He is being educated, but his education "gives no Christian character;" it simply fits him for rascality. It "will not do to say that nothing can be made" of him. Dr. Sanderson, of Tuscaloosa Institute, stated "that he had taught a good deal, and that a young colored man, twenty years of age, one of the students at Tuscaloosa, was as smart a pupil as he had ever seen."

Yes, it will not do to say that the work is done in vain. No. From the reports of our missionaries we learn again and again of the blessed results of their missionary labors among the colored people in church and school. There are immortal souls to be saved! Reader, what are you doing for this work? Let the Gospel light shine!

It is right, of course, when entering upon so long a period as that of a year, to consider the possibility that we may not live through it. We do not know what a day may bring forth, much less a year. To many of us, no doubt, a voice is saying, "This year thou shalt die," which, if we could hear it, would impress and perhaps alarm us. But what is before us is our duty, and if we do that with a proper devotion to God, we can leave all that relates to existence in His hands. We are to live unto the Lord; then, whether living or dying, we will be His.

The Good Shepherd.

We will let Dr. Luther give us the text for our picture. Speaking of Christ, the good Shepherd, he says:

"What a beautiful, comforting Gospel that is in which the Lord Christ depicts Himself as the good Shepherd; showing what a heart He has toward us poor sinners, and how we can do nothing to save ourselves.

The sheep cannot defend nor provide for itself, nor keep itself from going astray, if the shepherd did not continually guide it; and when it has gone astray and is lost, it cannot find its way back again, nor come to its shepherd; but the shepherd himself must go after it, and seek it until he finds it, otherwise it would wander away and be lost forever.



And when he has found it he must carry it, lest it should again be frightened away from himself, and stray, or be devoured by the wolf.

So also is it with us. We can neither help nor counsel ourselves, nor come to rest and peace of conscience, nor escape the devil, death and hell, if Christ Himself, by His word, did not fetch us, and call us to Himself. And even when we have come to Him, and are in the faith, we cannot keep ourselves in it, unless He lifts and carries us by His word and power, since the devil is everywhere, and at all times on the watch to do us harm. But Christ is a thousand times more willing and earnest to do all for His sheep than the best shepherd."

Happy is he who, on entering the new year, can say, "The Lord is my shepherd."

AS EVEN the sparrows are not overlooked by our Heavenly Father, so nothing, whether good or ill, ever happens to His children without His provident care and will, and all things are surely working out, in the end, their highest good.

Too Late!

Last evening, writes a pastor, I went down to a steamboat to see a gentleman who had promised to carry a letter to a friend for me, and just got there in time to hand it to him as the captain cried out, "Let go!" and off went the boat. I am glad I was not late, thought I, when a gentleman ran past me crying out: "Hold on! hold on!" but the captain shook his head and cried: "It is too late." Then the poor man looked very sad, bit his lip, and stamped his feet; but all would do no good—it was "too late." Perhaps he had friends on board, perhaps valuable baggage, perhaps he wished to go in that boat that he might see some sick friend before he died; but alas! he was too late! Ah, how often is that the case! It is an old saying that "Time and tide wait for no man."

An old man was called upon by a young Christian friend, who, finding him very sick, began to speak to him about religion and his soul's salvation. "Ah! my young friend," said the old man with tears, "had I thought on these things many years ago, happy I might now be; but it is now *too late!* And so he died, crying, "I am lost forever."

Wind Your Clock Daily.

The watch in your pocket or the clock on the mantel-piece needs to be wound every day or every eight days. Neglect them over the day, or over the week, and soon the tell-tale hands will remind you, and the confusion in your household or business would loudly call for the re-winding. Do you think that your private devotions or family prayer or social and public worship would be more faithfully attended to, if there were some tell-tale hands to show that you were not coming up to time? Because God does not treat you like a machine, and does not remind you in a way that cannot be overlooked, will you therefore give more attention to your time-piece than to your altar? Shall your own pleasure and convenience and secular business be of more regard to you than your religious conduct, your spiritual happiness, or your devotional duties to yourself, to others, and to God?
C. S.

One Stick at a Time.

I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of fagots far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to lift it all at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick which we are to carry to-day, and another which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

Jesus Sinners Will Receive.

In one of the cities of Germany there lived an old Jewish physician, who, on account of his eminence and amiability, was respected and beloved by many. He regarded himself as a virtuous man, and was a most zealous opponent of Christianity. He had a nephew, whom he loved very dearly, and whom he expected to make his heir, as he himself had never been married. This nephew, upon a certain occasion, in company with a friend, a student, went to hear the Rev. Gurland preach. Each one asks himself, "To what eminence shall I attain?" and each one desires to become great; but the chief question is: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" And this no one shall inherit except through Jesus alone." Gurland was not conscious at the time how deeply the hearts of these young Israelites were touched by the sermon. At the close of the service, the nephew went to his uncle, who, as he had often done before, asked him: "Well, what do you wish to make of yourself?" The young man, still pondering the sermon in his heart, answered with emphasis: "I want to become a Christian." The anger of the uncle was aroused, for he could not at all understand this answer, but thought that Gurland had, by private conversation, influenced his nephew. He asked further: "Why do you desire to become a Christian?" He received the devout answer: "I wish above all to be saved, therefore I desire to become a Christian." Hereupon the young man told his uncle what he had retained of the sermon he had heard.

The doctor sent for Gurland, and took him to task for thus influencing his nephew. Gurland advised the doctor not to interfere with the convictions of his nephew, unless he wished to bring great guilt upon himself. The doctor soon saw the fruits in the life of his nephew, and, much as he was opposed to it at first, he was compelled to acknowledge that the young man was only following the deepest convictions of his own heart and conscience by desiring to become Christ's own.

The nephew and his friend, having been properly instructed were baptized in 1869. Thereafter the physician frequently attended the services of the church, and gladly heard of the Christian religion, but not of a Saviour of sinners. Christ was to him only a model of virtue, and ideal man. One night he sent for Gurland, and thus addressed him: "Dear brother, I am sick, and will never recover. I have lived as a Jew, but I wish to die as a Christian. Will you baptize me?" "Dear doctor," replied Gurland, "if you do not esteem Christ higher than you have always said to me you did, it is impossible for me to baptize you, for what can a mere ideal man, a hero of virtue help you; for no one can by any means redeem his brother, for the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever. If we regard Christ as a mere man and yet pray to him, and wish to be saved through him, it is idolatry

and self-deception." "No, no," interrupted the physician, "do not tell me that again. Listen to me: Two months ago I treated the old Widow N., a member of your congregation. The meekness, peace and patience with which she bore her afflictions impressed me deeply, and I was compelled to acknowledge that the source whence she drew such comfort for her soul was unknown to me. One day she earnestly desired that I might tell her what I thought of her condition, I did so, frankly declaring that she had only a few more days to live. Thereupon she grew quite joyous; her face shone with a heavenly lustre at the thought of the approach of death. The like I had never before seen. 'Dear doctor,' said the dying woman, 'I wish to tell you one thing more before I die. You are a Jew and do not know the Saviour. Without him you cannot be saved. Oh, seek Jesus, the Saviour of sinners!' I was surprised and asked: 'How do you know that salvation is alone to be found in Jesus for me?' 'I know that,' answered the dying woman, 'as certainly as the sun shines to-day, as certainly as there is a God in heaven, and as truly as His Word is true.' She then handed me her Bible, saying: 'Dear doctor, I thank you for the kindness you have shown me, for I am but a poor woman. The only thing I can give you is my Bible. Take it as a gift, read it prayerfully, and you will find Jesus as your Saviour, and die a peaceful and happy death.' I took it from her trembling hands, deeply affected, and hastened home. My soul was agitated. On the following morning, as I passed the widow's house, I involuntarily entered it. Upon reaching the hall, I heard a voice coming from the sick chamber like that of an angel. It was that of her adopted child Emily, who was singing to the dying woman her favorite hymn, 'Jesus sinners will receive.' I distinctly heard the words, and they still ring in my ears. At once the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw how miserable and worthless my soul's works were to me. I saw that I had deceived myself. The ideal Christ is of no avail in the hour of death, when help and comfort are so much needed. I now believe on Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners, who died not alone for my sins, but also for my good works. In his name I want to be baptized." Thus the physician spoke. To the joy of his heart the preacher saw that the Holy Ghost had at length brought this proud Pharisee to a knowledge of his sins and the need of the true Saviour, and, in the presence of a number of other Jews who had been invited, he was baptized that same night. On the following day he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, murmuring the words: "Jesus sinners will receive."

Church Messenger.

CONSIDER the uncertainty, mutability and inconsistency of all things under the sun. All temporals are as transitory as a hasty torrent, a shadow, a bird, or an arrow in flight, as a post that passeth by: "the fashion of this world passeth away."

Father Knows the Way.

Two little children were returning with their father from spending an evening with some friends at a distance. They stayed longer at their friend's house than they at first intended. The shades of evening had fallen, night was coming on, and before they proceeded far a heavy curtain of murky cloud seemed drawn about them. They had to cross a marshy place, pleasant enough in broad day-light, but not so pleasant with darkness around. A silence fell on all, as the father, busy with his own thoughts, took a little hand in each of his, and pressed forward.

"Hugo," whispered Amy's timid voice, in her brother's ear, "are you frightened?"

"No," replied the little man, as a little man should, "not at all."

"Why, Hugo, it is awful dark," again murmured the timid voice, this time almost with a sob.

"But you see," returned the boy, confidently, "father knows the way."

The father had heard the low conversation, and stooping down, he lifted Amy into his strong arms, while he clasped his boy's hand more tightly.

"Thank you, my children," he said, "you have taught me a lesson. I, too, am going home to my Father's house, above. It is but a little way, yet often dark and dreary, so that my heart gets afraid. Still, it is the best path, and when I get home I shall be constrained to declare, 'He led me by the right way.'"

Amy did not understand her father's words, but she knew she was clasped to his loving breast, held securely in his strong arms, and that hushed every fear. Hugo felt his father was pleased with this simple confidence, so in faith they all pressed on together through the gloom. Soon they reached the light and warmth and joy of home.

As Amy's mother laid her down to rest that night, the little girl murmured very contentedly: "Mamma, I was not one bit frightened when I'membered father knew the way."

Jessie's Advice to Grandma.

"What would I do if I were to be blind?" cried grandmother, rubbing her eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do, grandmother," said Jessie, jumping up from her playthings.

"What?" asked grandma.

"Go and tell Jesus," said Jessie; "that is what I would do."

"Perhaps He would not cure me," said grandmother.

"Then He would help you to say 'Thy will be done,' and then you would not mind it, grandma," said the little girl.

THE truest end of a life is to know the life that never ends.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—By the blessing of God we, with this number, begin the tenth volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER. The work has been done for the Master, and since it pleases Him to bless the work which is done in weakness, we thankfully go forward, hoping that our little PIONEER will again be welcomed by thousands of old and new friends in the coming year.

—IN Brobst's Almanac for 1888 the statistics of the "Lutheran church in America" sum up as follows. Synodical Conference: ministers 1,171; congregations 1,638; communicants 322,399. General Council: ministers 1,088; congregations 2,025; communicants 289,827. General Synod: ministers 910; congregations 1,373; communicants 140,267. United Synod of the South: ministers 182; congregations 378; communicants 32,790. Independent: ministers 851; congregations 1,922; communicants 209,122. Total: ministers 4,202; congregations 7,336; communicants 994,405.

—AMONG the many gods of the Chinese is the kitchen-god. They put up a new one every New Year's day, when they burn the old one. They think that this god takes care of everything in the kitchen; and if the fire don't burn, or the bread is baking too fast, or there is any trouble, they scold and beat the god. When he is burned, they think he goes to heaven, and tells all that has happened in their kitchen for a year: so sometimes they daub molasses on his mouth before they burn him, and they think then he can't tell. What ideas these heathen people have of God and of Providence!

—Two hundred and fifty years ago two ships were crossing the mighty Atlantic, carrying a company of fifty Lutherans from Sweden and Finland to the banks of the Delaware river. These men were sent by the pious ruler of Sweden to found a Lutheran colony in the New World, to till the soil for their daily bread, and to preach the gospel to the Indians by good words and good works. They brought along their pastor, the Reverend Reorus Torkillus, who has the honor of having been the first minister of the Lutheran Church in America. Our Church was therefore planted on American soil 250 years ago, only 18 years after the settlement of the Puritans on Plymouth Rock, and 100 years before the beginning of Methodism in England and America.

—THE little village of Wittenberg, Shawano Co., Wis., says the *Workman*, is remarkable for the number of its church-charities. The oldest of these is the Orphan's Home and Asylum for the Aged, established a few years ago by the Rev. Pastor Homme, of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod. The buildings are plain, but attractive and well adapted for the purposes of their erection. Quite a large number of orphans have here found a Christian home. Next in order is an Orphan House, under the auspices of the Wisconsin District of the German Lutheran Synod of Missouri. This has taken the

place of an academy which was destroyed by fire two years ago. The third institution is an Indian mission school recently erected and dedicated, for the education of youth of the Chippewa and other Indian tribes, remnants of which reside on reservations in Wisconsin. The Director of this Institution is the Rev. Tobias Larsen, of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod, not a few of whose churches manifest a deep interest in these poor people. The number of Indian lads already gathered into this school is upwards of twenty, and to these others will soon be added. Wittenberg is located in the midst of a dense forest, with not a few stumps in its streets, and though quite unpretentious in its outward surroundings, it would seem destined to become as "a city set on a hill," giving forth the light of a pure Christian charity both near and far. A gentleman traveling in Wisconsin remarked to us that it was the only place on the line of the railroad which seemed to him to be devoted wholly to God, and all the business of which was connected with the exercise of Christian mercy.

—THE mission work of the Lutheran Church among the Laplanders in the northern portions of Sweden and Norway is carried on with increasing interest and promise. The new selection of the Epistles and Gospels for the Church Year has recently been printed in the Lapp language. The faithful missionaries among these nomadic people travel with them from place to place during certain portions of the year, and share with them the discomforts of their rude nomadic life.

—THE missionaries sent from Leipsic to the Tamils, in South India, recently established two new stations. The formation of one of them is due to the exertions of the widow and the daughter of an English officer. The Leipsic missionaries baptized 540 last year, the present total number of Tamil Lutherans is 14,000, with 149 schools and 3653 pupils.

—THE Lutheran missionaries sent from Hemsburg to the Zulu and Basseto, in South Africa, baptized 1483 heathen last year. The total number of these South African native Lutherans is 10,800.

—IN fifty years the communicants in the missions of the London Missionary Society have increased from 6,615 to 70,561, and the native preachers from 451 to 7,168.

—Nearly a thousand millions of the human race, says the *Christian Advocate*, are yet without the Gospel: vast districts are wholly unoccupied. So few are the laborers that, if equally dividing the responsibility, each must care for at least one hundred thousand souls. And yet there is abundance of both men and means in the Church to give the Gospel to every living soul before the century closes.

—SOMETHING must be done, says the *Interior*, to hold in check those Christianized Indians in the Indian Presbytery of Dakota, or they will leave the rest of us behind. Our minutes show

that during our ecclesiastical year that presbytery, composed of converted Sioux Indians, gave \$571 more to foreign missions than any other presbytery in the synod, and during the last synodical year it gave to the nine boards of our Church \$234 more than any of the white presbyteries of the synod.

—THE American Missionary Association requires nearly \$1000 per day, or about \$360,000 per year to prosecute its work. If our Colored Mission Board had such a sum of money, it could be used to good advantage in our glorious mission work.

—THE Church Missionary Society of England, largely supported by the evangelical section of the Anglican Church, had an income during the year just closed, of over \$1,170,000—the largest income of any missionary society now in existence. Our Colored Mission Board can hardly think of such a large income. It would be perfectly satisfied with a somewhat smaller sum in the coming year.

—WE close our window, wishing all our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

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

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

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

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

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

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

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

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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No. 2.

Satisfied.

O Jesus! Friend unfalling!
How dear art Thou to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee!
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path and dreary,
It ends in perfect day!

Nought, nought I court as pleasure,
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!
Thy sorrow without measure
Earn'd peace and joy for me!
I love to own, Lord Jesus!
Thy claims o'er me divine,
Bought with Thy blood most precious,
Whose can I be but Thine!

Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side!
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er betide?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorn'd, despised, forsaken,
Nought severs Thee from me!

O worldly pomp and glory!
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story!
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode!
There shall I gaze on Jesus!
There shall I dwell with God!

For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing!
I triumph, Lord, in Thee!
O Jesus! Friend unfalling!
How dear art Thou to me!

Selected.

"Our Father."

Although I cannot say "Our Father," as we shall be able to say it one blessed day, I will, nevertheless, like a little child, lisp it; if I can not believe it in all its fullness, I will not let it be an untruth and say "No" to it; I will daily endeavor to spell it, until I am able to repeat this word, "Our Father," after Christ; whether I do it well or not, be it stammering or stuttering.—*Luther.*

Where He is and as He is.

The good Samaritan, of whom the Gospel tells us, came to the man who had fallen among thieves—just where he was. He did not wait till the poor wounded man had helped himself. No. He took him just as he was and where he was and rescued him from death. So Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, comes to sinners in the Gospel just where they are, where sin puts man—far, far away from God. He ministers to them just as they are. He asks of none to do better, to feel better, to be better before He helps them. No. From the riches of His grace He ministers to them just as they are. They need life, for they are dead in sin, and He gives them eternal life: "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 eternal life," John 3, 14, 15. They need to be forgiven. Their sins are against them and they are verily guilty. He offers them a full, free forgiveness: "Through this Man (Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things," Acts 13, 38. They need their conscience and heart to be set at rest, for they are guilty, miserable and wounded. He heals them perfectly: "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed," Isa. 53, 5.

The drunkard, the thief, the lover of this world must not make themselves better before Christ will save them. No. They can never do it. The drunkard, and the thief, and every other sinner, must learn that he is a lost man—actually lost; that he has already done what certainly shuts him out from the presence of a holy God, and is now, as he is and where he is, under condemnation. He must learn that nothing that he can possibly do can at all deliver him from his awful position.

Precious soul, whoever you be, in this condition, nothing but what the Son of God has done for your deliverance can save you from sin and rescue you from eternal damnation. Jesus died for sinners; He therefore "receiveth sinners." "This is a faithful saying, and wor-

thy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. 1, 15. Everything which secures salvation for you is already done—yea, has been done since Jesus said, "It is finished," and died. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"His Love to Me."

To an invalid friend, who was trembling and doubting, a minister once said: "When I leave you I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and when there the first thing that I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down in her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with an unutterable tenderness.

"But the fact is she does not love me; or to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under a burden of crushing sorrow it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I were dead she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, although I am not rich in this world's possessions, there is not money enough in this world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? And am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it!" said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheek, "I see it clearly; it is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about; and I do love Him now as I never loved Him before."

From that time his peace was like a river. "We love Him because He first loved us."

God had one Son on earth, without sin, but never one without suffering.—*Augustine.*

Hans Egede.

This number of the PIONEER brings us the picture of Hans Egede. Who was Hans Egede? Let me tell you. Hans Egede was pastor of the Norwegian Lutheran Church in the village of Vaagen. He once read in an old book about a distant land which had been discovered by the Norwegians in the latter part of the tenth century, but with which there had been no communication since the middle of the fifteenth century. It was a land hemmed in by seas and bergs of ice. And there was no Gospel there! This moved the heart of the dear village pastor. He longed to bring the tidings of a loving Saviour to the poor people who lived in that distant land, but when he spoke to his dear wife about the matter she used every plea to keep him at home. After a few years, however, she plainly saw that it was God's will that her husband should go as missionary to Greenland. From that time on her heroic faith proved itself stronger than her woman's fears. "Oh, husband," she said, "since the Lord calls, I will no longer hold thee; but I will say, 'Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.'"

In the Spring of 1721 the ship that was to carry away the dear Lutheran pastor cast anchor in the bay. Sad indeed were those days of leave-taking. Groups of tearful men and women stood by the parsonage doors. Frequently had Elizabeth, the missionary's wife, to repeat, for her husband's encouragement, "Whoso loveth father or wife or children, friend or brother, more than Me, is not worthy of Me." The little procession at last came down from the village to the beach; and the pastor set his foot on the plank to embark. At that moment a sailor said to him: "May I make bold to ask whither you sail?" "To Greenland." "Then, in God's name, stay at home; cannibals live there. Sir, sir, do not give your wife and children a prey to those wild heathen." The pastor looked sad, and the people shouted, "Stay with us; it is God's will." But the pastor's wife stepped boldly forward on the plank, and laid her hand upon her husband's arm, and said, "Hans, be a man. If God is for us, who can be against us? Hearest thou not the prayers and sighs of the heathen in Greenland? Far, far over the sea they pierce into my ear, you know that the need there is great. Husband, in the name of God, we must go!" And they did go. The people, through their tears, saw them sailing to their appointed work.

Our space does not permit us to tell of all the trials and privations endured by the missionary's family in their home amid the dreary ice-plains and mountains of that cold country. They saw but little fruit of their hard mission work. The people avoided them; nor for seventeen years was there much of Christian life. A stolid race were those Greenlanders, and content with

their blubber they cared for no paradise without it. But the faithful Lutheran missionary, very often encouraged by his noble wife, toiled on and continued to sow the good seed of the Gospel, from which other missionaries were permitted afterwards to reap a rich harvest of souls for Christ.

In 1735 his dear wife left the land of snow for the beautiful gardens of the heavenly Paradise. His own health also began to give way. So he left his son Paul to continue the mission work in Greenland, whilst he took the remains of his "dear Elizabeth" and bore them over the sea and laid them in the Lutheran Church at Copenhagen. In this city he passed the remaining years of his life as the head of the college for training missionaries for his beloved Greenlanders. In the history of missions no



name shines brighter than the name of that faithful Lutheran missionary — Hans Egede, the apostle of Greenland.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Brief Report of our Colored Mission at Springfield, Ills.

This mission was begun by Prof. H. Wyneken of the faculty of the Concordia Theological Seminary at Springfield, and is still under his superintendency. The mission work at first seemed to prove of but little effect, but it only seemed thus; for the attendance at services has steadily increased, and the people under tuition show great earnestness and zeal in both hearing and learning the word of God; so that the best of hopes may rightfully be entertained. The school also is in a flourishing condition. — All this, of course, excites intense opposition on the part of the various sects represented in this locality, and has already led to several hotly contested disputes with their ministers, who were completely overcome in every instance, but still would not yield. Their general rejoinder and argument was, "How can that be,

that regeneration should be effected by the baptismal water!" Another, "How should it be possible that Christ's true body and true blood be given us in with and under the consecrated bread and wine in the Lord's Supper!" Another, "How can man be justified by faith alone?" Now when they are told we are to take the word of God just as He spoke it and had it recorded, and that we are not to doctor around it and "put" a meaning into the words of institution, nor any other, but simply to take that meaning, which is necessarily implied by the words, then they display their rationalism, saying, "Why, that's all right, but you see that's against all human reason and understanding; that surely can't be meant." The dear reader will see that there's many a struggle to be encountered, but we rejoicingly may say, "If God be with us, who can be against us!" Rom. 8, 31. Notwithstanding all this opposition and hindrance our mission at Springfield is steadily pushing forward.

The Christmas festival, celebrated on the eve of the 26th of December, created universal joy among all present. The services were conducted by Prof. Wyneken, who also catechised the children upon the biblical history pertaining to the birth of the Saviour in connection with the prophecies referring thereto. The children gave perfect satisfaction, answering loud and distinctly. After the services numerous gifts were distributed among the children, who gratefully received them; among the more valuable presents were Biblical Histories, The Church Year, dolls, beautiful cups, handkerchiefs, etc. It is unnecessary to make special mention of the sweet meats. — All went home joyfully and conscious of having spent the eve in a very pleasant and Christianlike manner.

May the Lord keep this mission in constant growth and pour upon it His bounteous blessings, so that His holy name may be glorified also among the colored people. —SSM—

Usefulness.

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. This man, Mr. Murray, reduced the sounds 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.—*The Examiner*.

A Noble Act of Heroism.

I remember a little incident that happened many years ago. When I was in Cornwall, in 1854, I visited the mine where the incident occurred. Carlyle refers to the story in one of the chapters of his "Life of Sterling." Two men were sinking a shaft. It was dangerous business, for it was necessary to blast the rock. It was their custom to cut the fuse with a sharp knife. One man then entered the bucket and made a signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended, the other man entered it, and with one hand on the signal rope and the other holding the fire, he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place.

One day they left the knife above, and rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire." Both men leaped into the bucket, and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time; only one could escape. One of the men leaped out, and said to the other, "Up wi' ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute." With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up, and the old man was saved. The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled body of the other miner; but the blast had loosened a mass of rock, and it lay diagonally across him; and with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching, he was unhurt. When asked why he urged his comrade to escape, he gave a reason that skeptics would laugh at. If there is any being on the face of the earth I pity, it is a skeptic. I would not be what is called a "skeptic" to-day for all the wealth of the world. But what did this hero say when asked, "Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?" In his quaint dialect he replied, "Because I knowed my soul was safe; for I've gie it in the hands of Him of whom it is said, that faithfulness is the 'girdle of His reins,' and I knowed that what I gied Him He'd never gie up. But t'other chap was an awful wicked lad, and I wanted to gie him another chance." All the infidelity in the world cannot produce such a signal act of heroism as that.—*T. C.*

A Little Slave-Girl.

In Travancore, a region of Southern India that is still ruled by its native prince, slavery in its very worst form continues.

The poor slaves work in the swamps where rice is grown, called paddy fields. Their life is one of direst suffering and hardship—half-starved and beaten by their owners, hated and despised by even the lowest and vilest of their neighbors.

But even on this dark region light has dawned, and devoted men have gone there to tell of a Father's love, a Saviour's death, a Holy Spirit's comfort, a rest and home for the weary and heavy laden. They preached in the

villages, in the fields, by the road-side; like their Great Master, they preached anywhere and everywhere, and many received the good news of great joy, and got pardon and peace, and new hearts and the blessed hope. But masters and overseers and the unconverted slaves joined in the fiercest persecution of the poor Christians, and death and torture was to many the messenger who came to conduct the weary, suffering child to the presence of his Saviour.

But the persecution did not, could not stop the spread of the Gospel. It was too precious, too different from all they had ever heard before, to be given up or hidden. Each one who received it spoke of it to others. Among these was a little slave-girl, thirteen years old, who was so earnest, so successful, too, in telling of the beloved Saviour who came into the world to save sinners by Himself bearing their sins by dying instead of them, that she was known by the name of the Child Apostle. Cruelly did she suffer for her faithfulness, but on and on she went, often winning by her perseverance those who had been her most cruel enemies.

The late Bishop of Madras, on his visitation tour, came to Travancore, and held a confirmation. Among others who were presented to him was this child, her face and neck and arms all disfigured and scarred by blows.

The Bishop's eyes filled with tears as he said, "My child, how could you bear this?"

She looked up in his face with simple surprise, and said, "Sir, don't you like to suffer for Christ?"

It was well this dear child did not put off her work for God, for the very next year cholera raged through the district, and she was one of the first whom it sent that she might see Him whom unseen she loved—"might enter into the joy of her Lord."—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

What a Little One may do.

There was once a little English girl, three years old, living in India. This little girl used to go out walking with an old Hindoo servant, and one day, as they passed a ruined heathen temple, the old man turned aside to make his "salaam," or bow, to the dumb idol.

"Saamy," asked the child, wondering, "what for you do that?"

"Oh, missy," said he, "that's my god."

"Your god?" cried the little girl, "your god, Saamy? Why, your god no can see; no can hear; no can walk; your god stone. My God see everything; my God make you, make me, make everything."

Not long after this, the little girl went away, and the old man, with tears in his eyes, promised to love her God. And so she taught him her prayers, and very soon he learned to read the Bible, and accepting his Saviour became a good Christian man. So you see even this little bit of a child could be God's messenger. She had the honor of leading a soul to Christ.

Praying better than Stealing.

Some poor families lived near a wood-wharf. In one of the cabins was a man who, when he was sober, took good care of his family; but the public house would get his earnings, and then they suffered. In consequence of a drunken frolic he fell sick. The cold crept into his cabin, and but one stick was left in the cellar.

One night he called his eldest boy, John, to the bedside and whispered something in his ear.

"Can't do it, father," said John.

"Can't! Why not?" said the father, angrily.

"Because I learned at Sunday-school, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered John.

"And did you not learn, 'Mind your parents,' too?"

"Yes, father," answered the boy.

"Well, then, mind you, do what I tell you."

The boy did not know how to argue with his father, for his father wanted him to go in the night and steal some sticks from the wood-wharf; so John said to his father, "I can pray to-night for some wood; it's better than stealing I know."

And when he crept up to the loft where his straw bed was, he did go to God in prayer. He prayed the Lord's Prayer, which his Sunday-school teacher had taught him, only putting in something about the wood, for he knew God would give wood as well as "daily bread."

The next noon, when he came home from school, what do you think he caught sight of the first thing after turning the corner? A load of wood before the door—his door. Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseer of the poor sent it; but he believed it was God, and so it was.—

Two Pennies.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white nightgown; for it was bedtime, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly, stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise, and when the little white robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant. "O, Yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed that prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Dear reader, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—DR. JOHN HALL is authority for the statement that four-fifths of the crimes committed in New York City, are perpetrated by Roman Catholics.

—IN a French paper on recent discoveries in Africa the following fact is recorded: "The inhabitants of Senaar make use of a regular method for taking monkeys alive. They place under a tree, well peopled with monkeys, a wooden pitcher full of a sort of beer, mixed with honey. The monkeys come down, take a long draught of the liquor, which completely intoxicates them. The monkey-catcher appears and carries off all those whom he finds lying on the ground." Are not men and women often caught in the same way in our country?

—BISHOP COXE, of Western New York, recently said in a public address, that he knew of a man in his diocese, who pays \$800 a season for an opera box, and puts only \$000.05 in the offerings-basket on Sundays, in the free church in which he attends. Another clergyman said: "He is not the only rich man who glories in a 'free gospel.' We know of one who subscribes a dollar a Sunday, but stops payment during his Winter excursions to the South, in which he spends thousands of dollars on himself and family. He is worth a round million. The Bishop said that such things make him sick at heart. They make the poor parsons sick and their children hungry."—And we say, writes the *Church Messenger*, that we know of one who spent ten or even twenty dollars for his Thanksgiving dinner and stayed away from church for fear of a collection for a school or Foreign Mission, and who spent double and triple that sum for useless Christmas presents and dainties for his table, whilst his pastor had to wait for his meagre salary, but had to look gratefully when greeted with a "Merry Christmas." Dives (Luke 16) was one of those substantial church members and he left behind him more than five brethren!

—THE manager of one of the most important newspapers in Tokyo had been told about Christianity by some of his friends, but avowed himself as unwilling to accept it. A short time ago he arranged to print a Christian book and in doing so was obliged to look over and correct the proof. He became interested in the contents, and he soon began to study it with great pleasure. So he was led on step by step to a belief in Christ, and a profession of the Christian faith.

—THE Norwegian Missionary Seamen's Society, at a late meeting resolved to establish a Lutheran Church for Norwegian sailors in Buenos Ayres, South America. A large number of vessels from Norway annually touch at this port.

—THERE is a Bible-woman at Canton, in China, who is receiving her support from 36 Chinese girls at San Francisco, rescued from houses of ill-fame by Christian friends.

—THE Lutheran congregation, Ebenezer, Georgia, has a communion cup, cast from gold and silver in 1741, which had been given by a youth in Germany, for the use of the Lutherans who had fled from Catholic persecution in Salzburg and settled at Ebenezer. This cup Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg brought to these people when he came to America.

—IT has been frequently announced that Japan is rapidly becoming a Christian nation, and there is evidently much truth in the cheering news. But the old heathen religion is determined not to die without a struggle. Every now and then we read of special exertions made in its behalf. Now we are informed that the great Buddhist temple at Kigota, which was burned about twenty years ago, is being built up again at a cost of three million dollars. The ropes which are used to draw up the rafters and joist are reported to be made entirely of women's hair, which has been given for this purpose by women ardently devoted to the heathen religion.

—PROFESSOR STEWART, of Liberia, is the authority for the statement that for every missionary that goes to Africa, 70,000 gallons of liquor are sent to that country.

—THE Gospel according to St. Mark is printed in raised characters for the numerous blind in China. Parts of the Holy Scriptures are printed for the blind in not less than 250 different languages.

—THE American Bible Society last year sold 41,000 Bibles and New Testaments to the Japanese. Two European societies sold 50,000 more last year and the demand for the best of books is growing rapidly.

—THE native Christians in Polynesia, whose fathers were heathen yet, collected \$1531 among themselves for the outfit of missionaries to the Papua tribes in New Guinea.

—BUDDHISM, the religion of China, writes a missionary, has no heaven for woman; woman is too impure; but she can be sent to hell. So all the women of China labor with might and main to lay up merits that they may prevail with the judges of the lower world to let them be born again as men, so that they may have a chance to get to heaven. Such is the darkness of heathenism.

—HERE are two questions which are starting in their directness and point, but which will be worth considering by all who are holding their money with an avaricious grip. They are the suggestions of a New York paper. "Mr. A— has just died worth \$10,000,000. When he meets God he will have two hard questions to answer, namely: First, how did you get that money? Secondly, what did you do with it?"

—THE London Missionary Society has a fleet of five vessels plying between mission stations. Three are in Polynesia and two in Africa. The money for their support is raised by young people.

Short Stops.

—A SHORT time ago, says a teacher, I was asked to give an address at a festival given to our school. Not being prepared with anything very suitable for the occasion, I tried to picture to the children, in a comic way, the dolefulness of my position, when suddenly I asked them this question, "What would you do were you compelled to stand on a platform before so many bright boys and girls, who expected a speech from you, and had nothing to say?" You may imagine my feelings when one small boy replied, "I'd keep quiet." The audience was convulsed with laughter, and I sat down.

—RUBENSTEIN, the great musician, says: "If I neglect practice a single day, I notice it; and if for two days, my friends notice it; and if for three days, the people notice it." If Christians would not fail to notice a single day's neglect to practice Christian principles, the Church and the world would not have so many grievous backslidings to record.

—IT is a touching story told of a poor Norwegian mother whose baby died in her arms on the train, that unable to speak, she pointed an American pastor, who was with her in the car, to the one word in the Lutheran Prayerbook which expressed volumes—"Jesus." Blessed is the faith in One who is touched with our sorrows and acquainted with our griefs.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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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.

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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 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.

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No. 3.

The Sin - Bearer.

Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done,
They bid my fear depart.

Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.

Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God.

Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness avails
Save that which is of Thee.

Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul;
In this I'll live and die.

Bonar.

It Is Finished.

These were the dying words of Jesus. Hanging on the cross, bleeding, dying, Jesus said, "IT IS FINISHED!"

What was finished? THE PUNISHMENT OF YOUR SIN WAS FINISHED.

Jesus bore our sins in His own body on the tree. 1 Peter 2, 24.

The Lord hath laid on Him—on Jesus—the iniquity of us all; and by His stripes we are healed. Isa. 53, 5.

What was finished? THE ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS WAS FINISHED.

Jesus had obeyed God's holy law perfectly in your place and had borne the curse of that law in your stead. He had thus made a wedding garment for you, pure and spotless. You have only to put it on—only to wear it. You have just to look to Jesus—just to trust in Him as your own precious Saviour.

All your righteousnesses are in God's sight like filthy rags; you cannot enter heaven in these. But the moment you trust in Jesus, God will cover your sinful soul with the spotless robe of "His righteousness, which is unto

all and upon all them that believe," Rom. 3, 22. And you can say with a happy heart, "He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness," Isa. 61, 10.

I want you to see very plainly how God saves you, not for anything that you can do, but for what Jesus has already done for you, and JESUS HAS DONE EVERYTHING. He said on the cross, "IT IS FINISHED." Let me make this very plain.

Suppose you have to do a piece of needlework. You put in one stitch, and another stitch—a great many stitches; and then you put in the last stitch. Can you do anything more to it? No; it is finished. And you cannot do anything to redeem your soul, because Jesus has done everything. His dying words were, "It is finished."

You have to do a long sum. You put down a great many figures—you put down the last figure. Would it be right to put down any more? No; it is finished.

You have to write a copy. You write one line, and another line, and another line, and presently you write the last line. Can you write more? No. Why not? Because the copy is finished.

When a thing is finished, you cannot do anything more to it; and yet, there are many trying to do something more to redeem their souls, though Jesus says, "It is finished."

Won't you believe the Saviour's dying words? FINISHED! Does not that mean that Jesus has done everything and that you have only got to trust in what He has done, and God will save you at once for Jesus' sake?

Suppose you owed some one a great deal of money—more than you could ever pay, and I came and paid it for you, would there be anything for you to pay?

You do owe God a great debt. You have broken all His commandments many times. There's a debt! Try hard as you will, you can never pay God this great debt. But Jesus has paid it for you, for He has in your place obeyed perfectly all God's commandments and has borne the punishment which you deserved.

Your debt is paid. IT IS FINISHED.

Meditation on the Sufferings of Christ.

Once more, O my soul! let thy meditations turn for a moment on the complicated cruelties and indignities to which the holy and spotless Lamb of God was exposed. He was wounded and scourged that thou mightest be healed. He was arrayed with scorn in the purple robe, that He might procure for thee the robe of righteousness and salvation. He was crowned with thorns, that thou mightest be crowned with honor and immortality. He stood speechless, that thou mightest have an all-prevailing plea. He endured torture, that thou mightest have a strong consolation. He thirsted, that thou mightest drink of the waters of life:—He bore the wrath of the Father, that thou mightest enjoy His favor. He was numbered with transgressors, that thou mightest be made equal with the angels. He died, that thou mightest live forever! Oh! then, let me often retire and meditate on this scene, and admire His immeasurable love, that I may learn to mourn for sin, and hate it, and rejoice in my obligations to such a Redeemer, until I am constrained to live no longer unto myself, but to Him who died for me, and rose again.

Selected.

His Atonement.

The death of Christ was the opening of the allcleansing fountain for sin and uncleanness. The Just died for the unjust; the Lord of glory was crucified for sinners; the Beloved Son was forsaken, and His offering accepted, that the returning prodigal might be welcomed to the Father's house, and abide eternally there. Thus justice is satisfied, holiness vindicated, divine wrath appeased, truth fulfilled, the law of God magnified, peace proclaimed, mercy flows out, the guilty are pardoned, and the lost saved; for "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

"THE SON of God was made human that we might be made divine."

The Reason Why.

Why did Christ, the glorious Son of God, become man in the midst of earth's misery? You say, "To save sinners."

He was made under the law and led a life of misery, of poverty and of want. He Himself said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." Why all this? You say, "To save sinners."

He went to a place called Gethsemane and "began to be sorrowful, and very heavy. Then saith He, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. And He went a little further, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Why did He bow His head in wondrous submission when torn by the pains of deadly agony in Gethsemane? You say, "It was to save sinners."

One of His disciples betrayed Him for thirty pieces of silver; another denied that he had ever known Him; and they all forsook Him and fled. Alone in His anguish He was seized and dragged to the bar of the high-priest, where, after a hurried trial, He was condemned to death, and spit upon and buffeted, and treated with shameful indignity. The next morning, early, He was taken into the presence of Pilate, the Roman governor, by whose command He in whom no fault was found, was scourged with the cruel whips of Roman soldiers, and was crowned with a crown of thorns. Why did He yield His body to be smitten with hand and rod, and torn with the lacerating scourge, and pierced with thorns? why? You say, "It was to save sinners."

The cross was laid upon His shoulders, and He was led away to be crucified. Behold the Sinless One on His way to Calvary! He walked with faint and weary step beneath His heavy burden, until unable to carry it longer. At length He was nailed to the fatal wood, between two thieves, and there suffered that great agony of soul which pressed from His lips that cry of abandoned woe, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And when all was finished, He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost. Why did He, the Sinless One, endure this agony, and suffering, and woe, and shameful death? why? You say, "It was to save sinners."

If the Lord Jesus Christ has passed through shades of darkest misery—through flames of greatest sufferings—and the black waters of death itself—if He has sighed, and wept, and prayed, and preached, and lived, and labored,

and suffered, and died to save sinners, even the chief, tell me, will He cast them out when they come to Him, when they come and say,

"Thy blood can make the foulest clean,
That blood avails for me"?

Will He say, "Depart, thou guilty sinner"? Will He say, "I will have nothing to do with you"? Nay, He will rather say, "Welcome, thou poor penitent, welcome to the cross; and thou returning sinner, welcome to thy Saviour and to life eternal."

And has not Christ Jesus commanded you to come, and entreated you to come, and promised "in no wise" to reject you; and do you think He who has done and suffered so much for you, will prove so false and cruel as to break His word and cast you out? In the Gospel He offers you forgiveness of sins and eternal salvation. Come to Him! He will not cast you out.



Christ's Agony in Gethsemane.

The Agony in the Garden.

Dr. Luther was once asked at table concerning the "bloody sweat" and the other deep spiritual sufferings which Christ endured in the garden (of Gethsemane). Then he said—"No man can know or conceive what that anguish must have been. If any man began even to experience such suffering, he must die. You know many do die of sickness of heart; for heart-anguish is indeed death. If a man could feel such anguish and distress as Christ felt, it would be impossible for him to endure it and for his soul to remain in his body. Soul and body would part. To Christ alone was this agony possible, and it wrung from Him 'sweat which was as great drops of blood'."

Repeating the same Words.

In a certain house belonging to a rich family, there was never any blessing asked at table, and when once the clergyman of the place was

invited to dinner, he begged that grace should be said, not only that time, but also in the future. This request caused some embarrassment, and a long silence, which the master of the house broke at length with the remark that the daily prayer at mealtime was only a matter of custom, and that the repetition of the same words year after year, must necessarily become monotonous and meaningless.

The seven-year old grandchild kissed his hand and said: "Dear grandpa, must I not come any more to you every morning and say, 'Good morning, grandpa,' or at evening, 'Good night, grandpa?'"

Another silence ensued, which the clergyman interrupted, looking at the child with great delight, reminding all of the words of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings."

Just Three Things.

"I once met a thoughtful scholar," says Bishop Whipple, "who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things. *First*, I am a man. I am going somewhere. Tonight I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone-blind. *Second*, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream. *Third*, I have three motherless daughters (and he said with tears in his eyes), they have no protector but myself; I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all the teachings of the Gospel."

A Great Wonder.

Once when the great missionary Henry Martyn was telling a boy in Persia about the high-priest who struck Jesus on the face with his hand, the boy asked: "And, sir, did not his hand dry up at once?" The boy thought it could not be possible for one to sin so greatly against the Lord and not be punished at once.

It is surely a great wonder that God has not stricken us all down long before this, because of our many sins against Him. But this only shows how great is His love and pity and patience. But it does not prove that He will never punish us if we go on in our sins. If we reject the Saviour, punishment will surely follow sin.

A Hero of Duty.

In the north of Holland, over an extent of three leagues, the country is not protected from the incursions of the sea by any natural barrier. Some two hundred years ago the Dutch undertook the gigantic task of erecting enormous dykes of granite blocks and clay to resist the force of their terrible invader. Behind this shelter numerous villages arose, which flourish to the present day. Alkmond in particular, which numbers 10,000 inhabitants, is built a little below the dyke, which is kept in constant repair by two hundred workmen, under the direction of an engineer.

One afternoon in November, about a century ago, a furious wind was blowing from the northwest, increasing every moment. The engineer in charge was a young man, engaged to be married, whose friends and family lived in Amsterdam. He was to go to Amsterdam that very evening to join in a great festival, long looked forward to and eagerly desired. His preparations were all made and he was in high spirits, just ready to set out. Suddenly the sound of the rising wind struck upon his ear, and he remembered with a pang of anxiety that it was the time of the high tides. He thought of his dyke and of all that depended on it. It would be a dreadful disappointment not to go. But the dyke! His friends would be all expecting him, watching for him. What would they think? But the dyke! There was a fierce conflict between inclination and duty.

It is six o'clock. The sea is rising. But at seven he must set out for Amsterdam. Shall he go? His heart says Yes; duty says No. Again he looks at the sea, watches the rising storm, and decides to remain at his post.

He then runs to the dyke. It is a scene of the utmost confusion. His two hundred men are aghast, bewildered. The storm has become a hurricane. The supply of tow and mortar is exhausted. They are at their wits' end to know how to repair the breaches—how to defend the place against the terrible enemy who is every moment gaining upon them. But as soon as the young engineer appears a joyous cry bursts from every breast, "Here is the master! God be praised! Now all will be well!"

The master places each workman at his post and a desperate battle begins between man and the furious ocean. About half-past eleven there is a cry from the centre—

"Help! help!"

"What is the matter?"

"Four stones carried away at a blow!"

"Where is that?"

"Here to the left."

The master does not lose a moment. He fastens a rope round his body: four workmen do the same; and forty arms seize the ropes, while the five brave fellows throw themselves into the waves to repair the damage. The mad waves struggle with them, dash them about, blind them. No matter; they do their duty, and then they are hauled on land again.

But the cry, "Help! help!" soon rises from all parts.

"Stones!" cries one.

"There are no more."

"Mortar!"

"There is no more."

"Take off your clothes!" cries the master, tearing off his own; "stop the holes with them!" What will not men do for a noble leader in a great cause? Cheerfully, without a murmur, straining every nerve, the gallant two hundred toil on, half naked, exposed to all the fury of a November tempest.

It wants a quarter to midnight. A few inches more and the sea will have burst over the dyke and spread furiously over the defenceless country. To-morrow there will not be a living soul in all those flourishing villages. The clothes are all used up; but the danger increases; the tide will rise till midnight.

"Now, my men," said the clear, thrilling voice of the master, "we can do nothing more. On our knees, all of you, and let us each cry mightily to God for help."

And there, in the midnight darkness, on the dyke, which shook and trembled beneath the fury of the tempest, the brave two hundred knelt, lifting their hands and their hearts to Him who can say to the winds and the waves, "Peace; be still." And as upon the Sea of Galilee, so now He heard His children's cry and delivered them in their distress.

Meanwhile the people of Alkmond ate and drank and sang, little thinking that there were but a few inches of mason-work between them and death! Thousands of lives had been saved because one christian man had done his duty.

British Messenger.

True Church Devotion.

A pious Swedish girl left her Christian Lutheran home in Sweden and came to America and found employment in Bethlehem, Pa. In writing to her parents, informing them of her new place of residence she did not forget to mention that she is attending the services of her own dear Lutheran Church in this distant land and among strangers, where she is rapidly learning the English language, and already uniting in the Church service conducted in the tongue.

In her parents' reply to this letter, they stated that when they read that their daughter, far away from home, was still able to attend the Lutheran Church, they both had to weep tears of joy and thankfulness for this inestimable favor of Providence in leading their child to a place where she could worship God in the way in which they themselves worshiped Him. May this sincere and beautiful Church devotion on the part of the Swedish girl and her pious parents serve as an example to the many indifferent Lutherans who were born and reared in this country and who so easily forget and neglect their own Church.

Church Messenger.

How He Found God.

More than a hundred years have passed since a young lad in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself far from God, was to find God by strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his mother and others, he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian.

In the good providence of God, however, it happened to his good mother to be on a visit to Ireland, and on the Lord's day they went to a place where an earnest pastor was to preach. This man was that day very earnest in his sermon; he put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels. Every time the preacher repeated the question the young man said in his own heart, "No, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God. And at the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. But when the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn. It begins:

"Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sang the hymn with their whole heart. And what the sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. It was the voice of God calling him through the hundreds of voices that day praising God. His pride, his hardness of heart, everything that stood in his way to God gave way. And that day the son who was in the far land found God, and gave himself to be a loyal soldier for God for evermore. And he lived himself to be an honored preacher of the gospel, and the writer of a hymn that has opened a way to God in thousands of hearts. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Selected.

Quite True.

When Chrysostom was brought up before the emperor, the potentate thought to frighten him into obedience to him, and said, "I'll banish you." "No, you can't," said Chrysostom, "for you can't banish me from Christ."

"Then I'll take your life," cried the irate monarch.

"You can't," was the reply, "for in Christ I live and have my being."

"Then I'll confiscate your wealth."

"You can't," was still the response, "for in Christ I have all riches."

"At least," the tyrant said, "I shall cause you to lose all your friends, and you will be virtually an outcast."

"But you can not," Chrysostom exultantly replied, "for I have a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Is it not sweet when to our own souls, as He was to His servant Chrysostom, Christ is "all and in all?"

Selected.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—MISS SARDOU, scarcely in her teens, the daughter of the great French playwright, has so seriously questioned her father as to why he will not permit her to go to the theater to see his plays, that he promised to write one she might witness. It is now finished, and is called "Le Crocodile." Can anything be more strongly indicative of the true tendency of modern plays than this? The father unwilling to risk the purity of his daughter by allowing her to witness the production of his own plays!

—ROSSEAU, an infidel philosopher and an atheist, declared himself convinced that theaters, and such like places of amusement, were in every instance schools of vice. Alas! that that which even by unbelievers is declared to be a school of sin, and is placed under the ban, should be encouraged and patronized by those who call themselves Christians.

—IN view of the deplorable fact that so many vessels are lost on account of the drunkenness of the sailors, four nations bordering on the North Sea have joined hands to inflict the heaviest punishment upon all who sell intoxicants to sailors.

—AT the conclusion of an historical article by Rev. Schmucker, D. D., in the February issue of Stall's Year-Book and Historical Quarterly is given the following summary: "There are in Philadelphia 3 Swedish, 15 German, and 17 English congregations, which have been established and maintained by the Lutheran Church. Of these one was organized before 1700; three between 1700 and 1800; two between 1800 and 1829; four between 1830 and 1849; five between 1850 and 1859; seven between 1860 and 1869; seven between 1870 and 1879; and six since 1880, besides several missions not yet organized as congregations. These congregations number 11,245 members and 11,203 scholars in the Sunday schools—English, 4,809 members, 5,293 scholars; German, 6,229 members, and 5,880 scholars; Swedish 207 members and 30 scholars."

—THERE is a Lutheran church in Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, organized by German Lutheran mechanics, doing business there. It supports a parochial school of 200 scholars.

—A CERTAIN American planter had a favorite colored domestic, who always stood opposite to him when waiting at table. His master often took the name of God in vain, when the colored man made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did so, he replied, "that he never heard that *great name* mentioned but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe."

—MISSIONS IN CHINA.—Between nine and ten years ago, there was a census of the missionaries and members of evangelical churches in China. Last year a similar census was taken. The results of this inquiry show: 1. Missionaries. In 1877, there were, men, 238; women, 265, total, 473. At present there are, men, 432; women, 460; total, 892. 2. Converts. In the year 1877 these numbered 13,515; the

present number is given at more than twice as many as there were ten years ago.

—A SELF-CONCEITED INFIDEL once said to an old Christian, "If I had a son who was an idiot, I'd make him a pastor." "Very probably," replied the Christian, "but I see your father was of a different opinion."

—THE *Examiner* says: "A Brother, in giving an account recently of the decline of a church in his town, said it had died of 'foot-and-mouth disease'—that being the name of a very troublesome disorder, which sometimes plays havoc among herds of cattle. Being asked what he meant, he explained that the members had spent their time 'running around and talking about one another.' That is a sad disorder to break out in a 'flock of God,' whether the talk be about fellow-members, or directed, as is too often the case, against the pastor. A very few members afflicted with this kind of 'foot-and-mouth disease' can soon spread the infection throughout the whole body, causing endless trouble to the church, and unsettling, it may be, a pastoral relation until then useful and satisfactory. Diseases of this kind among cattle are generally treated by the heroic method of 'stamping out.'

—A COLORED clergyman in a southern town prayed the other day that the indelicate might be made delicate, the intemperate temperate, and the industrious dustrious.

—I WILL tell you a good proverb—I wish you would always remember it—"God has given us eyelids as well as eyes." Do you understand it? What are eyelids for? *Not to see.* Your eyes are to see with. Your eyelids are *not to see.* Remember there are a great many things in life—bad things—and God has given us eyelids that we may not see them, as well as eyes to look at the good things. Use your eyelids. Do not see bad things.

—WHEN the late Dr. Dashiell was preaching on one occasion at his old home an old colored man who had taken care of him when he was a child was delighted with the sermon. At the close of the service he shook the Doctor warmly by the hand, and said: "Larry, you's a good preacher; you's a good preacher. I tell you, you's a soundin' brass and a tinklin' cymbal." Of the same sort was the colored woman's compliment to the cultured Bishop Galloway. She said: "Brother Galloway always do preach a powerful 'good tex.'"

Mr. Spurgeon on the Theaters.

"Are there not many persons who find in the theater precisely that kind of recreation and rest which is most useful for the discharge of their daily work?"

"It may be," said Mr. Spurgeon, "but I don't know any of them. You see, I live in a world apart from all these things, and so do my people. We argue this way: Granting it perfectly safe and profitable for myself to go to the theater; if I go, a great number of those will go to whom it will do positive harm. I will

not be responsible for alluring by my example into temptation, which, but for my self-indulgence, they would entirely escape."

"I will give you an instance of how this works out. When I go to Monaco, the grounds of the gambling-hell there are the most beautiful in the world. I never go near them; and why? Not because there is any danger of my passing through the gardens to the gambling-tables. No! But a friend of mine once related the following incident to me: One day Mr. Blanc met me and asked me how it was I never entered his grounds. 'Well, you see,' I said, 'I never play, and as I met no returns whatever to you, I hardly feel justified in availing myself of the advantage of your grounds.' 'You make a great mistake,' said Mr. Blanc. 'If it was not for you and other respectable persons like yourself who come to my grounds I should lose many of the customers who attend my gambling-saloons. Do not imagine that because you do not play yourself that you do not by your presence in my grounds contribute very materially to my revenue. Numbers of persons who would not have thought of entering my establishment, feel themselves perfectly safe in following you into my gardens, and thence to the gambling-table the transition is easy.' After I heard that," continued Mr. Spurgeon, "I never went near the gardens. And the same argument applies to the theaters."

Pall Mall Gazette.

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. BARKER, 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. BURDORF, 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.

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No. 4.

"He Liveth."

"I know that my Redeemer lives!"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.

He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives, all blessings to impart.

He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
O heavenly joy this sentence gives:
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

S. Medley.

Glad Easter Tidings.

The Easter tidings are indeed glad tidings. Christ is risen! What gladder tidings were ever made known to men?

That was a blessed message brought by the angel at the Saviour's birth, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." But what would this message that "Christ is born" signify if it could not be said of the same Christ, "He is risen"? If we had no Easter we could have no Christmas. If we had no Easter we could have no Gospel. St. Paul says, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." But the Easter tidings tell us that Christ is risen, and the resurrection of Christ is the seal which God has set to the truth of the Gospel.

Hear the glad tidings! Christ is risen! His resurrection proves Him to be the Son of God.

He Himself said, "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself: I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." The grave could not keep the Lord of life. The Lord is risen! He is risen, indeed! Christ conquered death and came forth triumphantly from the grave, thereby proving Himself to be the Son of God. St. Paul therefore says of Jesus that He was "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead," Rom. 1, 4.

Hear the glad tidings! Christ is risen! Therefore the atonement for sin is complete. The work of our redemption is finished. St. Paul says, "He was delivered for our offenses, and raised again for our justification." As our Surety He bore the pains and sorrows recorded in His life—a life saddened with the burden of our sins; as our Surety He hung upon the tree and became a curse for us, and as our Surety He bowed His head before the fell enemy of mortals, and died. But when He rose from the grave the perfection and completeness of His work is seen. The debt was paid and justice was seen to be satisfied when our Substitute broke the bands of death and triumphed over the grave. He is our Substitute, and therefore His victory is our victory, His triumph is our triumph. All sinners that accept this finished work of redemption by true faith may now cry out triumphantly, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again." Rom. 8, 33, 34.

Hear the glad tidings! Christ is risen! Therefore the believer need not fear death and the grave. In the light of Easter morning the Christian recognizes that death is no longer a punishment, because Christ has paid the penalty, and we stand in Him. To us death comes as the gentle friend, taking us to better scenes, to higher joys. To this the dying saints of all ages have borne testimony. Having found that to live is Christ, they have proved that to die is gain, and have met the king of terrors without fear. Christ is risen! Therefore we shall also rise from the grave. For He rose as the

first fruits of our resurrection. He lives, and He gives the blessed assurance, "Because I live ye shall live also." Thus forever has death been robbed of its sting, and the grave of its victory.

Blessed Easter tidings! No wonder that they sent a thrill of joy to the hearts of the disciples, and that that joy filled the hearts of millions who heard and believed the Easter tidings in all the ages since. May the glad Easter tidings fill our hearts also with Easter joy!

What is Faith.

A poor wild Irish boy, taught in a mission-school in Ireland, was asked what was meant by saying faith. He replied, "Grasping Christ with the heart."

A young Portuguese convert, being asked what she meant by faith, replied: "Me think this: God say to me, 'Maria, I promise you something very, very good.' Me not know what it is; me wait perhaps long, long time; but me sure God tell not story. Me quite happy. God say He give, and me quite sure God will give; that me think faith. God says, 'Maria, Me do it;' me quite sure; no want to see. God says, and that enough for Maria. That's faith, is it not?"

"Without faith it is impossible to please God."

Precious Saviour.

He is very happy who is able to set his Saviour above all. To every Christian He should be the "precious" one, the one "altogether lovely." The trouble often is, that fixing our minds devotedly on earthly objects, we forget Jesus and the supreme love with which we ought to regard Him. And when, in any case, we permit ourselves to make Him subordinate to another interest, we are dishonoring Him and robbing ourselves.

THE difficulty in the way of believing the resurrection of Jesus is not found in the head, but in the state of the heart as deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, as in itself enmity against God.

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 the 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 (means of communicating) 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 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."

Workman.

Scandinavian Honesty.

The traveler in Lutheran Sweden and Norway sees many customs which indicate that the people are unusually courteous and honest. At the railway dining stations a large table is set in the centre of a spacious room. Upon it are displayed a variety of tempting dishes and piles of warm plates, with knives, forks and napkins.

The passengers enter without confusion, walk around the central table, select what dishes they like best, and then seat themselves at little marble tables scattered in the room. Every person, remembering that his neighbor may

fancy the dish of which he partakes, helps himself with moderation. For the dinner a fixed sum is charged, about thirty-nine cents; but wine, beer and coffee being *extras*, the guest tells how much of each he has drunk. His word is taken without question, as no one watches him.

On board the steamboats three meals a day are served, which, however, are not included in the price of the passage. After each meal the passenger who has partaken writes his name in a large book, and records under it what he has eaten or drank.

When he is ready to go ashore, he calls one of the waiters—a girl—who puts the price against every item, adds up the amount, and puts the sum she receives into her pocket. When the money becomes too heavy, she gives it, without counting, to the stewardess.

All is left to the honesty of the people. Instead of this confidence begetting laxity, it makes every one careful to pay to the uttermost penny. His honor is at stake; therefore he feels obliged to be very particular.

Mr. Du Chaillu tells of a servant-girl who brought him a gold locket, which he had dropped on the kitchen floor the previous evening, while displaying his curiosities.

"Why did you not keep it?" he asked, playfully.

"How, then," she answered, "could I ever walk erect and look people in the face?"

He once had hard work to make a man accept a small sum of money which he had earned. The honest fellow had traveled on snow-shoes in the soft snow for an hour to restore to Mr. Du Chaillu his gold watch and chain, which he had left under his pillow at the house where he slept the evening before. Only by showing him that he was paid for his loss of time, and not for returning what did not belong to him, could he be persuaded to accept the money.

Such traits as these cause us to look with pleasure upon the statistics which tell that hundreds of these honest, courteous Lutheran people leave their native land to become dwellers in the United States.

Walk with God.

If we are to walk with God, we must go nowhere that Christ will not go. Oh, how many venture beyond the territory in which they ought to walk, and they wonder why they have not the enjoyments of religion? They go where Jesus will not go. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly;" Christ is not there. "Nor standeth in the way of sinners;" Christ is not there. "Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful;" Christ is not there. If you would walk with Christ, keep out of all evil company, of all evil associations; keep from all evil places—from every place where you cannot go in the Spirit of Christ.

Death's Master.

A Christian woman was lately dying of internal cancer. She was attended by a Roman Catholic nurse, who was very much astonished at the calm patience and peace of the poor sufferer. A friend called to see her one day. The door was opened by the nurse.

"How is Mrs.—to-day?" inquired the friend.

"She is very ill, sir," was the reply. The nurse then gave the following details: "Last night she was seized with violent pain and I thought she was dying. I said to her:

"You are dying; shall I send for the priest?"

"Oh, no," she said, "I don't want your priest. I know my Bible and I am ready to die at any moment."

"But," I said, "are you not afraid to die?"

"No, indeed, not a bit," she replied.

"Tell me why you are not afraid to die," I said.

"Because," she replied, joyously, "I belong to death's Master. I am a poor sinner saved by grace."

Dear Christian woman! She had peace in the face of death. Christ is death's Master, and in Him she believed. He won His mastery over death by the mightiest conflict earth has known. He has come down from heaven and yielded to the pain of death. He bowed His head dying upon the cross and was laid helpless in the gloomy tomb. But on the third day He, the Master of death, rose from the grave. He liveth, He liveth, though He was dead. He had power to lay down His life and power to take it again, and to-day He bears the keys of hell and of death.

And though death robs us of the nearest, and dearest, and the fairest, and lays them into the grave, yet he is only hiding God's jewels until the Lord shall gather them up as gems for His crown.

Dear reader, do you know death's Master? Are you acquainted with His grace, and power, and love? Do you know the risen Saviour? Are you trusting in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life? Are you looking for Him to come and rend the tomb, and bring His people home to life, and joy, and glory everlasting? Are you standing in Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and who says, "Because I live ye shall live also"?

Yea, He lives for evermore
On the fair, eternal shore;
And His faithful ones who sleep,
He with tenderest care will keep
Till the last great morn shall break,
And His loved ones shall awake:
With the hope this word imparts,
Comfort one another's hearts.

FROM the Bible we learn that every doctrine, every duty, and every hope, are so intimately blended with the fact of Christ's resurrection, that the denial of the latter leads to the instant and total annihilation of the former.

Easter Talk with old Uncle Brown.

John Brown, the saddler, was known in his village as a trustworthy workman, who took an honest pride in doing what he had to do well. But John was in trouble about his soul; he was not satisfied about himself; he feared death, and, for the unsaved, that awful after death—"the judgment." Yet old Uncle Brown professed to believe in Jesus. Yet he was doubting and longed for peace.

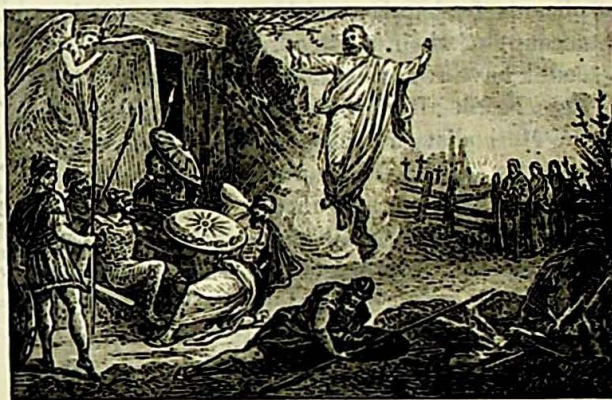
One Saturday evening—it was the evening before Easter day—a friend of the saddler, who knew his anxiety of soul, called in upon him. The week's work was just over, the last stroke had been given to the piece in hand, and John was putting down his tools, exclaiming, "That job's done," and as he set his harness upon the table, his friend saw that he looked at it with the satisfaction of one whose hard week's labor has ended.

Looking at the work, and then at the work-

"Yes," he continued, "you believe Him, and yet doubt His work. He said upon the cross 'It is finished.' He came from heaven to finish the work which His father gave Him to do. He came to work our salvation; neither did He rest till all was done. To-morrow, dear John, is Easter day. It tells us that Christ is risen. By raising Christ from the dead the Father said, 'The work is done.' I did not really doubt you when you said your work was done; your folded hands proved to me at once that your week's labor was over. And a pleasant thing it is, on a Saturday night, to sit down and say, It is all done; to-morrow I can rest! But strange it is that you, who speak so confidently upon your work being done, cannot trust the Son of God. To-morrow is Easter day, dear John. The Lord is risen, He is risen indeed! The work of our redemption is done, perfectly done. The Father in heaven is perfectly satisfied with that work of His Son. He accepted that work as perfectly done and finished by raising Christ from the dead. Now, why are not you satisfied, John?"

Old uncle looked at his friend in silence for a while and then cried out, "I am satisfied, I am satisfied!"

The simple illustration was used by God to give peace to old uncle's soul. May it bring peace to you also, dear reader. Instead of toiling, striving, laboring, day by day, may you rest in the finished work of Christ.



CHRIST IS RISEN.

man, his friend exclaimed, "Why, John, how is this? What, you fold your hands, and sit down! Do you mean to call this harness finished?"

"Sir," cried the saddler, with some little indignation, "when I say a job is done, it is done. It means done, and well and properly done, too."

"How so, John?" said the friend in a questioning tone; "what! you call it finished, do you?"

"To be sure I do—I am not one of the scamping sort—and it is finished," John warmly replied, viewing his work with greater satisfaction.

"Then I am to believe you, am I?" was the question, and again put in a doubting tone.

Now, old uncle Brown would never allow anybody to question his word, and he was not at all pleased with the way his friend talked. He considered his word true and honest, and his work the very best he could give his customers.

Observing his feeling his friend continued, "Ah, John, so I am to believe you, am I? and yet you won't believe the Lord Jesus?"

Here uncle Brown was perplexed. What was his friend driving at?

Just as I Am.

Some time ago, a poor little boy came to a city missionary, and holding up a dirty and worn out bit of printed paper, said, "Please sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come."

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died; and she used to sing it all the time while she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a falling leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, to find in it, we may hope, the gospel of her salvation.

It won't take an anxious sinner long to meet an anxious Saviour.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE REV. H. C. SCHWAN, President of the Missouri Synod, who lately had occasion to visit the chapels and schools of our Colored Mission in New Orleans, reports them to be in a flourishing condition. A new chapel is being built, so that in the near future we shall have four Lutheran chapels and schools for the colored people of that great city. The schools are overcrowded, each having about 100 scholars on its roll. Many apply in vain for admittance, there being no more room. The applications for admittance are so numerous that it would be easy to fill four or five more schools with colored children anxious to receive an education in a Lutheran mission-school. May God continue His blessing and move the hearts of many Christians to help us in this important mission-work.

—THE Statistical Year-Book of the Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States for the year 1887, issued by Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo., has been received. An Eastern paper well calls it "a marvel of compact information." "It easily surpasses anything yet published in the way of accurate and full statistics of this section of the Church, and it ought to be on the table of every Lutheran pastor who wishes to keep posted on the growth of his church." Here are a bundle of statistics taken from the Year-Book: The Missouri Synod has 984 ministers and 620 parochial school teachers, who respectively have the care of 459,376 baptized members and teach 71,504 children. There is a total of 1424 churches and 544 preaching places with 266,000 communicant members; however, only 678 of these churches are officially connected with the Synod, though served by pastors of the Synod. Last year the baptisms numbered 33,391, and those admitted to communion by confirmation were 13,724. The twelve districts of the Synod contributed offerings for education, orphans and widows, Synodical treasury and missions amounting to \$107,463.71, of which \$32,589.62 was devoted to the Home Missions. The enormous business of the Publishing House of the Missouri Synod, which employs 59 hands, can be guessed at from the fact that it printed and sold 34,500 hymn books, 13,600 Bible histories, 50,000 readers, 26,000 arithmetics and 154,000 copy books. This Report for 1887 also contains lists of institutions, papers, Synodical officers and other interesting information that shows how well equipped is this great Synod to do a vast work for German Lutheranism in the Western States.

—THE fifteen Lutheran parochial schools of Milwaukee are attended by 4536 pupils, and have fifty-four teachers. One of the schools (Martini) numbers 540 pupils; Immanuel's has 489 scholars and five teachers; Trinity 471 scholars and six teachers, Zion's 400 scholars and four teachers.

—THE Lutheran congregation at Terre Haute, Ind., was recently presented by an un-

known donor with a beautiful altar piece, representing the incident described Matth. 14, 30. 31. The painting was executed by Prof. Schoenherr, of Dresden.

—THE following dispatch makes known a strange revelation in regard to the churches in the State of Maine. The dispatch says: "The *Journal* finds, as the result of an elaborate investigation, that one third the churches in Maine are closed on account of lack of support, and that one half the people of the State are non-church-goers. The returns from the canvass show that out of 1362 churches in the State 417 are vacant. The reasons given by many non-church-goers are printed by the *Journal*. Out of the vast collection of excuses it is found that spite and personal differences are the foundation for much of the absenteeism. Some said that they had no time to go to church, others needed better clothes; some said there was too much formality, others thought there was not formality enough."

—ONE of our faithful Lutheran missionaries in South Africa recently wrote: "The last applicants for baptism could not be received on account of their want of due preparation. I could have received them, if I chose to admit those people after the fashion of other preachers, the Methodists, for instance. A young woman recently applied for membership and presented a certificate from a Methodist missionary in the Transvaal. She had been baptized three years ago and had partaken of the Holy Communion several times. She expected to unite with us during the Advent season. It is my custom to rehearse the fifth part of our Catechism with all communicants on the day before Communion Sunday. I did not expect the woman to know the fourth and fifth parts by heart, but I hoped she would be able to recite the three first parts without Luther's explanation. But I was not prepared to see that she did not even know one of the Ten Commandments, and of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer she did not know a particle. She was not able to answer the simplest question relative to the Order of Salvation! Surely it is nothing but a dangerous delusion to sing and to say, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and not to know who Jesus is and why the soul is in need of Him. But such woeful ignorance is not only met with on the Dark Continent; we have only too much of it in this "great Christian land," and here among those who like to talk about the "cold formalism" of the Lutheran Church.—*Church Messenger*.

—A PASTOR for twenty-five years states he has not in that time collected \$25 for home missions from men who are opposed to foreign missions.

—THERE is a Lutheran church in Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, organized by German Lutheran mechanics, doing business there. It supports a parochial school of 200 scholars.

—A NEW YORK paper well says: People will not become interested in missions unless they know something about them, and they cannot be expected to give liberally unless their

interest is awakened. The cheapest and most effective agency for obtaining contributions for this cause is *missionary information*.

—THE pope is surely fond of the princely glories of this vain world. "I rely," said he to the Austrian Catholic pilgrims, "on the influence of all Catholic people to solve the present insupportable position, and to enable me to regain the temporal power which is essential to the Church." Poor man! How different his views from those of Christ, "Whose kingdom was not of this world."

—THE native Christians in Southern India, mostly very poor people themselves, on hearing of the distress among some Christians in far off Africa, sent \$400 to the Society for the relief of their suffering brethren.

BOOK-TABLE.

EINS IST NOTH. Worte freundlicher Erinnerung an unsere confirmirte weibliche Jugend. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo., Price: single copy 15 cts.; per dozen \$1.40.

This is a dainty little volume written for the confirmed girls of our churches. In plain and loving words it points them to faith in the Saviour as the one thing needful and also tells them how to keep in the way of faith and holiness in the midst of the many temptations of this sinful world.

LUTHERAN TRACT No. 2. The doctrine of Justification.

This Lutheran tract of ten pages is published by our Committee for English Home Mission. It presents in a plain conversation between two men the Bible truth in regard to the important doctrine of the sinner's justification and deserves a wide circulation. 2 copies 5 cts.; per dozen 20 cts. Address F. Dette, 710 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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No. 5.

"Yet There is Room."

Yet there is room! room in His house to fill,
Though countless hosts appear;
See, at His table vacant places still,
Oh! waiting guests, draw near!
Forsake your vain and fading pleasures,
And take His offered, boundless treasures,
Yet there is room!

Yet there is room! The many ransomed there
Suffice not for His love;
He longs that every one His grace would share,
His saving mercy prove;
For still He stands with sinners pleading,
His voice in heaven still interceding,
Yet there is room!

Yet there is room! Oh sinner, pause again,
Think of this call once more;
Or is your heart so closed, that Christ in vain
Stands knocking at the door?
All His long-offered love discarded,
Himself a stranger disregarded,
Who finds no room?

Yet there is room! Oh sinner, hear it still,
And then the words repeat,
Come, feeble, weak, despairing if you will,
Come to the Saviour's feet.
Say, "Jesus, give! in full surrender,
I come my worthless heart to tender—
An empty room."

Yet there is room! When earth can give no more
A dwelling to her guest
Thank God! the Christian sees a brighter shore,
A home of endless rest.
It is enough, when death is nearing,
This blest assurance to be hearing,
Yet there is room!

Yet there is room! a heavenly dwelling-place,
How infinitely wide!
There rests the soul, beholding Jesus' face,
And it is satisfied.
The flock who follow Him through sadness,
Are gathering there in holy gladness,
Yet there is room!

Selected.

The Work of the Holy Ghost.

Christ finished the work of our redemption. He took our place under the law and suffered and died in our stead. Thus salvation from sin and from eternal death was secured for all men. But this salvation must be brought to us and must be taken by us as our own if we are to

enjoy its benefits. A treasure of which you know nothing and which does not become your own personal possession will do you no good. The treasure of salvation which Christ procured for you, must become your own. It is brought to you in the Gospel and is taken by faith. This, however, is not done by any power of man; for man is "dead in trespasses and sin." It is the work of the Holy Ghost. No man can have a saving knowledge of Jesus as the Saviour and Lord over all, unless the Holy Ghost work this knowledge in him. The Bible says, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost," 1 Cor. 12, 3. In our Catechism we therefore confess: "I believe that I cannot by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ, my Lord, or come to Him; but the Holy Ghost has called me by the Gospel, enlightened me with His gifts, sanctified and kept me in the true faith." And in the Larger Catechism Dr. Luther says: "Neither you, nor I could ever know anything of Christ, nor believe in Him and have Him for our Lord, except as it is offered to us and granted to our hearts by the Holy Ghost through the preaching of the Gospel. The work is finished and accomplished; for Christ, by His suffering, death, resurrection, etc., has acquired and gained the treasure for us. But if the work remain concealed, so that no one knew of it, then it were in vain and lost. That this treasure, therefore, might not lie buried, but be taken and enjoyed, God has caused the Word to go forth and be proclaimed, in which He gives the Holy Ghost to bring this treasure home and apply it unto us."

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

The Infidel and the Farmer.

The following occurrence was related in a religious gathering in New York City:

Joseph Barker, an atheist, who for years had been traveling through villages and cities to spread his poisonous doctrines, one day stopped in a little village where, in his usual vehement manner, he was attacking the Word and Christianity. Among other things he said: "If a God really existed, do you not think that He would concern Himself about me, since I have made it the object of my life to oppose Him and His Word. Look at me for a moment; behold my strength, always in good spirits, always ready to raise laughter and mirth, and as jolly a fellow as any one of you! Think you not, if a God really existed, He would in some way show His disapprobation of my actions, and put a stop to my work?"

Scarcely had these words been uttered when a farmer, who was present, arose and spoke as follows:

"I have a little dog at home that barks at everything he sees; even the moon, when it ascends the clear blue skies, does he salute with his continual barking. And the moon continues to shine without taking any particular notice of the brute's barking. Just so with the speaker whom you have just heard. He has barked, and he barks at and rebels against the Almighty, as my little dog does at the moon. And what does God do? Why, He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Very patient is He and slow to anger, because He has an eternity before Him. But a day is coming, when an account must be rendered by all the children of men, as the Scriptures write. "But thou, O man, dost thou think to escape the judgment of God, or dost thou despise the richness of His patience and goodness, dost thou not know that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?" Rom. 2, 34. These simple but convincing words left a deep impression upon the audience. And the testimony was not borne in vain. Barker afterwards confessed his errors, humbled himself, and ended his earthly career proclaiming the blessed Gospel of the Saviour of the world.

A Red-Letter Day in the History of our Colored Mission.

Such was the 2. Sunday after Easter, appointed for the consecration of our new mission-chapel in the city of New Orleans.

From Carrollton and the barracks, from the river-side and the wood-side, Lutherans and others poured into the newly constructed sanctuary to offer up praises and thanksgivings to the Lord, Most High, for having permitted us to erect another house, where he will set up his tabernacle with men. The worshippers seated side by side, irrespective of color, race, or nationality, the assembly presented a lovely picture of the eternal temple in heaven, where the chosen ones of God from among all nations and kindred and tongues and people form one undivided countless congregation, making heaven eternally ring with their hosannas and hallelujahs. And when this mixed assembly united in singing that soul-stirring prayer:

"Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord!
Be all thy graces now outpoured" (No. 38.),

it was as though all hearts, uplifted to God, would per force rend the clouds, press into the immediate presence of Jehovah, and plead with him to let his glory dwell in our new house.

Rt. Rev. T. Stiemke who had kindly consented to perform the consecration, having finished the solemn exercises, Rev. N. J. Bakke delivered the consecration-sermon, based on Exod. 20, 24. An elaborate sermon it was, presenting the soul-saving truth in plain and forcible language, which could not be misunderstood. And judging from the death-like silence and the attentive gaze of the vast assembly, in spite of its being most uncomfortably packed together, there were none that failed to appreciate the address. Besides Mr. Vix's promising and able young choir, which agreeably surprised all who had not before heard it, the well-trained and ever obliging choir of the German Zion Church, conducted by Mr. Huettmann, rendered two beautiful and appropriate selections.

The new building, to be known as the Evangelical Lutheran Bethlehem Chapel, though not extravagant, is in every particular a neat one. It is provided with a vestibule and a little steeple, which with uplifted finger, as it were, points to heaven and invites all passers-by to step in and hear the glad tidings proclaimed within its walls.

We doubt not but that our colored fellow-men will appreciate the blessings so richly bestowed upon them by the Lord. And the friends of our mission, we are confident, will not only continue their generous donations towards this excellent cause, but will double their contributions. If they have not gold they will send us their silver, if they have not banknotes they will mail us their greenbacks, if they have not dollars they will contribute their halves and their quarters, if they have not these they will give us their dimes and

their nickels, if they have not even that they will at any rate help us with their prayers (which are certainly not to be excluded by the others), and with God's gracious assistance there shall be an enlistment and uprising of such an overwhelming army of soldiers of the cross, that it will strike terror to the ranks of old Satan, completely rout his hell-governed host, and defeat it beyond all possible recovery. The Lord of hosts be with us! The God of our strength contend for us! In His name we will set up our banners! And let all the world say Amen! A. B.

Our Colored Mission at Springfield, Ills.

We rejoice being able to report that under the Divine blessing the Colored Mission at the above mentioned place is continually making satisfactory progress. The fourth Sunday in Lent was another day of great rejoicing for the mission. On that day the confirmation of six adults took place, the requisite instructions therefor having previously been imparted to them. The candidates for confirmation were Mr. and Mrs. Dulf, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Miss Adelaide White and Miss M. Beverly. All made it apparent that they were completely in earnest and that the vow to be made was a matter of great seriousness to them. The questions put to them were answered cheerfully with the greatest accuracy and readiness, which shows that the candidates were well grounded in the Biblical doctrines. So it can truly be said that they made a good public confession of their faith. Many of the large audience present were extraordinarily surprised at the ready and cheerful answers given. Many expressed their great astonishment and approbation. Rev. Prof. Wyneken of Concordia Seminary performed the rite of confirmation with the assistance of Rev. C. W. Sapper of Bloomington, Ills., who had been specially invited to attend. Rev. G. Link of our German Lutheran congregation, at Springfield, also caused much joy by appearing. The auditory of the Seminary, in which the services are invariably held, was beautifully decorated and filled to overflowing. This was the first celebration of its kind in our midst, but God willing ere long another will take place there being still a greater number of candidates under tuition. In the evening the newly confirmed assembled at the residence of Rev. Prof. Wyneken, adopted a constitution and organized as the "Holy Trinity congregation," Springfield, Ill. From this brief report it will be seen that the mission in that part of the Lord's vineyard is making good progress and that the words of prophecy "My word shall not return unto me void" is also there receiving its fulfilment. —r.

LONGING desire prayeth always, though the tongue be silent. If thou art ever longing, thou art ever praying. When sleepeth prayer? When desire grows cold.—Augustine.

A Swedish Noblewoman Missionary to Abyssinia.

Gustafva von Platen, a pious young lady of the higher nobility in Sweden, married Missionary B. P. Lundahl, son of a village blacksmith, who had been prepared for the work and sent out as a missionary to East Africa by the Fatherland Association. Missionary Lundahl first went to the Mission, and from there sent back to Sweden for his bride, who reached Abyssinia in 1869, eighteen months after her intended husband, and in company with eighteen other missionaries.

By the time the new workers reached the mission station, Kunama, it was broken up and deserted. The friends then went back to the coast, and down to Massowa and Ambadaho, in Northern Abyssinia. There they found a summer resort, and there they celebrated the nuptials of Missionary Lundahl and Lady von Platen, in a low, dark grass-hut.

The young wife entered the work with great zeal and discretion, and soon greatly endeared herself to the natives who frequented the mission. She undertook a trip to Alexandria, at the close of 1872, to secure help; but on the way her first child was born, and she died on the Red Sea. Her remains were laid to rest in the desert at Ayun Musa, below the Palms of Elim.

She was so greatly beloved by the natives that when Missionary Lundahl, who married again in 1875, took his wife among the sick Abyssinians of the Mission, one exclaimed, "Gustafva! Now we have our Gustafva back again!" Another said, "We can never forget her!" A third, "She will be in my memory forever!"

She had not worked and died in vain. The wars between Egypt and Abyssinia made it impossible to do anything among the heathen by preaching the Gospel. Missionary Lundahl, finding two missionaries murdered and their stations destroyed, started a school for heathen children—Abyssinians especially—at Massowa, and his success has been so great that he has sent five young men from his school to Sweden for further instruction. Five of these East African youths have been trained at Stockholm, three of whom have returned to Abyssinia as evangelists among their own people.

"Hold On."

An unbeliever was lying on his deathbed. His unbelief was beginning to forsake him. His unbelieving associates, who crowded around his bed and were engaged in frivolous and trivial talk, tried to cheer their companion up by calling to him: "Hold on to the end; hold on, old friend!"

"Alas," cried the dying man, "how gladly would I hold on, if there was anything to which I could hold. But what have I?"

Such is infidelity.

A Brave African Girl.

A missionary writes from Africa:
 "I must tell you an occurrence in my labors here. From the very beginning several little girls came to my school. They learned very well. It gave me much joy to see how they advanced in knowledge. Among these girls was one with a name which was so hard to pronounce that I could not succeed in doing so, but would always create a laugh. At last I told her, 'I will call you Elizabeth.' Soon she was called by this name everywhere. She was always quiet and obedient and made rapid progress. I ascertained that she was the daughter of one of the principal chiefs. I was also soon to learn that this girl gave evidence of that which was going on within her. One day her mother asked her with regard to the school and the things taught there. 'Ah,' said the girl, 'learning is not enough, mother; I must also be baptized.' These words enraged the mother so much that she beat the poor girl in a wretched manner. While she was doing this, her husband entered, and, being informed of the case, began beating the child all the more. At last he threatened to disinherit her. But in spite of blows and threats, this child remained steadfast in her purpose to be baptized and thus to be made a member of Christ's kingdom. I missed her at school the next day. Upon inquiry, I learned that she was sick in consequence of the ill treatment which she had received at the hands of her parents. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered, she came to church and school again, though her parents still opposed this. May God bless this dear child and finish the work which He has begun."

How many of us who confess the Lord Jesus must not blush when we meet that little martyr for Christ? She will be one of those who shall come from the East and from the West and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom, while many who grow up within the limits of the kingdom of grace shall be cast out. She was not turned back by blows and threats. But how many turn away from Christ simply because they cannot stand the smiles and taunts of their unbelieving companions, or because to be one of Christ's disciples we must deny ourselves the pleasures of the world. In her case we have another proof that the Word of God will not return void, but will accomplish that whereunto it is sent.—*Little Missionary.*

It is easy to trust God when the path is all sunshine. The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and through the dark.

God Rules.

"Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good." "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

When the sons of Jacob sold their brother Joseph, who was carried off into Egypt, they did a very wicked thing. But God brought good out of it. He blessed Joseph with wisdom, and he became a ruler under the king of Egypt. God warned him of a coming famine and enabled him to prepare for it. During this famine his brothers from Canaan came down to buy corn. When they discovered that the good man with whom they dealt was their brother Joseph, they wept, out of mingled joy and fear, and begged him to forgive them.



THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

Joseph then said: "Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good."

Some years ago some slave-catchers, in Africa, went out on their horrible business. At midnight they surrounded a village. They set fire to the huts. The frightened people ran into the fields and woods to escape the flames, and these bad men seized them and made them prisoners. A little boy, named Adjai, was caught that night. He was separated from his mother and sisters and carried off with others to the island of Cuba, and sold as a slave. An English cruiser captured his master and took the slaves from him, and put them in a mission school. Adjai soon learned to read. He became a tutor, then a teacher; then he became a Christian and joined the church. Afterwards he was sent to England and educated as a minister. He then went back to his old home in Africa as missionary. His mother and many others heard the gospel from his lips and became Christians. Thus God overruled what those bad slave-catchers did and brought good out of it.

One night a lion crept into a hut in Africa

and carried off a little girl. She screamed and the parents heard her. They ran after the lion, shouting and making a great noise. After a while the lion dropped the little girl and ran off. The parents carried her home, but found she was badly wounded. They thought she would die, and so they made up their minds not to bother with her. So they told her that she could have her choice, either be buried alive, or be taken into the woods and left there. She chose the woods. They took her out and left her there, bleeding and wounded, with nothing to eat but a little rice. But the girl knew of a good missionary who lived near the woods. She crawled towards his home, for she could not walk. And God put it into the heart of the missionary to walk just where the little girl was. He carried her home, and he and his wife cared for her until she was well. She became a Christian, and labored for years in spreading the Bible among the heathen. God rules.

Repining Reproved.

A man carried a valise filled with money. It rained hard. He complained of the weather. Reaching a thick forest, a robber attempted to shoot him. The powder was wet. The man escaped. He then said, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently as sent by Providence! If it had been dry, I should probably have been killed. The rain saved my life and property." So we too often murmur at our mercies. If we had our way, perhaps we might lose our property, our lives, our souls. We often complain where we should congratulate ourselves. We are peevish when we should be full of praise to God.

Faithfully.

"Will you promise me faithfully?" asked a four year old boy of his mamma.

"Yes, faithfully," she said. "But what does faithfully mean?"

"It means to do exactly what you say," was the little fellow's answer.

God says that all His promises are true and faithful; that is, He means, as this little boy said, "that he will do exactly what He says."

PASS a man a gold coin, and he throws it upon the uncovered counter to test its purity by its ring. Thus the business-like world throws our professions with a doubtful air upon the hard counter of every-day life, to test the purity and standard of our profession by this ring in real life.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—IN the death of Mr. Charles Berg our Colored Mission suffered a great loss. After seven years of self-denying and faithful service as teacher in one of our Colored Mission schools in New Orleans he departed this life on the 9th of March, aged 28 years. On his dying bed he confessed his faith in the Saviour whom he so faithfully served and who has now taken him to the eternal rest and joys of heaven. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

—FROM the correspondence of one of our students in the Seminary at Springfield, Ill., our readers will learn that our Colored Mission in that city is in a flourishing condition. Our students there have done a noble work under the superintendency of Prof. Wyneken. There are good prospects of soon having a well grounded prosperous Colored Lutheran congregation in the Capital of Illinois.

—IN our Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Norris, Mich., the only institution in America of this kind under the control of a Lutheran Synod, there are at present 37 children, 26 boys and 11 girls. During the last year six were admitted. One boy was confirmed. Since the founding of the institution in 1873, 132 were received, of which 52 were confirmed. The total receipts from March 9, 1887 to March 8, 1888, were \$3,504.28; expenses \$3,348.92.

—THE natives of Chefoo, China, seem willing to endure great sufferings for Christ's sake. A woman walked many miles to be baptized twelve years ago. Her son and his wife treated her with great harshness, but she bore all patiently and prayed for them. Finally her husband and children came to Christ, and now a church of 50 members is thriving in her village. During the French animosities, some of the native Christians were cruelly beaten; one received 400 and another 800 blows with bamboos.

—AN exchange gives the following incident of practical repentance: "For years W. W. Knapp, of Coloma, Mich., was one of the most respected citizens of that village; a leader of every good work, and treasurer of the township. In February last he was converted; and after acknowledging that he had found peace, he announced that on Sunday he would make a confession. The church was crowded Sunday and Mr. Knapp, in a broken voice, confessed that he had been leading a dual life; that while to all outward appearance he had been honest, the fact remained that he had been stealing systematically from his employers; had appropriated township funds, and had become so dishonest that nothing was safe with him. His confession created great excitement throughout the audience. The self-accused and converted thief is making restitution as rapidly as he can by turning his property into cash."

—ROME does not change. A recent catechism, published in Mexico, declares a boycott on all Protestants. It forbids the faithful to lend or rent houses for services, to erect or

repair their churches, or sell furniture to them; to attend the services deserves excommunication. Protestantism must be making progress to stir up so much wrath in Mexico. The catechism is only a straw, but it shows the direction of the wind.

FROM Escorial, Spain, comes an interesting account of a zealous Christian's work. A fine-looking Jewish lady was converted to Christianity by attending a Protestant service. Filled with the desire to spread the good news she began by talking to the women who came to the river-side to wash. Then she proceeded to gather children into her house in the evenings, to teach them to read and write. Thirty-three of these are now in regular attendance, and she has begun to teach them the Gospel on Sunday evenings, organizing them into a Sunday-school, and soliciting for their use papers and other supplies.

—BEFORE the establishment of the British Bible Society there existed only about thirty-three translations of the entire Bible, although there were a good many partial ones. Now the number of entire translations is eighty-three, and of the New Testament alone 171.

—IT is prescribed by law that each year 4000 copies of the Bible and 10,000 copies of the New Testament be distributed, when needed, in the German army. Since 1859 there have been distributed in this way 143,000 complete Bibles and 700,000 New Testaments. The emperor appoints a special officer to attend to this matter.

—As an illustration of persistent fidelity in the service of Christ, the following from the *New Hampshire Journal* will prove interesting: One of the native preachers of Canton is wholly paralyzed in his legs, arms and hands, except the partial use of one thumb and forefinger. Nevertheless he is carried to chapel and preaches, either sitting or lying on his back, and many have thus received the saving truth of the gospel from his lips. He had very nearly a parallel in the late Horace Bushnell, pastor in the suburbs of Cincinnati, and also an indefatigable city missionary. He became nearly blind years before his death, but still kept at work. One day he tumbled into an open cellar, and lamed both legs, but still stumped about with the aid of canes. He continued his labors until his death, when past eighty.

—SYSTEMATIC GIVING. A colored man was explaining his system of giving to the Lord. "Yes, sir," he said to the visitor, easing himself back on his spade, "I gibes de truck off o' one acre ebbery year to the Lawd." "Which acre is it?" inquired his friend. "Wal, dat is a dibberant question. Truf is, de acre changes most ebbery season." "How's that?" "Why, in wet season I gibes de Lawd de low land, and in de dry seasons I gibes Him de top acre ob de whole plantation." "In that case the Lord's acre is the worst in the whole farm, for in wet seasons it would be flooded and in dry times parched." "Jes so," rejoined the systematic giver; "you don't allow I'se goin' to rob my family ob de

best acre I'se got, did ye?" We are often struck with the wonderful similarity between the colored man and the white man.

—SOME years ago there was a factory girl in Lowell, Mass., who denied herself every penny beyond the bare necessities of life, and devoted all her earnings to the education of missionaries. Seven missionaries are preaching the Gospel to their fellow-men in Persia—the grand result of one humble, faithful life of self-denial.

—A CLERGYMAN was met the other day by a ragged individual with a flask of whiskey in his pocket, who inquired, "Sir, is this the nearest road to the poor-house?" "No sir," said the clergyman, pointing to the bottle, "but that is."

BOOK-TABLE.

A SERMON ON IMMORTALITY (second edition) and A SERMON ON CHRIST'S DESCENT INTO HELL, by Rev. P. C. Henkel, D. D. Price: the two bound together, in cloth, 40 cts.; separately, in paper, each 10 cts., postpaid. Henkel & Co., Publishers, New Market, Shenandoah Co., Va.

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No. 6.

"The Dot upon the I."

In Russia's far-off frozen clime
There lives a lovely child:
The Lord to deeds and words of love
His tender heart inclined.

He loved to hear his parents read
In God's most holy Word,
And treasured up within his breast
The blessed truths he heard.

This little boy was very sick,
And when about to die
He called his father to his side,
And said, "I want to buy

"Bibles to send to heathen lands,
Where they know not the Lord;
That they may all read for themselves
In His most holy Word.

"I cannot send whole Bibles there,
Perhaps not one short word;
But I would like to give some help
To spread its truths abroad.

"Those three bright pennies in my box
I think a type would buy
To print in Christ's most holy name
The dot upon the i."

That stricken father did not fail
Those little coins to send.
O children, think how many coins
In wanton waste you spend!

Christ will receive the smallest gift.
When follies tempt your eye,
Think of the little Russian boy's
Small dot upon the i.

New Garments.

Every one likes new clothes; they are brighter, cleaner, fresher than the old ones. The Bible tells us of a new dress that all sinners should put on, a dress that will wear forever. It is the robe of Christ's righteousness, which He has prepared for us and which is meant to be a covering for our sins.

By nature we only wear rags—"filthy rags"—and we cannot appear before God in such clothing. We are sinners, and all we can do to save ourselves, or make ourselves better, is just like dressing in dirty rags. Such rags will never do instead of proper clothing. If you

and I were to try all our lives to make ourselves fit to stand before God, we could never do it. We must come to Him as the prodigal son came to his father—just as he was. He did not stay to make himself better, or to mend his clothes; he could not do it, he knew it was hopeless. He came as he was and told his father he was not worthy to come. And then the father called for the best robe to cover him. He gave him new garments, and made him a son fit to live with his father.

That is what God does. If you come to Him as a poor sinner, who has no fit dress to stand in before him, He will wash away your sins and clothe you with the garments of salvation—beautiful, new, shining garments, which will never grow old or wear out; garments of God's making, in which you can stand before Him. In the Gospel those garments are offered to you; for the Gospel brings to you Christ and His righteousness. The following story will tell you how this garment of Christ's righteousness covers our sins:

An Indian and a white man were once together listening to a sermon, and through it both were brought to a knowledge of their sins. The Indian received the grace of God in Christ unto himself by faith, and peace and joy possessed his heart; but the white man could not for a long time lay hold on His grace. Great anxiety and care weighed upon him, until he was brought to question God's free and pardoning mercy. Chancing again to meet his copper-colored friend, he said to him: "How is it that I travail so long, whilst you receive comfort so soon?" "Brother," replied the Indian, "I will tell you. A rich prince comes and offers you a new garment, but you look at your own and say, I do not know, my own is right good, I believe I can wear it for a long time yet. Then he offers it to me; I look at my own 'roundabout,' and say, this will do no longer, and at once cast it aside and take the new one. And, brother, you do the same with your own righteousness; you unwillingly part with it. But I had no righteousness of my own, and I therefore found peace when the righteousness of Christ was given to me."

He who speaks, sows; he who listens, reaps.

How to Keep Saved.

Many hesitate to accept Christ because they fear they "can't hold out."

If your salvation depends upon your holding out, you surely will be lost; but, blessed be God, it is not your strength, in which you are to trust, but HIS.

"Fear thou not, for I AM WITH THEE; be not dismayed; for I am THY God, I will STRENGTHEN thee; yea, I will HELP thee; yea, I will UPHOLD THEE with the right hand of My righteousness. For I, the Lord thy God will HOLD THY RIGHT HAND, saying unto thee, FEAR NOT, I WILL HELP THEE," Isaiah 41, 10—13.

As the father takes the hand of the little child in his, so that in case the little one stumbles he can keep it from falling, so our Heavenly Father wants to lead us by His right hand; and as the child, without a thought of its own weakness, trusts simply in the father's strength, so we are to trust in God's. If we are occupied with the thought that Christ has hold of us, then we will be thinking of one whose strength will never fail.

"He which hath BEGUN a good work in you, will PERFORM IT TILL THE DAY OF JESUS CHRIST," Phil. 1, 6.

He who does the work of saving also does the work of keeping.

"Now unto Him WHO IS ABLE TO KEEP YOU FROM FALLING," Jude 24.

"KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD through faith unto salvation," 1 Peter 1, 5.

Do you say your surroundings are peculiar, and you fear temptation?

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is COMMON to man; but God is FAITHFUL who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also MAKE A WAY TO ESCAPE, that ye may be ABLE TO BEAR IT," 1 Cor. 10, 13.

The Lord KNOWETH HOW TO DELIVER the godly out of temptation," 2 Peter 2, 9.

You do not know how to deliver yourself, but the Lord does, and will deliver you if you will only look to Him and trust Him.

Paul Gerhardt.

Our picture represents Paul Gerhardt, the great Lutheran hymn-writer. He was born in the year 1606 and died in the year 1676. He was a learned, devout, humble and conscientious pastor of the Lutheran Church. His youth and middle age fell in the period of the thirty years' war. For many years he had to wait for a call to a congregation, and was forty-five years old when he at last entered upon a pastorate. So firm was his adherence to the Confessions of the Lutheran Church, that he preferred poverty and exile, rather than seem to waver in their defense. "Utterly destitute, not knowing where to lay his head, or how to provide for his helpless family, Gerhardt left the home where he had passed so many happy years. The journey performed on foot was long and weary. Gerhardt bore up manfully; his heart failed him only when he gazed on his wife and little ones. When night arrived, the travelers sought repose in a little village-inn by the roadside, where Gerhardt's wife, unable to restrain her anguish, gave way to a burst of natural emotion. Her husband reminded her of that beautiful verse of Scripture, 'Trust in the Lord in all thy ways; acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' These words impressed his own mind so deeply, that, seating himself in a little arbor in the garden, he composed that celebrated hymn:

"Commit thou all thy griefs and ways into His hand."

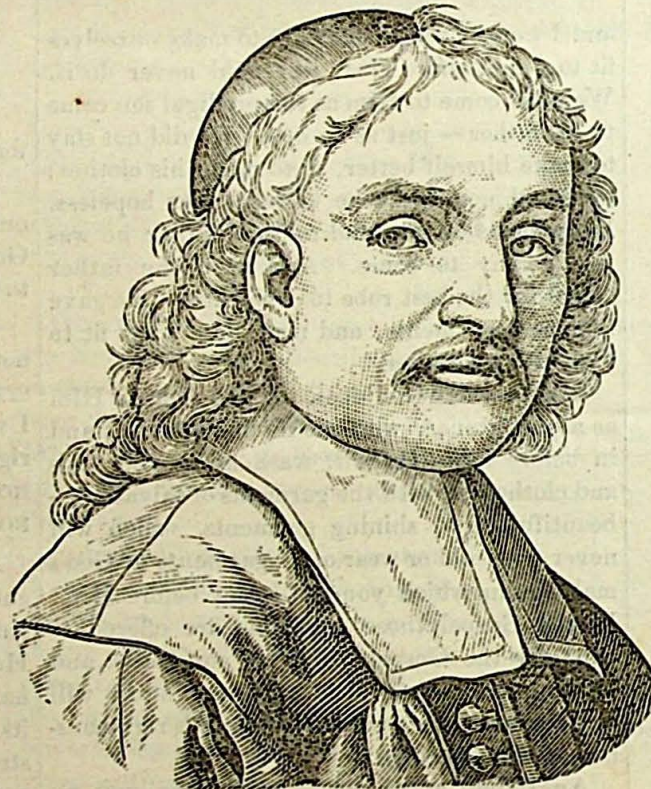
Africaner.

There was once a wild and savage chief in South Africa whose name was Africaner. He was the terror of the whole country, and the English Government at "The Cape" offered a large sum of money to any one who should kill him. But Africaner was taught by some missionaries to know and love the Lord, and then he became good and gentle. The great Robert Moffat, then a young missionary, wanted to visit Africaner, and preach to his people, but everybody said, "He will kill you." This did not frighten Moffat. He made his way to Africaner's kraal, who gave him a kind welcome, and they were soon the best of friends. One day Africaner saw Moffat looking at him and asked the reason.

"I was trying," said Moffat, "to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country; and I could not think how a man with eyes like yours could smile at human woe." Africaner burst into tears. After a time Moffat took Africaner with him on a journey to "The Cape." He thought the Governor would never believe what a changed man he had become, unless he could see it with his own eyes. So he dressed Africaner as his servant, and they traveled on safely among people who

would have been very much frightened if they had known who his servant was. When they came into the Dutch settlements some of the farmers said they were very glad that Moffat had escaped from that terrible monster, Africaner! Others said how absurd it was to think that Africaner could be converted.

At one house, Moffat put out his hand to the owner, saying, "I am glad to see you again." The man asked wildly, "Who are you?" "Have you so soon forgotten me? I am Moffat," was the answer. "Moffat!" cried the farmer. "You must be his ghost! Don't come near me! Everybody says Moffat was murdered; and a man told me he had seen his bones." Moffat tried to quiet the farmer's fears, and at length he



held out his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?"

Mr. Moffat gave him cheerful answers and told him that Africaner was now a truly good man. "Well," said the farmer, "I can believe almost anything you say; but that I cannot believe. There are seven wonders in the world; but that would be the eighth." By this time Africaner had seated himself at their feet, smiling to hear this talk. Finally, the farmer said earnestly: "If what you say about the man is true, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you come here on your way back to him, I will go with you to see him, as sure as the sun is over our heads, though he killed my own uncle." This startled Moffat, who had not heard of it; but knowing the farmer's kind heart he said, "This, then, is Africaner!"

The farmer started back, and looked at him as if he had dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?" he asked. "I am," said Africaner, uncovering his head. The farmer seemed thunderstruck. When he had really assured

himself that the terror of the country stood before him, gentle and lamb-like, he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish!"—L. M.

Luther's Way of Visiting the Sick.

When Dr. Martin Luther came to visit a sick person in his weakness, he was wont to speak very gently to him; to bend down close to him, and first to ask him about his sickness, what ailed him, how long he had been ill, what physician he had seen, and what treatment had been prescribed for him.

Then he began to ask if he had been patient toward God under his sickness. And if he found that the sick person had borne his sickness patiently, as sent to him by the gracious and fatherly will of God, that he felt he deserved this chastising for his sins, and was willing, if it was the will of God, to die, then Dr. Luther began heartily to commend this Christian will and disposition as the work of the Holy Spirit. And he was wont to say it was a great gift of God when any one attained in this life the true knowledge of God and faith in Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, and could yield up his will to the will of God; and he would exhort the sick person to keep steadfast in his faith, through the help of the Holy Spirit, and would promise himself to pray earnestly for him to God.

If the sufferer thanked him for this kindness, and said he did not deserve that he should visit him, the Doctor would say, "It was his office and duty, and it was needless to thank him;" and then would comfort him, saying he should be of good cheer, and fear nothing, for God was his gracious God and Father, and had given

letters and seals to assure us, through His Word and Sacraments, that we poor sinners are redeemed from the devil and hell, because the Son of God willingly gave Himself up to death for us, and has reconciled us to God.—*Watchwords.*

My Staff.

"Did ye ask if I had a Bible?" said a poor old widow, "did ye ask me if I had a Bible? Thank God I have a Bible. What should I do without my Bible! It was the guide of my youth, and it is the staff of my age. It wounded me, and it healed me; it condemned me, and it acquitted me, to the Saviour! It has given me comfort through life, and it will give me hope in death."

THE Word of God moves along like a passing shower; wherever it comes it must be received at once, or it will be gone. How soon a man's "not now" becomes a "never."

Be Sure your Sin will find you Out.

Some years ago, over in England, there lived a man by the name of John Peters. He was a blacksmith, but on account of rheumatism he worked at his trade with great difficulty. When an uncle died and left him some money, he resolved to quit his trade, for he could live without such hard work. He passed his time pleasantly by working in a large garden back of his house. But his wife was not satisfied. Since they had some money she wanted to leave their cottage and move into a large house in another part of town. But John said that if he would buy that house he would have nothing left to live on, and he did not want to go back to his trade again. His wife, however, said she would be willing to do with but one meal a day only so they lived in a fine house, and she could look down on her poor neighbors. But her husband thought all this was very wrong, and he would not leave the old cottage.

Well, Mrs. Peters kept fretting about their poor house, and wondering how she could manage to get out of it. At last she thought of a plan. It was a very wicked plan. It was this: She would kill her husband and then she could do what she pleased with the money. One night she gave her husband something that made him sleep very soundly. Then she took a long nail and drove it into his head and killed him. As Mr. Peters had plenty of hair on his head she covered up the nail. The next morning she called in the neighbors and wept and lamented very much, stating that she had found her husband dead when she awoke. Nobody suspected that she had killed him, and the man was buried without an examination.

Not long after this Mrs. Peters bought the fine house and moved into it. She thought that she would never be found out. She forgot that there is a God in heaven who revealeth secrets. Now how do you suppose God revealed this woman's crime to the world? Let me tell you.

A good many years after Mr. Peters' death a stranger was stopping in that town. He took a walk to the grave-yard. The sexton was digging a grave at the time, and had just come to the bones of a human being, who had been buried for years. The stranger asked the sexton if he could recognize the corpse. The sexton replied that he could, and that it was that of John Peters. Then the sexton told of how suddenly he had died. The stranger then examined the bones, and soon found a nail in the skull. He drew out the nail and inquired where Mrs. Peters lived. He then went to her and, showing her the nail, said: "I found this in your husband's head. Can you tell me how it got there?" The woman grew pale and fainted. On recovery she confessed her great sin. She was afterwards tried, condemned and hung. Let us learn a lesson from this true story. One sin usually leads to another. A proud heart is a dangerous thing to have. We

can see from this how our sins are sure to find us out. May the Lord preserve us all from sin, and help us to keep a good conscience.

Luth. Child's Paper.

The Praying Widow of Nuremberg.

In the year 1820, there lived at Nuremberg the widow of a laborer, whose two sons were about completing their studies. But she was so poor that, when the youngest was about to pass his examinations, she knew not how to procure the fifty francs demanded for his diploma. She made known her trouble to her pastor, who advised her to borrow that sum. The widow replied, "I dare not do it, for I do not know how I can ever repay it." "Well," said the pastor, "let us ask the Lord to send you that amount, relying on this promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.' Go home and pray, and I will do the same in my study."

Kneeling down the pastor presented his request in earnest prayer to God. Then he tried to think of some way by which he could help the poor mother, for he had no money himself. He left his study hoping that his walk in the city would bring some good result. Passing the house of a church-member some one seemed to say to him, "Go in and salute them." He knocked, and the woman who opened the door exclaimed, "You have come at the right moment." The father then said to the pastor, "We desire your counsel. Yesterday we celebrated our silver wedding. We did not wish to spend money for a feast, but have put aside twenty-five florins as a small token of gratitude for all the blessings God granted us during these twenty-five years of marriage. We do not know how to employ it, and I just now said to my wife that you should indicate to us the best use to which it should be applied." The pastor then recounted with much emotion the story of the poor widow. They both exclaimed, "It is the finger of God. Take the money and carry it to her."

It was now night, and the next day at nine o'clock the money must be paid. The pastor hastened to the home of the poor widow, and at her door heard her groans and half-uttered words of earnest prayer. He entered the room and said to her: "Before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear." He then explained to the astonished mother how their prayer had been answered, and her anxiety gave place to praise. They both kneeled down and gave thanks to God who had so faithfully fulfilled His promise.

Selected.

The Blessed Death of a Child.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." John 14, 25.

John Heermann, born 1585, was pastor in a village on the banks of the Oder in Germany. The death of his faithful wife, his own poor health, the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, and a pestilence in his own congregation caused the pious pastor a great deal of sorrow and care.

In the midst of all these sorrows he wrote some of his most beautiful hymns. He had a son 6 years old, who lay sick with a dangerous fever. While lying on his sick-bed, he prayed so earnestly that all, who saw and heard him, were struck with wonder and awe.

As the child was growing worse, the mother asked him how he felt; to which he replied: "I long to see Jesus, my Saviour."

The Mother: "Where, then, my child?"

The Child: "In Heaven; in the life beyond."

The Mother: "When will you see Him?"

The Child: "Soon, very soon."

The Mother (weeping): "What has He done for you that you so much long to see Him?"

The Child (holding out his arms): "Why, He has died for me!" When he had said this, he fell back and died.

What a blessed death! This can not be death! It must be a passing out of death into life! May such an end be yours!—*Olive Leaf.*

The Railway Guard.

"I can give you a wonderful answer to prayer," said one of the railway guards to me, as I was waiting at a station. Some slight remark of mine showed him the current of my thoughts, and he at once revealed his own. We speedily found that we had one hope, one faith, one Lord, and one God. "I will always ask God to give me something to do for Him," said he, "every day, just to use me for His glory. You know, ma'am, I can conduct my train to His glory. I do it all at the very best, and ask His blessing upon it. Even train-work is blessed work when done for Him. One day my train was all ready to start, but somehow I couldn't blow my little whistle. God, I believe, kept on saying in my mind, 'You must wait for such and such a train.' You know, ma'am, I wasn't bound to wait, but I felt I must wait. No sooner had the other line train come in, than a poor, excited widow lady rushed out and up to me with, 'Oh, can I catch the down train to —? I must, I must! My boy is dying!'

"Bundle in ma'am," I said, "here. No room there; bundle into my van, and we are off."

"I blew the whistle, jumped in after her. Poor thing, she was on her knees thanking and praising God; 'For,' said she, 'all the way from — I knelt on the floor of the carriage, asking Him not to let the train start without me;' and I said to her:

"God kept the train waiting for you."

"Now, don't you think, ma'am, that was an answer to the poor lady's prayer?"

A BELIEVER'S dying day is his crowning day.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM the report of our Mission Board we learn that the labor of our missionaries among the colored people is not in vain. At all the stations the services are well attended, and we may hope that the pure Gospel seed will bring forth its fruit. The Sunday schools in New Orleans number 343 and the day schools 279 pupils. In Little Rock there are 60 pupils in the Sunday school and 94 in the day school; in Meherrin, Va., 45 in the Sunday school and 34 in the day school; in Springfield, Ill., 80 in the Sunday school and 31 in the day school. A chapel is to be built in Springfield and another in New Orleans. Three more missionaries ought to be sent out this year to carry on the work. Dear reader, it takes money to build chapels and to support missionaries. Please, don't forget it. "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," Gal. 6, 9.

—OUR English Lutheran congregation in Baltimore, Md., is growing steadily. There are at present 19 voting members—an increase of 11 since its organization. The Sunday school is attended by 80 scholars.

—IN the Capital of our country the pope's people recently laid the corner stone of their University, which is to be under the control of Jesuits. In an open letter the Rev. Coxe of New York serves the following notice on the Romish prelates: "When I give evidence before a committee of Congress on the subject of chartering your university, I shall appear before them without one Protestant opinion or historic statement. I shall be prepared with popes and doctors of theology, judicial decisions of your own universities, of eminent Roman Catholics in all parts of the world; and I shall prove by their testimony that the Society (of Jesuits) is a conspiracy against freedom, against law, and against the moral foundations of society itself."

—A PUBLIC School Reader, for the use of the Swedish Mission in Central Africa, has just left the press, and will immediately be forwarded to its destination. The author is Missionary Vretlind, who labored six years in that district.

—REV. R. LECHLER, the oldest Basle missionary in China, visited Sweden last Fall, by invitation of the many friends of the cause in that northern kingdom. Not less than 40 Chinese boys are supported by Swedish Sunday schools. The students in the two universities of Upsala and Lund are deeply interested in the work of foreign missions.

—ONE of the most successful missionaries in Oroomiah is a blind Armenian from Harpoot, Turkey. He knows the Bible thoroughly, and riding on a miserable little donkey, which is led by a one-eyed deaf man, he goes boldly from village to village preaching the Gospel. His blindness protects him, and the people crowd to see the wonder—a blind man reading.

—ONE of the first acts of Emperor Frederick III. of Germany was to cause the insertion of the words "Thy servant" in the general prayer in public worship, wherein the supplication for the ruler reads now as follows: "O Lord, let thy mercy be great on the Emperor, our royal Sovereign, Thy servant."

—THE following is a translation of the Emperor Frederick's favorite hymn, which is being exhibited in all the music shops in Berlin. The words are by Ernest von Willich, composed at twelve years of age, when the boy lay on the bed from which he never rose again. The hymn, and the tune to which it is set, pleased the present Emperor so much that he often ordered it to be sung, and so it has got to be accepted as his favorite.

When the Lord me sorrow sends
Let me bear it patiently,
Lifting up the heart in prayer,
Comfort He will not deny.
Therefore let there come what will
In the Lord my heart is still.

Though the heart is often weak,
In despair and all forlorn,
When in days of utmost pain,
Not a day of joy will dawn,
Tell it: Let there come what will,
In the Lord all pain is still.

So I pray, oh, Lord my God,
That my faith and hope may stand,
Then no care I know, nor heed,
Guided ever by Thy hand!
Therefore let there come what will,
In the Lord my heart is still.

—THE German Foreign Office has had a large frame-house constructed at Hamburg for shipment to Kameroun in West Africa, where it will be put up as a public school-house. The teacher is the son of Missionary Christaller, and was born on one of the stations of the Basle Mission in Africa.

—MORAVIANS have a noble missionary record. During the last century 25,000 of them have been sent to "the regions beyond," while \$300,000 have been expended yearly, and nine vessels kept busy in the interests of Missions. This small band of disciples may well put us all to the blush by their liberality and self-consecration.

—It is not generally known that idolatry of the gross kind is also practiced in America. But such is the case, particularly among the Chinese on the Pacific coast. Two images of Chinese gods, standing in front of a temple at Portland, Oregon, were recently set on fire by an incendiary. One of them was entirely consumed and the other badly damaged. The worshipers at this shrine at once repaired the damaged image and brought him an offering of extra large size in order to appease his anger.

—ACCORDING to a London paper, the New Testament in Arabic is in demand in the land of Moab. In one day a colporteur sold fifty-four copies—flour being the purchasing power. When night came every receptacle in the colporteur's house was filled with flour, and not a copy of the Scriptures remained unsold.

—THE Kaffirs in South Africa are great talkers and they like nothing better than to hear their own voices. This is one of the reasons why Methodism takes with them so quickly. The Lutheran missionaries insist upon the study of the Word, and recommend praying in the closet, rules distasteful to the fickle and vain Kaffir. The Methodist missionary, on the other hand, has the fashion of requesting Brother A. and Sister B. and even the baby-boy C. to offer prayer, without inquiring whether they are baptized. The Kaffir feels himself, or herself, or itself, highly flattered and starts at once, ending the long utterance with loud shouts and wild gestures. The Methodists are reporting success, etc. It is the same method everywhere fitted to the wants and wishes of the old Adam.

—A MOTHER gave her little boy two bright, new pennies, and asked him what he was going to do with them. After a moment's thought the child replied: "I am going to give one to the missionaries, and with the other I am going to buy a stick of candy." After awhile he returned from his play and told his mother that he had lost one of his pennies. "Which did you lose?" she asked. "I lost the missionary penny," he promptly replied. How many grown people are like that little boy!

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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. BARKE, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.

CARROLLTON.

Divine services at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

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Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDORF, MISSIONARY.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

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

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

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No. 7.

Arise and be Glad-Hearted.

Arise and be glad-hearted.
For lo! the night departed,
Thy light begins to rise;
The Saviour's glory beaming,
Both far and wide is streaming;
Lift up, lift up thine eyes.

The world, 'tis true, is dreary,
The heathen nations weary,
Groan through a tedious night;
But He who ever liveth,
To thee so freely giveth
His own, His heavenly light.

Where'er the sunshine speedeth,
And heathen nations leadeth
Upon their daily ways,
There shall thy light extending,
Be welcomed as descending,
From heaven in saving rays.

Lift up thine eyes with gladness;
Nations long bound in sadness,
The world shall come to thee.
Its sons and daughters learning
Thy truth, and fondly yearning
Joint-heirs with Thee to be.

Thy heart, how fondly swelling!
When they who have their dwelling
On earth or sea shall come!
Thine eyes! what contemplations!
To see the heathen nations
All find in Christ their home.

Foreign Missionary.

Christ Instead of Me.

You find this glorious truth like a scarlet line running all through the Bible. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God;" but Christ died for the guilty, "the just for the unjust." He died in the place of sinners, and if I have Him I have taken Him as my substitute, and I am saved. In the time of war a certain man agreed to join the ranks in the place of a comrade who had been drafted. The offer was accepted, the battle took place, and the man was killed. Some time after another draft was made, and they wanted a second time to take the man whose substitute had been shot. "No," said he, "you can't take me, I'm dead. I was shot at a battle."

"Why, man, you are crazy. Look here, you got a substitute; another man went in your place, but you have not been shot." "No, but he died in my place, he went as my substitute." They would not recognize it, and it was carried up to the Commander; but he said the man was right. The doctrine of substitution was recognized. But think of this, dear reader, God in heaven has recognized the doctrine of substitution. He sent His only-begotten Son to take our place and to die in our stead, that we may go free. If God had not recognized the doctrine of substitution, if He had not put Christ in our stead, where would our hope for eternity be? Dashed to the ground. Ask me where my hope of salvation is, and I answer, Jesus for me! I have broken the law. Yes, but Christ sends me the Gospel message, and He says, "I have taken your place, and you shall take Mine." I have deserved God's wrath and punishment. Yes, but Christ sends me the Gospel message, and He says, "I have taken your place, and you shall take Mine." Take Him as your Substitute and Saviour. Yes, dear reader, the Lord Jesus Christ is your Saviour because He is your Substitute, and if you will only believe this in your heart, and trust to His precious blood to cleanse you, you will be a saved and happy child of God forever.

Ready to Give.

"Say not unto thy neighbor, go and come again, and to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee," Prov. 3, 28.

Surely God would not tell man to act more kindly than He Himself does. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts, . . . how much more shall your Father which is in heaven," Matth. 7, 11. If man is not to turn his neighbor away with promise of future help, when he has the means with him, how much less would God turn the needy sinner away. God "has by Him" all that the sinner needs. Christ "by His own blood has entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption," Heb. 9, 12. That precious blood speaks to God of a finished work—an eternal redemption. So, if God did not receive the

sinner who comes, and at once give him all he needed, He would be acting as He tells man not to—sending the needy away when He has by Him. No, dear reader, forgiveness, justification, eternal life—all you need, and more than all you can think of, God has right by Him. You do not have to wait—no, not a single day. God's word is, "Now is the accepted time." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." If you wait till to-morrow, it is because you will not take salvation to-day. God is ready to give you salvation through the Gospel, you have only to receive it.

The Best Runner.

When Duke George of Saxony lay on his death-bed and was yet in doubt to whom he should flee with his soul, whether he should trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and His merits, or in his own merits and the saints' good works, a trusty courtier said to him: Your Grace, remember "*that straight forward makes the best runner.*" This maxim the duke had chosen as his motto, and being reminded of it in the struggle of his soul, he went straight forward to the throne of grace and committing his soul into the hands of his Saviour departed in peace.

We are justified freely by the grace of God through the redemption of Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith by His blood. Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

A Good Test.

On a certain occasion Valerius Herberger, the well-known Lutheran pastor at Fraustadt, was called to visit a dying counsellor who had grown up in the Romish Church, but who for a long time attended Herberger's preaching. As he was about breathing his last he said to the minister: "I have never been rightly on your side, for I was brought up in the papacy; but now, on my death bed I feel it, that your gospel furnishes the best comfort."

No Better Saviour.

(From Pastor Muhlenberg's Report on the Lutheran Church in Pennsylvania, in the year 1747.)

A woman in Providence gradually lost her sight, but through God's grace, attained a clear knowledge of Jesus Christ and faith in Him. She worked with the Mennonites at Skippack or Motecha, where one of our wardens lived. When the Mennonites saw that she walked honorably and worked diligently, they sought to persuade her to be re-baptized. The Lutherans in Providence were without a pastor at this time, so on Sundays the warden read a sermon for his family. The woman regularly attended these readings. After the congregation at Providence was gathered, she connected herself with it and by a faithful use of the means of grace, obtained more knowledge of her inward corruption and of the salvation in Christ. Her parents had associated themselves with the Herrnhuters, and desired her to join them also. But she said she could receive no benefit from moving hither and thither, from one party to another. She knew on whom she believed, and would keep herself to His word, and not sell her faith and her birth-right for a dish of lentils. She had no need to seek the Lord Jesus here or there in the wilderness, or in the chamber; for he was in His church and with each believing member of it especially, every day until the end of the world. She had five miles to church, and two streams to cross each time, but not like others, the convenience of riding. Yet, without necessity, she neglected no sermon or opportunity for edification; and when there was no other way, rather waded through the water. At the instance of our dear warden a long tree was at last laid over the one stream to clamber over, and a canoe provided for the other. This poor person had received much injury by wading through the cold water, and entirely lost her sight. Now, as she had to support herself by the labor of her hands, and was hindered in it by this accident, she took her mite, and friends added thereto, that she might employ a physician in the city; but it availed her nothing. Afterwards her parents took her away, and traveled with her several hundred miles to a mineral spring in Virginia, which indeed has a great reputation, but produced little effect. On her return she had to remain with her parents for a time. She was obliged to hear it often, that she lost her sight entirely in the Lutheran Church. The Moravians endeavored to make her mistrustful of her faith, and, according to their manner of speaking, to lead her to the Saviour. But she insisted that they could show her no better Saviour than Him on whom she had believed, who is the corner stone in the writings of the prophets and apostles. Among other things, a Moravian had said, that from a blind love to me she was unable to distinguish between the truths and falsehoods I preached. But she answered, the scripture remained open

to her for investigation, as it was to the Bereans. Now she has again returned to her old place and sings:

Let Thy word feed me all my way,
Therewith my soul to nourish;
Me to defend that I may stay,
When afflictions come this way.

During the time that she was with her parents, she labored diligently with her brothers and sisters, and so far convinced them that they would willingly be instructed and confirmed by us if they could obtain the consent of their wavering parents. She esteemed it as one of the greatest favors that the gracious God awakened our fathers and so many patrons in Europe, that they cared for the poor scattered sheep and sent them shepherds and assistance.

The Two Bibles.

Two women each bought a family Bible. One of the women is a Protestant lady and the other Roman Catholic. For short we will name the one Mrs. P. and the other Mrs. R. Roman Catholic people are not permitted to read the Bible. So Mrs. P. said to Mrs. R., "You will not be permitted to keep your Bible when the priest knows that you have one."

"O yes," said Mrs. R. "All intelligent Roman Catholics are permitted to read the Bible. Only the ignorant are not permitted to read it."

Not very long after this however, Mrs. P. saw Mrs. R. take her Bible to the butcher and exchange it for meat. She immediately called on Mrs. R. and reminded her of her statement concerning intelligent Roman Catholics, saying, "Did I not tell you that you could keep your Bible only until the priest would forbid your keeping it?"

Mrs. R. was constrained to admit that her priest had forbidden her to keep it, but only on account of the bad example for others, telling her that she was intelligent enough to read it, but that it would not do to have her ignorant neighbors find the Bible in her house.

This true story shows the spirit of the Romish Church. As long as her poor souls can be kept ignorant they will believe her errors and remain attached to her skirts. The Bible would give them light and truth and the truth would make them free. How very grateful we should be, that since the days of Luther and the Reformation we have an open Bible. For us the devil is trying to shut it in another way. He seeks in many ways to bring its precious truths into discredit. He casts the shadow of doubt over certain portions of Scripture, causing men to think that it is only partly true. He instills the opinion that the Bible may have been good enough for days long since gone by, but that it is too far behind the "advanced thought" of this great and progressive age. He talks to us as though Christ, the omniscient God, had not known before what sort of sins men would commit in these days, and therefore, if He

were now on the earth He would teach and act otherwise than He did 1800 years ago. Let us Protestant Christians watch and pray lest our Bible be closed before our eyes by the Satanic spirit of unbelief that so largely prevails. Let us keep an open Bible.—*Exchange.*

Dialogue between Bell, People, and Conscience.

The quiet of a Sunday morning was broken by the tones of a church bell. Over the town floated its full, rich music, and then came back again in faint echoes. The bell seemed charged with a message to the people, which it was telling with all its might, and the message ran thus:

"Come—come. Come—come. Come—come." But although well understood, it was not heeded by many, and this is what the people said who did not heed it, and what conscience said to them:

Bell—"Come."

People—"We do not feel well to-day."

Conscience—"Isn't it strange there are so many sick people on Sundays? Many who are well enough on Saturday night are unable to go out Sunday, and those who are so sick on Sunday recover when Monday morning comes."

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"The weather is too unpleasant to-day."

Conscience—"Yes, the weather on Sundays is always wrong—too hot, too cold, too wet, too cloudy, or too windy. Sunday heats are so exhaustive, Sunday rains are so penetrating, Sunday colds so piercing, that no one but minister and sexton should go out to church."

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"We have company."

Conscience—"Isn't there something said about the stranger within thy gates keeping the Sabbath holy?"

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"Our garments are not good enough."

Conscience—"There are a great many directions in the Bible about how we should come before our Lord, but the style and quality of our clothes are not mentioned. The church isn't a millinery establishment or a show-room. In old times the rich and poor met together, for the Lord is the maker of them all."

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"We are better than some who go to church."

Conscience—"You may be much better than some, but are you satisfied with that? Will it do to tell the Lord so? There is something in the parable of the Pharisee and publican bearing upon this point."

And so the church bell kept ringing out its message "Come—come;" and some heeded the message, came, thanked God for the privilege of coming, and resolved to come always; others still refused and conscience went to sleep, murmuring ere it slept: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*Selected.*

Diotima, the Martyr.

The Roman Empire was in its decline. The cause of this was ascribed to the progress of Christianity. Diocletian the Emperor believed that he was called to renew the glory of the Empire, and to preserve the Roman State Religion. The Christians, as the enemies of the Roman gods, were to be destroyed, soldiers and all persons employed in the public service were the first to suffer. The persecution raged through the provinces before it was felt in Rome. When it reached this city the prisons were soon filled with Christians. Men and women, youths and maidens, were summoned to appear, and if they refused to deny their faith, and make offerings to the heathen gods, they were either cast into prison or immediately, condemned to death. At this time, in the year of our Lord 303, there lived in Rome a Christian lady of German extraction, DIOTIMA by name. For refusing to sacrifice to the gods, she was condemned to be torn to pieces by the lions in the Amphitheatre. The fatal day came. She was alone in her chamber and had just spent some time in prayer. There were voices of soldiers in the streets, but she scarcely heard them. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when an officer, with two attendants, came to bring her immediately to the court. It was her birthday. She had just completed her 19th year, and, clad in the white garments which marked the day as a festival, she at once obeyed the order and went before the Praetor like a virgin from that heavenly choir which follows the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. The judge sat in an open forum, and a great crowd of people surrounded the sad place which few, except Christians could enter. With Diotima were a few freed slaves and Rufinus who had instructed her in the way of salvation. Their eyes met and said unspeakably more than words could express. The judge passed sentence on Rufinus and the freed men who had become Christians through him.

He then turned to Diotima. Quiet and firm stood this young lady before the judge, answering all his questions. The Praetor, evidently fascinated with the charm of her gracefulness and beauty, said in a mild, friendly tone, "Think of thy youth. Choose life instead of death." "My life is Christ," Diotima answered, "trusting in Him I do not fear death."

"Gladly would I save thee," the judge added after a pause. "Think again. Obey the royal edict and sacrifice to the gods." Many persons in the crowd besought her, some even with tears, to take the advice of the judge.

"My resolution cannot be shaken," Diotima answered with a firm voice. "How can I turn to your false gods and forsake the true and living God who made heaven and earth?"

The people gnashed their teeth with fury. The Praetor frowned upon her, and with a dark

shadow passing over his face he said, "Thy folly brings thee destruction. Renounce the false principles of the Christian religion and save thy life." "Sooner will I die a thousand deaths than renounce my faith," answered Diotima.

By this time the impatient judge had lost all pity. Enraged, he turned away from her, and while the excited multitude shouted "To the lions!" he dictated to the secretary this sentence: "Because of her contempt of the imperial edict we condemn Diotima to the lions in the amphitheatre."

All were then led to the prison.

About 4 o'clock there was a great crowd pressing through the streets of the city. The

unto death. At last the people, satiated with blood, rushed through the doors of the amphitheatre and moved into the city, leaving the dark pines which stood in the neighborhood, to sigh over the martyrs, and the sun to sink in night as if dyed with their blood.

The Father's Will.

Lauterbach relates, that on April 8, 1538, Dr. Luther told the following:

A monk visited a baron who was dying. The first thing the monk did was to ask the dying man how much of his property he would give to the cloister. "Sir," said the monk, "will you give this to the cloister? Will you give that to the cloister?"

The poor baron was so near his end that he could not speak, and therefore every time a question was asked he nodded with his head. "There," said the monk to the son of the dying man, "you see that this is the last will of your father. He wants to give the greater portion of his property to the cloister."

"Yes," said the son. "But now will you please let me ask a question?" And he approached the bed, saying, "Father, do you want me to throw this monk down the doorsteps and into the streets?"

As before, the man nodded. "There," said the son to the monk, "You see it is my fathers' last will to have me kick you out of the house." And in a moment he had the door opened and the "last will and testament" was duly administered. The monk was kicked out, but the cloister received no money.

If all sons were as shrewd as this young baron, the fine palaces now occupied by monks and nuns would be less numerous, and the Papists would not be able to build so many expensive churches.—*Lutheraner.*



LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

chariots of the rich rolled over the pavements, and the dense mass gathering from all sides rushed towards the Colosseum. A hundred thousand seats were soon occupied. The very walls seemed to move with the restless ocean of human faces. For two hours there was a fight of gladiators, many of whom lay dead or wounded on the floor of the amphitheatre. This sharpened the appetite of the spectators for more blood. They cried out impatiently for the Christians. When they were brought out of the prison and placed in the middle of the arena, a solemn stillness possessed the great assembly. All eyes were fixed on the beautiful Diotima. "The lions!" cried at once many powerful voices from the lowest circle of seats, and thousands answered the call in a terrible chorus. Out of caves below the earth sprang two young lions, enraged with darkness, imprisonment and hunger. Diotima committing her soul to Jesus, fell to the ground wounded

A Beautiful Incident.

A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife sitting in the cabin near him, filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you not afraid?"

She immediately answered: "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," replied his wife, "I know that the sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe; and that He who holds the wind in His hand is my Father."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—SOME of the Hottentots in South Africa are very eager for Bibles, and the ways they take to get them are various. One young man said to the missionary, "If you will let me have a Bible I will do three days' work in your garden." So the missionary agreed, and reckoning the man's labor at a quarter a day, he paid seventy-five cents to the Bible Society and gave his workman a copy of the Scriptures. Four people brought goats, worth a dollar a piece, and two brought lambs worth seventy-five cents each, for these they got Bibles. In the Sunday-school, when the missionary told them there were Bibles to be bought, one said, "I have a goat, I shall buy a Bible for myself." And another little boy said, "Grandpa must give me a goat to buy a Bible with," and another said, "I will run and ask my father for a goat." Thus were the goats turned into Bibles.

—A TRAVELER in Norway writes thus: "I like the Norwegians. I have seen much of them, having for that purpose traveled very slowly, and learned enough of their language to talk with them. They are the most honest people I have ever known. Doors are rarely locked, yet all property is safe. All can read and write. Probably no country in the world has such uniformity in religion. All are Lutherans; and I was told that ninety-nine hundredths, at least, of all the adults belong to the Church."

—A NEW YORK paper relates the following incident, which, it says, actually occurred: A father who openly denied the Christian religion and was a professed infidel, observed his little son intently reading the Bible. "What book are you reading?" he said sternly. The little boy looked up abstractly and said, with eyes swimming in tears, "Father, they crucified Him!" The professed unbeliever stood still. It was a word in season. God had spoken to him through the lips of his child. Ere long the scales fell from his eyes. His soul was prostrate at the foot of the cross, seeking peace and pardon from the Saviour he had rejected. And now he is among those who testify to the truth of Christ's religion—to his promise: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

—THE sin with which we are born, which we have inherited from our first parents, is called "original sin." A pious minister who had preached this doctrine of God's Word, was afterwards waited on by some persons who stated their objections to the doctrine of original sin which he had preached. After hearing them he said, "I hope you do not deny actual sin too?" "No," they replied. The good man expressed his satisfaction at their acknowledgement; but, to show the folly of their opinions in denying a doctrine so plainly taught in Scripture, he asked them, "Did you ever see a tree growing without a root?"

—ONE of the Methodist bishops relates: "I once heard a man, very illiterate, who fixed on the passage of bringing into the Church 'damnable heresies,' and, mispronouncing the word, he announced for his text, 'damnable hearsays,' and proceeded to give a very proper rebuke to the slanders of the day." It was a bad blunder, and everybody is ready to laugh at the slip. But was it as bad as that of the Boston preacher who preached on the text, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" and discussed the theme, "The Importance and Utility of the Study of Latin?" There was at least some underlying truth in the ignorant man's mistaking heresies for hearsays; but in the Boston preacher's effort the Gospel was entirely "dispensed" with.

—THE late Emperor William of Germany was at one time presented with a curious pen, that supplies itself with ink while writing. The old Kaiser thanked the donor and said: "I should like to own a pen that would write only what is good and true; and then I wish all our journalists and reporters might each have one just like it, and use no others."

—A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER is said to have offered the following prayer, which might be appropriate on the lips of many who pride themselves on a high civilization: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded away in a box till another Sabbath comes round. Rather, let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till death."

—A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT occurred in one of the churches on an Easter Sunday. The clergyman announced that the offerings would be applied to reducing the debt on the church. During the singing of the music, while the collection was being taken up, the tenor, who is a German, had a solo in which occurred the words, "and the dead shall be raised." He succeeded in electrifying the congregation by giving out at the top of his voice, "Und ze debt shall be raised in ze twingling ov an eye."

—NOT long ago a ship was wrecked upon the reefs of an island in the Pacific. The sailors, escaping to land, feared lest they might fall into the hands of savages. One climbed a bluff to reconnoitre. Turning to his companions, he shouted, "Come on! here's a church!" A simple story, but one involving a profound question: Why was it safer for the shipwrecked men to go where a church upreared its cross than where there was none? That question probes the skepticism of our time to the heart.

—DARWIN, the infidel scientist, acknowledged himself sold when his little niece asked him what a cat has that no other animal has. He gave it up after mature deliberation, and then the sly puss answered, "kittens."

—THEY were speaking of a miser who had just died. "Did he leave anything?" asked Smith. "He had to," was the short answer of Mr. Jones.

—"I SUPPOSE the bells are sounding an alarm of fire," sneeringly said a man as the church bells were calling the worshipers one Sunday morning; to which a clergyman, who was passing, replied, "Yes, my friend; but the fire is not in this world!"

—A GROCERY firm in a Missouri town makes the following liberal offer: "Any man who drinks two drachms of whisky per day for a year, and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have at our store 30 sacks of flour, 220 pounds of granulated sugar and 72 pounds of good green coffee for the same money, and get \$2.50 premium for making the change in his expenditures."

—AN exchange had a hard question put to it, thus: "A brother wants to know what he ought to do with a member who owns 200 acres of fine land and has several thousand dollars in the bank, and yet could only be induced to give fifteen cents for missions?" Why don't the brother ask something easy in this hot summer weather? We give up answering such hard questions in these hot days of July and against all such questioners we close our window.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

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

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CARROLLTON.
Divine services at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

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

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,

Springfield, Ills.
Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.
Divine Service at 3.30 P. M.
H. C. WYNEKEN, MISSIONARY.

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Evening Hymn.

The day is done!
I thank Thee, Lord, alone.
'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh!
This night from sin me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

The day is done!
I bless Thee, mighty One.
'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh!
This night from ill me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

The day is done!
I praise Thee, Holy One.
'Tis evening, and I cry,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh!
This night from blots me keep,
Preserve me while I sleep.

Light to these eyes afford,
O Christ, my God and Lord!
Dispel my soul's death-gloom,
Lest I should sleep in death ere day—
Lest my great foe should boast and say,
I have him overcome!
Defend my soul, O God!
For snares beset my road.
Thou art my help alone.
Deliver me from sin and fear,
Preserve me in my peril here,
O good and gracious One!

From the Greek.

What the Believers Have.

Let us see what God's Word says they have who believe in Jesus and receive Him as their Saviour:—

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath EVERLASTING LIFE," John 6, 47.

The believers have life in Christ, and this life is an everlasting life, a life of eternal bliss and joy.

"PEACE I leave with you, MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU," John 14, 27.

Think of having the peace that Jesus has! The believers have that peace. He says also:

"Come unto Me that labor and are heavy laden and I WILL GIVE YOU REST," Matth. 11, 28.

Rest for the soul is something that every one needs. Only the believer, however, who has

forgiveness of sin through faith in Christ, can have this rest, the unbeliever can not. God says, the "wicked are like the troubled sea," Isaiah 57, 20.

"Which HOPE WE HAVE as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil," Heb. 6, 19.

What a sure hope the believer has! Not fixed on something in this earth that may fall, but fixed into Christ within the veil (heaven).

"Whereby are GIVEN UNTO US EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES," 2 Peter 1, 4.

These promises assure the believer that they who trust in Jesus can and will have all that the Father can give.

One of the many promises given the believer is that he shall always have Christ's presence.

"I will NEVER LEAVE THEE nor forsake thee," Heb. 13, 5.

Never, what a word! It is worth a gold mine, that little word—never! Child of God, lay hold of it, hide it in your heart, remember it daily.

"His divine power HATH GIVEN UNTO US ALL THINGS that pertaineth unto life and godliness," 2 Peter 1, 3.

What wonderful, boundless and endless gifts! Ought believers not to rejoice and be glad, and accept them all, because they are "God's gifts," and the weakest as well as the strongest can have them.

Believers often talk about what they lack. Let them not forget that they have forgiveness of sins, life, peace, rest, hope, promises, presence of Christ, and all things.

The unbelievers have not these things. They have no God, no Christ, no hope, no rest, no peace, and have the judgment and wrath of God resting upon them. How terrible to be wandering through this world without God, without Christ, and without hope. If you are still an unbeliever, flee to Christ and be saved and come into the possession of all things that believers have.

FISH AND CHRISTIANS.—As dead fish swim with the stream and living fish against it, so dead Christians move with the stream of the world, but living Christians go against the world's stream.

Dost Thou Believe on the Son of God?

For he that *believeth* on the Son of God hath everlasting life. (John 3, 36.)

He that *believeth* on the Son of God hath the witness in himself. (1 John 5, 10.)

He that *believeth* on me shall never thirst. (John 6, 35.)

He that *believeth* on me, believeth not on me, but on Him that sent me. (John 12, 44.)

He that *believeth* on me hath everlasting life. (John 6, 47.)

He that *believeth* on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. (John 11, 25.)

He that *believeth* on Him is not condemned. (John 3, 18.)

He that *believeth* on me, the works that I do, shall he do also. (John 14, 12.)

He that *believeth* on Him shall not be confounded. (1 Peter 2, 6.)

He that *believeth* on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. (John 7, 38.)

Whosoever *believeth* on me shall not abide in darkness. (John 12, 46.)

Whosoever *believeth* in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (John 3, 16.)

Whosoever *believeth* on Him shall not be ashamed. (Romans 9, 33.)

Whosoever *believeth* on Him should not perish, but have eternal life. (John 3, 15.)

Whosoever *believeth* in Him shall receive remission of sins. (Acts 10, 43.)

Whosoever *believeth* in me shall never die. (John 11, 26.)

But—
He that *believeth not* is condemned already. (John 3, 19.)

He that *believeth not* God, hath made Him a liar. (1 John 5, 10.)

He that *believeth not* shall be damned. (Mark 16, 16.)

He that *believeth not* the Son, shall not see life. (John 3, 36.)

LET not unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children and do them good, not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Go and tell Jesus.

Herod "sent and beheaded John in the prison." (Matth. 14, 10.) And what did the disciples do?—attempt to avenge his death? No. Sit down disconsolate because their master is taken away? No. "His disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus" (v. 12). "They go and tell Jesus," here, thought I, is the way to find relief when wants oppress, when troubles come.

In all the wrongs we suffer, in all our griefs, in all our sorrows, in all our bereavements, what so proper, so likely to afford relief, as to go and tell Jesus? That is the universal medicine for both, body and soul. We may safely recommend it to all. None have ever tried it in vain.—We visit the poor. A group of children cluster around the parents, while they unbosom to us their wants and their fears. Stern winter is coming on, and they know not how they are to be warmed or to be fed. We may sympathize with them—we may open for them the liberal hand of charity; but these are not enough. We would urge them to go and tell Jesus their wants and their fears. He who had not where to lay his head is the friend of the poor.—It is winter. We visit the abode of sickness. The husband and the father lies on the verge of the grave. The cold hand of Death is already upon him. He fears not death. The sting of it is removed. But he looks upon the companion of his bosom, soon to be a stricken widow; he looks upon his babes, soon to be orphans; and he fears for them when he has gone. He has not gold or silver, houses or lands, for them to inherit, and he fears how it may fare with them when he can no longer protect or provide. It is parting with them that tries him most.—Go and tell Jesus that, dying saint—he will ease you of this anxious thought before you depart. He says unto you: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widow trust in me." "The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow." (Psalm 146, 9.)

In short, if the parent or the child, the master or the servant, the minister or the people, the ruler or the ruled, the sick and the dying, or those in the vigour of life, want wisdom, want comfort, want light, want peace, want joy;—are they afflicted, or do they mourn; whatever be their state, whatever their wants, let them "go and tell Jesus." THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Obe.

A Visit to African Schools.

It is nothing new to hear of a visit to the schools of some town or city in our country. When the children have "oral examination," fond parents and ambitious school officers wend their way to the school house in order to see the children "perform." I have been there already, and you may have been there also. When, however, we come to speak of a visit

to African schools, some of you may have a number of questions to ask. Well, I shall try to answer as best I can. The first question I hear is this:

What kind of school buildings have they?

Well, those which we shall visit are very ordinary indeed. They are composed of a wooden building, covered with a thatched roof, no floor, in many cases, no tables, no desks, no seats, no chairs. The ground is the floor and the seat. The lap is the desk.

What kind of teachers have they?

Some of them are white and some of them are black, some are males, others females. The majority of them have come from Hermannsburg, Germany. The rest have been educated in Africa by the missionaries. The ladies are usually the wives of the missionaries and teachers. These teachers are none of those who have become so wondrously wise that they can "demonstrate" that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no Christ, no judgment, no soul. They are simple, believing, Christian preachers of the Word of God, for, strange to say, those other people, with whom America and Europe abound, and who deny a future beyond the grave and deny a God, and a judgment, who, with their mouth, are not at all afraid of death, never venture into the Kraals of the African, where climatic fevers and savage clubs bring death doubly near. They leave the work of civilizing pagans to the "bigoted, foolish Christians." Perhaps they will go to Africa later on and "enlighten" the civilized natives.

What do they learn?

Look and listen. Here comes a class. The teacher begins to question. What does he ask? Is it not the Lutheran Catechism which they have? Just so. I will not put any of the questions; for I fear that I would have to go to Africa for the answer, seeing that only too many who have gone to some stately school in our land do not know the Ten Commandments, nor the Creed.—Here comes another class. What have they? It is Bible History. They learn about Creation, about the Fall, about the Flood, about Abraham and the promise given him; they get a connected view of what God has done with the people of His choice. They are led to Bethlehem, to Galilee, to Jerusalem, to Gethsemane, to Calvary. They look into the empty sepulchre; they look towards heaven, and see the Saviour wafted up to the right hand of the glory and power and majesty of God.

How strange to hear this in an "every-day school." But I suppose those colored children don't learn anything else either. Let us see. Here they come again. What are they doing now? Just what the white children in America do. They are in numbers now. Hear them count and add and—well, I guess they can't subtract yet, but they will learn it by the time the Americans will get there.—What has this class? It reads. What has that class? Geography. Now what comes? I see them all sit up straight and put their hands on their backs. Don't you hear what comes? They have sing-

ing now. What do they sing? Is it about "Bacon and potatoes"? That is a song I used to sing. No, they sing: "Jesus be our Guide" and such songs. Now school is about to close for the day. How is that done? Wait. They all arise, fold their hands and—is it not strange, they pray before they go home! This ends the visit to the school. Now you may ask:

What do such schools make of those Africans?

Let us go to Bethany. This is the station among the Bechuanas, where missionary W. Behrens labored. The time of which I speak is the year 1872. What do you find there? Where a few years before there were nothing but the most wretched, ignorant, beastly heathen, there was, at that time already, a congregation of 406 members, a school of 116 children, 40 had been baptized in the last twelve months, 34 were being prepared for baptism. Let us hear what the missionary says with regard to the schools. "Wherever a mission station has no school, there things are in a sad condition. The greater the zeal for the school, the greater is the activity in the congregation." The congregation at Bethany, finding that one school-room would not answer, built a second, and employed Solomon, a native convert, as teacher. The very fact that the missions are growing so cheerfully at present, whereas in the first years progress was discouragingly slow, is due, in no small degree, to the fact that the schools are planting the seed of God's Word in the hearts of the children, these being much more accessible than the old people.—Well, what do you think of those schools in Africa? Don't you think they would find something to do in America? If in the African Christian schools Christians are being born unto the Lord, might not some of the children born of Christian parents be saved from falling back into heathendom, if we would have schools like the schools we have visited in Africa, schools where, besides the secular branches, the Word of Truth is sown into the youthful hearts?—*Little Missionary.*

Put Your Cakes Low.

A pastor hits it thus: I came across a nice little anecdote the other day. A child was asked if she would like to stay with her Aunt Mary or her Aunt Jane; both aunts were very kind. She said she would like to stay with Aunt Jane best, because, though both aunts made some tarts and cakes, Aunt Jane always set them on a low shelf, and she could easily get at them. Some teachers have very good addresses and talks to children, but they are rather stylish—upon a high shelf. Others are so simple that they can get the cakes! and children like that. Have you ever heard of the minister who used such big words in his sermon that one said to him, "I thought your Master sent you to feed sheep, but you preach as though He had sent you to feed giraffes." Very few of our children are giraffe. Put your cakes low.

"That's Thee, Jem!"

A TRUE AND TOUCHING STORY.

I was some few years ago sojourning at a very beautiful and much frequented English watering place. I met with an earnest Christian tradesman of the town, whose labors in the cause of religion are many and great. Although his occupation was not in selling books, yet he had, in a prominent place in his shop window, an assortment of Bibles, with an illuminated card containing this announcement: "Luther's Sword sold here!" With one of these "swords" that Christian soldier, whom I shall here call by the name of Mr. Carr, fought and won the following battle:

A band or "troupe" of young men, with hands and faces blackened, and dressed in very grotesque costumes, arranged themselves before this gentleman's door one day for an exhibition of their peculiar "performance." These people used to be called "Ethiopian Serenaders." After they had sung some comic and some plaintive melodies, with their own peculiar accompaniments of gestures and grimaces, one of the party, a tall and interesting young man, who had the "look" of one who was beneath his proper station, stepped up to the door, tambourine in hand, to ask for a few "dropping pennies" of the people. Mr. Carr, taking one of his Bibles out of his window, addressed the youth:

"See here, young man," he said, "I will give you a shilling and this book besides if you will read a portion of it among your comrades there, and in the hearing of the bystanders."

"Here's a shilling for an easy job!" he chuckled out to his mates, "I'm going to give you a public reading!"

Mr. Carr opened at chapter 15 of St. Luke's Gospel, and pointing to verse 11, requested the young man to commence reading at that verse.

"Now, Jem, speak up!" said one of the party, "and earn your shilling like a man!"

And Jem took the book and read, "And he said, a certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living."

There was something in the voice of the reader, as well as in the strangeness of the circumstances, that lulled all to silence; while an air of seriousness took possession of the youth,

and still further commanded the rapt attention of the crowd.

He read on: "And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."

"That's thee, Jem!" ejaculated one of his comrades; "it's just like what you told me of yourself and your father!"

The reader continued: "And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want."

"Why, that's thee again, Jem!" said the voice. "Go on!"

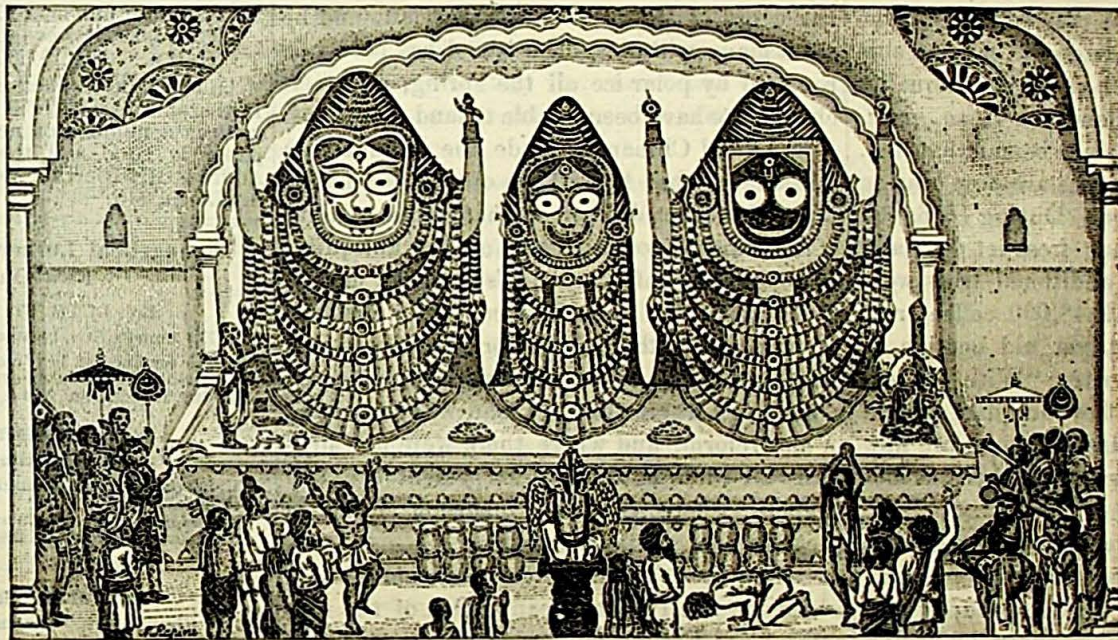
"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled

force of thoughts and reflections into the citadel of his mind, and fairly overcame him.

The day—that scene—proved the turning-point of that young prodigal's life. He sought the advice of the Christian friend who had thus providentially interposed for his deliverance. Communications were made to his parents, which resulted in a long-lost and dearly-loved child returning to the familiar earthly home; and still better, in his return to his Heavenly Father! He found, as I trust my readers will, how true are the promises of the parable of the "Prodigal Son," both for time and for eternity.

"Yes, there is one who will not chide nor scoff,
But beckons us to homes of heavenly bliss:
Beholds the prodigal a great way off,
And flies to meet him with a father's kiss."

B. W.



WORSHIPING IDOLS IN INDIA.

Be Slow to Anger.

Philip II., King of Spain, had been writing very late at night, in order to conclude a letter of very great importance. Having done so he handed the same to his secretary, that he might fold and seal it, but the latter, in his haste, seized the inkstand instead of the sand-box, and by this means destroyed the whole letter. This so frightened him that he became pale as death. But the king, without manifestation of the least anger, said to him: "Give me some other paper," renewed

his work, and wrote another letter. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. 16, 32).

Sir Walter Raleigh, an English courtier, and a gentleman of great courage, was at one time grievously insulted and dared by a young and violent man; and when Sir Walter declined to fight a duel with him, the young man publicly spit in his face. The knight thereupon drew his kerchief from his pocket, and said to him who had given the insult: "Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can wipe your spittle from my face, I would instantly kill you." The young man was so overcome with a feeling of remorse and shame at this reply, that he fell at the feet of Sir Walter, and humbly begged his forgiveness.

FAITH does not ask whether good works are to be done, but before the question is put, it has done them already, and is always engaged in doing them. You may as well separate burning and shining from fire as works from faith.

Luther.

his belly with husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him!"

"That's like us all!" said the voice, once more interrupting; "we're all beggars, and might be better than we are! Go on; let's hear what came of it."

And the young man read on, and as he read his voice trembled: "And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father."

At this point he fairly broke down, and could read no more. All were impressed and moved. The whole reality of the past rose up to view, and in the clear story of the Gospel a ray of hope dawned upon him for his future. His father—his father's house—and his mother's too; and the plenty and the love ever bestowed upon him there; and the hired servants, all having enough; and then himself his father's son and his present state, his companionships, his habits, his sins, his poverty, his outcast condition, his absurdly questionable mode of living, all these came climbing in invading

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—AN excellent feature of the Lutheran Orphan's Home at Addison, Ill., is the savings bank, which, for the benefit of the children who have left the Institution and are out at service, cares for their earnings. The director has over \$3600 on deposit to their credit, whilst several have been thus encouraged to secure properties for themselves in Minnesota and Iowa.

—MISSION COFFEE.—The General Synod has a coffee farm at Muhlenberg, Liberia, where its missionary, the Rev. Mr. Day, is stationed. The proceeds of the farm go to the support of the mission work and the enterprise is evidently a success financially. Late reports say, that the sale of coffee shipped to this country last year amounted to \$3112.35. Besides this, a considerable quantity was disposed of at Monrovia in the way of exchange for mission supplies. The coffee is of such an excellent quality and the consequent demand for it so great, that the supply has long since been exhausted. Thirteen thousand coffee trees are now bearing in the Muhlenberg Mission. During 1886, the missionary had 8000 young trees set out, and during last year 27,000 additional trees were planted. This gives in all 48,000 coffee trees of which 35,000 are not yet old enough to bear. The missionary writes, "With the exception of a few acres of low land and a small piece of two acres the entire 100 acres are now in coffee. Our mistake was that this was not done ten years ago."

—IN a certain village lived a young man who took great delight in laughing at religion. One day, while surrounded by a large group of persons, he began his foolish mockery by crying out: "The world will not grow better until the grass grows on every spot where a church now stands!" "Yes, and you will be the mule or donkey that will pasture on it," said a very sensible man who stood by.

—INTERESTING RELIC.—The Rev. Geo. Dana Boardman has in his possession an interesting relic of the first years of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia. It is the entry-book of marriages and births, and is dated as far back as 1690. Many of the marriage certificates are taken out by permission of Governor Penn, and curiously enough, the first entry in the book is of the baptism of an infant—infant baptism not being a feature in the doctrines of the Baptist church.

—THE English "Propagation Society" for diffusing Gospel truth in heathen lands lately received the sum of \$125,000 as a thank-offering from a minister of the church of England.

—AT Normoe, a little island in the Baltic, about fourteen miles from the coast of Esthonia, a Swedish Lutheran teacher has labored for eight or ten years. The population, amounting to 2000, speaks as yet the Swedish language, though separated from Sweden for nearly two hundred years. Before the arrival of the Lutheran teacher the island had plenty of ale

houses; now not one remains. A thorough awakening has gone over the island. "Mr. O. has taught us to like our Bibles instead of drinking, fighting and stealing, as we did before," is the description of the change given by the peasants.

—THE *Christian at Work*, of New York, has the following notice in its last number: "The Lutheran Church is doing grand work and achieving wonderful success in America. In 1870 the number of communicants in this country was less than 400,000. Now there are over 1,000,000."

—A WINNIPEG special says: The Icelandic movement in that province still continues. Over 300 Icelanders arrived yesterday, and 430 more will arrive in two weeks. Mr. Baldwinson, who engineers the movement, says the inhabitants in the North of Iceland were on the verge of starvation, when he left, and he fears many will die. The island has been surrounded by polar ice all the spring, and merchant ships have been unable to land provisions.

—AN old Chinaman made the remark to a missionary, that he and the other missionaries would find it too difficult to change the customs of the country, not on account of their antiquity, but on account of everybody's greed for money, which prevented them from caring for spiritual things. Still, the gospel-work is progressing even in China, for in that very province of Shantung, where that old man was despairing of any reform, and where there were no Christians 25 years ago, there at present are 300 chapels, where the soul-renewing Word is preached and gladly listened to.

—THE French have taken possession of some islands in the Pacific Ocean. One of the first acts of the French Governor was to prohibit the sale of Bibles and hymn-books to the natives, who nearly all are Protestants. But the same governor gave permission to the American Mormons to preach their infamous doctrines on the islands, and it is reported that many, deprived of the true light, were bewitched by the phantom light and have become Mormons.

—JERUSALEM.—It is the Jerusalem of history and not that of the present day which is of interest to Christian travelers. The city of the present is evidently not very attractive. An American gentleman traveling there now reports as follows: We have been here now two days and have seen everything there is to see. I would have had a much better opinion of Jerusalem if I had never seen it. It is a very filthy place, the stench on some of the streets was so great that I could hardly endure it. I think the next Jerusalem I will go to will be the one above. There are some things here of great interest. The Mount of Olives, Bethany, Calvary, the sepulchre, the upper chamber in which the Lord's Supper was instituted. I also saw portions of the temple, and a portion of the arch of the great bridge over which Solomon went from his house to the temple. If it were not for the sacred associations connected with the place, Jerusalem would be nothing.

—THE cheapest book sold in Japan is the English New Testament. It is bought by every one desiring to learn English, since it can be used alongside of the Japanese New Testament. It is hoped that the means for acquiring the knowledge of English will also be the means of imparting the much more valuable knowledge of saving Truth. The Buddhist priests of Japan begin to study the New Testament, and many of them encourage the people to buy the sacred books of the Christians.

—THE interest in female education in Japan is increasing. Two Japanese gentlemen have become responsible for fifty thousand dollars toward the establishment of a school for girls belonging to the higher classes.

BOOK-TABLE.

VORSPIELBUCH. Ein Magazin von Orgelvorspielen aus alter und neuer Zeit zu den gebrauchlichen Choraelen der evangelisch-lutherischen Kirche. Heft 5. Price \$1.00.

An excellent collection of organ preludes for our Lutheran chorales. It contains old favorites as well as a number of new and choice pieces. The paper is good and the type clear and distinct. Address Mr. Dietrich Meibohm, 1431 Salisbury St., St. Louis, Mo.

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G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

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Springfield, Ills.
Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.
Divine Service at 3.30 P. M.
H. C. WYNEKEN, Missionary.

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No. 9.

"He Careth For You."

1 PETER 5, 7.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss, unruffled by any strife.
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.
When the lights die down from the paths I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
The Blessed One stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord *does care*.

Selected.

Salvation.

The salvation which Christ procured for sinners is called a *common* salvation. "Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you," (Jude 3). It is common in the sense that it is provided for all, it is adapted to all, it is offered to all, it is needed by all. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," (John 3, 16); "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth," (Isa. 45, 22); "There is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," (Rom.

3, 22); "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," (Rev. 22, 17). Thus it is seen that none are shut out from this salvation, except by their own fault, for He whose name is Love is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," (2 Pet. 3, 9).

But the salvation which is common must become *personal*, and the sinner must learn to exclaim with the Psalmist, "Thou art the God of my salvation," (Ps. 25, 5), and to cry out in his prayer, "Say unto my soul, I am *thy* salvation," (Ps. 35, 3). It was a searching question Jesus asked His disciples, "Whom say ye that I am?" (Matt. 16, 15). No matter what others say and think, what say *you* about me? "If thou shalt confess with *thy* mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in *thine* heart that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou* shalt be saved," (Rom. 10, 9). No one can act for us in this all-important matter. We must accept Jesus as our salvation for ourselves. We must be born for ourselves, and die for ourselves, and be judged for ourselves, and receive Christ for ourselves or perish forever.

Dear reader, for you everything turns upon the question whether *you* receive Jesus as *your* salvation, not whether any body else receives Him, but whether *you* receive Him. "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). Thus is decided the destiny of the soul for ever, for "this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life," (1 John 5, 11, 12). May we know Him more and more as all our salvation and all our desire! Then we shall also become more zealous in our mission work and seek to bring to others the salvation which gives peace to our souls. "Sing unto the Lord, bless his name: show forth his salvation from day to day," (Ps. 96, 2).

ST. BERNARD puts it well when he says: "Humility is, of all graces, the chiefest when it does not know itself to be a grace at all."

"How Am I Justified?"

By A. M. T.

Clearly not by works, for the Apostle Paul says:—"Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, at this time, His righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay; but *by the law of faith*. Therefore we conclude that a man is justified *by faith* without the deeds of the law" (Rom. 3, 24-28).

Beloved reader, the simple fact is this, the Lord Jesus Christ, the beloved Son of God came down here into this world of sin and misery, and human woe. He fully told out the heart of God towards lost, ruined man, and on the cross He became a sacrifice for sin—a substitute for man—enduring the judgment of God against sin, and having put away sins by the sacrifice of Himself, He is raised again from the dead by the glory of the Father, and is seated in the glory at the right hand of God, as the proof of God's satisfaction with the work He has accomplished for the sinner. Do you want peace with God? "*He* hath made peace by the blood of His cross," "*He* is our peace." See Him, by faith, on the cross *for you*—hear that cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Look at the empty tomb, look up into the glory; by faith see Him there *for you*, beyond death, and you may say, "He loved me," "He gave Himself *for me*," "He was delivered for *my* offences, He was raised again for *my* justification; therefore being justified *by faith*, I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now you have got to works. "For we (His believing children) are *His* workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that *we should walk in them*" (Eph. 2, 10). God grant, dear reader, that you may not read this in vain.

"I would not work my soul to save,
For that my Lord hath done;
But I would work like any slave,
From love to God's dear Son."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Who is a Christian?

This is a very important question. There are thousands claiming to be Christians, who are but miserable pretenders. Again, there are thousands that think they are Christians, but they deceive themselves. And we know that there are numbers of those who sincerely seek an answer to the question: Who is a Christian and am I one?—So let us see!

Look at the name itself. It will tell you all. It is not the name of a business, nor of a political party, nor a name given to people of a certain country. It is a religious name. It means that a person, called a Christian, is one of the believers and followers of the Christian religion. He cannot, as a Christian, believe in the Jewish, Mohammedan, or heathen religion, nor in the religion of the infidels and worldlings. As a Christian he must, as his name says, believe in the Christian religion, the religion of Jesus Christ, that religion of which Jesus Christ is not only the greatest teacher, but of which He is the foundation, center and very life, which principally speaks of Him and His glorious redemption. In a word, a Christian must, to be such, believe in the Bible, which contains the Christian religion. The doctrines of the Bible must be his faith and his guide in all matters of religion and life. If you reject the Bible, if you refuse to make its doctrines your faith and religion, you cannot be a Christian. You have therewith rejected the Christian religion which the Bible teaches. You have rejected Christ Himself. The principal doctrines of the Bible are about Him and His free salvation, and all other doctrines are founded upon and closely connected with these. The Gospel of Christ, like golden threads woven in cloth, runs through the entire Bible from beginning to end.—How then can you be a Christian, without believing with heart and soul in the Christian religion, that is, the Bible?

A Christian is a person that, as the name says, has been saved by Christ, that has sought and found forgiveness of his sins through Christ, whose way to heaven is Christ alone.—All this is implied by the name Christian. A true Christian, therefore, believes that Christ came into the world to save sinners. He believes that Christ has "redeemed him, the poor lost and condemned sinner, purchased and won him from all sins, from death and the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with His holy, precious blood and with His innocent suffering and death." He believes that Christ, his Saviour, has completely redeemed him, that He did not omit or forget to do anything necessary for our salvation, that God is now perfectly satisfied and reconciled; consequently, whosoever believeth in Christ, and though he be the vilest and greatest sinner, will surely, for Christ's sake, be pardoned and will not perish but have everlasting life. A Christian believes, also, that Christ is the only hope of sinners—and sinners all men are. There is no other

name, nor person, nor thing, whereby we may be saved, it is only through Christ. Outside of Christ there is no pardon, no heaven for man. No one cometh to the Father but by Him. Whosoever believeth not in Him will be damned. Hence, a true Christian neither despairs on account of his sins, nor relies on his own good works and upright life, to be saved; from Christ and through Christ he expects everything.

It is unnecessary to say that a Christian could not have this faith if sincere repentance, that is, a thorough knowledge of his sinful, damnable state without Christ, and a deep sorrow on account of his sins, had not gone before it. Without repentance of sins it is impossible to believe in Christ.—Are you that kind of a Christian? If not, you are none at all. A person truly called a Christian believes in a God of which Christ is a person, namely His Son. In short, he believes in a God not only consisting of the Father—as the enemies of Christ say—but also a Son and besides these also a Holy Ghost. Therefore the Christian's God is a God of three persons, the Father, who created all things, the Son, who redeemed us, namely Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, who sanctifies men to follow and believe in Christ, their Saviour. Such is the one true God that the Bible speaks of. Such a God only the Christians worship. All other religions do not teach such a God. The heathen religions know nothing about the true God. The Jewish and Mohammedan religions speak of a God consisting of but one person, that is the Father.—How then can a person bear the Christian name if he believes not in the Christian's God, the God of the Bible; if he believes not in the Son of God and the Holy Spirit?—Then the Christian or believer in and follower of Christ is made such through Holy Baptism. Christ's command to His apostles and all His ministers of the Gospel is: "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." As this passage reads in the Greek text—in which language the New Testament was originally written—it means: Go ye and make all nations (my) disciples by baptizing them in the name of the Father, etc. Thus it is so beautifully said of a person having been baptized, that he has been "christened," that he has been made a Christian, made a follower and disciple of Christ. And so it is. Through baptism man is born again and made a new creature. By baptism he is given the faith in Christ, so necessary to be saved, and if he already hath it, it is strengthened by his baptism. Through Holy Baptism man obtains the forgiveness of sin and eternal life, which Christ secured for man by His sufferings and death. By baptism man is given grace and power to lead a new life. In short, through baptism man obtains all the parts of a Christian. As many as have been baptized, have put on Christ (see Gal. 3, 27). To put on Christ is to become a true Christian in every respect. Holy Baptism is also an out-

ward sign of a man's Christianity. When a person is baptized, he is known to be separated from the world and to belong to the Christian people. By baptism a person is received into the Christian Church. Then, a person baptized also vows and promises before God, that he will forsake the devil and all his works and the world, to live as a Christian after the commandments of God.

To sum up. A Christian is a person who believes in the Christian religion which is contained in the Bible, believes in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, believes in God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost and is baptized in the name of the Triune God. He will, as a necessary consequence, serve, love and confess his Master and follow His example.—F. B.

Morning Bible Reading.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But, with most people, each recurring morning brings its own pressing task. Business cares, the daily toil, and the duties of the house are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass, with many, before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried by taking some words from God's book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for a month a fair, steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high-water mark, you wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained a little at a time, by patient daily reading—thoughtful, prayerful reading too, which was hived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence as our comfort by giving more of our unwearied thought to the holy book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master whom you profess to serve.

A Strong Church.

"Is it a strong congregation?" asked a man respecting a body of worshippers.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How many members are there?"

"Seventy-six."

"Seventy-six! Are they so very wealthy?"

"No; they are poor."

"How, then, do you say it is a strong church?"

"Because," said the gentleman, "they are earnest, devoted, at peace, loving each other, and striving together to do the Master's work. Such a congregation is strong, whether composed of five or five hundred members."

Answered Prayer.

Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, told the following at a recent Missionary Conference:

"I have had all sorts of experiences in all sorts of circumstances, and when I have come to God and pleaded His own promises in His own Word, I have never been disappointed. I have been in circumstances of great difficulty, and have been led to ask Him for remarkable help. I was nearly wrecked when I was going out to China for the first time. Our vessel was becalmed, and gradually drifting upon the coast of New Guinea. We could see the savages on the shore. They had kindled a fire, and were evidently expecting a good supper that night. When I was a medical student some of the other students used to jeer at me because I was going among the heathen, and they would talk about 'cold missionary.' Well, it did look that night as if somebody was going to have a piece of hot missionary. The captain said to me, 'We can't do anything else but let down the long boat.' They had tried to turn the head of the vessel around from the shore, but in vain. We had been becalmed for several weeks, with never a breeze, or any sign of one. In a few minutes we would be among the coral reefs. We would be at the mercy of those savages, and they didn't look as if they had much mercy. 'Well,' I said, 'there is one thing we haven't done yet. Let the Christians on board pray about it.' There was a black man on board, a steward, who was a very sweet Christian man, and the captain was a Christian, and myself. I proposed that we should retire to our cabins, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ ask our Father, and His Father for a breeze immediately. They agreed. I went to my cabin, and told the Lord that I was just on my way to China; that He had sent me; and that I couldn't get there if I was shipwrecked and killed; and then I was going on to ask Him for a breeze, but I felt so confident about it that I couldn't ask Him. So I went up on deck. There was the second officer, the chief mate—a very godless man. I went up to him and said, 'If I were you I would let down the mainsail.' Said he: 'What do you want me to let down the mainsail for?' I said: 'We have been praying for a breeze, and it is coming directly, and the sooner we are ready for it the better.' With an oath he said he would rather see a breeze than hear of one. As he was speaking I instinctively looked up,

and noticed that one of the sails was quivering with the coming breeze. Said I: 'Don't you see that the corners of the royals are already shaking? My dear fellow, there is a good breeze coming, and we had better be ready for it.' Of course the mate went to work, and soon the sailors were tramping over the deck. Before the sails were set the wind was down upon us. The captain came up to see what was the matter. He saw that our prayers had been answered; and we didn't forget to praise God for so signal a deliverance from the perils to which we were exposed. We have been penniless in the interior of China; but we simply turn to this book (the Bible), and draw a check, and it is always honored."

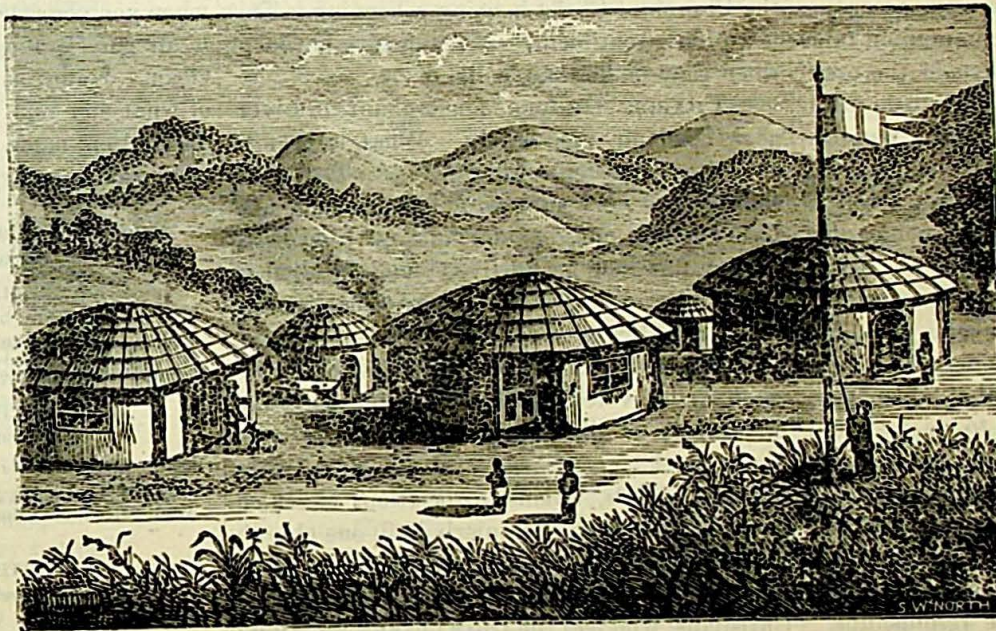
that way about God; *it is not right!*" The two men may perhaps not have blushed for many years, but now the blood rushed to their faces and they sat silent and ashamed before this little six-year-old preacher. Her voice seemed to them as a voice from the Other World; and so it was, for the Holy Spirit must have taught that little girl what she should say. Many in the room rejoiced at what the little girl—or preacher, as I must call her—said, and an aged man called out: "Yes, my dear child, you are right; no one ought to talk that way about God."

Dear reader, never be ashamed to stand up boldly and to speak a word for Jesus.

Olive Leaf.

A Happy Deathbed.

What a precious thing it is when it comes to this that a poor darkened heart can say: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." For example, we have heard of a heathen girl who was stolen from her home in Africa and, through God's wonderful ways, came to Germany. Here she was baptized and spent her last days in the house of pilgrims in Basle. A burning desire moved her to return to her people in order to preach the gospel to them. But the Lord had willed otherwise. A slight illness was looked upon by the doctor as a mild fever. But she said: "No doubt, I shall get consumption, for I have



A MISSIONARY STATION.

already been troubled with coughing and pains in the chest. Well, just as God wills, I'll be satisfied." When the nurse stepped in, Pauline laughed and joyfully clapped her hands. "Are you laughing at me?" asked the nurse. "I am not laughing at you," was the answer; "I do not know what to do, for joy: I am a child of God. Oh, you white people do not have such joy as we colored people have. I knew nothing about the Saviour; I can now die easily, for I have a Saviour now. I am glad that I can die." As the attending sister became worried about the sick girl, Pauline said: "You must not be downcast, Christians should rejoice when one can go home." For every kind deed, for every word of God that was spoken to her, she showed thankfulness by the looks of her eyes, which she lifted towards heaven. She said yet many things, but not all could be understood; only these words were heard: "Saviour—Hallelujah!" Then she softly fell asleep.

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

What a Sermon a Child can Preach.

A noble Christian woman, who was always speaking about the Lord and his goodness to all about her, and who was very careful to teach her little children that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," once stopped with her little six-year-old daughter at a hotel in Baden, Germany. At the table sat many rich people, and among them two, who cared more for money and for the god of this world than they did for the God of Heaven. They at once began to talk very wickedly about God and religion. They talked as if they were very great men, and as if they meant to drive God from his throne and to wipe out all religion from the earth. To many, such talk seemed awfully wicked, and yet no one had the courage to say one word to those wicked men and to stand up boldly for Jesus.

As no one seemed to care for the honor of God, this little girl, as if moved by the Holy Ghost, stood up and said: "You must not talk

Let the Christians on board pray about it.' There was a black man on board, a steward, who was a very sweet Christian man, and the captain was a Christian, and myself. I proposed that we should retire to our cabins, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ ask our Father, and His Father for a breeze immediately. They agreed. I went to my cabin, and told the Lord that I was just on my way to China; that He had sent me; and that I couldn't get there if I was shipwrecked and killed; and then I was going on to ask Him for a breeze, but I felt so confident about it that I couldn't ask Him. So I went up on deck. There was the second officer, the chief mate—a very godless man. I went up to him and said, 'If I were you I would let down the mainsail.' Said he: 'What do you want me to let down the mainsail for?' I said: 'We have been praying for a breeze, and it is coming directly, and the sooner we are ready for it the better.' With an oath he said he would rather see a breeze than hear of one. As he was speaking I instinctively looked up,

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—At the recent meeting of the Synodical Conference in Milwaukee, Wis., the report of our Mission Board, which we published in a former issue of our paper, was read and discussed. Conference resolved to recommend to all its congregations to take up a collection for the erection of new missionary chapels in New Orleans and Springfield, Ill. Let us all learn how to give from the following item.

—IN one of the mission congregations in Jamaica a collection was to be taken for missionary purposes. One of the brethren was appointed to preside, and resolutions were adopted as follows: 1. *Resolved*, That we will all give. 2. *Resolved*, That we will give as the Lord has prospered us. 3. *Resolved*, That we will give cheerfully. Good rules, that might each be clinched with a Scripture text. Then the contribution began, each person, according to custom, walking up to the communion table to deposit his gift under the eye of the presiding officer. One of the most well-to-do members hung back until he was painfully noticeable; and when he at last deposited his gift, the brother at the table remarked, "Dat is 'cordin' to de fust resolushun, but 'not 'cordin' to de second." The member retired angrily to his seat, taking back his money; but conscience or pride kept working until he came back and doubled his contribution with a crabbed "Take dat, den." The brother at the table again spoke: "Dat may be 'cordin' to de fust and second resolushuns, but it isn't 'cordin' to de third." The giver, after a little, accepted the rebuke, and came up a third time, with a still larger gift and a good-natured face. Then the faithful president expressed his gratification thus: "Dat's 'cordin' to all de resolushuns." Are our gifts according to all the resolutions?

—HERE is another story on giving: A poor factory girl brought for missions almost 8 francs (\$1.50) to an agent of the evangelical association who was traveling in France. When he had showed his astonishment at this large gift, she answered: "When did I give my last gift?"—"On the 13th of June," said he, "a credit of 6 francs was given you."—"Well," answered she and counted on her fingers, "that was five months ago and during that time I would have worn out at least four pairs of shoes on the dancing-floor, had I not learned to know the Gospel. You yourself may figure it out, I still have a profit."

—AND here is another: Shortly before the Franco-Prussian war a collector for missions came into a village of Germany. A married couple lived there who were accustomed to give three dollars every year as a missionary gift. At his work the man is having all kinds of thoughts of care: How hard the times are, and how much harder may they yet become! He thinks, no one can expect me to give this time three dollars for the mission; half that amount will answer. In the evening he reaches his home, and the first thing he says to his wife is:

"Listen, dear wife, the times are very hard, so this time we will give only half of our usual sum for missions." With astonishment she looks at him, but then says to him: "Yes, dear husband, the collector has been here, and I also thought the times are hard, who knows how they will be next year, and whether we can then give anything for the missionary treasury. Therefore I thought certainty is certainty, and gave with the three dollars for this year also the three dollars for next year." "Yes, certainty is certainty," said the man, and ashamed he went into his closet and thanked God that He had given him such a pious and believing wife.

—A FARMER in the neighborhood of Bremen left the sum of \$20,000 to the congregation of his village for a new church. He thought his family relations were wealthy enough, and an increase of riches would not profit them, whilst the Church of Christ is going a begging. This is a proper sentiment, yet few people harbor it when they make their will.

—CHARLES GROVER, a merchant at Liverpool, England, died lately. What is that to us? Please, listen a short while. That merchant was a very successful business-man and a very honest one, too, for he kept his vow to the Lord as long as he lived—and he died in his 75th year—to give the largest (hear!) share of his lawful gain to the Lord. For fifty years, he contented himself with one-tenth of his income, and devoted the other nine-tenths to the building-up of the Church. He did not take much stock, as we say, in the numberless societies, guilds, unions, associations of which we have too many, but quietly built one church after the other, and put good men into their pulpits. He belonged to those old-fashioned Christians, who feel the truth of the wise saying (Book of Wisdom 16, 12): "Neither herbs nor liniment will heal them, but it is Thy Word, which healeth all." He was right. The remedy for every sickness in the spiritual world is the Word and the Sacraments, and the more frequently it is applied, the better it will work.

—A PASTOR preaching the text, "Beware of covetousness," said: "Last Sunday night the collection in this house amounted to \$1 80, and the dollar was thrown in by a brother from Richmond, Va., who happened to be here, and did not know any better. The other 600 of you dropped in the eighty cents."

—DR. JONAS once gave alms to a beggar with the remark: "Who knows when the Lord will give it back again!" Luther, who was present, thereupon said: "As though the Lord had not long since given you this."

—"WHEN I look at the congregation," said a London preacher, "I say, 'Where are the poor?' When I count the collection in the vestry I say, 'Where are the rich?'"

—WELL, that will do. There are plenty items on giving in this "Outlook." As we close our window we again remind our readers that the Synodical Conference resolved to aid our mission work among the colored people by

taking up a collection in all our congregations. We hope none of our readers will be like the Irishman who said in reference to certain legislation, "I'm in favor of the law, but agin its execution."—The window is closed.

Minds Like Sieves.

A simple Hindoo woman went to receive her weekly Bible lesson, when the lady missionary found that she had remembered but little of what she had taught her the week before. Being discouraged, she said, "It seems no use teaching you anything; you forget all I tell you; your mind is just like a sieve; as fast as I pour water in it runs out again."

The woman looked up at the lady missionary, and said: "Yes, it is very true what you tell me; my mind is just like a sieve; I am very sorry I forgot so much; but then you know when you pour clean water into a sieve, though it all runs out again, yet it makes the sieve clean. I am sorry I have forgotten so much of what you told me last week, but what you did tell me made my mind clear, and I have come again to-day."

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
113 Annette Str., between Calbarne 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 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.
Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.
Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday 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.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,
Springfield, Ills.
Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.
Divine Service at 3.30 P. M.
H. C. WYNEREN, MISSIONARY.

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Reformation.

When Rome had shrouded earth in night
God said again, Let there be light!
And Luther with the Gospel came
To spread the truth in Jesus' name.

When Rome the saints of God oppressed
And burdened souls could find no rest,
Through Luther God deliv'rance sent
By His pure Word and Sacrament.

Though hosts against us stand arrayed,
Christ bids us still, Be not afraid!
Though all its powers the truth assail,
The gates of hell shall not prevail.

To-day with joyful hearts we sing
The guardian care of Christ our King,
Who through His chosen instrument
To us hath this salvation sent.

O Lord, whose mercies still endure,
Preserve to us Thy Gospel pure;
Let it alone within us reign,
That Thine the glory may remain.

Selected.

The Reformation Festival.

Lutherans celebrate the festival of the Reformation with becoming gratitude for the many blessings secured for us by this work of God. The Reformation was God's work, and Luther was the instrument in God's hands to restore the pure Gospel to the church of God. When Luther was born, all was darkness; for the light of God's truth lay hidden under the rubbish of Romish errors and superstitions. The pope and his priests pointed the people to other saviours than the Lord Jesus Christ. The Gospel truth which makes men free was cast aside, and falsehood which leads to slavery was preached in its stead. The way of salvation was darkened and those who should have been guides into that way were intent on leading souls into by-paths in which they must be lost. Luther himself, anxious for his soul's salvation, became a monk and a priest of the Romish church. He tried hard to find peace for his poor troubled soul in all the false services of the pope's church. But no peace could he find until God opened to him the Bible. From God's Word he learned that Jesus is the only Saviour of sinners. In the Gospel of Jesus he found peace and rest. By the light of that

Gospel he saw what wicked things the church of Rome taught the people to believe instead of God's truth. This Gospel, whose saving power he had experienced in his own heart, he loudly proclaimed for the salvation of sinners and boldly defended it against all its enemies. He set forth the pure truth and warned against all false guides. He preached Christ as the only name by which salvation can be obtained. He made plain the way of justification by faith in Jesus. Luther thus brought the Gospel to the people, and by this Gospel God Himself carried out the work of the Reformation. Luther says: "I did nothing but teach and preach the pure doctrine of Christ and translate the Gospels, and then laid me down and slept and rose again. The Holy Spirit did the rest through the Gospel." Thus the victory was won. We still enjoy its fruits and its blessings. We have the pure Gospel now, and celebrate Reformation Day with becoming gratitude. But a gratitude which bears no fruit is worthless. The true children of the Reformation, enjoying its great blessings, will help to bring them to others, whilst they give praise to the Lord who graciously bestowed them.

What Then?

I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner, a pardoned rebel, all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite wisdom could devise.

I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a temple of God, and surely ought to be pure and holy.

I am a Christian. What then? I am a child of God; and I ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy and gratitude.

I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate Him who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not Himself.

I am a Christian. What then? Why, I am an heir of heaven, and hastening on to the abodes of the blessed, to join the full choir of glorified ones in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; and surely I ought to learn that song on earth.—

Shining as the Stars.

A recent English paper gives an account of the rescue of a youth from drowning in the sea by an humble but brave young man, who for his heroism was elected a member of the Royal Humane Society. He was of course invited to attend the annual meeting of the Society, and found himself in the midst of Lords and Ladies and Earls and Countesses and distinguished personages, from whom he would have considered it the highest honor to receive recognition. More than thirty persons who had been saved from drowning were the guests on the occasion, and at a given signal these marched through the opened ranks of the illustrious company assembled. A youth was noticed to look eagerly into the faces of the crowd as he passed, until suddenly breaking from the procession, he threw his arms about the neck of the young man, kissing his face and calling him his deliverer, amid the tears and plaudits of noblemen. This young man shone as a star that evening, and was more than repaid for his kindness and courage. How will it be with the believer who reads this? Will no one step out from the vast throng of the saved to thank the Lord for a kind word spoken, for a single effort to lead the soul to Christ?

Rain from Heaven.

Once a little girl came to her clergyman with three dollars and fifty cents for missions.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, sir; I earned it."

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

"Please, sir," answered the child, "when I thought how Jesus had died for me I wanted to do something for Him, and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen; and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting rain-water and selling it to washerwomen at a penny a bucketful; that is how I got the money for missions, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for Him."

Giving for Jesus' Sake.

Give for Christ's sake. This implies—giving in Christ's name. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," Col. 3, 17. Giving like Christ. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." Christ gave all He had; He gave Himself. "He loved me and gave Himself for me," Gal. 2, 20. Giving to Christ. "For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in; I was naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." . . . "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." If we aim lower than this we aim too low.

If the gift be not given to Jesus He cannot acknowledge it. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me," cannot and does not mean that those on the left hand never gave anything. Many of them may have given largely and liberally; large sums doubtless appeared opposite their names; nay, some of them may have built churches, chapels, hospitals, etc., solely at their own expense. But all this may be done and not done to Christ; sometimes we give that we may appear liberal; sometimes to please our friends. How often the collector for religious and charitable purposes hears the expression: "If any one but yourself had called, they would not have got so much"? This is not giving to Jesus, and Jesus cannot and will not acknowledge receipt of what He does not receive. The next time you write your name in the collector's book and place your gift in his hand, or when the basket, or box, is passed around your pews, remember you are giving to Jesus Himself. You are, as it were, laying your gift in the hand which He so tenderly showed His disciples bearing the print of the nails.

Missions in Madagascar.

The story of the Gospel in Madagascar since 1820 is an exceedingly interesting one. This great African island has an area equal to five times the state of Pennsylvania—with more than six millions of people. The first missionaries reduced the language to writing, founded a school system, introduced useful arts, translated the Bible, and gathered a few congregations. Persecutions followed under a hostile Queen. And as at the first—"They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word"—so true is it that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, that at the end of twenty-five years of persecution the church had increased twenty-fold.

A new era dawned in 1868. At the coronation of the Queen there was a public acknowledgment of Christianity.

No idol was brought, as formerly, to sanctify the ceremony; a Bible was placed in a conspicuous position to the right of the Queen; and on the canopy over her head were the words— "On earth peace; good will to men." The Queen and Prime Minister were baptized in 1869, with many others, the royal idols were burned and the number of congregations increased ten-fold in two years.

A native instructed ministry is rapidly growing up. A liberal spirit is developed among the people. They contribute freely to the support of the churches, have built many churches, are anxious for improved educational advantages. There is a general observance of the Lord's day. The government has made it a legal day of rest. Intemperance is decreasing. Cruel punishments are given up. Instead of burning alive, as formerly, in military punishments, there is now fine and loss of rank. The tribal wars of former times have ceased, or their horrors have diminished. There are about 75,000 communicants, 400 native ordained pastors, and about 4000 local preachers under the direction of the Missionary Society. There are about 800 day-schools, with an attendance of 50,000 children.

From all this, we have the assurance that no race is spiritually so dead that it cannot rise to newness of life; no tongue so barbarian that it will not admit of a translation of the Bible; no heathen soul so sunk that it cannot become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Concerning Madagascar, Professor Christlieb says: "We have before us, consecrated by the blood of many martyrs, a success unequalled for extent in history of Protestant missions, and great enough to vindicate missionary labor from all attacks. Over Madagascar, after prolonged storm, the sun of the Gospel breaks brightly, never again to be obscured."

According to his recent little work we also learn that a Lutheran society has more than a thousand baptized converts, 4000 children receiving instructions in its schools, and in 1878 returned the number of its adherents at 20,000. "In the isles of the sea; from the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs."

Art thou the Man?

There is an old story of a certain minister who, in arranging his toilet for his parochial calls, found a button gone from his shirt-collar, and all at once the good man's patience left him. He fretted and scolded, and said undignified and unkind things, until the tired wife burst into tears and escaped to her room.

The hours of the afternoon wore away, during which the parson called upon old brother Jones, who was all bowed down with rheumatism, and found him patient and even cheerful; upon young brother Hall, wasting away with the consumption, and found him anxious to go and be with Christ; upon good old grandmother Smith, in her poor miserable hovel of a home,

and found her singing as happy as a bird; upon young Mrs. Brown, who had a few weeks before buried her only child, and found her trustful and serene in the view of God's love which had come to her through her affliction.

The minister went home filled with what he had seen, and when evening came, and he was seated in his easy-chair, his good wife near him busy with her needles, he could not help saying, "What a wonderful thing grace is! How much it will do! There is nothing beyond its power! Wonderful! Wonderful! It can do all things."

Then the little wife said, "Yes, it is wonderful, indeed; but there is one thing the grace of God does not seem to have the power to do."

"Ah, what can that be?" said the husband.

"Why, it does not seem to have power to control a minister's temper, when a shirt-button is gone."

This was a new version of the doctrine of grace to the parson, but it was such a version as many another religious man needs to remember. There is many a man who can stand up before a multitude and "confess Christ," who can be most meek when insulted in some public place; who can rub his hands and bless God for the power of religion, but who is too weak to keep his temper at home.

The value of art is the fineness of the work; the perfection of music is in the little accuracies. So the beauty and power of our religion are seen when we manifest grace in little things. As it takes greater skill to engrave the Lord's prayer upon a five cent piece than upon a broad steel plate, so it takes more grace to live a good Christian at home than in public.

Can They Show Us a Better Way?

"It is cheap and easy work to sneer at dogma, to scoff at inspiration and the atonement, and to make merry at the controversies of Christians, and to tell us that no one really believes all the Bible, or all the facts enumerated in the Bible. It is easy, I repeat, to do this. Even children can cast mud and throw stones, and make a noise. But sneers and mud and noise are not arguments.

"I challenge those who sneer at dogma to show us a more excellent way, to show us anything that does more good in the world than the old, old story of Christ dying for our sins, and rising again for our justification. The man of science may say, 'Come with me and look through my microscope and telescope, and I will show you things which Moses, David, and St. Paul never dreamed of. Do you expect me to believe what was written by ignorant fellows like them?' But can this man of science show us anything through his microscope or telescope which will minister to a mind diseased, bind up the wounds of a broken heart, satisfy the wants of an aching conscience, supply comfort to the mourner over a lost husband, wife or child?"—*Bishop Ryle.*

John Brentz.

John Brentz was one of the faithful co-laborers of Luther in the work of the Reformation. He was born in Suabia.

When he was thirteen years old, John was sent away to study at the University of Heidelberg. A few years later, he went to hear Luther preach, and was so much interested in what was said that he went home and looked into the Bible to see whether such things were true. And when he found that Luther had indeed said only what was in the Bible, then John saw and believed the new truth with all his heart. One of the things that he did after this was to go home to his old father and mother with the good news, and one historian tells us that the parents received the news gladly, and John "saw them turn to Christ and the simplicity of the gospel."

But after John resolved to spend his life in preaching the gospel to the people of Suabia, he entered upon long years of persecution for Christ's sake. At one time he and his family only managed to escape from some soldiers, that were sent against the Protestants, by placing all the food in the house on the table and then slipping out at the back of the house while the men were eating. Soon after, he and his family had to wander about in the forest on a bitterly cold night in December, and found no shelter till morning, when they took refuge in a little village where they thought the soldiers would not find them.

At another time a man was sent by order of the Emperor, Charles V., to Halle with orders to take Brentz and bring him back either living or dead.

Calling the town council together, the legate told them that he had a message to give them from the king, and that each one of them must swear that he would not tell what the message was. Each man took the oath except one councillor, who, providentially, came in late. No one noticed that he did not take the oath, for none of the other members of the council had observed that he was absent at the beginning, and he was with them when they all sat down.

Then the legate, having, as he supposed, taken oath of all present, told them that he had come to take the minister a prisoner, and threatened the town with the anger of the Emperor if the council did not allow Brentz to be seized. But the legate's wicked plan was to be foiled, for the one councillor who had not made the oath could not bear to have Brentz taken away to death—so, taking a card, he wrote on it in Latin: "Flee, flee, Brentz! Quick, quicker, quickest!" and sent it to the minister.

Brentz was sitting at the table when the card was handed to him. He knew in an instant that his life was in danger. He rose from the table and walked out of the house and down the street to the town-gate. But not far from the gate he met the legate, who, not thinking that Brentz knew anything about his intentions, hypocritically spoke to the minister in a very friendly manner, and said: "To-morrow I hope you will come to me to breakfast."

"As the Lord will, for man proposeth, but God disposeth," said Brentz, who knew well what would happen to him if he should accept such an invitation; and, passing on, he left his enemy. Gaining the forest, Brentz hid himself among the thick trees, and there he stayed for several weeks, coming down cautiously at night

to see his family in the village, and hurrying off to hide in the forest before daybreak.

At last a kind-hearted man, Duke Ulrich, of Wuerttemberg, heard of this poor minister and of the persecutions he was enduring, and determined to help him. Duke Ulrich did not dare do this openly, however, so he called his secretary and told him to provide a hiding-place for Brentz, saying "Do not tell me where you place him or anything about him, so that if the Emperor insists on it I may be able to declare I do not know where he is."

So the secretary hid Brentz in a little valley among the distant hills, and while secreted there Brentz wrote an exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm. And although that little valley where he was hidden might indeed, for anything he knew, prove "the valley of the shadow of death" to Brentz, yet he could say, "I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me."



JOHN BRENTZ.

After a time Brentz seems to have come to the conclusion that he need not hide so secretly, and might go to the city of Stuttgart to live. There many of the people came to know and love the good man who tried to teach the truth to all who were ignorant of it. But after a time Duke Ulrich heard that the Spanish soldiers were coming to Stuttgart to take Brentz.

He called the minister and read him the letter of warning that had been sent by a friend, and then told Brentz that he must find some secure hiding-place once more.

Brentz hardly knew where to go. He took a great loaf of bread and walked out with it into the streets of Stuttgart. As he was passing along through one street he saw a door standing open, and felt, as he afterwards said, as though he heard "an inward voice" saying "Enter that house."

Brentz walked in through the open door, but saw no one. He went up stairs and no one appeared, and so he went on up one flight after another until he had reached the garret, and had seen no one in the house. From the garret he climbed into a sort of loft where hay and timber were kept, and there he crawled on his hands and feet until he got into a corner. And there the poor minister made himself up a bed of hay, and waited to see what would happen.

The next day the Spanish troops that were

sent to take Brentz arrived in Stuttgart. At all of the city gates sentinels were posted to prevent the minister's escape, and then the commander gave orders to his soldiers that every house in Stuttgart be searched.

So the Spanish soldiers went through the city, searching houses, opening chests and cupboards, running their lances into beds and opening stables and lofts and tossing about the hay and straw with their swords and spears. All that day, and for other days following, Brentz could hear from his hiding place the sounds of the troops marching in the streets.

At last it came the turn of the house where Brentz was concealed to be searched. He could hear the clash of arms as the soldiers mounted the stairs and went from one room to another. Poor Brentz, back in his corner in the hay, threw himself on his knees and began to pray,

But, while he was praying he felt a long blade or lance come up through the floor, just between two pieces of wood at his feet. The Spanish soldier beneath was trying to pierce that corner of the loft to find if anything was there. Brentz felt the cold steel, and then the blade was withdrawn, and he heard the command given, "March on, he is not there," and, while Brentz was thanking God for his escape, the Spanish soldiers poured out of the house, convinced that the minister was not near.

And soon Brentz heard the troops marching out of Stuttgart, for the commander had searched so thoroughly that he was sure that Brentz was not in that city. When Brentz felt certain that the Spaniards had gone, he came down in the evening and went to Duke Ulrich and told him of his marvelous escape from his enemies.

After a time, King Edward VI. of England heard of Brentz and the persecutions he endured on account of his preaching, and King Edward sent him word that he might come to England and find a safe home there. But Brentz could not bear to leave his native country without the word of God. He said: "No, it was at home I first learned to

know the Lord Jesus Christ; it was at home I first preached the glad tidings of salvation; it is at home I have suffered for the name of my Saviour, and I hope to serve him at home to the hour of death."

And this hope was realized, for Brentz lived and worked and preached, till he died at the age of seventy-one in that same city of Stuttgart where he had been so wonderfully preserved from the power of his enemies, and of which he might have said in the words of those Psalms of which he was so fond, "Blessed be the Lord; for he hath showed me his marvelous kindness in a strong city."

Brentz begged his people to bury him where his grave might be seen from his old pulpit, and they did as he requested, since he said that he hoped that the sight of his grave would warn those who should preach after him in that place never to say anything contrary to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Martin Luther said of Brentz, that no man expounded the Holy Scriptures so clearly. Brentz was to Suabia what Luther was to Germany, the leader of the Reformation.

A COVETOUS man is fretful because he has not so much as he desires; but a Christian man is thankful because he has so much more than he deserves.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE 17th Sunday after Trinity was a day of rejoicing for our colored Lutheran brethren in Springfield, Ill. On that day H. Knabenschuh, a graduate of our Theological Seminary in Springfield, was ordained and installed as pastor of the Colored Lutheran congregation recently organized in that city by Prof. H. Wyneken. The Seminary chapel was beautifully decorated for the occasion and a large number of colored people listened attentively to the sermon of Rev. Sapper, member of our Mission Board. Springfield is a promising field for our Colored Mission. The great want there now is a chapel for church and school. We hope it will soon be coming.

—On the 15th Sunday after Trinity two new laborers entered our Colored Mission field in New Orleans. A. Scheffler and E. Rischow, graduates of our Teachers' Seminary, were on that day installed as teachers of two of our Colored Lutheran schools in that city. The colored people cordially welcomed the new laborers in their midst and expressed their gratitude for the provision made for their children by the Lutheran Church. Our missionary has also received an assistant, Mr. N. Berkhalter, formerly a colored student in our Seminary at Springfield, assisting him in church and school. May God bless the work of our new laborers in our mission field!

—A MISSIONARY preached the gospel in a village in Southern India. When he left, an old woman ran after him and begged him to tell her once more the name of Him, whom he preached. He repeated Jesus' name to her until she could pronounce it correctly, but she would not go away until she had got a little book, in which the name of Jesus was underlined by the preacher. She could not read herself, but she could ask her friends to read that name to her if ever it would happen that she forgot it.

—A ROMISH bishop was recently honest enough to talk out of school. He bluntly says: "We maintain that the church of Rome is intolerant—that is, that she uses every means in her power to root out heresy. But her intolerance is the result of her infallibility. She alone has the right to be intolerant, because she alone has the truth. The church tolerates heretics where she is obliged to do so, but she hates them with a deadly hatred, and uses all her powers to annihilate them. If ever the Catholics should become a considerable majority, which in time will surely be the case, then will religious freedom in the republic of the United States come to an end. Our enemies know how she treated heretics in the Middle Ages, and how she treats them to-day where she has the power. We no more think of denying these historic facts than we do of blaming the Holy Pope and the princes of the church for what they have thought fit to do."

—A CERTAIN priest, in Luther's time, declared that if the Lutheran doctrine were true,

he hoped the lightning from heaven would smite him. What came to pass? Not long thereafter a terrible thunderstorm arose; the priest remembered his words; his conscience was awakened; he hastened to the church, ordered the storm-bell rung, and fell upon his knees before the altar imploring God for mercy. A flash of lightning struck him while there. When removed, taken home, and afterward to the church-yard, another stroke smote and badly burned his dead body. God will not be mocked!

—A YOUNG lady who recently renounced Romanism, being told that she was born in a Catholic church she ought to die in it, promptly replied, "I was born in sin, but I have made up my mind not to die in it."

—A CORRESPONDENT in the *New York Observer* thus calls attention to a too common practice of some in the churches when the Doxology is being sung. He says: "I have always regarded the singing of the Doxology as one of the most solemn acts of public worship and as calling for special reverence on the part of worshipers. It is a special service of praise to the Triune God, in which the whole congregation by rising professedly join. But I have noticed in the churches of every denomination in which I have attended divine worship that the singing of the last hymn, and especially the Doxology is regarded by many of the people as an announcement that it is the time for gentlemen to struggle into their overcoats, in doing which they often require the assistance of one or two of their fellow worshipers. Even with this help they annoy several more of their neighbors, and to this extent interrupt the worship of God by the congregation."

—DR. KALLEY, a Scotchman, who died recently at a very old age, began to make himself useful as a missionary physician fifty years ago, and continued in his efficient work until the day of his death. In 1838 he preached the Gospel on the Island of Madeira, on the western coast of Africa, where he was thrown into prison by the fanatical priests. His followers were persecuted to such a degree that 1500 of them escaped from the island and settled partly on the Island of Trinidad, in the West Indies, and partly in Illinois. Dr. Kalley also labored successfully in Syria and Brazil. He was a wealthy man, and always paid his way himself; one of the few rich who count this world's goods for little, and place that joyfully at the disposal of the Lord.

—THE Free Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) is indeed a grand missionary society. When new laborers are wanted, the Church's Missionary Committee simply makes its want known to the graduates and students of the theological seminaries, and there are always more ready to go abroad than are needed. A few months ago the committee sent out a call for 12 men; a few days afterwards not less than 22 men, mostly university graduates presented themselves to the Board of Missions.

—At the last Missionary Conference at Calcutta, in India, Mr. Ball said: "The most cheering thing in our work to-day is the demand for the Scripture. A Hindu doctor bought 100 copies of the Gospels recently to distribute among his friends; and a still more extraordinary fact is, that a Hindu priest has bought some Bibles and given them away. The missionaries who have attended idol-festivals this year report an unprecedented sale of Bibles."

—In 14 years 700 Protestant chapels have been built in Madagascar, making the present number 1200. There are 80,000 Protestant communicants, and all the churches are self-supporting. The Queen, who is a Christian, recently attended the opening of two churches at Ambokinauga, a former stronghold of heathenism.

—THE Fiji Islands in the South Sea, which were covered with the darkness of heathenism only forty years ago, are entirely Christianized. The last report brings out the gratifying fact, that of the 116,041 inhabitants of the Islands, 114,067 are regular attendants of the church or the Sunday-school, a thing not to be met with in our country, which has enjoyed the light from on high much longer.

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.
CARROLLTON.
Divine services at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.
Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday 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.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,

Springfield, Ills.
Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.
Divine Service at 3.30 P. M.
H. C. WYNEKEN, MISSIONARY.

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No. 11.

Hymn to Christ.

Again the tempter comes! to Thee I cling.
The old serpent comes! I see his deadly sting—
Hide me, Oh hide me, Christ, beneath Thy shelter-
ing wing!

Oh hold me, hold me, Lord, do not betray
Thine image; cast me not, O Christ, away,
Lest, like the nestling bird, he seize me as his prey!

Ah, that great judgment day! And yet to go
I long; pursued each hour with woe on woe,
I find no place of rest, no refuge here below!

Thou call'st me hence;—but Oh, my faith is small;
O Christ, I am Thy servant, Thou my all!
Keep me, Oh keep Thine own, till the last trump
pet call! *From the Greek.*

You Must Give Account.

When Christ comes to judge the quick and the dead, man must give an account of himself to God. Are you, reader, prepared for this? Are you conscious of what it will be to be summoned before that Judge who will bring before you every detail of your life, even the most secret? No need of witnesses, no pleading, no place to hide from that Light that will manifest every work of darkness, and then execute upon it speedy judgment.

Would that men ceased to be fools, and considered their latter end!

But if one indeed ceases to be a fool—if indeed he does consider his latter end, what is often the conclusion he comes to? Feeling uncomfortable, he begins to "try and do better." Does this settle his trouble? If he is in earnest it will only increase his trouble. Amid all his trying to do better he will learn more and more what it is to be a guilty, lost sinner in God's sight. The sense of sins becomes intolerable; the heart cries out, "Lord, have mercy on me!"

Here deliverance comes through the Gospel, for God laid our iniquities on Christ, and visited them with judgment on Him at the cross, that all who believe on Him might be saved. The soul receives this blessed news, and the burden rolls off. I have taken my place as a lost sinner, given Christ His place as my Sav-

iour, and in God my Judge I have found my Father. No wonder that mighty preacher of the Gospel exclaimed, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," Rom. 1, 16.

Reader, do you know what all this means? Do you know that now is the time of your opportunity to learn it? Do you know that if you neglect now, in the day of grace, to give an account of yourself to God, you will have to give it in the day when grace will be over, and when the remorse that will be yours will nevermore find relief? To give an account you must. Meet it now, and find mercy; leave it till then, and find judgment without mercy.

The Way of Salvation.

Reader, are you seeking salvation? By which of the ways do you seek it? By the way of works, or by grace? The way of works is the more popular way, but it will take you to all eternity to find salvation in that way. By God's method—by grace simple and pure, you may obtain salvation, even this very day.

"There is life for a look at the crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, unto Him and be saved—
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree."

You may say, This is a strong way of speaking. Yes, but it is true. This is a question of righteousness. Now, there is man's righteousness, and there is God's righteousness. By the righteousness of man shall no flesh be justified, Rom. 3, 20. Men go about in a hundred ways to establish their own righteousness. "Go to," says Old Self, "and let us establish a claim on God, and so secure salvation." So men set up a rival cross beside that of Calvary, and when the voice of incarnate God cries, "It is finished," the rival worker, Old Self, replies, "Nay, it is not finished. Stay till I have done my part; it cannot be finished without me." This is what you do when you labor to do something or bring something, or wait to feel something or be something, in order to obtain mercy unto salvation. What shall I do? Nothing. What shall I bring? Nothing. What shall I

suffer? Nothing. What shall I feel? Nothing. What shall I be? Nothing—nothing but what you are, a poor, helpless sinner, at the feet of the Saviour; and the moment you, a sinner, and nothing but a sinner, with your bad heart and all your sins upon you, lay hold with that black, sinful hand of yours on the outstretched hand of Jesus, as "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS," that moment you are saved. Does something in your heart object, saying, "You make salvation too cheap and easy?" That is your pride; it is Old Self that so speaks. But what saith the Lord? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16, 31. "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Rom. 4, 5. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." John 3, 36.

Spare Moments.

A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school one morning and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else told him to go round to the kitchen.

"I should like to see Mr.——," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like."

"Can I see Mr.——?" asked the boy.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile the principal put aside the volume that he was studying and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked the boy was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you do well. What, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. A few years later he became known all the world over as the celebrated geologist, Hugh Miller! What account can you give of your spare moments?

Dedication of the Ev. Luth. St. Paul's Church at New Orleans, La.

On the 17th Sunday after Trinity, Sept. 23, dedicatory services were held in the Ev. Luth. St. Paul's Church on Annette Str., and the new structure set apart for the worship of the Triune God according to the Confession and usage of the Ev. Luth. Church.

The church is a neat edifice of frame in Gothic style. Its dimensions are 54×28×21 feet high in the clear. The entrance is through a tower which terminates in a graceful spire, the height of which from the foundation is 55 feet. From the vestibule stairs lead to a gallery sufficiently spacious to accommodate the choir and the organ. In the rear is a room, 16×22, used for the catechumen classes and as assembly room for the young people of the congregation. The altar, beautifully carved and moulded and painted white, stands in a recess, and the pulpit, of similar workmanship, to the right of the same. The ceiling is a timber roof construction, cherry stained and varnished, gallery and benches of hard oil finish, while the door and window casings and wainscoting are grained oak. The walls have received two coats

of rough plastering and one of gray watercoloring. It is lighted by 10 windows and one circular transom of cathedral glass over the main entrance. Both exterior and interior present a cheerful, churchly, and inviting appearance. Materials and workmanship are of the best. The new church is an improvement and an ornament to the neighborhood, an honor to the builder, and a monument to the generosity and energy of Evangelical Lutheran Christians.

Some nine years ago our Mission here was commenced in a small primitive school house, which for simplicity, inconvenience, and discomfort hardly has an equal. The outlook for our Mission at that time was by no means promising. Before one friend had been won for our cause we had, by no fault of ours, gained hundreds of enemies, a circumstance which was not at all pleasing to us then, but for which we thank God now. And why should we not thank God for enemies if they be in-

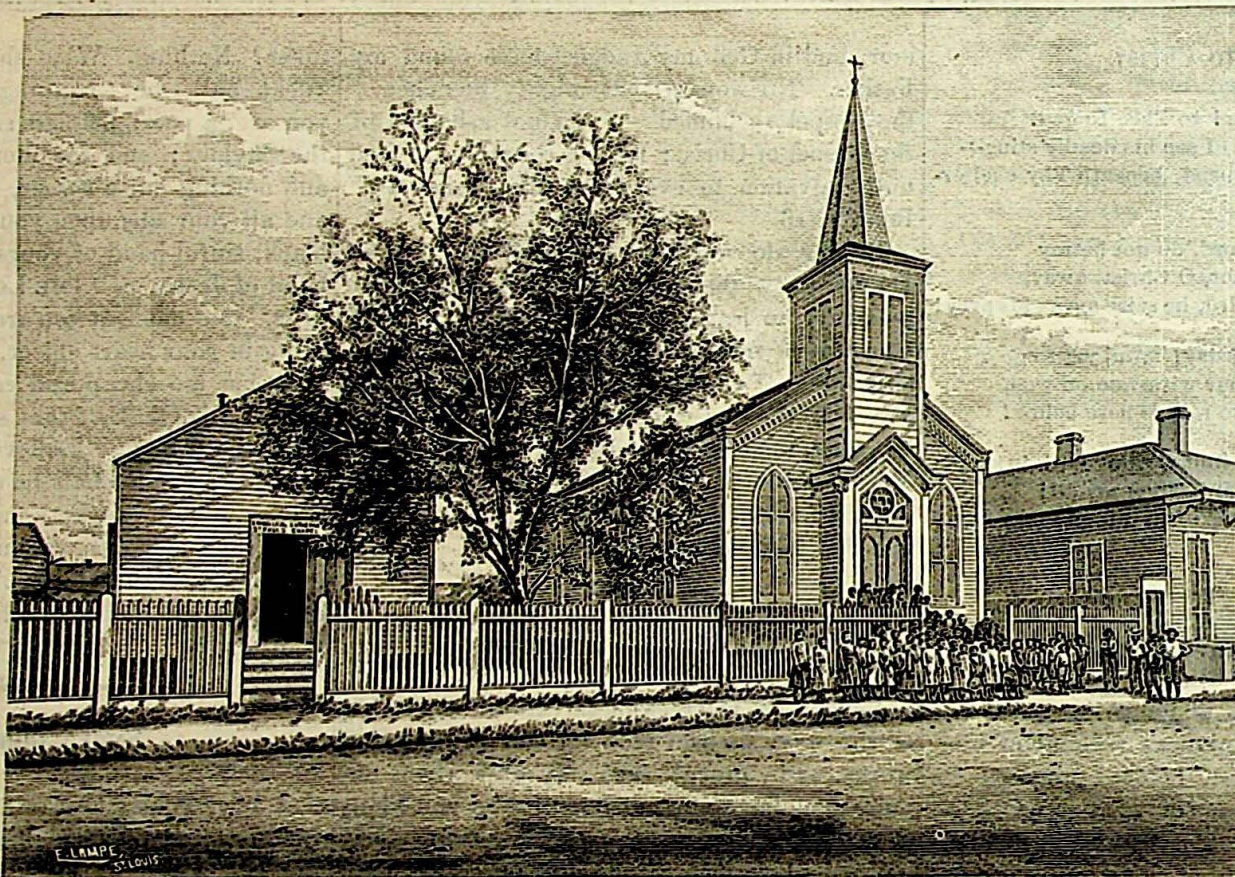
strumental in his hands, in stirring us up to fervent prayer, to greater zeal and activity, and in furthering our Master's cause? As the Word of God never returns void but accomplishes that for which it is sent, so here. It took well nigh two years before the fruits become visible, but then it was evident that Christ reigned in the midst of His enemies; one soul here and one there was gathered into the fold of Christ, and that despite the anathemas of the Romanists and the malignant intimidation of fanatical sectarians. To our tried and zealous friend and co-worker, who now sleeps beneath the sod, is due to a great extent the success which has here been achieved. With

worship had been made, knew no bounds. Every one wanted to contribute as the Lord had prospered him. The scholars of the Sunday School unanimously resolved to sacrifice their tickets and prices for the benefit of the church; the young ladies trimmed up their old hats and dresses to last them for another season, that their hard earned cash, which otherwise would have been spent for finery, might flow into the building fund. The hard working young men, they are but a few, cut down their running expenses and doubled their contributions. Nor were the older members standing by idle. They often denied themselves the necessities of life for the sake of having a

nickle or a dime to give to the collector when he came around. And they did so gladly. Every one worked with will and vigor, from old grandma to the little ones, who are taking their first lessons in the art of reading, but who nevertheless prided themselves with being Lutherans and make no secret of it. And the children especially created such an enthusiasm and joy in the community as if a gold mine had been discovered.

No wonder then, that on the 23d of September, the day set apart for the dedicatory opening services,

the church was crowded with people from the neighborhood, and this at a time when no one without necessity would have ventured out, because of the downpouring rain. The services began with the singing of the imposing hymn: "Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord," this hymn, which the Lutheran Church has inherited from the great Reformer, has been sung by larger assemblies and on grander occasions, but scarcely heartier than at the present. Thus invoked by joyous believing hearts, there is no doubt but that the mighty Pentecostal Spirit entered the house we had built to His glory and the hearts that come to receive Him. After the responsive service, in which the Lutheran clergy of our city took active part, Pastor Wegener read the dedicatory ceremonies with appropriate Scripture lesson. Thereupon the choir of the congregation under the able direction of Mr. Kauffmann sang a Hallelujah Chorus. This added



Colored Lutheran St. Paul's Church at New Orleans.

a few exceptions the congregation is composed of young people who received their first christian training in the school. Yearly a few earnest young christians were added to the church, and it was the accession of these young people that made our mission here an established fact. Progressing slowly but surely, the "chapel," as it was called, became at last too small for the worshipers. This necessitated the erection of a more spacious building. The friends of the Mission generously responded to the calls for contributions. In May this year the contract to build the church was awarded to Mr. J. H. Rollis of this city for \$1950, and under the direction of this efficient and conscientious architect and builder the work made rapid progress. The joy of the little flock at the sight of stone being added to stone and timber to timber until the cross, affixed to the spire, and the bell from the belfry made known to them that the last finishing touch to their house of

much to the impressiveness of the services. The solos were effectively rendered and called forth much favorable comment. Rev. Missionary Burgdorf had kindly consented to deliver the consecration sermon. The same was based on Genesis 28, 16, 17. He spoke in his usual lively and interesting manner on *The church we consecrate—a House of God*. Following the sermon the baby-girl of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walter was incorporated into the church by the rite of holy baptism and the Lord's Supper administered to the congregation and the visiting pastors. The services from beginning to end were solemn and impressive. The words of the Rev. speaker, clothed in appropriate simple language, and drawn from the inspired fountain, came from the heart and went to heart. The people who had faced the storm and rain and waded in knee-deep slush to reach the church, never regretted that they had done so.

Thus ended one of the most joyous days we have witnessed in the Mission and which will be long remembered by those who attended the first services of the St. Paul Church. The outlook for our Mission here is very good. The people, young though they be, are in earnest and harmonious, and we have every reason to expect that our labor will bear abundant fruit to the glory of God. May the great Head of the Church, Jesus Christ, attend both pastor and people with His Spirit and grace, enabling them to continue to labor for the glory of Zion. May the church we consecrated, forever be a house of God, a gate of heaven, where sinners' hearts are consecrated and made to grow unto an holy temple in the Lord.

N. J. B.

A Letter.

DEAR PIONEER:—

On the 20th Sunday after Trinity I had the pleasure of attending divine service in the Colored Ev. Luth. Bethlehem Chapel at New Orleans, where Rev. Bakke delivered a fine sermon to a large audience of at least 40 grown persons and as many children. The following Sunday I preached there on 1 Tim. 1, 15. to a very large and attentive congregation. The chapel was crowded, above 60 grown people and still more children being present. All seats were taken and even the aisles were filled with people seated on camp-chairs. In truth this chapel, which was dedicated but last April, is already too small for the purpose it was intended for. It is used also as a school and has but a few church-benches on which a person can sit with comfort, the patent school benches forcing a grown person to sit in a very cramped position. The congregation is rapidly growing and needs more room and better accommodation; the same must be said of the school. Already more than a hundred children had to be turned away for want of room. Many of the parents left with tears in their eyes, because their children were refused admission, some also

grumbled, saying: "Here the Lutherans ask us to send our children to school, and when we bring them, they won't accept them." Indeed, we are in great need of more room. This chapel should be used for divine services only and a separate building be erected as a school, large enough to receive all applicants. Such a building can be built for a small sum, and it would be a great help, if some friends of this mission would lend the money without interest to build this school. God has blessed the work of our missionaries here beyond all hope and expectation. It is hard and up-hill work at first, we should therefore give our missionaries all assistance in our power in their work of love, and not allow this blessed work of gaining souls for our Lord Jesus Christ to come to a standstill for want of money. The school-house could be built for a few hundred dollars; the price of a suitable lot would certainly come higher, probably a thousand dollars or more, but not be beyond the means of our Synodical Conference.

Hoping you will find open hearts and hands wherever you enter, dear PIONEER, I pray the Lord to crown the work of our colored mission with all success.

REV. J. F. W. REINHARDT,
Missionary for Florida.

"Neddie and Me."

A preacher was once talking about the heathen, and telling how much they needed Bibles to teach them of Jesus, the Saviour of men. In the congregation was one little boy who became greatly interested. He went home and told his mother that he must give something to help buy Bibles for the heathen. But he and his mother were very poor, and at first he was puzzled to know how to raise the money.

Finally, he hit upon the plan. The people of England use rubbing-stones (or door stones, as they are called), for polishing their hearths and scouring their wooden floors. These stones are bits of marble or freestone begged from the stone-cutters or marble-workers; and it is quite common to see a lad with a donkey, with a pair of panniers (or baskets) across his back, loaded with door-stones, going around selling them.

This little boy had a favorite donkey named Neddie. He thought it would be nice to have Neddie help in the benevolent work; so he harnessed him up and loaded him with stones, and went round calling, "Do you want any door-stones?"

Before long he raised three pounds (or about fifteen dollars). So, one day the minister heard a knock at his door, and on opening it, there stood a little boy holding out a package, saying "Please, sir, send this to the heathen."

"But, my little friend, I must have a name to acknowledge it."

The lad hesitated as if he did not understand. "You must tell me your name," repeated the minister, "that we may know who gave the money."

"Oh, well, then, sir, please put it down to 'Neddie and Me;' that will do, won't it, sir?"

Where there is a will there is a way. Who else has a "Neddie" that he can use to work for God with?—*Children's Record.*

By Chance.

The celebrated astronomer, Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error, upon his own principles. Expecting a visit from him, he procured a very handsome globe, or representative of the starry heavens, which was placed in a corner of the room, where it could not escape his friend's observation; who, when he arrived, asked from whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Mr. Kircher, "nor was it ever made by any person, but came here by chance." "That," replied the skeptical friend, "is absolutely impossible: you surely jest." Kircher, however, seriously persisted in his assertion, and took occasion to reason with his friend on his own atheistical principles. "You will not believe," he said, "that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you could contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is but a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design!" Pursuing this train of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, next convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

Everything but the Bible.

It is related of Napoleon that when Marshal Duroc, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very improbable story, giving his opinion that it was true, the Emperor remarked: "There are some men who are capable of believing everything but the Bible." This remark finds abundant illustrations in every age. There are men all about us, at the present day, who say they can not believe the Bible; but capacities for believing everything that opposes the Bible are enormous.

The most fanciful speculations that bear against God's Word pass with them for demonstrated facts. The greediness with which they devour the most far-fetched stories—the flimsiest arguments, if they only appear to militate against the Word of God—is astonishing.

Apostolic Humility.

When the Apostle Paul was converted, he declared that he was "unworthy to be called an apostle." As time rolled on and he grew in grace, he said he was "the least of all saints;" and just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus, he exclaimed, "I am the chief of sinners."

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

The Lutheran Church is, undoubtedly, growing in favor among the Colored people of this city. The progress which is noted all along the lines of our Mission fields is the best evidence of this fact. The two new houses of worship, the Bethlehem Chapel on Washington Ave. and the St. Paul's Church on Annette Str., both erected within the last six months, have attracted considerable attention and set great many of our Colored friends a-thinking. As a consequence your Missionaries are preaching to larger congregations, and applications for membership are of frequent occurrence. The schools are well filled, some overcrowded, yet all in good working order. The new laborers, quickly adapting themselves to their new surroundings, are working with an energy that will not fail to bear abundant fruit.

The Mount Zion school at present can easily seat 200 scholars, and before another month has rolled around we shall have gathered them in under the Gospel sound. The school now has an Intermediate and a Preparatory department, Mr. Vix being in charge of the former, and Mr. Berkhalter presiding over the latter, using the auditorium of the church for a class room. An acquisition to our property here of a portion of ground would greatly facilitate the discipline of the children during recess. The yard is so small that with 150 to 200 children it scarcely affords comfortable standing place. Amusement of any kind is out of the question. This should be remedied. Some months ago there were fifteen new accessions to the congregation, eight of which were children. An equal number of adults and children are now receiving catechetical instruction preparatory to confirmation.

Thanks to the generosity and prompt responses of Mission friends in the bonds of faith the St. Paul station has been provided with a church which for neatness, comfort, and seating capacity leaves nothing to be desired. The Sunday school with nine teachers and 116 scholars has plenty of room and to spare, and so has the congregation, but the members have earnestly set about to fill the unoccupied seats and have met with considerable success; at present 7 children and 16 adults are being prepared for baptism and confirmation. The school has an attendance of 104 scholars, which is 24 more than the chapel can comfortably hold. In the near future either an addition has to be made to the chapel or a new building erected. In the latter case the chapel could be utilized for a preparatory department, which could be filled with little ones on a short notice. If our mission is to prosper we can ill afford to send away every year a large number of children that knock at our doors for Christian instruction. It is also bad policy to put our teachers to work in small, poorly ventilated rooms like our Chapel, and that among a class of children that are not noted for cleanliness, and thus ruin the health of the laborers in the midst of a

great harvest. Hence, fellow christians, *more and better rooms for our Colored Mission.*

Carrollton, though numerically somewhat behind the older stations both as to membership and church attendance, is alive and active. The members of our church in Carrollton are few but they are earnest christian workers, faithfully proclaiming the deeds of Him, who has called them. And what can not a few earnest active christians accomplish through Him who is mighty in the weak? The field is a hard one, and so have other fields been, yet the word preached in season and out of season must eventually overcome and obtain the victory. Mr. Joeckel opened his school with some 90 scholars, 12 of whom are receiving catechetical instruction from the pastor.

Bethlehem Chapel, on Washington and Dryades, the youngest of our Missionary stations, is fast growing both in number and strength. Scarcely six months old, yet the school in charge of Mr. Rischow, has an attendance of over one hundred children and *about as many have been sent away for want of room.* For services, too, the Chapel is already too small, a fact that should make every christian heart leap for joy. Sixteen adults and fourteen children are being prepared for confirmation. Now, as the greatest portion of the school children attend the divine services, but a few seats remain for the throng of adult worshippers.

This evil must be remedied, and that with the shortest possible delay. A plain but spacious building for school purposes must be erected by the side of the chapel, the latter to be used exclusively for church. Put in church benches instead of the patent school desks and the chapel will easily seat 200 people.

From the above facts it is evident that the Lord richly blesses the work of his servants here. Between 80 and 90 adults and young people are receiving catechetical instructions from the Missionaries preparatory to their admission into our church. Nearly 500 children are being brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord by our teachers. Indeed the harvest is great. Lord, send more laborers, build us more barns, the fields are white already to harvest.

New Orleans, Oct. 25, '88. MISSIONARY.

In the Magdalen Islands.

Random critics who are fond of depicting the easy and quiet life of the modern missionary will be put to the blush, if it be possible, by the work of the Rev. James Chalmers, who for six years has been living a life of unselfish and isolated work in the Magdalen Islands, at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Atlantic. For six months in the year, Dr. Forbes tells us, these islands are "cut off from all communication with the main land by an impenetrable barrier of pack-ice." "Situated from ten to twenty miles apart, the scattered flock of some four or five hundred Protestants with

their three churches can only be reached by the sea in Summer and by the ice in Winter. The missionary needs to be one of a thousand, a man who can handle a boat and go to windward in a bad sea, who can plunge into an opening between two fields of running ice and swim across as best he can. He should be able to face the snowstorm and freezing blast. He should have some medical knowledge, for there is no doctor on the islands. He should be content to be cut off from all the amenities of social life, for there are scarcely any above the fishermen class." To crown all these hardships, Mr. Chalmers has also suffered all the discomfort of a damp and desolate house. Work of this kind must be its own reward, and the humble character of the sacrifice makes it all the nobler. A man might readily give up ease and life itself for a nation, where success or failure would be almost equally glorious, but few would have the true-heartedness to live and labor almost unknown under inclement skies far away from their country and their friends, their sole joy that they are serving Christ.

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.
CARROLLTON.
Divine services at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.
Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday 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.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,

Springfield, Ills.
Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.
Divine Service at 3.30 P. M.
II. C. WYNERKEN, MISSIONARY.

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