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### The Lutheran Pioneer 1889

R. A. Bischoff (Editor)

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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. XI.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1889.

No. 1.

## The New Year.

JESUS! shall our watchword be  
As the New Year's dawn spreads o'er us;  
Jesus' Name alone will we  
As our standard bear before us;  
In His covenant we stand  
Journeying to the promised land.

JESUS' Name and Jesus' Word  
Shall resound in fullest measure  
In our churches and be heard.  
May we tread His courts with pleasure,  
That our hearts through grace anew  
Prove a holy temple too.

JESUS' Name shall lighten pain,  
And in all our ills relieve us;  
Losses thus shall turn to gain—  
And to blessings what seemed grievous.  
Jesus' Name is Sun and Shield,  
Here must all our sorrows yield.

*B. Schmolke.*

## A Happy New Year!

We wish you a happy new year, dear reader. But do you know that Jesus only can render the new year happy? As long as we travel through this world without this Saviour, we are on the road to eternal damnation, yea, we are condemned already; for it is plainly written, "He that believeth not the Son is condemned already" (John 3, 18); "He that believeth not shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3, 36). How can there be any happiness as long as we are under the wrath and curse of God? Perhaps you expect to be made happy in the new year by the wealth and joys and pleasures of this world. But these things cannot give you any true happiness; they cannot take away your sins; they cannot take away the wrath of God; they cannot save you from hell; they cannot give you the sure hope of everlasting life in the hour of death. True happiness and salvation can be found in Jesus only. His name was called Jesus because He saves His people from their sins. He came into this world as the Saviour of all sinners. The poor Jewish shepherds from the fields of

Bethlehem, and the rich wise men from the distant heathen land found their happiness and salvation in Him. And for ages kings and beggars, wise men and unlearned men, found salvation in this Saviour. He has brought true happiness into the palace of the rich and into the cabin of the poor. He comes to you in the Gospel, and you find Him there by simply trusting in this Gospel.

Men often, in looking for salvation and happiness, follow their own thoughts. They resolve to do better in the coming year by their own strength; they want to turn over a new leaf; they trust in their own works, in their own feelings, in their excitement at the revival bench. But they cannot find true happiness by thus following their own thoughts. When the wise men from the East followed their own thoughts, they went to Jerusalem to find the Saviour. They did not find Him. But when they trusted the word of God which directed them to Bethlehem, they found Jesus. So we must simply trust in God's word. We must not think: Well, there can be nothing in that Gospel; it is a mere empty sound of words. No! We must simply put our trust in the word of God which tells us that Jesus came into the world to save us from all our sins, and that "he that believeth HATH everlasting life" (John 6, 46). We must not think: Well, there can be nothing in Baptism; a little water can bring me no blessing. We must simply trust the word of God which tells us, "He that believeth and is baptized SHALL BE SAVED" (Mark 16, 16). We must not think: Well, the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper can be of no blessing to me. We must simply trust the word of God which tells us that with the bread Christ give us His Body which was GIVEN FOR US, and with the wine His blood which was SHED FOR US, FOR THE REMISSION OF OUR SINS (Matt. 26, 26-28). By thus simply trusting in God's word we find the Saviour, and in Him we have true happiness and eternal salvation. We may then joyfully enter the new year. We know that we are God's children by faith in Jesus, and that our Father will take care of us, and that all things that will happen to us in the coming year will be for our own good. To all our readers we wish such a happy new year!

## Redeemed.

It is said that just before the civil war in this country a wealthy gentleman, who was walking the streets of a southern city, had his attention called to a group of negro slaves about to be sold. One of them was weeping bitterly, and when he asked her why she was crying she replied that she did not know what kind of a master was going to buy her, nor where she was going. He said nothing more, but when she was placed upon the block for sale, he bid a higher price for her than any one in the crowd, and she was knocked down to him as his property. She was still weeping, because she did not know him, nor where she was going, until he gently said, "I have not bought you to make a slave of you; I have bought you to set you free; go where you please." She instantly turned to him with the glad cry, "Let me go with you, I will serve you all my life." Christ has redeemed us with His precious blood. Let us gladly serve Him with all our powers.

## Empty Religion.

Ah, how many there are with a good name, a respectable character, envied by others, and yet they have a secret lurking in their breasts that, in spite of all their fair show in the flesh, something else is needed which they have not got. The thought of dying and meeting God makes them tremble. They hear of others being converted, and laugh or wonder at it, yet feel uneasy as to their own standing before God. Their foundations shake, and so they may—they are only sand. They feel there is something more needed than a mere empty profession—a Christless religion, yet they do not like to admit that they have been wrong all their lives: it humbles them too much. And thus they go, hoping for the best, till they are shipwrecked forever—their hopes blasted forever, and themselves lost forever.

Most men will strive much harder for an estate here than they do for heaven.

### Four, Six and Two Tracks.

Of this the picture in this number of the PIONEER reminds us. How so? Let me tell you. A sheep is lost upon the mountains. It cannot get back to its home, for of all creatures it is the most helpless, when once out of the way, if left to itself. If it goes on it must die, if it stands still it must die. Above it is the cold storm, before it is the fierce wolf, around it are the steep rocks and deep pits. There are but FOUR tracks in this wild place, for the sheep is alone; and it calls to mind what is written in God's word of every one of us, whether man or child, "all we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," Isa. 53, 6.

But there is a good Shepherd, who says, "What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?" Luke 15, 4. "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost," Matth. 18, 11.

Here, then, we have SIX tracks, made by the lost sheep, and the seeking Shepherd, who says, "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," John 10, 11. Yes, "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." He did not wound the poor sheep when He found it, but "He was wounded for our transgressions;" He did not bruise it, but "He was bruised for our iniquities;" He did not chasten it, but "the chastisement of our peace was upon Him;" He did not strike it, but "with His stripes we are healed," Isa. 53, 5, 6.

The sinner then, old or young, is not told to do anything to save himself, but only to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ to save him. He is forbidden to do anything, to wait for feelings, or to put confidence in his good works, for "this is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent," John 6, 29. We do good works because we are saved, but so far from doing good works that we may be saved, it is written, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness," Rom. 4, 5.

Hence, after the sinner believes, there are

but two tracks, the tracks of the good Shepherd. "When he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." He bears us all the way to heaven, for "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom," Isa. 40, 11.

Yes, it is a beautiful picture which can com-



The Good Shepherd.

fort us as we enter the new year. Ursula, a German lady of great prominence, had decorated her chamber with many beautiful pictures, and in her last sickness she derived much comfort from them. Just opposite her bed there hung a picture representing the Saviour bearing upon His shoulders the lost sheep which He had found. Of this she said, "I too am on the strong shoulders of my Saviour; He Himself will bear me safely into the Paradise of God. Of this I am fully convinced."

A BEAUTIFUL SAYING: "When you are insulted, cast the affront into the unfathomable depths of God's love, from which it will have no resurrection.

### An Epiphany Lesson.

The Epiphany festival is celebrated on the 6th of January. The Gospel of that day tells us of the coming of the Gentiles to Bethlehem to worship at the couch of the infant Saviour. The festival is the missionary festival of the Church. It reminds the church of her duty to bring the Gospel to those who now sit in darkness. It is every Christian's duty to aid in this

mission work by praying and by paying. Do not forget the paying part. It takes money to carry on mission work. Missionaries must be supported, chapels and school-houses must be built. The Christian's new nature gladly contributes to this work, but the old nature is opposed to giving and must be fought and put down.

There was old Uncle Brown. He was in church on Epiphany Sunday and listened to a missionary sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear-trumpet directed upward toward the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At one time he said to himself, "I'll give \$10;" again he said, "I'll give \$15." At the close of the appeal he was very much moved, and thought he would give \$20. Now, the boxes were passed. As they moved along, his charity began to ooze out. He came down from twenty to ten, to five, to one, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything. "Yet," said he, "this won't do—I am in a bad fix. This stinginess will be my ruin." The boxes were getting nearer and

nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during his talk, which was half heard by those sitting near him, though in his deafness he did not know he was heard. In the agony of the final moment, he took his pocket-book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it, "Now squirm, old nature!"

All honor to old Uncle Brown! The old nature had to go under. It often takes a great giving to put stinginess down. A few experiments of putting in the whole pocket-book may, by-and-by, get the heart into the mission-box.

### A Useful Life.

As we enter a new year let us remember that there is work for every one. You need not brood over any infirmity of yours and be sad because you cannot be of any use to the church. No! God has some work for you to do. Let me tell you a story.

In Hickorytown there lived a man by the name of Miller, Daniel Miller. A Christian man he was, one of the sterling sort. Talk with anybody in that town about him, and they would speak highly of his sterling worth, and almost always close with: "What a pity that such a good man as he should be so hard of hearing."

That was his trouble, and a great trouble it was. The thought was written all over his patient, sad face: "I am hard of hearing and growing worse. It destroys my usefulness." And as he grew deafer and deafer, the patient, sad look on his face deepened, and the feeling grew on his heart that he wasn't of any use to the Church of Christ that he loved with all his soul.

On New Year's day a treasurer was to be elected by the congregation. Some one proposed the name of Daniel Miller, thinking that the treasurer's work could be done by him and that it would make him feel that he could do something for the church. After the election the chairman went down the aisle, and bent over Mr. Miller, and said in a good, loud voice, "You have been elected our church treasurer by a unanimous vote." Miller stammered out something about not being fitted for the work—his infirmity being so great; he wished he could do something, he would be glad to, if he could, but maybe it was a risk to try it. Then the chairman put down his mouth to his ear again, and called out, "We all stand ready to go your security, every one of us."

Well, Daniel Miller took hold of the work with a will, and the work was never better done. His "infirmity" was a positive advantage to him. There wasn't any use in trying to tell him how the accounts stood, or explain away this, or that; he couldn't hear; it all had to be done in writing. And when a man sits down in quiet to make a written account of anything that another man is expected to fully understand, he uses language carefully, don't you see? You don't suppose the people were foolish enough, when his year was out, to put in another treasurer? The machine was running too smoothly. They elected him again by as large a vote as before.

And he did his work well. By-and-by he began to send out little notes with his bills. "We owe it to our pastor to pay his quarter's salary on the day promised." Well, when the next quarter's salary was paid the morning of the day on which it was due, without having been asked for or run after, that minister thought good times were coming! He hadn't been used to that sort of thing. You never saw anything like the promptness with which subscriptions

were paid in the church. If a man was twenty-four hours behind time with the payment of his subscription for the pastor's salary, he was sure to receive a call from Mr. Miller. And now imagine a man trying to carry on a conversation with Daniel Miller about not having paid his subscription for the pastor's salary. "Money has been a little short with me lately," he begins, "and I thought a few days' delay—"

"What is it?" interrupts Daniel, with his hand to his ear. "I'm hard of hearing, you know, speak a little louder, please."

Do you suppose that man is going to yell out for the benefit of the passers-by that he is a little short of money, and had deliberately planned a few days' delay for his minister? The way it worked was for him to scream out, "You shall have the money at noon to-day, Mr. Miller. Very likely he grumbled that he wouldn't get caught in that trap again, and he didn't. People didn't enjoy calls from Daniel Miller, when they owed the church any money.

And the work made a wonderful difference in Daniel's life; he kept his head straighter, and walked faster. The church was large and there was a good deal of business to be transacted, and Daniel had no temptation to brood over his infirmity. Then he knew just what was going on; just what the church gave to missions and all benevolences. He had no need any more to wonder painfully what was being done, and after hesitating over it a good while make up his mind to ask somebody, and feel sorry for them all the time to think they had got to answer him. Instead, people had to come to him for information. And I tell you the treasurer's reports of that church were curiosities. They were managed with such exactness and clearness. And besides keeping the finances of the church straight, Daniel Miller did other work for the church, the record of which is known to the Master.

The years went by, and at each election Daniel Miller was reelected, until at last that congregation would have laughed in the face of any man who had suggested a change. "What should we do without Daniel Miller?" That is as near as they ever came to mentioning the time when they might have to do without him.

And that time did come. From his labor of faith and love the Master called him to his eternal rest. And on the day of his funeral there was a great uprising of the people to offer the last tribute of respect and affection to that plain Christian man, who had led a useful life in their midst in spite of his infirmity.

### "It will Light you Home."

The Bible will light you home, dear reader, if you take it as a lamp to your feet. You cannot do without it, as you enter a new year. Therefore read your Bible daily. The psalmist says that it meets life's deepest necessities: "This is my comfort in my affliction; for Thy

Word hath quickened me" (Ps. 119, 50); "I remembered the judgments of old, O Lord, and have comforted myself" (Ps. 119, 52): "Unless Thy law had been my delight, I should then have perished in my affliction" (Ps. 119, 92); "Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me; yet Thy commandments are my delight" (Ps. 119, 143). You cannot do without the book of which all this can be said. You cannot cast off the friend that will comfort you in pain and weariness. Thousands of Christians can bear witness to the value of this book. They can stand up and say: "We have been in affliction, sorrow, darkness, weakness, poverty, and the Bible has proved itself to be counselor, and light, and guide and friend." Blessed book! Not a man-made book at all, but God's book. Other books come and go, but this book stands to the end of time, and to the end of time the world needs it. You need it, dear reader. It will light you to your eternal home.

A country pastor writes: Going two miles into a neighborhood where very few could read, to spend an evening in reading to a company who were assembled to listen, and about to return by a narrow path through the woods where paths diverged, I was provided with a torch of light wood, or "pitch pine." I objected; it was too small, weighing not over half a pound. "It will light you home," answered my host. I said, "The wind may blow it out." He said, "It will light you home." "But if it should rain?" I again objected. "It will light you home," he insisted. Contrary to my fears, it gave me abundant light to my path all the way home, furnishing an apt illustration, I often think, to the way in which doubting hearts would be led safely along the "narrow path." If they would take the Bible as their guide, it would be a lamp to their feet, leading to the heavenly home. One man had five objections to the Bible. If he would take it as a lamp to his feet, it would "light him home." Another told me he had two faults to find with the Bible. I answered him in the words of my good friend who furnished the torch, "It will light you home."

### The Believer's Prayer.

I know, as often as I have earnestly prayed, when it has been real earnest with me, I have indeed been richly heard, and have obtained more than I have prayed for. God has for a time delayed, but nevertheless the help has come. Ah, how truly grand a thing is the honest prayer of a true Christian! How mighty is it with God; that a poor human creature can so speak with the High Majesty in heaven, and not dread Him but know that God is kindly smiling on him for Jesus Christ's sake, His dear Son, our Lord and Saviour! To this end the heart and conscience must not look back, must not doubt or fear on account of unworthiness.

Luther.

### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—YES, we have moved into the large and beautiful new parsonage which our congregation erected this summer at the cost of \$3500. And from our study, which the kind ladies have furnished with a beautiful carpet, our little PIONEER has a good "outlook" through the large and bright windows. But he cannot see what is going on in our mission fields, and our readers would like to know all about it. The PIONEER will therefore be very thankful to our missionaries for reports from the mission field in the coming year. Let all our readers remember that items and reports on church matters are always welcome.

—ACCORDING to the careful statistics of the Lutheran Calendar for 1889, our Church numbered on October 31st of the past year, 4406 pastors, 7505 congregations and 1,033,367 confirmed members.

—THE celebrated German "Text-book of Geography," by Daniel, has reached its 64th edition, and contains some most interesting facts and statistics. The population of the world is given as 1435 millions. No less than 3064 different languages are known to be in use among men. There are some 1100 different religions, and the fact is stated as absolutely true, that not a single nation or people on the globe has yet been discovered—even the most degraded—without some sort of religious worship. Among those professing Christianity, the Roman Catholic Church numbers 208 millions; the Greek, or Oriental (Russian orthodox) Church, 80 millions; the Protestant, with various divisions, of which the Lutheran is the most numerous, 128 millions. The followers of Mahomet number no less than 120 millions, and the various systems of paganism, 875 millions, or more than twice as many devotees as the various forms of Christianity. What a picture to contemplate and to study!

—THE MISSIONARIES of India are rightly indignant at the government's rum policy, which permits the distilleries to sell their stuff at a very low price. The government officials at the same time are trying to be in favor of the Mohammedans to the hinderance of the work of missions.

—AN Italian secular newspaper has brought out a fine illustrated edition of the Bible, the first of the kind in Italy, and sells it at a very low price, about one dollar.

—MADAGASCAR.—The London Missionary Society, 25 years ago, opened seven elementary schools, with 365 pupils; in 1886 they numbered 1005, with 103,000 scholars. The several provinces of the kingdom are divided into districts, and each district has a meeting-house, used both as a church and school-house. Most of them are built of adobe, with thatched roof, and are very plain buildings with mud floors. The school outfit consists of a few lesson-sheets and text-books for the teachers' use. The pupils, however, provide themselves with the

primer, a copy of the New Testament, the native Christian newspaper, a catechism, grammar, and geography. There are six standards according to which these schools are regularly examined by their Superintendents. The teachers are supported in part by the natives. The object of these schools is to teach the children to read the Bible, and in this they succeed, and so these schools become the chief auxiliary to the direct preaching of the gospel. The coming generation of the Malagassy will have, as a foundation, not only an ability to read the Scriptures, but also a fair knowledge of Christian truth.

—A MAN of eminence recently died. He was an infidel, and the papers report him to have said on his dying bed: "I want you to tell the world that you have seen a free thinker die without fear of what the hereafter may be." And is this all that the free thinker can say for himself in the supreme hour of death? The brute can say as much. No fear! But has he hope? "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "The time of my departure is at hand. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me." Ah, this is hope, this is victory, this is triumph! This is the Christian's triumph not known to the brute and the free thinker.

—A MINISTER asked an old colored man his reason for believing in the existence of God. "Sir," said he, "I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north star stands where it did the first time I saw it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It isn't so with man's work. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for a while, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, the moon, and stars keep on the same way all the while."

—THE WHISKY DEVIL IN AFRICA.—In the five years ending with 1887, Boston sent to Africa 3,500,000 gallons of intoxicating liquors. Boston is also sending Missionaries to Africa.

—AN officer of the law had been ordered to seize the goods of a poor citizen for his rent. When he came to the house, he found the family gathered, and singing the dear old hymn: "In deep distress, I called to Thee," etc. At this sight, but more especially by this song, he was so moved, that he gave his coat to the poor man, that he might sell it to obtain money wherewith to pay the rent.

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

fair?" "O, my son," said she, "that was for church." "But if it was wrong," said the boy, "would doing it for the church make it right? Would it be right for me to steal money to put in the collection? And if it is right for the church, is it not right for me to get this watch if I can?" The good woman was speechless, and no person can answer the boy's argument. The practices are both wrong or they are both right.

—AT the end of every number of the PIONEER very particular directions are given to correspondents. Business letters are not to be sent to the editor. The editor and the superintendent of the business department are *two persons*, and their post-offices are many miles apart. Read again the plain statement at the end of the paper. You have time to do so now; for the Pioneer closes the window, wishing you

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.  
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 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. S. KNABENSCHEUT, Missionary.

### TERMS:

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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.

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No. 2.

## The Mother's Cradle Song.

The following beautiful hymn is a translation from the "Home Songs" of Sweden. It is crooned by the mother as she is putting her little one to sleep.

Oh, little child, lie still and sleep;  
Jesus is near, thou needst not fear;  
No one need fear whom God doth keep  
By day or night.  
Then lay thee down in slumber deep  
Till morning light.

Oh, little child, be still and rest;  
He sweetly sleeps whom Jesus keeps;  
And in the morning wake so blest  
His child to be.  
Love every one, but love Him best—  
He first loved thee.

Oh, little child, when thou must die,  
Fear nothing then, but say "Amen"  
To God's demand, and quiet lie  
In His kind hand,  
Till He shall say, "Dear child, come, fly  
To heaven's bright land."

Then when thy work on earth is done  
Thou shalt ascend to meet thy friend;  
Jesus the little child will own,  
Safe at His side;  
And thou shalt dwell before the throne,  
For He hath died.

## Come to Jesus!

This is the Gospel call. Jesus says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. 11, 28. What does that little word "come" mean? It means believe, trust in Jesus. This is plainly seen from the following passage, "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst," John 6, 35. Coming to Jesus is the same as believing or trusting in Jesus. Now, no man will come to Jesus, no man will put his trust in that Saviour, except he be convinced of his sin by the law of God, and feel that he is a sinner and needs a Saviour. A man that does not think himself sick will not call for the doctor, and a man that does not think himself a sinner will not come to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. Most men do not feel themselves "heavy-laden" with

sin, and they therefore reject the Saviour and pay no heed to the Gospel call, Come to Jesus!

There are many, however, that do not deny their sinfulness; they know they are sinners, and yet they do not come to Jesus. What is the matter with them? They will not come just as they are. They think they must make themselves better before coming to Jesus. But that is a sad mistake. They are like the man who tried to lift himself over the fence by the straps of his boots. No man can make himself better by his own strength. Why not? Because we are sinners by nature. The Bible teaches this all the way through. We are "dead in trespasses and sin," says the apostle. "We are as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," says the prophet. Our whole nature is corrupt, and rotten, and sinful. Do not try to patch up that old sinful nature of yours, but come to Jesus just as you are. He will make you whole.

Are you afraid of coming just as you are? Do you fear lest He will cast you out? Listen to what Jesus says: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John 6, 37. "Him that cometh"—be he high or low, colored or white, rich or poor, yea, the greatest of all sinners, the chief of sinners—"I will in no wise cast him out."

Behold Jesus sitting at the table of Simon the Pharisee. A poor woman who had been a dreadful sinner comes behind Him weeping, and stooping down washes His feet with her tears and wipes them with her long locks of hair. The Pharisee's eye is upon Him to see how He will act. Does He spurn the guilty woman, and crush with despair the heart already broken with sorrow? Ah, no! "Woman," saith Jesus, "thy sins are forgiven thee! Go in peace!"—"I will in no wise cast out."

Behold Him nailed to the cross. A wretched thief, hanging over the mouth of hell, turns to Him his dying eyes. "Lord!" he cries, "remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Did Christ answer, "I cannot hear you now—I am in pain; besides, it is too late—too late!"? No; but He turned upon him a look of love and said, "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day thou shalt be with me in paradise!"—"I will in no wise cast out."

Come, then, thou child of sin! in all thy sinfulness, come to Jesus, who is brought to you in the Gospel! He will receive you as He received such of old! Come, then, thou outcast sinner! in all thy misery, come to Jesus! He will suffer thee to kneel beside Him, and wash His feet with tears, and will pardon all thy guilt, and bid thee to go in peace!

## Bread.

In one of the newly-settled portions of the country, a child was one day missed by his mother. She sought him in vain; and when the shades of evening were gathering in, as the father returned from his labor, she said to him, "Our little child is missing, and I do not know where he is."

They went out immediately to seek the lost, and all through the night they searched and hunted, but did not find the little boy. The search was continued on the morrow, and the neighbors joined the parents, and looked in every direction for the lost child.

Toward the close of the third day, the wearied father came into the house, and on looking out of the window, saw a company of men approaching, one of whom appeared to have something in his arms. He strained his eyes to discern what it was, and weary and worn as he was with searching, he rushed to meet them, and found that they were bringing home his little boy. The neighbors placed him in his father's arms; he drew him to his bosom, when the little fellow, pale, feeble, looked up and faintly said: "Give me some bread, father."

No doubt that father was a sinful, erring, and, perhaps, selfish man, but think you that he needed to be urged and entreated to give bread to the little wearied, famishing child? Think you that he hesitated and delayed to grant such a request? "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—Selected.

### Colored Lutheran Trinity Church in New Orleans.

In our picture we see the beautiful Trinity Church, which our Mission Board bought some time ago for our Colored Mission in Carrollton. It stands in the midst of a large colored population, that lives in dense ignorance and is led astray by Romish priests, fanatical sects, and secret societies. Of this station our missionary recently wrote: "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."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

### News from our Mission in Meherrin, Va.

Wednesday, Jan. 9, was an important day, a day of rejoicing for the mission in Meherrin, Va. On that day a class of 13 confessed Christ, and vowed faithfulness to Him, in faith, word and deed, until death, and were received into communion of the Ev. Luth. Church, 4 by baptism, and 9 by confirmation.

On Tuesday evening previous they were examined by the missionary, Mr. Schooff, and all of them gave evidence of faithful instruction, on the part of the missionary, and of sufficient knowledge of God's word and the doctrines of our Church, on their part, to enter into and to take upon themselves the holy covenant of baptism with clear conviction and understanding.

The service on Wednesday consisted of a baptism and confirmation sermon on the text 1 Pet. 3, 21, followed by the acts of baptism and confirmation. Then a short intermission. After that confessional service was held and the holy communion administered to all the members of the mission (except one who was absent) now consisting of twenty-one, in which Mr. Schooff also took part. It was a day of spiritual rejoicing to all and also to the undersigned, who, by God's good favor, led the service.

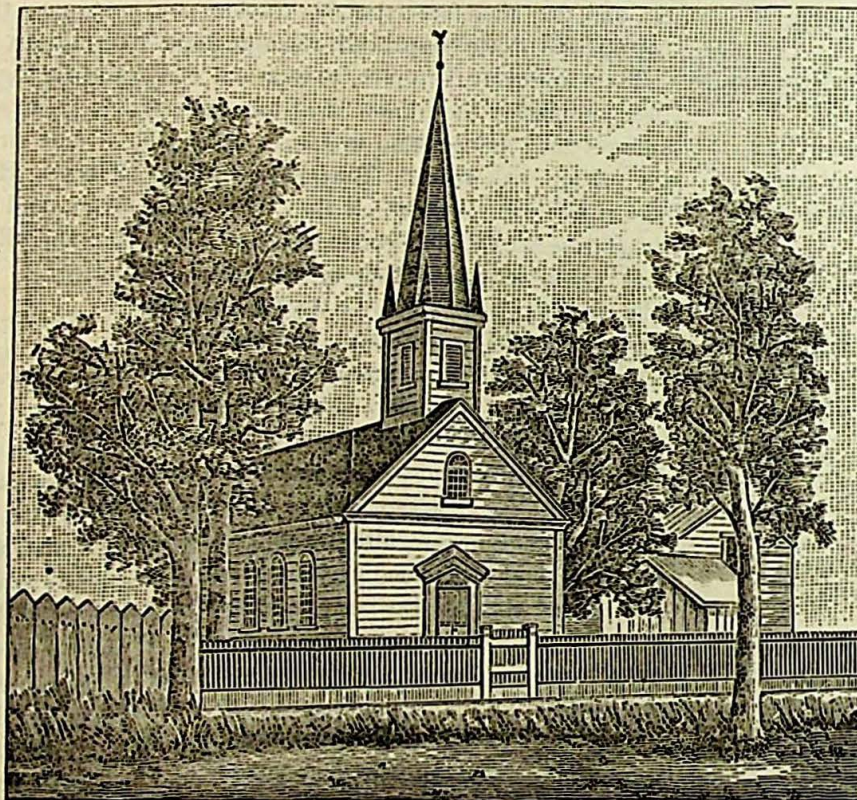
C. J. OEHLSCHLAEGER,

Richmond, Va.

### Cheerful Non-Givers.

Mr. A., a vestryman of — parish, listened to a missionary statement of the work of a new mission in a destitute neighborhood. "It is a good work," said he, "a very good work. I'll give a dollar to help it on." The next day Mr. A. went on a pleasure trip to a distant city; stopped at a first-class hotel, and rode around to see various parts of interest. The trip cost him one hundred dollars.

Miss B. took out of her purse fifty cents to help buy some coal for a poor widow's family in a back street, but left in the other compartment of the purse a ten dollar bill that was to be used for buying some trimming for a new dress.



Colored Lutheran Trinity Church in New Orleans.

Mrs. C. was very much interested in paying off the church debt. She finally concluded that she could afford to give ten dollars; but finding that the ring she was about purchasing was more expensive than she first thought, changed her gift to the church to five dollars. The other five dollars went to help pay for the ring.

Dr. D. told the committee who called upon him that he really could not give more than fifty cents each week towards the pastor's salary. He thought twenty-five dollars a year a very generous allowance for him; but he sent home the same day a few ornaments, for which his wife was puzzled for house room. The ornaments cost twenty-five dollars.

The roof of the parsonage leaked badly, and the clergyman reported that the health of his family was suffering from the dampness thus occasioned throughout the house; but the people were so slow in repairing it, that the winter was one of great discomfort to the clergyman's family. During the winter the

pastor was invited to five parties given by his parishioners, the expense of which would have put the dilapidated parsonage in complete repair.

### Thankfulness.

If God refused us for a time the use of His creatures; if He once withheld the sun from shining, at another time imprison the air, or again dried up the waters, or quenched the fire, then we would indeed eagerly give all our money, and everything we possessed, to have once more the use of these creatures. But because He lavishes His gifts and riches on us so freely and so abundantly, we claim them as a right. Thus the unspeakably great abundance of His countless benefits hinders and darkens our faith.

If God were to say to the pope, the emperor, kings, princes, bishops, doctors, rich merchants, burghers, and farmers, "Thou shalt die this very day, unless thou give me a hundred thousand florins," every one would say, "Yes, with all my heart, if I may only live."

But now we are such thankless creatures, that we scarce sing Him a *Deo gratias* (thanks to God) for the many and great benefits which we daily receive abundantly from His pure goodness and mercy.

Nevertheless, the gracious Father is not estranged by this, but is ever doing us good. If He stinted his gifts, instead of lavishing and showering them on us, we should thank Him more. For instance: if we were all born with one leg or

foot, and only in our seventh year received the second leg, at fourteen one hand, at twenty a second, we might recognize more the worth of the gifts for a time withheld, and be more thankful.

We are so shamefully perverse that we are unthankful for our present gifts and goods, and only think of little deficiencies. Let every one go home and count the gifts which he has; he will find far more gifts than deficiencies; and let him thank God for them.—*Luther*.

CHRYSOSTOM, the renowned Bishop of Constantinople, was persecuted in various ways by the Empress Eudoxia, because he opposed her unrighteous plots. At one time, when the servants of the emperor were endeavoring to intimidate him by threats, he gave them an answer so full of faith and joy that they left him with confusion, and appearing before the empress, said, "O Empress, you seek in vain to terrify this man, for there is nothing that he so much fears as sin."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

**Be not Deceived, God is not Mocked.**

There was a railroad accident. The killed and wounded were taken into the small station-house. One of the wounded called for a minister of the gospel. There was a minister present. The wounded man, upon being asked, what might be wanted, related the following:

"Listen to me ten minutes, and hear a simple, truthful story which I must tell for the benefit of others. This is '88, that was '78, just ten years ago. I was traveling for a drug house in New York and found myself one winter's evening in a bar-room of a hotel in a small country town in — County, N. Y. I always had a silent contempt for religion.

"On that evening the conversation turned upon religion. Rude jokes went around and drink followed drink, the language became coarser and coarser, until it seemed the crowd desired in some way to show their contempt for all religious things. Finally one of us proposed to start a mock service. This was done. Six of us knelt down on the floor of that bar-room and mocked God. Six of us prayed to God to forgive our sins and the sins of our companions. We simulated the tears of penitence, and closed the performance by singing a hymn we had learned at our mothers' knees, 'Rock of Ages.' When we got through we were alone in the bar-room. Horror-stricken, the rest had gone home. There were six of us. In less than a year the hotel-keeper stumbled and, falling, ruptured a blood vessel and died. It was a violent death. Two years later the young man who proposed the act, while with a hunting party at a country house, got up in the night to get a drink of water and, falling to the lower floor, broke his neck and lived only two days. The third year, Tom, the noisiest in the mock-service, opening the wrong door in his own house, fell to the cellar bottom and broke his neck. The fourth had become a conductor on a western road, and a newspaper brought me the story of his death in 1885. He was crushed between bumpers and died in agony. There were two of us left. Last year I found my remaining companion. He was sunken in poverty, wife and family dead. He was trying to hide away from fate. I gave him a bank note and laughed at the strange story. That night a fall of six feet from a saloon door broke his neck.

"Since that time I have been waiting. Today my time has come. In ten years the six men who performed that daring, impious feat have been taken away by violent deaths.

"I have told you a true story. Lift up my head. Higher, higher!" With these words his soul passed into eternity. H. L.

If you cannot pray over a thing, and cannot ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.

**What one Passage of Scripture did.**

A poor boy had been very much neglected by his parents. They did not send him to school, and he could neither read nor write. But what was worse than all, they did not even teach him to pray. The only thing he had learned out of God's Word was the passage of Scriptures in 1 Timothy, the first chapter and the fifteenth verse: "*Faithful is the saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" He grew up to be a man, and as he had learned nothing in his youth but to idle away his time in fishing, hunting rabbits, and robbing birds' nests, Satan found work for him when he was older.

He joined a band of robbers, and after a long season of wickedness, he and his companions were caught and put to prison to await their trial. They were tried and found guilty of death. At first he did not seem to be affected and he took his sentence very coolly; but when at length he thought of stepping upon the gallows, the fear of death and hell came upon him. He would not be consoled, but cried night and day in the anguish of his soul.

One day the warden passed through the prison hall with a stranger, and as they came to the cell of this robber, he said to the stranger: "In this cell sits one of those sinners who are shortly to be hung." When the robber heard the word "sinner," that passage of Scripture which he had learned in his youth came to his mind once again, for he had long since forgotten it. He went over it in his thoughts: "*Faithful is the saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" "Sinners!" thought he. "Why, I am a sinner, and therefore Jesus must have come to save me!" The more he thought of this, the more his heart was moved. It seemed to him as if a new light was shining into his cell, and he thought to himself: "This Jesus I must learn to know."

He asked that a minister might come to visit him. A minister came, and at his words the robber's heart was deeply moved; he shed warm tears of penitence over his past sinful life, believed in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, and said that now he could die in peace. His last wish was that the minister might step with him upon the gallows, and in his last moments read to him that passage once more: "*Faithful is the saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*"

When the Prince (who was the stranger whom the warden had led through the prison hall) had heard all this about the robber, and when he learned that he had been brought up in a very irreligious way, he, like his Master, Jesus Christ, pardoned the "sinner," took him home as his servant, and there the robber lived to a good old age, praising God for the power of His Word, which saved him from the gallows and from hell.—*Olive Leaf.*

**Africaner.**

Years ago, there was in the south of Africa a tribe of natives who were fierce and bold, and one of them was famous above all the rest for his courage, cruelty and wickedness. This man's name was Africaner. He robbed and murdered many of the settlers from other countries who came near his territory, and he was dreaded by everybody.

As time rolled on, however, he came under the influence of the missionaries, and was converted. Then was a change indeed. The man who before had robbed and killed his fellow-creatures, became kind and gentle; he no longer was a terror. Those who knew him learned to love him warmly.

Once, as he was on a journey with Mr. Moffat, a noble missionary, they came to the settlement of a Boer—a Boer is a Dutch settler in South Africa—and Mr. Moffat called the Boer out. When he came and saw Mr. Moffat he was very much frightened, saying, "It is a ghost."

"Oh, no," replied the missionary; "I am no ghost."

"Yes," said the farmer, "Africaner killed you. I saw a man who told me he had looked upon your bones."

"Yet I am here, well and alive; and, what is more, Africaner has been converted."

"Converted!" said the Boer, "that would be a miracle. But now that I see you alive, I can believe anything. Ah," said he again, "I would like to see Africaner if he has been converted, even if he did kill my brother."

Mr. Moffat turned him right round and, pointing to the man sitting near by on the ground, said, "There, that is Africaner."

The Boer started back, for his surprise made him forget that it was no longer a savage murderer and robber on whom he was looking; but soon he recovered himself and began a conversation with Africaner. He soon found that it was as he had heard: the savage Africaner was truly converted and become as kind and gentle as a child.

On thinking of it I am not surprised that the Dutch farmer was startled when he found that Africaner was so near; for I remember that when the apostle Paul was converted, the disciples were at first afraid to have anything to do with him: "They were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple" (Acts 9, 26); afterward he proved, in suffering and affliction, that he had been converted and was a true disciple of Christ. Just so was it with Africaner; he proved by his life that he had been really converted.

Very bad people can be saved—yes, and become very good and faithful servants of Christ. But there is only one way for all. It is just to turn to Christ as your Saviour.—*Morning Star.*

If we believingly refer our cause to God He will kindly undertake and work our deliverance.



### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM the annual report of our missionary in Little Rock we learn that the mission has prospered during the past year. The school room was crowded with pupils and the church attendance was larger than in former years. The good work done in the schoolroom is seen from the fact that a sick father was brought to the knowledge of the truth by his little daughter sitting at his bed and reciting her Lutheran Catechism which she had learned in our school. In spite of many temptations the little Lutheran flock holds fast the Lutheran faith, and though they are very poor they take up regular collections for the payment of the smaller expenses of the station.

—THE *Church Messenger* says: The Missouri Synod year ago passed the following resolution: "We regard it to be our sacred duty to organize English congregations as soon as it is made clear to us that there are sufficient numbers justifying such an organization of such persons who understand English better than German, and who would be robbed of, or at least stunted in the benefit derived from the hearing of the Word of God, if the preaching would only be done in the German language." The Synod is acting accordingly in the different parts of its large territory, and there will not pass by many years before we hear of English churches belonging to that Synod, in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, etc.

—LUTHER-WALTHER MEMORIAL SOCIETY. A petition for the incorporation of the "Dr. Luther-Walther Memorial Society" was presented to Judge Klein of St. Louis recently by Mr. Rudolph Schulenberg, as attorney for the petitioners. The object of the proposed corporation, as defined by its constitution, is "the erection of a statue to the memory of Dr. Luther and Dr. Walther in the city of St. Louis." Only those who believe in the doctrines of the Evangelical Lutheran Church can be members of the society. The officers are: A. C. Grote, President; Theodore Guenther, Secretary, and Chas. Steinmeyer, Treasurer.

—A MAN of the world who heard a recent infidel oration in New York, was asked what he thought of it. He replied: "It's a spicy thing to laugh at for an hour, but not a very cheering doctrine to have around when there is a funeral in the house." There is truth in this. Men may laugh and applaud when the blatant infidel makes his vile flings at God and religion, but it will be different when they come face to face with death.

—NEW ZEALAND.—There are 8000 Germans, mostly farmers, settled in New Zealand. They are gathered in seven Lutheran congregations; all of them have substantial churches and good parochial schools. There are five Lutheran churches to be found on islands in the Pacific.

—THE *New York Evangelist* in reference to a custom that prevailed in years gone by, but seems to have gone into disuse, says:

"The excellent custom of having the children and young people of our Church commit portions of Scriptures and hymns to memory seems to have utterly died out. Some people discourage the practice, claiming that the child should not be filled with what it cannot understand and digest, etc. This is certainly a mistake. We fully believe the former custom of having children commit portions of the Bible, and choice hymns of the Church, to be wholesome mental discipline, as well as spiritually profitable. The youthful mind, stored with divine truth so tersely expressed in the English Bible, has a storehouse of comfort to draw from in time of need. These verses are the weapons of the Holy Spirit to combat Satan. Should misfortune or sickness overtake an individual whose mind is stored with this precious truth, how comforting to have such to meditate upon, when perhaps his strength will not allow a friend to read to him! A man is frequently in situations where he has no reading, no one to converse with, nothing but his own thoughts. How happy if, like David, he can have the truth of God to meditate upon in the watches of the night!

—IDOLATRY IN NEW YORK.—A temple to the Chinese Great Joss has just been dedicated in New York city with oriental ceremonies. The temple is about eighty feet deep by thirty wide. The extreme rear is partitioned off and fitted up as a sort of Buddhist parsonage and reception room, while the front is entirely devoted to Joss. The floor here is covered with bright colored oilcloth. Close up against the walls are massive chairs and centretable of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which were imported direct from China. The walls are glazed in snowy white, and hidden almost by the great multitude of gorgeous tablets and banners. Every one of these bears a beautifully carved motto, the letters of which are in raised characters on wood. Some of these words are gilded to resemble gold, upon bright, green ground, while their bevel-edged borders are filled with finely chiselled dragons, birds, and other sacred Chinese animals.

—AMONG the many trades followed by the thrifty Chinese, is that of the public story teller, who makes a good living by it, provided he has a good memory and the gift of attracting listeners. The Chinese are fond of hearing stories, and that is one of the reasons why a preacher of the gospel in China can always draw a crowd. Some of those professional story-tellers have become Christians, and they are now using their power of speech in the service of the true God, always and everywhere finding people ready to listen to the Bible stories, which are much more beautiful and pure than their former stories of heroes and ghosts.

—TURKISH BIBLES.—Oscar S. Straus, United States Minister to Turkey, reports to the Secretary of State that he has obtained of the Grand Vizier the necessary authorization for the Bible House of Constantinople, to print, in

Turkish, 35,000 Bible tracts, consisting of the Psalms, Proverbs, the four gospels and the Acts.

### BOOK-TABLE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST CONVENTION OF THE GENERAL ENGLISH EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONFERENCE OF MISSOURI AND OTHER STATES. Price 10 cents. Address Rev. C. F. W. Meyer, Box 42, Marshfield, Mo.

This interesting pamphlet contains an account of the proceedings of our English brethren, who recently formed an organization on the doctrinal basis of the Synodical Conference. The pamphlet contains also the excellent sermon with which the first convention of the Conference was opened by its president, the Rev. F. Kuegele of Koerner's Store, Va. We hope the sermon will find many readers.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER'S SMALL CATECHISM, explained in Questions and Answers by Dr. C. Dietrich. Abridged Edition. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

Those that need an English Catechism will be glad to hear that our Publishing house has issued the Abridged Edition of Dietrich's Catechism in a good English translation. The price of the handsomely printed and well bound book is 24 cents, postage included.

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Sunday School from 2 to 4.

#### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

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

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

### Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,

Springfield, Ills.

Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.  
Divine Service at 3.30 p. m.

H. S. KANENSCHEIT, MISSIONARY.

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No. 3.

## Procrastination.

BY REV. F. W. HERZBERGER.

"To-morrow," he said,  
"When I cease to run  
For the prize I seek  
And the goal is won,  
When my soul has quaffed  
The depths of mirth  
And all her desires  
Have died in dearth,  
When life's bright stars  
No longing awake—  
To-morrow my peace  
With my God I'll make."

To-morrow came—  
The bright sun shone  
On earth and her children  
And their fates unknown.  
It shone on their pleasures  
And toil's deaf'ning din,  
It shone on their sorrow,  
It shone on their sin;  
It shone on a grave  
Just newly made,  
Where he so sudden  
By others was laid.  
To-morrow had come  
With its terrible fate:  
For his peace with God  
He was too late.

*From Pilgrim Songs.*

## The Steamboat Captain.

There was a Captain of a boat that carried travelers and freight between St. Louis and New Orleans. He was a large and strong man. Once as he was about to start on his regular trip, a friend talked to him about death. The Captain laughed, and, tapping his brawny breast, asked if he looked like a dying man? He was soon on his boat moving along the bosom of the river without a thought of danger. Several days passed, when late one evening there was a terrific explosion of a boiler, tearing the forward part of the boat to pieces, and sending the scalding steam through the cabin. The pilot pushed the wreck to the shore, and all on board who had escaped death hurried to land, thinking only of their own safety.

Looking back they were greatly surprised to see by the light of the burning boat the Captain standing on the lower deck, surrounded by shattered timbers. He was on the hurricane deck at the time of the explosion, and had fallen below with the beams that were heaped together in confusion. "Help!" he shouted, "my foot is caught." A number of brave men dashed forward, and struggled to drag him away, but they could not, and they were driven back by the fierce heat.

"Oh, help, help, help!" shrieked the terrified man; "bring an axe and cut off my foot." But those on shore were as helpless as himself. They had not thought of axe or hatchet, for they were glad to escape with their lives. Forward leaped the pitiless flames, like wild beasts eager for their prey; and he who a little while before was boasting of his strength perished in the presence of the horror-stricken crowd, because his foot was held fast by the large pieces of wood that had fallen about him.

How many there are who are held fast in the grasp of some sinful appetite, passion, or habit, from which they cannot break away! With one it is drunkenness, with another sinful lust, with another love of money; but whatever it may be, it keeps the soul chained, while the fires of hell are rolling onward, and drawing nearer and nearer every moment. They may have struggled, and wept, and signed pledges, but in vain

Is there, then, no hope for them? They cannot help themselves, nor can man help them, but is there no help for them? Yes, thank God, there is! "For the son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost" (Luke 19, 10). "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1. Tim. 1, 15). "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1. John 1, 7).

In the light of such assurances as these, which are true as God is true, need any captive sinner despair? Is not Jesus "able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him," and has He not said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?" "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from

his way and live: turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 23, 11.) Christ is both able and willing to save the chief of sinners, and God entreats him to be saved, why should he perish? And there is no great work to be done by the sinner. No! All the work was done long ago when Christ suffered and died for sinners. And this Saviour is brought to the sinner in the Gospel. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

## Settled Peace.

The moment we begin to rest our peace on anything in ourselves, we lose it. And this is why so many have not settled peace. Nothing can be lasting that is not built on God alone. How can you have settled peace? Only by having it in God's own way. By not resting on anything, even the Spirit's work within yourselves, but on what Christ has done entirely without you. Then you will know peace. In Christ alone peace is found. The more you see the extent and nature of the evil which is within, as well as that which is without and around, the more you will find that what Jesus is, and what Jesus did, is the only ground at all on which you can rest.

## The Worth of the Soul.

Do you ask the worth of a soul that will never die? Could you carry this question into heaven, you might receive an answer that would reach its right import. God would tell you that He preserves the world for the sake of souls; Christ would tell you that He laid down His life and poured out His blood for the salvation of souls; and the redeemed saint would tell you to read the worth of his soul in that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which he here enjoys.

Could you carry this question into the place of woe, and ask, in that dark world, what a soul is worth, you would be answered in hopeless tears and killing groans. Oh, eternity! eternity! it is this which gives to the soul its inconceivable value. And what is eternity?

### The Zulus.

In our picture you see a Zulu village. The Zulus live in South Africa. Their villages are made up of a series of huts like huge bee-hives, placed in circles, the cattle-pen being in the center. The huts are about ten feet in diameter and five feet high. The single hole through which entrance must be made serves for door, window, and chimney. Neither tables, nor chairs, nor beds are to be seen, only a few mats, and pots, and blankets. The men and women sit and sleep on the ground. The usual clothing of the wild natives consists of a slight covering made of skins worn about the loins. They sometimes ornament themselves with beads and skins and necklaces of lion's teeth or claws. The warriors especially ornament their bodies in high style. Such work as digging, carrying burdens, and cutting wood is done by the women. The men hunt, and fight, and take care of their cattle. The wealth of a heathen Zulu consists of his cattle and his wives. He exchanges from ten to twenty cows for a wife and sells his own daughters for cattle. His wives are simply slaves. His ideas of religion are extremely low and debased. His faith is in witchcraft, in goblins to be feared and appeased, and in the spirits of the dead to be worshiped. He uses charms, and the

witch-doctor, who is supposed to drive away evil spirits, has a terrible power over him. The rain-doctor, who claims to bring showers, is also a noted character among the Zulus.

For many years Norwegian and German Lutherans have been carrying on mission work in Zulu land. They find it a hard field of labor, but their labor has not been in vain. They have established many missionary schools and churches among the Zulus and the Gospel seed has brought forth fruit to eternal life. May God bless the labors of the missionaries to the salvation of many souls in Zulu land.

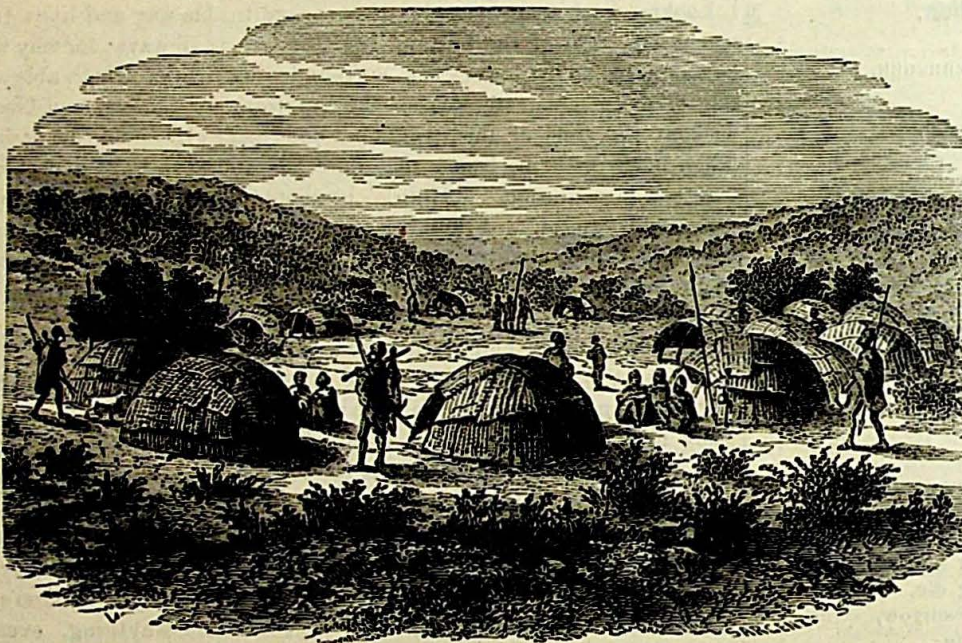
### An Answer to Prayer.

Jesus has a wonderful eye to see what His people need, and a wonderful hand to enable Him to supply their need.

Many years ago, Admiral Williams was crossing the Atlantic Ocean in command of a frigate belonging to the English navy. The course he was sailing brought him within sight of the Island of Ascension. This is a small,

barren island, about eight miles in length and six in breadth, lying between Africa and Brazil. Until the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte was imprisoned on the Island of St. Helena, this island was uninhabited. Then the English government built a fort on it, and the soldiers cultivated it. But the time to which our story refers was before this. No one lived on the island then, and ships never stopped there, unless they wanted to get a supply of turtles, as they were always to be found along the shores in great number.

But the admiral was not in want of turtles for his crew. Yet no sooner did the island, in the far distance, appear in sight, than a strange desire came over him to go out of his course, and steer towards it.



ZULU VILLAGE.

He felt sure if he did so, that his officers and crew would think it very strange, as he could give no reason for changing the ship's course. He tried to throw off his feeling, but could not do it. The desire grew stronger and stronger, and at last he made up his mind to follow this strange impression, and see to what it would lead.

Calling his lieutenant, he ordered him to get ready to put the ship about, and steer for the Island of Ascension. The officer ventured respectfully to suggest to the admiral how much this would delay them, and to ask what would be gained by this change of course. The admiral said he could not tell, but that he felt a strong desire to go.

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "the men are just going to dinner; shall the order be delayed till they get through?"

Without further reply, the admiral himself gave the order, which is never disobeyed on ship-board: "Ready, about!"

At once the men sprang to their stations. The vessel was put about; and directly was making her way towards the distant island.

All on board wondered what this meant, and why the ship was changing her course to visit an uninhabited island. As they drew near all were on the lookout, and every eye was eagerly turned towards the island. Soon those who had the best glasses were greatly excited about an object on shore, which at first they could not make out. "It's something white," said one. "It's a flag; it's a signal," said another. It was a signal of distress, and they soon saw men upon the island.

When they came near, the ship "hove to," and a boat was sent ashore. In a little while the boat returned, bringing with her sixteen men who had been cast ashore on that island some days before. The want of food had caused them extreme suffering; and knowing that the

island was rarely visited by passing vessels, they had done all that could be done in setting up their signal on the highest point of the coast, and praying earnestly that God would send them relief. Solomon tells us that "the heart of a king is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth withersoever He will, as the rivers of water are turned." And we have a beautiful illustration of this truth, when we see how God's hand turned the heart of this sailor to do what He wished to have done. And it is because God has power over the hearts of all men, that He can use His won-

derful hand to guide His people in all their ways.

### The Mouse in the Pantry.

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

TRUE charity has no memory.

## A Story of the German Bible.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

In the year 1848 I was stationed with my regiment at Hyderabad in India. One of my most intimate friends was an officer of engineers, whose consistent Christian life preached a more telling sermon than his lips. At the time of which I am speaking he was ordered to England, and before leaving, he made over the whole of his religious library to me, giving me permission to keep, give away, or lend the books, as I thought well. Although left thus in possession, I realized that I was only a steward, and I endeavored to make a good use of my stewardship, and such was my success that my friend's library rapidly decreased, and in time became so "beautifully less" that it was represented by one book—a German Bible. For this book there had been no demand, and as it happened to be a particularly well-bound volume, it presented a somewhat imposing appearance in a subaltern's book-case.

During the fifteen years that elapsed between 1848 and 1863, I was twice ordered to England, and my quarters in India were changed again and again.

Repeatedly had I sold off pretty well all my possessions and had set up house afresh, but never had I found a purchaser for the German Bible, or one to whom the book could be given; and it became a standing joke with us that wherever our Indian home might happen to be, and whatever changes of furniture or arrangement might mark the new settlement, the German Bible was sure to be well to the front.

In the year 1863 I was executive engineer of the Nagpore division, my headquarters being at Kamptee, and my bungalow not far distant from the European Soldiers' Hospital.

It was the habit of my wife and myself to spend a portion of each Sunday afternoon in the hospital. Sometimes the sick men were asleep when we went in, and we were careful not to wake them. Sometimes they pretended to be asleep, which we understood to be a polite way of intimating their wish not to be disturbed. Sometimes they were very wide awake, and glad that we should sit by them, read to them, talk and pray with them, and we were not slow to avail ourselves of such opportunities.

One Sunday afternoon my wife was going from bed to bed on one side of the ward, while I took the other side, and seeing a man tossing and restless, she went up to him and spoke a kind word. He answered her in German. She could just muster enough German to reply that she was unable to converse with him in his own language, and he made her understand that he could not follow her in English, so she contented herself with taking down his name and regimental number, which were posted at the head of his bed, and passed on.

As we left the hospital together she said to me, "Every bullet has its billet"; there is work for the German Bible to do after all";

and on reaching home she wrote her own name and his name in the fly leaf of the Bible which had been so carefully guarded by an overruling Providence for so many years, and sent it over to the hospital by a native servant.

Shortly after this, she was called from service on earth to the yet higher and more glorious service "in the presence of the King."

Another ten years have slipped away, and I find myself long since retired from the army, seated by the fireside of my English home in company with Captain —, who once commanded the company in the regiment in which the German soldier had enlisted. Talking over old times, he suddenly said to me:

"Do you remember that German Bible that your wife gave to the German soldier in the hospital at Kamptee?"

"Of course I do," said I. "What was the end of it?"

"You shall hear," said my friend. "That soldier was the black sheep of the regiment. He was a tremendously hard drinker. At the very time the Bible was given him he was so ill—the result of drink—that the doctor had little hope of his recovery. But, contrary to all expectation, he did recover; indeed, he recovered in more senses than one. He literally came out of the hospital a new man. Physically he was marvelously restored, and spiritually he had been born again. The Word of God, applied by the Spirit of God, and wholly without man's intervention, had done its work; and doubtless, peace of mind and tranquillity of soul had contributed materially to restoration of body. His conversion took in his case an extremely practical form. He had gone into hospital involved in debt. He now began systematically to pay off his debts. He had lived a grossly licentious life. His outward conduct was now unblemished, and there was reason to believe that the outward conduct was but the index of the main spring of the inward and spiritual life. He was to be found night after night in the mission hall, or 'prayer-house,' as we used to call the bungalow appropriated to evangelistic services in those days. Instead of separating himself from his comrades, as he had done, and not troubling himself to acquire a knowledge of English, he now consorted with those who had made a friend of Jesus. In fact, the whole man was changed. He had become a smart soldier, trustworthy and efficient.

"In time all his debts were paid, and he now began to place his savings in the savings bank.

"From time to time contributions were made among the Christian men in the regiment for various departments of the Lord's work, and it was observed, though little was said about it, that the German soldier never contributed anything. This was apparently the one unsatisfactory feature in his Christian character, the little fly which caused the otherwise sweet ointment to stink. After a while he had amassed a fair amount, and, coming to me one day, he asked if his savings would suffice to buy a discharge. I told him he could accomplish this

at once if he chose. Some weeks elapsed, when he came to me again, saying:

"Sir, I am going to take my discharge. I have been saving up my money all this time that I might be a free man to proclaim the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ to the natives of India, whom I have grievously wronged by my unholy life. I wrote to a mission in another part of India. I told the missionaries what a sinner I had been; I assured them that the Lord had met me with His own Word when I was sick nigh unto death in hospital, and I asked them to make inquiries about me, and, if the replies were satisfactory, to allow even me to join them in their blessed work—and, sir, I have been accepted."

Thus ended what to me was the recital of a tale of thrilling interest. It assured me of the honor which God puts upon His own Word. It confirmed my faith in the fact that He is graciously ready to acknowledge with His blessing any little labor of love undertaken for His sake, and it rejoiced my heart to remember that the little circle of blessing which was caused by the dropping of the good seed of eternal life into the heart of the sick soldier has gone on extending and extending, and will go on, until eternity shall declare the fullness of the blessing resulting therefrom.

Fourteen years have passed away since that fireside talk. My friend too has passed away. It is hardly likely that the German soldier is still at work in India, but "the Word of the Lord endureth forever."—*Selected.*

## The Poor Wealthy Man.

Some years ago there died in the city of Moskow a man named Rukin, who left his twenty million rubles, many houses and great possessions.

He had splendid apartments, though he never entered them, but lived in a miserable hut. Nails, horseshoes and the like, which he had gathered in the streets and alleys, were stored up here; a loathsome couch was his bed, beneath which rested a gold chest in which sixty thousand rubles were found after his death. His chief treasures were stored away in the cellar. Five years ago a cover of a large chest fell over him while he was rummaging in his treasures, and he was in danger of death. His servant, hearing his cries, ran and freed him from his dangerous position. He thanked this servant by giving him a few pennies and discharging him with the words: "You have seen my money." Rukin reached his 80th year. In all his lifetime this man expended not a single penny for charitable purposes but lived as a beggar, subsisted on dry bread and salt, and was arrayed so beggarly that his own children were ashamed of him. In his testament the man asked that his money be given him along in his coffin. The heirs were indeed not so foolish as to grant him this his last wish, but whether they made better use of the money is a question.

### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE 13th day of January was a day of rejoicing for the Lutheran people in New Orleans. On that day the "First English Evangelical Lutheran Church of New Orleans, La." was dedicated to the service of the Triune God. It being a beautiful day, the church was crowded to the utmost, many members of our German Lutheran churches taking part in the services. May God bless the English Lutheran mission in New Orleans.

—FROM one of our exchanges we learn that our English Lutheran mission in Baltimore is in a prosperous condition. A church building was recently bought, the Sunday school and church services are well attended.

—THOSE who are foolish enough to suppose, that the establishment of English Lutheran missions for the public preaching of the pure Gospel truth, will make all hearers Lutherans in a short time, will of course be disappointed, and might soon be discouraged. Not all who hear the truth in any language will embrace it. But never is it proclaimed in vain. It is for us faithfully to labor, leaving the result to God; but to work in the full confidence that our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.

—A MAN, who himself did "a good deal of shouting" formerly, writes in one of our exchanges: "I judge no man, but when I hear men shouting and telling long experiences about a clean heart, when they have not paid the preacher, and they know he is living on short rations, and his family really in want, I somehow can but think the brother has missed his way, and instead of being on shouting ground is just hollering about in the woods to keep up his faith without works."

—OF the 10,000 people who make up the population of Greenland, the reports say that 8250 are members of the Lutheran Church.

—MISSIONS AMONG THE MORMONS.—The Mormons in Utah are the American Mohammedans, and therefore a proper subject for missionary treatment. The first attempt to preach the true gospel among them was made in 1865. It was met by fierce opposition. But "the faith overcometh the world," even such a wicked world as Mormonism, and now there are 37 Christian churches, 59 ministers, 92 day-schools, 226 teachers and 7000 scholars. The Presbyterians are the strongest. The Swedish Lutherans began their work only a short while ago, and they have some business there, because thousands of their countrymen have been beguiled by the soft words of the crafty Mormon elders to leave their mother church and to join the Mormon abomination.

—IN the matter of benevolence we who live in Christian lands may learn a lesson from the recent converts from heathenism. The native pastor in Erlaly, Ceylon, sends a report of the four methods of giving employed by the women of his church. First, the *tithe* of their earnings; second, the *offering of trees*, which is the setting apart by each family of a cocoanut tree,

the produce of which they sacredly devote to benevolent purposes; third, the *offering of labor*, which means a certain amount of time devoted to work in the interests of the church; and fourth, there is the *handful of rice*, which is reserved from every day's meal. Thus constantly and with great self-sacrifice do these humble Christian women give continually, out of their love for Christ and for his kingdom. May his children in more favored lands possess a spirit like theirs.

—A COLORED boy from Central Africa, who had been robbed by slave hunters, and afterwards released by a German traveler in Africa, was brought to Germany by the latter, and put under the care of his mother in a country town. The boy went there to school, and was baptized recently.

—IN the midst of the Himalaya Mountains, in Northern India, is the old town of Almora. The London Missionary Society has a station there. The daughter of one of the missionaries, a Miss Budden, has chosen for herself a peculiar field of labor. She gathered around her poor widows, who were cruelly treated at home, and the wives and children of lepers, and settled with them in a lonely valley, a four days' journey distant from Almora. Miss Budden and her company carry on farming so successfully that they are self-supporting; only the plowing is done by men.

—A NEW TESTAMENT in one hand and a revolver in the other while preaching the gospel, is a striking combination. Thus the heroic missionary, Dr. T. C. Trowbridge, who died recently in Turkey, was sometimes forced to appear as he carried the message of repentance and salvation to the Koordish tribes. "In perils oft" are many yet who carry the gospel into the regions beyond.

—A CATECHIST of one of the mission stations in the great merchant city of Canton, in South China, was so much taken up with his work among his countrymen, that, when a number of them hired out as "coolies," and left Canton for Demerara, in Central America, he sold himself likewise as a coolie, and went along with the men. He made good use of the long days of the voyage, and preached the gospel day and night. After they had reached Demerara, he worked like the rest, and worked hard, in order to purchase his liberty, and to be a free man again. But before that time he had already gathered a congregation of his fellow-coolies, and when he was free he built a church and worked so diligently among his people, who were all poor like himself, that they, in spite of their poverty, collected so much money among themselves as to build a chapel and to support a catechist in far-off Canton.

—AN Irish priest of the pope's sect told a man who had a Bible in his possession that "he had no business with the Bible; for St. Peter said it was not the Word, but the milk of the Word he ought to have," and the priest pointed to 1 Pet. 2, 2 where the apostle says: "As new

born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word." "I know that well," replied the poor Irishman, "but for fear the milk should be adulterated, I like to keep the cow that gives it with me in the house."

### BOOK-TABLE.

PILGRIM SONGS, by Rev. F. W. Herzberger, Hege-wisch, Cook Co., Ill.

This beautiful little volume contains 35 eminently devout poems by one of our own number, laboring in weakness and bodily infirmity. Sweet are the words of these Pilgrim Songs by which the author appeals to the hearts of his readers, but sweeter far are the thoughts to which he invites their consideration. The Christian pilgrim will find in this little volume rich spiritual refreshment and comfort in his pilgrimage through this valley of tears to the happy land. The price of the book is 35 cts., and may be had from the author or from the publishers, Louis Lange & Co., 368 Dearborn Str., Chicago, Ill.

SEID STARK IN DEM HERRN. Worte freundlicher Erinnerung an unsere christlichen Juenglinge. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 15 cts.

A handsomely bound little volume, full of wholesome advice for the boys of our confirmation classes. May it be placed in many hands, and may God bless its mission.

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113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

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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 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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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. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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No. 4.

## Prayer for our Confirmed Children.

Father, those children keep!

We know not what is coming on the earth;  
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing,  
Oh, keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them  
birth.

Father, draw nearer us!

Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;  
Oh, clasp those children closer to Thy side,  
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide!

Oh, hide them and preserve them calm and safe,  
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,  
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

Oh, keep them undefiled!

Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;  
That, clothed in white, through the bright city gates,  
They may with us in triumph enter in.

H. B.

## Dead and Risen with Christ.

The Lord Jesus took the sinners' place. In His sufferings, death, and resurrection He was our substitute. By His sufferings He did not merely lay the foundation upon which we work for eternal life in doubt and pain. No! In God's view the vilest sinner himself was there, passing through all that Christ experienced. When Christ was crucified, we were crucified; when He died, we died; when He was buried, we were buried; when He arose, we arose. He was our substitute through the whole of the amazing scene from the cross to the glory.

God "made Him to be sin for us," says the Bible. Our sins were laid upon Him, and therefore the wrath of a sin-hating God was poured out upon Him and pressed from His lips that cry of woe, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He bore the agony in our stead, and His death was our death. Hence the apostle says, "If one died for all, then were all dead" (2 Cor. 5, 14). And "he that is dead is freed from sin." Hence the believer who stands at the foot of the cross can calmly say to the law and to justice: You have inflicted your penalty, and poured out your wrath upon me once, and "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus" (Rom. 8, 1).

We are one with Christ in resurrection too. In His resurrection also He was our substitute. Our sins were buried out of sight, and in Christ we were set free. God "hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus" (Eph. 2, 6). What comfort and joy is thus brought to all believers! But what an exhortation also is gathered from this to live as those whose citizenship is in heaven, who are seated with Christ in heavenly places, who have left the cross and death and the grave behind them! "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God" (Col. 3, 1, 2).

## "I Am Doing the Best that I Can."

"Are you saved?" was the question asked one day of an old woman.

"I hope so," was the answer.

"And what makes you hope so?" was the next question.

"Oh," she replied, "I am doing the best that I can."

"My good woman, that is the straight road to hell!" was the startling answer that was used to awaken her dangerous position.

How many souls to-day are being deceived by this false thought! Reader, let me ask you, if you had a crab-apple-tree in your garden, what is the best it could do? Bring forth crab-apples. And what is the best a sinner can do but bring forth sins? So the prophet says, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." All the best we can do are only rags that can never cover us, and "filthy rags" at that; and what about your worst?

But now the question comes, "If we can do nothing to save ourselves, how then can we be saved?" There, my dear reader, is where the Gospel comes in. We were sinners, without one ray of hope; God saw us, loved us, pitied us, and sent His Son to do the work that saves us, because we could do nothing for ourselves. For God so loved the world that scorned Him, that He sent His Son. Sent Him to do the work that saves us, and that work is done.

The work that saves is the finished work of

the Lord Jesus Christ. When we see this fact, how simple all becomes! Because if Christ has finished the work for sinners, the moment we take the place of sinners, we can claim the benefits of His finished work. The moment, therefore, we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that moment all the value of His work on the cross is ours; and we have the blessed assurance of it right from the Word of God, which says, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3, 36); "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts 10, 43); and "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Dear reader, notice these facts from God's Word:

I. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," Rom. 3, 23; "He that believeth not is condemned already," John 3, 18.

II. "Christ died for the ungodly," Rom. 5, 6; "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. 5, 8; "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. 1, 15.

III. "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.

## Be in Earnest.

Just think of what has been done in order that you might be saved. God gave His Son; Jesus died on the cross—the just for the unjust; the Saviour for the sinner; His blood was shed, and His blood it is which cleanseth us from all sin, 1 John 1, 7. What a price has been paid! The Spirit of God strives with you—will you resist Him? Oh, what risks you run by not being in earnest about your soul! Get down on your knees before God, and own and confess to Him your true state and condition as a sinner, and accept His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, as your Saviour, and thou shalt be saved. Then be in earnest to live so as to adorn the doctrine of God, your Saviour, in all things.

### Holy Week.

If there is any week in the year which above all others deserves to be called *Holy Week*, it is that in which the anniversary of our Saviour's suffering and death occurs. Because of the momentous things which took place during that week, the Church of Jesus has ever held it in very marked regard. And if we are to have any week of special solemnity and prayer, that is the week for it.

**PALM SUNDAY.**—This the first day of Holy Week, which gets its name from the Gospel for that day, which tells how the people strewed branches of palms or greens in the way of Christ as He rode into Jerusalem, and the multitudes in front and behind Him shouted "Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" In many of our churches it is Confirmation Day, when those who have come to readiness to take places in the church may be admitted to the Easter Communion. If any of our young readers are then to be confirmed, let them make it a day to be ever remembered as the day they gave themselves wholly to the Lord.

**HOLY THURSDAY.**—This is known by various names, but it specially celebrates the Saviour's last meal with His disciples, and His institution of the Holy Supper to be kept by all His true followers until He comes again.

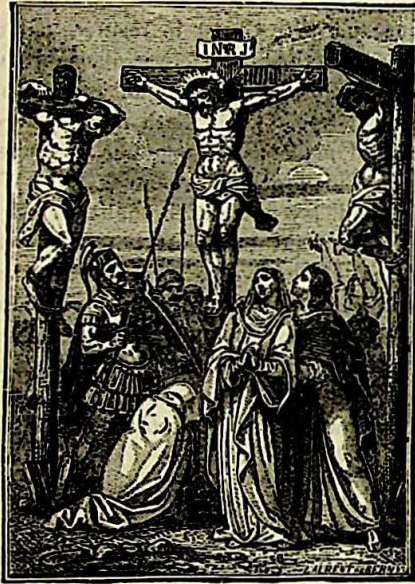
**GOOD FRIDAY.**—This is the most solemn of all the days, because it is the day which specially commemorates the crucifixion and death of our Lord Jesus for our sins, and for the sins of the whole world. It ought never to be passed by without solemnly thinking of the blessed Saviour, and what agony He condescended to suffer in our stead, that we through Him might be saved.

**EASTER SUNDAY.**—This is the day which celebrates our Saviour's glorious resurrection from among the dead, after having died on the cross for our sins. We say in the Creed that He "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, and the third day rose again from the dead." This was the great seal to His work, and His triumphant victory in achieving salvation for us as we now believe and trust in Him. Easter is therefore a glad day for all Christians—a day of triumph over sin and death.

### Alaska.

In the extreme northwestern part of North America there is a country called Alaska. One would naturally suppose that this country, located so far north, would be very cold, but such is not the case, in fact it is not much colder than some of our own northern states. This is owing to a warm ocean current that sweeps its shores and renders the climate less cold than it would otherwise be. There are some civilized people living in the small towns along the coast, but the majority of the inhabitants of this far-

off country are yet uncivilized or not very much enlightened. If you would go to Alaska, you would occasionally find villages of the original inhabitants of the country. The people are called the TLinkit Indians, who are divided into a great many different tribes, often at war with one another. These people are noted for their skill in carving. Before the doors of their huts they erect great carved posts called "totems" with great dragons and many other imaginary creatures carved upon them. The people have coarse black hair, large black eyes, high cheek-bones and protruding lips. The lips of the women are disfigured by the insertion of



"My burden, dearest Saviour,  
Hast thus Thou borne for me,  
My sinful misbehaviour  
Has caused Thine agony.  
Lo! I am the transgressor  
Whom curse and wrath behoove:  
Grant me, my intercessor,  
A single glance of love!"

a piece of wood, which each year is displaced by a large piece. And in their ears are pierced a great many holes, in which are inserted ornaments of different kinds. They dress themselves in a blanket woven of the wool of the mountain goat. They paint their faces with different kinds of paint, which they rub well into the skin, after which they scratch pictures with a small sharp stick, until the blood oozes out of the flesh. This is left to dry on the face with the paint. Some of the richer ones wear silver rings in their noses; the poorer ones insert feathers. They used to commit a great many barbarities, such as killing a slave under each upright of a new house, as a sort of "house-warning." This cruel practice has been stopped, but the people are yet very degraded. And this is but another example of people who have not been brought to a knowledge of the sacred Word and its power to save.]

*Little Missionary.*

### Moffat.

One day a Scotch lad, not yet sixteen, started from home to take charge of a gentleman's garden in Cheshire, England. He bade farewell to his father, brothers and sisters, but his mother accompanied him to the boat on which he was to cross the Firth of Forth.

"Now, my Robert," she said, as they came in sight of the ferry, "let us stand here for a few minutes, I wish to ask one favor of you, before we part."

"What is it, mother?" answered the son.

"Promise me, that you will do what I am going to ask you."

"I cannot, mother," replied the cautious boy; "till you tell me what your wish is."

"Oh, Robert," she exclaimed, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks, "would I ask you to do anything that is not right?"

"Ask what you will, mother, and I will do it," said the son, overcome by his mother's agitation.

"I ask you to promise me that you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and evening."

"Mother, you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly. I shall return home with a happy heart, seeing you have promised me to read the Scriptures daily."

The lad went his way. He kept his promise, and read every day his Bible. He read, however, because he loved his mother, not from any pleasure he found in the sacred Book. At length, inattentive though he was, the truths he daily came in contact with aroused his conscience. He became uneasy, and then unhappy. He would have ceased reading but for his promise. Living alone in a lodge in a large garden, his leisure was his own. He had but few books, and those were works on gardening and botany, which his profession obliged him to consult. He was shut up to one book, the Bible. He did not pray until his unhappiness sent him to his knees. One evening, while poring over the Epistle to the Romans, light broke into his soul. The Apostle's words appeared different, though familiar, to him.

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that I have never understood what I have read again and again?"

Peace came to his mind, and he found himself earnestly desiring to know and to do the will of God. That will was made known to him in a simple way. One night, as he entered a neighboring town, he read a placard announcing that a missionary meeting was to be held. The time appointed for the meeting had long passed, but the lad stood and read the placard over and over. Stories of missionaries told him by his mother came up as vividly as if they had just been related. Then and there was begotten the purpose which made Robert Moffat a missionary to the Hottentots of South Africa.

## Joy in Obedience.

"Thy loving kindness is better than life." Ps. 62, 3.

Go with me to a town in Scotland which is on the sea-coast. There are houses along the shore, and there is a long stretch of sand covered with shallow pools of water left by the outgoing tide; and past these pools of shore is the wild, billowy sea, on which are rocking at anchor the boats of the fishermen who live in the town. The place is all alive with excitement. Long lines of people are wending their way down the narrow streets. What has happened? They look like streams of people coming from church; for their manner seems unusually serious, and most of them are talking about religion, and in a subdued tone. Still, they are not coming from church, for there is no service there to-day. It is a week-day, and business may be done as usual; yet there is no business doing, and the shop-keepers are turning the keys in their doors and joining the crowd in the streets. Where are they going? They are not going home, for all their faces are in one direction; they are making for the shore. Why do they go there? There are rich and poor, old and young. What are they going to see? You cannot guess what the sight is to be. But watch awhile. Yonder comes something to which all eyes are turned. As it comes nearer we see that it is a little group of priests and soldiers, and two women. One of the women is old and feeble, and her hands are bound together with strong iron rings, and a rope is round her waist. One of the soldiers has hold of the rope, and is dragging her along, though there is no need to drag her; she is willing to go quietly enough. Behind her is a girl, and she, too, is bound—her hands with iron and her waist with a rope—and another soldier is dragging her along. What a strange procession! It reaches the shore, and the crowds make way, and the busy hum of talk is hushed. Some pity the old woman, but all pity the fair young girl. They have just come from prison, and now they are being led out to die. But what have they done to be imprisoned and put to death? They are full of joy in obeying God, and cannot obey man. That is all. And for that they have been sent to prison, with foul, damp walls, filthy, slimy floors, all cold and dark. They did not like these things: they were very painful to them; and doubtless they had some good cries over their miseries there. Yet they might have come out again and gone to their homes in peace if they would only have done what the king told them to do; but they could not, for they knew that it was a wrong thing and would grieve God; and the miseries of a horrible prison were not so miserable as the mere thinking about grieving God. So, while they respected the king of Scotland, they obeyed the King of Glory, and for that obedience they are to die.

It is to see these two martyrs I have asked you to come with me to this shore of the Scottish town. A martyr is a person who dies for

his religion—one who is put to death because he will not do something he knows to be a sin against God, and which a king or some person with authority and power commands him to do. There were men once who could not bear to hear even the name of Jesus, and who hated all who loved Jesus, and these men knew a man named Stephen, who loved Jesus with his whole heart, and delighted to speak about Him. So they were exceedingly angry against Stephen, and because he did not give up his love they took up stones, rushed on him, and dashed the stones at him till they killed him. So Stephen is called a martyr, the first martyr for Christ.

Now let us follow the procession along the shore. Whilst we have been talking the soldiers have set up two posts in the wet sand—one is away yonder, down close where the sea waves are breaking. To that they make the aged woman stand, and, having bound her to it with ropes, they ask her what to her means, "Will she deny God and honor the king?" Her life hangs upon the answer. But to her the sweetness of pleasing God is far better than the sweetness of living; so, very naturally she answers, she cannot. Then they leave her there, and retire to the second post, which is farther from the sea, and near to the town. Then they order the girl to stand up to that; she obeys and they bind her to it with ropes, and then ask her what to her means, "Will she deny God and honor the king?" The girl's life depends upon her answer. But she has no hesitancy. For the bare idea of disobedience to God is simply unutterable wretchedness to her. She turns sick at the thought, and firmly and calmly replies, she cannot. Then they point her to the stake near the sea. The tide is coming in. Already the waves are rising round it; slowly, wave by wave, they reach its top, and the aged woman is no more: the waters have covered her; she is drowned. Again the young girl is asked to save her life. She may do so, or be drowned like her companion. But she tells them her joy is to obey God; a life without His favor were a life not worth living. To obey Him is better than life. Then they fasten the ropes round her tighter, and make her sob with pain. They have no need to do this. She does not try to get away, but they are angry with her, they do not understand her; a young girl like she is, throwing away her life! She seems to them to be obstinate and foolish. Perhaps they mean to be kind by their anger; they are sorry for her to throw away, as they think, her fair young life. They have made her watch the waves rise, inch by inch, around her companion till she was drowned, in the hope of frightening her into submission. But though she had turned deadly pale, and her lips had quivered with prayer for strength, the sight had failed. And now they think the pinch of ropes round her limbs will persuade her to yield; but it does not. So their anger becomes cruel, and they sneer and jest, while the sea rolls in its cold waves, wave chas-

ing wave, till at length the sea surrounds her, and the soldiers withdraw. At last the work is done, and from the grey, wild sea her glad spirit goes to God.

Such was the girl's joy in obedience to God; pain and death could not change it.

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"Coals of Fire."

A slave in one of the islands in the West Indies, who had originally come from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner on account of his integrity and general conduct, so much so that his master raised him to a situation of some consequence in the management of his estate. His owner, on one occasion wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instructions to choose those who were strong and likely to make good workmen.

The man went to the slave-market and commenced his scrutiny. He had not long surveyed the multitude offered for sale before he fixed his eye intently upon an old and decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one. The master appeared greatly surprised at his choice, and remonstrated against it. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged; when the dealer remarked that, if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them the old man to the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their new master, but upon none did the selector bestow half the attention and care that he did upon the poor old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation and laid him upon his bed; he fed him at his own table and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold he carried him into the sunshine, and when he was hot he placed him under the shade of the cocoanut trees. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a poor fellow-slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said, "You could not take so intense an interest in the old man but for some special reason; he is a relation of yours—perhaps your father?"

"No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my fader."

"He is then an elder brother?"

"No, massa; he no my broder."

"Then he is an uncle, or some other relation?"

"No, massa; he no be of my kindred at all—not even a friend."

"Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?"

"He my enemy, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave-dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him; and when he thirst, give him drink."

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A LITTLE girl, about eleven years of age, said to a relative who complained of poverty, "A man may go to heaven without a penny in his pocket, but not without grace in his heart."



### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR colored brethren in Springfield, Ill., had a day of rejoicing recently. The new mission chapel, erected by our Mission Board, was dedicated to the service of the Triune God. The sermons on that occasion were listened to by a large number of attentive hearers. May God bless His word to the salvation of many souls.

—FROM the annual report of our missionary at New Orleans we learn that our work among the colored people in that large city is progressing slowly. The schools are very well attended, but in their work among the older people our missionaries find many difficulties and experience many sad disappointments. They, however, labor on joyfully, knowing that their labors cannot be in vain.

—WHO can tell the results of his labors? To how many will the last day alone reveal the results! This point is well illustrated by the following anecdote told by a pastor of England in a book recently published. He says: A friend of mine, a layman, was once in the company of a very eminent preacher, then in the decline of life. My friend happened to remark what a comfort it must be to him to think of all the good he had done by his gift of eloquence. The eyes of the old man filled with tears and he said, "You little know! You little know! If I ever turned one heart from the ways of disobedience to the wisdom of the just, God has withheld the assurance from me. I have been admired, and flattered, and run after; but how gladly I would forget all that, to be told of a single soul I have been instrumental in saving!" The eminent preacher entered into his rest. There was a great funeral. Many pressed around the grave who had oftentimes hung entranced upon his lips. My friend was there, and by his side was a stranger, who was so deeply moved that when all was over my friend said to him, "You knew him, I suppose?" "Knew him," was the reply. "No; I never spoke to him, but I owe to him my soul!"

—THE Lutheran Home for the Deaf and Dumb at Norris, near Detroit, Mich., an institution of the Missouri Synod, provides 22 boys and 17 girls with a Christian education.

—THE GOSPEL AS A CIVILIZER.—What the gospel can do in the way of civilizing savages is thus told by *The Church*: "Twelve years ago the Modoc Indians were uncivilized heathens. Now they are a community of industrious farmers, with half their number professing Christians. It cost the United States Government \$1,848,000 to care for 2200 Dakota Indians seven years, while they were savages. After they were christianized it cost, for seven years, \$120,000, a saving of \$1,728,000."

—SAMOA.—Concerning the religious condition of this group of islands, a recent writer says: When many are reading much and talking more about Samoa and its affairs, it may be well to say that the Christian Church has been there and made it worth while for the

nations to contend about this beautiful group of islands. John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, went there nearly sixty years ago and established missions. He returned again to find his missions flourishing and making converts. Since his day the work of education and the formation of churches has gone on steadily, and large numbers of the inhabitants are Christians by profession and are walking worthy of their vocation. A half century ago these lands would have been worth very little to any nation of Europe or America. Christianity has preceded the consul and the ship of war and made these fine islands on the Pacific fit places for the planting of colonies and the upbuilding of commerce. We hope that jealousies among Christian nations will not mar the work of the men who rescued them from heathenism.

—A FARMER who had recently listened to an exposition from the text found in Isaiah, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider," was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his bare arm. Instantly with this simple incident the Holy spirit flashed conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears and exclaimed, "It is all true. How wonderful is God's Word? This poor dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to him for everything. What a sinner I am." The lesson had found its way to his heart and wrought there effectually to lead him to Christ.

—FORTY years ago Dr. Morrison was addressing, in a locked inner room, two or three Chinese, who listened in peril of their lives; now there are in China some 50,000 converts. "Do you think," asked the captain of the ship who took him out, "that you can make an impression on the 400,000,000 of Chinese?" "No," he answered, "but God can."

—THERE recently died at Montpellier, France, an old servant woman, who had given in the course of years no less than \$2000, the result of most careful economy, to the French Protestant Foreign Mission Society. She loved missions, regularly read the missionary journals, and never prayed without mentioning by name M. Coillard, an old missionary in South Africa.

—AN unknown German lady has given \$75,000 towards the erection of a children's sea-shore hospital near Hamburg.

—A PHILADELPHIA colored woman brought her baby to be baptized the other day, and, when asked what name she preferred for it, chose the word "Amen," as she liked its sound and it was in the Bible.

—A NATIVE missionary in Bulgaria recently told of his father's conversion through the means of a little Bulgarian Testament costing but a penny. At one time the leaves of the Testament were cut out and scattered throughout the country. A man found a part of a leaf, on which were the words "God" and

"love." He had never heard of a God of love, so he carried the leaf to a missionary to ask the meaning; and through this little torn leaf he found the God who so loves us as to die for us.

### BOOK-TABLE.

ERSTES LESEBUCH fuer Ev. Luth. Schulen. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cents.

This is the First in a new Series of German Readers, issued by our Publishing House in St. Louis. The Second Reader was published last year, and the others are soon to follow. These Readers possess many advantages which other Readers do not have. Care has been taken to grade these Readers in accordance with the age for which each one is intended. The reading exercises are excellent, and they are supplied with many and very good illustrations.

MY FIRST BOOK in Sunday-School and Home. 12 Biblical Narratives given in very simple language, together with Luther's Catechism, with Prayers and Hymns. 2d Edition. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price, single copy, bound in cloth, 25 cents; by the dozen, \$2.25; by the hundred, \$17.00.

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Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.  
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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. S. KNABENSCHUH, MISSIONARY.

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No. 5.

## Satisfied.

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

Naught, naught I count as treasure,  
Compared, O Christ, with Thee;  
Thy sorrow without measure  
Earned peace and joy for me.  
I love to own, Lord Jesus,  
Thy claims o'er me and mine;  
Bought with Thy blood most precious,  
Whose can I be but Thine?

What fills my soul with gladness?  
'Tis Thy abounding grace;  
Where can I look in sadness,  
But, Jesus, on Thy face?  
My all is Thy providing;  
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;  
In Thee, my refuge, hiding,  
No good wilt Thou withhold.

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 scorned, despised, forsaken,  
Naught severs Thee from me.

Oh, 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!

From the German.

WHAT is resignation? Placing God between ourselves and our trouble.

## God Is With Us.

The fools that say in their hearts, There is no God, are to be pitied. In their blindness and helplessness they have no guide, and in their sin and sorrow they have no comfort. Being without God, they are without hope in the world, and that is wretchedness. All that infidelity can do is to make men miserable and bring woe to him.

Happy are they who know and believe the love which God has for us and who know that He is always with us. Though they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, they fear no evil. They know that their times are in God's hand, and that He is directing all things for the best. If afflictions come, they are not without comfort. These too must work together for good. Difficulties and disappointments in their labor do not madden them, for they work for God and know that He directs all to His praise. No crosses bring despair, for God is with them and supports them, so that they can bear them. Living for God, they let God rule and are satisfied. God is with them at every step, and they look to Him and are happy.

It is not an angry judge that goes with them on all their journey, visiting their sins upon them at each step. God is in Christ, in whom we have redemption through His blood. It is a God reconciled that is with us, who does not impute to us our sins but who saves and blesses us. We have His precious Word, and so He is not far off, but very near, even here where we labor and suffer and enjoy. Weary pilgrim, look to Him! Tired laborer in the mission field, lean on Him! He is a very present help. And He will not leave us nor forsake us. God is with us! Let us daily try to realize the truth more fully, and find in it comfort and courage in all our work, and also in our mission work.

## Redeeming Love.

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

God so loved the world; but that so may be lengthened out to eternity before the import of it can be told. God so loved the world; a wonderful so indeed! God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son for it.

Had He given mountains of gold and silver for us sinners; had He told down for our ransom all the treasures that lie hid in the bowels of the earth, or scattered through the whole world, all had been as nothing for His giving His only-begotten Son to die for us.

Oh, the wonders of love that are wrapped up in this! Why, if the Scriptures had not so plainly revealed it we could not have believed it; and even after it is revealed our faith must be well fixed else it will stagger under it; for this is a deep mystery that God so loved the world of sinners, that He gave His only-begotten Son for it.

Reader, have you embraced this wondrous gift of infinite love—Jesus the Saviour of sinners? Have you "eternal life," which is "the gift of God in Jesus Christ"? Oh, the love of God! Let your soul rejoice in that love, and in the expression of it, "Jesus Christ," your Saviour and your Lord.

## The Blessed Dead.

Now they have got to heaven, they have got home. They have got to their Father's house. They find more comfort a thousand times, now they are got home, than they did in their journey. It was a wilderness that they passed through—a difficult road. There was abundance of difficulties in the way; mountains and rough places. They were forced to lay out themselves to get along, and had many wearisome days and nights; but now they have got through—they have got to the place they sought; got to their everlasting rest. They need travel no more, nor labor any more, but enjoy rest and peace, and will enjoy them forever.

For that man, O God of truth, is unhappy, who knows all things, but is ignorant of Thee; whilst happy is he, who is ignorant of all things else, but knows Thee.—Augustine.

### Our Colored Lutheran Church at Springfield, Ill.

Writing of our Colored Lutheran Church at Springfield, Ill., the Rev. Dr. Francis Springer says in the *Sangamon Monitor*:

A pleasant surprise is the neat new house of worship on Fifteenth street, between Washington and Jefferson streets. The building is for the use of an association of colored people, under the name of the Colored Evangelical Lutheran church of Springfield, Illinois.

The structure is a substantial frame, in the Gothic style, with an auditorium of capacity to accommodate about 200 persons; a tower with a bell, and a room for Bible class, prayer meeting, Sunday-school and business. The inside finish, though inexpensive and modest, is chaste and attractive. In size the building is 45x30 feet, and the front entrance is reached by massive stone steps of easy ascent. The heating is by apparatus in the basement. The entire cost was about \$4000—a large part of the money being furnished by the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of America, with headquarters in St. Louis, Mo.

Your correspondent, Mr. Editor, attended the service of dedication Sabbath morning and evening, February 24th. The religious exercises were conducted by the mission pastor, Rev. H. S. Knabenschuh, a former student of the Lutheran college, formerly of Illinois State University. The solemnities of the dedication were followed by a very instructive and warm-hearted gospel sermon by Rev. Henry Birkner, of St. Louis; text, 1 Cor. 2, 2; theme, "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified." In a very plain style of speech the preacher showed his theme to be a grand and glorious message of the gospel, and the Lutheran church holds and explains this doctrine in its purity. At the conclusion of the discourse, Rev. Knabenschuh administered baptism to seventeen persons, adults and children. A confirmation service at 2 P. M. was held, according to the appropriate and impressive ritual of the Lutheran denomination.

At 7.30 in the evening an edifying discourse was delivered by Rev. Prof. H. Wyneken, of the Concordia college. The story of Zaccheus, the rich publican, in his contact with the Saviour, was presented in a manner that beautifully unfolded the goodness of God to the erring one who seeks deliverance from sin.

The murmurs of angry disapprobation indulged in by a few persons in the rear of the church or at the door, on second sober thought will probably not be repeated, because such coarse methods of religious controversy are not in agreement with the birthright of religious liberty in free America. If the Lutherans choose to practice sprinkling or pouring instead of immersion, they have a right to do so. If they think the water of baptism ought to be applied to the subject in place of applying the subject to the water, they can produce abundant proofs from Scripture in support of their

method and their faith. As a body the Lutherans stand in history as the champions of free speech and religious liberty; they, in this respect, are worthy to bear the name of Martin Luther, whose brave advocacy of personal liberty, an open Bible, equal rights of every man before the law, and universal education, has lifted him to a height of fame as imperishable as the human race. In Johnson's Universal Encyclopedia the number of this denomination is given at 40,000,000; in the German Statistical Table the number is 47,500,000. Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists, all told, do not exceed 12,000,000.

In point of numbers, priority of time, learned contributions to Christian literature and thorough Gospel piety, the Lutherans possess ample vindication of their right to organize churches among the people of African descent in the capital city of Illinois and elsewhere, and among all other peoples besides.

I say to the good people of Concordia college (occupying the premises where I, about 35 years ago, held presidency of Illinois university), God speed you in your good work!

### "Christ is My Sumatanga."

The religion of the Gospel is suited for every land. In each country man needs an arm on which he can lean in days of trouble. He needs a hope that can cheer him in prospect of death. He needs that which can pacify a guilty conscience. And in the Gospel of Christ all this is found. There is a Brother born for adversity. There is a sure promise of eternal life beyond the grave. There is the cleansing blood by which alone sin can be taken away.

Moreover, in each land there is something which easily adapts itself to the truths of Scripture, and which may become a sort of parable by which the Gospel may be more clearly understood.

"Christ is my Sumatanga," said a native Christian in India, expressing in his own way the comfort he found in the Saviour. But what did he mean? What is a "Sumatanga"? In some parts of India there are provided along the road resting-places for those who carry heavy loads on the head, as many have to do. These rests have a high shelf, upon which the man can easily shift off the heavy burden that he is carrying. Then beneath there is a shaded seat, where he can sit down and rest for a season until his strength is renewed to go forward and carry his burden to the place for which he is bound. It was with reference to one of these rests the native Christian expressed his faith in the words, "*Christ is my Sumatanga.*"

There is a twofold thought of help and consolation in the illustration which the man used. Christ is the One to whom we can transfer the burdens that lie upon us. Above all, there is the burden of all our "sins, negligences, and ignorances." Each day tells a tale of evil.

Perhaps there are months and years when God was forgotten and prayer unknown, and when the life was soiled by many plain acts of disobedience against His law. And even when this has been changed, and it is our desire to please God, yet who can tell his secret faults and offences and shortcomings? But, thank God, Christ bore the burden on the cross, and so in faith and humility we may leave it with Him.

"O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!  
Our load was laid on Thee:  
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,  
Bearing all ill for me:  
A victim led, Thy blood was shed!  
Now there's no load for me!"

And with this you may leave every other burden. What is it that most weighs upon your mind? Be not afraid to leave it all with Jesus. Anxiety for the future, losses and disappointments, "the aching head, the heart oppressed," your preservation from the assaults of the wicked one, everything that depresses and troubles you—leave all with Him who careth for you.

But the idea of the Sumatanga goes beyond this. Not only leave your burdens with Jesus, but place yourself beneath His sheltering care, and look to Him to refresh and keep you. The Indian first cast his load down on the upper rest, and then sat down on the shaded seat below. You must thus find refreshment and rest with Jesus. "I sat down under His shadow with great delight," Canticles 2, 3. You will find Him a living friend, a faithful friend, an almighty friend, a friend whose loving-kindness is beyond all your thoughts. But remember that He loves to be trusted. You must not wound Him by hard and distrustful thoughts. You must not question His readiness to help and save you. You must not look at your unworthiness, and present failings, and then imagine that there is no use coming to Him. In spite of temptations within and without, in spite of all the snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil, believe that Christ will save you to the uttermost, and keep you from all evil. He will be to you a shelter and a stay and a strong habitation. He will be to you as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. His presence shall bring you peace and preservation from all the assaults of the wicked one.

"When unto Thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord;  
What need I now to fear,  
What earthly grief or care  
Since Thou art ever near,  
Jesus, my Lord?"

"Ye know," fellow believer, "He was manifested to take away our sins." That was His express mission down here, now was it a success? A glance backward at the empty tomb says, yes. A look upward at the risen Christ says, yes. Then thine iniquity is taken away, thy sin is purged. Christ being risen, your faith is not vain, you are not in your sins.

Lions in Africa.

The daughter of one of the missionaries among the Basutos, in South Africa, went to see her sister, who lived more than a hundred miles from her father's station. She set out in her wagon, taking with her two Buchusna young women besides the wagoners. They had often to unyoke their team, and while the men went to sleep, the oxen would wander about in search of food and water.

One day the oxen could not be seen, and the wagoners were obliged to go in search of them, leaving the three young women alone in the wagon. Those who are used to the wilderness do not think much of being left alone, but the poor girls had not been left very long, when they received a most unexpected and unwelcome visit; for up walked, in a very leisurely way, a large lion, who sat himself quietly down among the harness close to the wagon.

As you may suppose, the girls trembled at the sight of the terrible creature, and lifted up their hearts in prayer to Him who could stop the lion's mouth. Happily they did not lose their presence of mind; and as they knew that fire would terrify the wildest animal, they thought they would try its effect upon the lion. They, therefore, drew out one of their mats, and having set it on fire, threw it upon the savage creature. The king of the forest seemed very much astonished at the flames, and walked backward a few steps as if he would go away; but his courage was not shaken, and he soon came to his former station.

The girls now kindled a second mat and threw it upon him, but it seemed to have little effect upon the watchful beast. But a third mat was more successful. It probably burned him, and put him in such fear that he now scampered off and came back no more. But no sooner was he gone than the girls' courage began to give way. The thought of the danger they had just passed, seemed to take away all their prudence, and they became so full of fear that they got out of the wagon and fled away into the wilderness. A few hours afterward the drivers returned with the oxen, but when they came to the wagon they found no one in it. They were much distressed, and sought for the girls on every side.

Happily, at length, with that wonderful power which the native tribes have of discovering the direction of the flight of any one by the marks of their footsteps, they found out the way the girls had taken. They followed this trail, as it is called, and the next morning they discovered the fugitives at the very station

where they were going. God had directed their steps, and had spread his protection over them, though they had spent the whole night in the desert amidst many such lions as had visited them in the wagon.

As I have Sung, so I Believe.

On the 30th of May, 1416, Jerome of Prague, after bearing a noble testimony to the truth for which he was ready to suffer, was led to the place of execution, through a crowd which heaped upon him every kind of insult. As he went along, he sang the Apostles' Creed, and some hymns of the church, "with a loud voice and cheerful countenance."

On reaching the stake, a mitre was given to

that same day, to his friend, Aretin: "His voice was sweet and full. Every ear was captivated, every heart touched."

When he had ended the hymn, he said, in the German language: "My beloved children, as I have sung, so, and not otherwise, do I believe."

Then he looked up, and said, with a loud voice: "Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit."

There was an awful interval; the testimony was not yet complete, the crown was not yet won. The flames, fanned by a strong wind into intenser heat, were yet by that very wind ever and anon driven aside, exposing their terrible ravages upon that "temple of the Holy Ghost," and prolonged the torture. Once more he cried out (a golden link of prayer and faith between the praises ended and the praises to begin):

"O Lord God, have mercy upon me; have mercy upon me! Thou knowest how I loved thy truth. Thou hast redeemed me!"

And then a fiery veil covered him from view, once more parted by the wind disclosing blistered lips yet moving as in prayer; and then—charred and blackened remains below, and another glorified spirit, holy and beautiful and victorious above.

Oh, that the dying testimony of all who sing the church's "songs of grace and glory" may be like that of Jerome of Prague, "As I have sung, so, and not otherwise, do I believe!" Let this

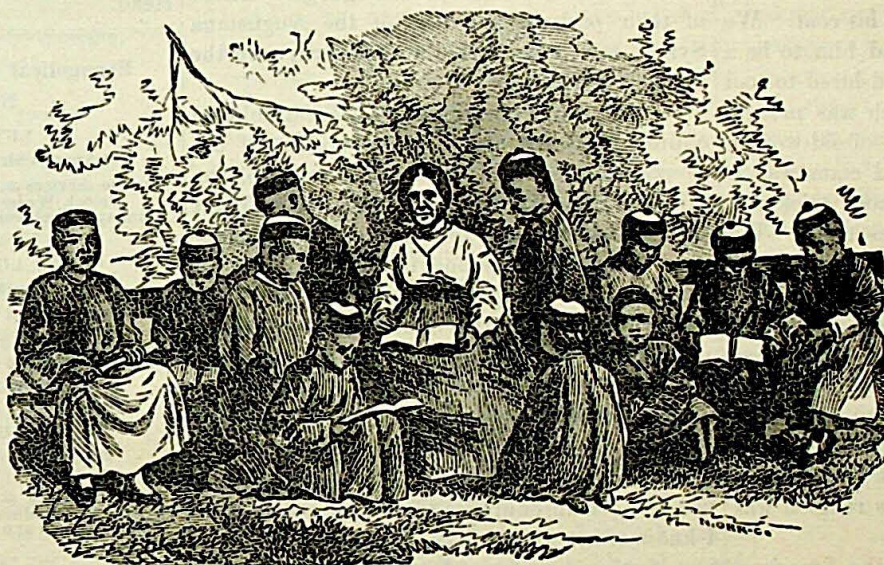
be the standard of our singing; the expression of "true and lively faith" in Him "who, by his death, hath destroyed death, and by his rising to life again, hath restored us to everlasting life."

Only One Soul.

A man has two eyes; if he lose one, he can use the other. He has two hands; if he lose one, he can use the other. He has two feet; if he lose one, he can use the other. He has but *one soul*. If that is lost, what then?

I HAVE a pledge from Christ, have His note of hand, which is my support, my refuge, and heaven; and though the world should rage, to this security I cling. How reads it? "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." If Christ be with me, what shall I fear? If He is mine, all the powers of earth to me are nothing more than a spider's web.

St. Chrysostom.



Chinese Pupils Taught by a Missionary Lady.

him, probably in mockery.—He placed it, with his own hands, on his head, saying:

"The Lord Jesus Christ, my God, was crowned for my sake with a crown of thorns, and I will gladly wear this crown for his glory."

He then threw himself on his knees, and kissed the stake, remaining in prayer for a few minutes. He was then bound with wet cords and a chain, and large pieces of wood, intermixed with straw, were piled around him.—The executioner was about to set fire to the pile behind his back, but the martyr saw his intention, and cried:

"Come forward and kindle it before my face! If I had feared this, I should not have been here, for I might have avoided it."

The fire was kindled; and as the smoke and flame arose, so once more did the martyr's voice, in his last earthly hymn, so soon to be followed by songs of triumphant glory:

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

Poggius of Florence, formerly secretary to Pope John XXIII., himself a papist, wrote

### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—IN a Southern paper a correspondent relates by what devilish tricks ignorant people are perverted by Mormon missionaries. He says: "The first Mormon preacher was a man named Aldrich. I heard his first sermon. When he got up in the school-house he said that he would not preach the new gospel unless Gabriel blew his horn as a sign that he indorsed his views. Just then a loud blast of a horn was heard, and then he began his preaching. The horn business had a peculiar effect upon some of the congregation, and as it sounded night after night, just before he preached, many of the ignorant were perverted. I was only a school-boy then, but myself and other school-boys determined to watch the place where the sound came from, and in a grove of trees not far from the school-house we found the Gabriel up a tree with a fish-horn under his coat. We made him come down and found him to be a worthless fellow whom Smith had hired to toot for him. One day when Aldrich was preaching he blew his horn and a lot of old women came out, thinking the fish and clam wagon was coming. We exposed the horn trick and it was the laughing stock of the town. We used to tell the man to get a horn that was not a fish-horn, so people need not rush out expecting clams. The most astonishing thing about the matter was that, although the fraud was fully exposed and the man who played the part of Gabriel was caught dozens of times behind hedges and outbuildings blowing his old horn for Aldrich to preach from, there were lots of people who believed that the new religion was the only true religion."

—RUM AND MISSIONS.—While the American churches are evincing a most commendable zeal in missionary work, American merchants are doing their share toward the ruin of heathen nations, particularly in Africa. The slave trade there is no worse enemy to the Christian cause than the rum exported in such immense quantities by American business houses. In Germany the Christian press has been protesting loudly against the Hamburg merchants for their sins in this regard. It is time that a similar crusade be inaugurated in America, which is evidently the chief of sinners in this regard. In the last six years' time 4,618,207 gallons of rum were exported from the country. Of this amount not over 400,000 gallons went to other countries than Africa. And, besides, all this exportation of rum during these six years, except less than 100,000 gallons from New York, has been sent from Boston. The amount of rum exported from Boston to Africa in the last six years has been 4,138,284 gallons, an average of two-thirds of a million of gallons annually. How many gallons of rum for every dollar Boston gives for its evangelization?

—A LITTLE girl called some time ago upon an old Christian lady, and requested her to subscribe to the Romish convent schools where she, with other children, was taught. "And

what do the nuns teach you, my child?" asked the old lady. "Reading, writing, sewing, and religion, ma'am," was the answer. "And do they teach you the Bible, too?" "The Bible! no indeed, ma'am; they would not open such a horrible book." "Such a horrible book!" cried the old lady, aghast. "Why, child, do you know who wrote it?" "O! indeed I do, ma'am; the priest told us it was written by the devil and Luther." The papists hate the Bible.

—THE number of Finlanders in this country is estimated at 40,000! They are mostly found in North Michigan, Minnesota, Oregon, also in Chicago, Cleveland and New York. All of them are Lutherans, and many of them understand the Swedish language, as Finland belonged to Sweden before it was added to Russia. But a good number of them understand only their own Finnish tongue, which is quite different from other European languages. Three of their pastors, members of the Augustana Synod, have now started a weekly paper in the Finnish language.

—WRITING of our English Lutheran mission church in Baltimore, a correspondent of the *Workman* says: The German churches of the Missouri Synod have united together to plant an English mission to care for their young people, and I am happy to say their mission has become so prosperous under Rev. Mr. Dallmann, that these mother churches have recently purchased a Baptist church about to be vacated for about \$6000 for the English daughter. That is the way to set up the children at house-keeping. I gratefully record my praise of that kind of Church extension, and pronounce that trio of German churches the wisest and noblest I know of in our whole connection.

—THE agent of the Bible Society in Tokio, Japan, has been unable to meet the great demand for the Bible in that city.

—AN ANSWER TO HER PRAYER.—The *Boston Transcript* relates the following: A woman in West Tennessee went home from church one Sunday, impressed by a moving appeal which her pastor had made in behalf of a minister's widow recently left in want with six children. What could she give to relieve this case of suffering? She was herself a widow and poor. She thought intensely over the matter, and that night she prayed over it, but no way of raising the money occurred to her. The next morning when she went out to sweep off her doorstep she noticed that the earth on one side had been freshly thrown up, and something glittering lay in the dirt. It was a \$5 gold-piece. During the night a rat had taken it into his head to dig a hole under the step, and one result of his labor was the resurrection of that coin. The woman knew that during the war her husband had buried his savings, all in gold coins, under those steps; but he had dug up the money after the war was over, and evidently supposed he had recovered the whole. It seemed that he was mistaken. And now his widow was not slow to follow the hint given her by the burrowing rat. She removed the

steps, and after a thorough search succeeded in finding \$20. Regarding this money as a direct gift from heaven, she sent it all to the suffering family.

—IN a pamphlet just published in London it is well said: "The devil has seldom done a cleverer thing than hinting to the Church of Christ that part of her mission is to provide entertainment for the people with a view to winning them into her ranks."

—ONE point stands out just now very distinctly—the Mohammedans of Africa fear that the spread of Christianity will destroy the slave trade, and they are murdering missionaries and burning their dwellings to stay the progress of the hated faith. In India the Mohammedans have started a monthly magazine in Calcutta, with the avowed purpose of "demolishing Christianity and setting up a national religion in its stead."

#### Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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

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

##### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

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

##### EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.  
CARROLLTON.  
Divine services at 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 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, Mo.

Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.  
Divine Service at 3.30 P. M.  
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, MISSIONARY.

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No. 6.

## Missionary Hymn.

Yes, my native land, I love thee;  
All thy scenes I love them well;  
Friends, connections, happy country,  
Can I bid you all farewell?

Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely;  
Joys no stranger heart can tell!  
Happy home! indeed I love thee!  
Can I—can I say—Farewell?

Can I leave thee,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days and Sunday bell;  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
Can I say a last farewell?

Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes! I hasten from you gladly,  
From the scenes I love so well!  
Far away, ye billows, bear me,  
Lovely native land, farewell!

Pleased I leave thee  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the deserts let me labor,  
On the mountains let me tell,  
How He died—the blessed Saviour,  
To redeem a world from hell!

Let me hasten,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean,  
Let the winds the canvass swell,  
Heaves my heart with warm emotion  
While I go far hence to dwell.

Glad I bid thee,  
Native land!—Farewell—Farewell!

*Selected.*

## Pentecost.

Do you know what that word Pentecost means? It means the fiftieth. On the fiftieth day after the resurrection of Christ the Holy Spirit was poured out upon the apostles, and therefore the day on which we celebrate this great event is called Pentecost.

By His sufferings and death Christ secured forgiveness of sin and eternal salvation. These precious gifts he secured, not for Himself, but for sinners. If we are to enjoy them they must

be brought to us and must be made our own. This is the work of the Holy Spirit, whom our ascended Lord sent according to His promise. "If I go not away," said He, "the Spirit will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send Him unto you." Ten days after He had been taken up to heaven, this promise was fulfilled, as the disciples were all with one accord in one place. The day upon which this occurred is called Pentecost, and in view of the great importance of the event our church observes this day as one of her great festivals.

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

## The Believer's Glory.

How great is the glory, how exalted the privileges of the true believers, the saints of God! Whatever men may think of them in their present condition, there is a glory belonging to them which surpasses the highest conceptions of an earthly mind. They are, even "now, the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what they shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." The day of His appearing is the day of "the manifestation of the sons of God." Then shall be seen the reality of those hopes which a profane and unbelieving world despise. The glory of the believer is, like that of his Master, while below, a hidden glory: carnal men see nothing of it. Look at those to whom Peter wrote. What were they, in the eye of men? "Strangers scattered." But what, in the eye of God? They were "elect, according to the foreknowledge of

God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, under obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." They had been "begotten again unto a lively hope, . . . to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them," and they for it, being "kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation!" Believer, "therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." Who that buffeted Him, spit on Him, scourged, mocked, pierced Him, conceived what was the real character and dignity of that despised Jesus of Nazareth? "Had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." And so, did men know the real character of His people, the believers in Christ, partakers with Him of His glory, John 17, 22., they would dare to scorn and injure them no more.

## "I Will Give You Rest."

What folly it is for men to run up and down the world in search of rest, becoming more weary all the while, when our Saviour calls them to come to Him, and assures them that He will give them rest! Do they think that He is unable to keep His Word or that He does not mean what He says? He loved us even unto death and most heartily desires our peace. He will surely give it to all who come to Him. In the world it will never be found. That is full of sorrow and disappointment, but it has not that to offer which will quiet the troubled conscience or give relief to the burdened heart. In the world we shall have tribulation, but we can be of cheer, for our Lord has overcome the world. And now He calls to us: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What folly to seek for rest, and yet refuse to go where alone it is to be found!—L. S.

## A Beautiful Answer.

Rabia, a devout Arab woman, being asked, in her last illness, how she endured the extremity of her suffering, answered, "They who look upon God's face do not feel His hand."

### Who is the Holy Spirit?

It is important to know the correct answer to this question. The Holy Spirit, who descended on the disciples on the day of Pentecost, is still active in the Church and does His work of regenerating and sanctifying men through the means of grace. Now, some people have false notions about the Holy Spirit. Let me therefore tell you who the Holy Spirit is.

#### HE IS A PERSON.

Some people say the Holy Spirit is but a mere power, a mere influence, a mere attribute of God. They deny that He is a PERSON. But no attentive reader of the Bible, no one that believes what God says in His word, will deny that the Holy Spirit is a PERSON. There are many passages in the Bible that go to prove this. We shall quote only a few. Jesus says to His disciples in the 14th chapter of John: "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever. Even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." Christ here calls the Holy Spirit another Comforter and uses the words "He," and "Him," and "whom." From this it is plain that the Holy Spirit is a PERSON. Again, Christ says to His disciples in the 28th chapter of Matthew: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." From this passage we learn that the Holy Spirit is a Person as truly as the Father and the Son, and we learn, too, that He is a Person distinct from the Father and the Son. As such the Holy Spirit revealed Himself also in the baptism of Christ. There the Father's voice was heard from heaven: "This is my beloved Son;" the Son was baptized in the Jordan; the Holy Spirit descended upon Him. Again, in many passages of the Bible men are said to vex, to blaspheme, to grieve the Spirit, which could not be said, if He were not a PERSON.

#### HE IS A DIVINE PERSON.

He is called God. In the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we read: "Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost? . . . Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." From this it is quite plain that the Holy Spirit is a Divine Person, that He is God; for Peter tells Ananias that, in lying to the Holy Ghost, he had lied "unto God." Again, in the Bible the attributes, works, and honors of God are ascribed to the Holy Spirit, the same as to God the Father, and to God the Son. This could not be done if the Holy Spirit were not a Divine Person. Our Lutheran Catechism therefore gives us the true Bible-answer to the question, Who is God the Holy Spirit? The answer is this: "HE IS THE THIRD PERSON OF THE GODHEAD, who from eternity proceeds from the Father and the Son, and regenerates and sanctifies us through the Word and the Sacraments."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

### Never Say Die.

When the necessity of better accommodations for "Bethlehem" were urged some months ago, hopes were entertained that a new building for this station of our Colored Mission in New Orleans would soon be under way of construction. Nor was it a little gratifying to note, how quick some were to show their appreciation of the blessings showered down on our labors in this field and respond to the appeal made in its behalf by at once depositing their contributions with the treasurer. But of late the deposits have greatly decreased and our hopes of possessing the necessary accommodations in the near future are almost blasted. Will some one say: Be it so? We cannot suppose such a thing. While the possibility remains of having a new building ready before the school is reopened we will not abandon our hope. We rather trust, that our earnest petitions will yet be granted. There remain three months until the beginning of the next session. If immediate action be taken in the matter the thing may be accomplished. Though our Hon. Board has made no public and official statement concerning this movement, it heartily approves of the same. Were the necessary funds on hand to put the plan into operation, its members would not hesitate to do so.

Here, fellow-Christians, is your opportunity to make a good investment. Does any one think ours a degrading work? We defy such sentiments! In spite of the slurs flung at your laborers by prejudiced men, they are determined to stand by the people, among whom the Lord has called them to labor. And while acts of lawlessness and oppression are reported being perpetrated not only upon men, but on defenseless women and children as well, so that even the secular press urges a vindication of the law and a speedy administration of justice to the guilty parties, we desire every Lutheran to come to our assistance and let this down-trodden race see, not by his words, but by his actions, that there are men who still have an interest in both its temporal and spiritual welfare.

Let us, then, not plead our cause in vain. Let those who have bank-accounts come to the front. Let those who have none follow. And lest any one forget about the matter, let him make his contribution at once. Should he not be able to forward the money himself, his pastor or teacher will, no doubt, take pleasure in doing it for him. If the amount he be able to give be but small, no matter. Hundred cents make a dollar, and the dollars put together will soon swell the treasury to such an extent as to enable us to successfully carry out our work. If everybody put his shoulder to the wheel, it can, indeed, not be difficult to raise the necessary amount. Remember the words of your Saviour: "Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." This

is your Redeemer's cause! He is knocking at your door! He is knocking at your heart! Dare you, can you, will you send him away empty-handed?

In conclusion we may add, that a number of intelligent and earnest members have again been added to our church, and that before another month is over we hope to make another valuable accession of several persons, who are already with hearts and hands assisting us in the upbuilding of our Lutheran Zion. A. 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 tasks. 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 meditation of the morning. Make for the 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 lived by the soul, as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence as well as our comfort by giving more of our unwearied thought to the holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, wornout moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master whom we profess to serve.—Selected.

### The Distance to Hell.

A person, who by birth, wealth, and education should have been a gentleman, but was not, went to see a coal-mine. The miner who took him down was a Christian, and was much pained by the profane language used by the visitor.

As they descended they felt it getting hotter and hotter. At last the heat became so great that the visitor said:

"Dear me, it is terribly hot! I wonder how far it is to hell?"

"I don't know the exact distance," replied the Christian miner, gravely, "but if one link of the chain gives way, you'll be there in a minute!"

This plain answer was the means of arousing the profane man to a sense of the wickedness of his habit.

AUGUSTINE kept on his table this inscription: "Let him who loves to speak evil of the absent, know that this table is unfit for him."

**Not Right because Men Think so.**

The mill was doing a great business that day, when Jack and David Jamieson rode up with their bags of corn to be ground. They lived on a small farm five miles off the main road, and were therefore not very sorry at the prospect of waiting several hours for their grist. It gave them a chance of seeing something of the liveliness and bustle of "The Corner," as that part of the village was called where the tavern, store and mill stood. They ran about here and there, and saw and heard a great deal.

At last, a heavy shower coming on, they went back to the mill to eat their lunch, and see when their turn came. The miller's son and the squire's son were engaged in a brisk talk, which soon took Jack's attention. David went to look after the corn. The miller's son was urging upon the squire's son the importance of finding what truth the Bible enjoined, which the squire's son parried by saying it "was no matter what a man believed, provided he's sincere." The rattling, off-hand tone of the young man pleased Jack, and he wished he could talk so—"Wouldn't he shut up his grandfather? Yes, he would. 'No matter what a man believes, provided he's sincere'" said Jack to himself, bridling up, and bracing up his conscience against the godly conversation of his relations. "He'd fix 'em now," he said, with a slight cant of his head.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the boys' grist was ready; when the old mare was brought out of the shed, and the bag hoisted on her back, and Jack and David both mounted her—bag, boys and mare homeward bound.

"You've got a longer ride ahead than I wish you had, boys," said the miller, casting his eyes towards a black cloud which was rising and darkening the western sky—"There's plenty of water up there for my mill."

The mare set briskly off, and was soon lost to sight among the windings of the forest road. But the gloom gathered faster than the horse trotted, and it was quite dark when they reached a fork in the road where it might make considerable difference what road they took home. One was the traveled road. This way there was a good bridge over Bounding Brook, a mountain stream, which was often dangerously

swelled by the spring rains. It was the safest, though the longest way home. The other was a wood path through the Pines, often taken in good weather by farmers living on the east side of the town, to shorten the distance to "The Corner." In this road Bounding Brook was crossed by fording. "Father told us to be sure and take the traveled road, if it was late," said David. "Going to," said Jack; and the mare stopped at the fork as if to let the boys be sure which road to take. In fact Jack was a little confused. The windings of the road with nothing but woods on each side, and of course no distinct landmarks to govern him; the gloom of the night hiding what objects might serve to

gust of the coming showers roared through the forest, and Jack urged the horse to all the speed which her heavy load would allow, on and on through the dark woods. Jack was well pleased with the correctness of his hasty decision about the way; and the farther he went, the more confirmed was he that it was the right way.

Presently the roarings of Bounding Brook arose above the rattling of the woods. A switch over the mare's haunches, and "we shall be over the bridge in a jiffy," cried Jack; "then, old fellow, what'll you say?" David privately muttered, "He'd like to feel himself over," when a few more canthers, and—Jack, David, meal and mare went floundering in the raging waters of the swollen stream, pitch dark, the storm on them, and miles from human help. The first few moments of horrible suspense it were in vain to paint. Jack at last found himself anchored on a log of drift wood, the icy waters breaking over him and the bridle still fast in his hand. "David!"

"The Lord have mercy!" cried David, "I'm somewhere."

The meal? ah, that was making a pudding in some wild eddy of the Bounding Brook, far below.

"No matter what a man thinks, provided he is sincere," cried poor Jack, thoroughly drenched and humbled. "It's the biggest lie the devil ever got up. It is matter. Being right is the main thing. Sincerity don't

save a fellow from the tremendous consequences of being wrong—that it don't. Then what's the use of all a fellow's sincerity? It can't get him out of the scrape; he's got to take it. Lord help us. Didn't I honestly believe I was on the bridge of the traveled road, when I was going to perdition in the ford of the wood path? Lord help!"

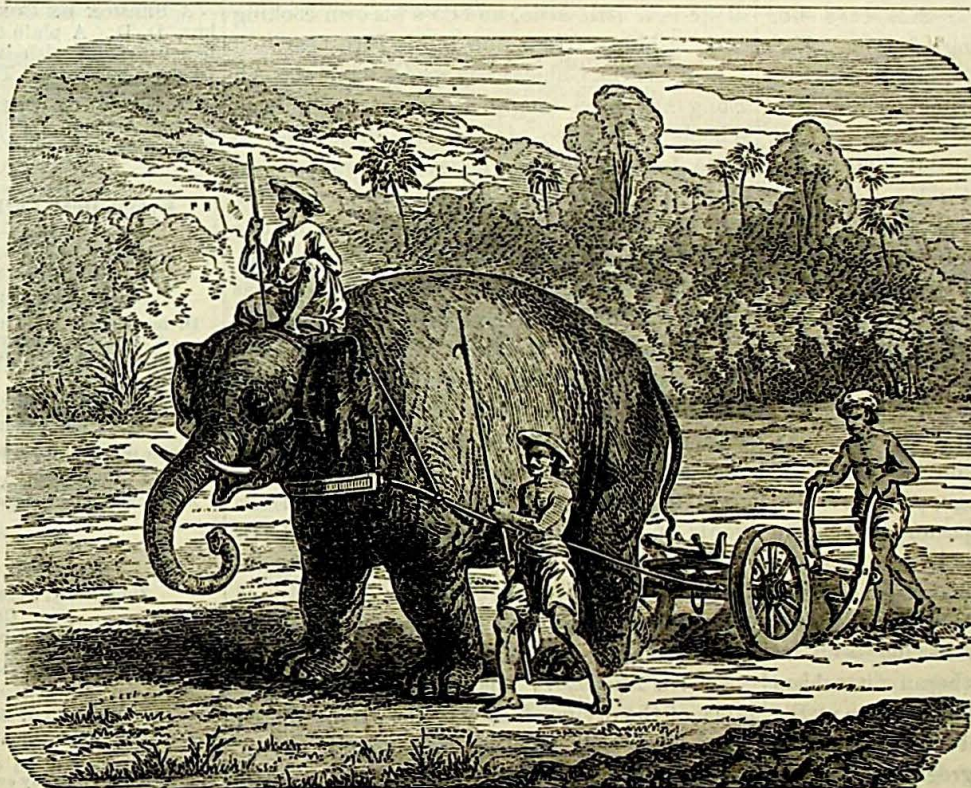
The woeful disaster of that night completely and forever cured Jack of a popular error, which has pitched many a poor soul into the wilder surges of unbelief and irreligion.

*Banner of the Cross.*

DR. CULIIS tells of an aged Christian lying in the Consumptives' Home, very near his end. He was asked the cause of his perfect peace, and replied:

"When I am able to think, I am thinking of Jesus; and when I am not able He is thinking of me."

Why should he not have peace?



Elephant Plowing in India.

direct him, together with his small acquaintance with the road, did puzzle the boys, although Jack, being the older of the two, with a dash of pride about him, would not own it. As the mare stopped, he came to a conclusion, and whipped up. "All right," he cried.

"Are you sure?" asked David.

"This way, I know," answered Jack.

"I don't know," said David; "let me jump off and run down to that light yonder, and ask; there must be a cabin there, and folks."

"Oh, we can't stop for all that," said Jack. "I honestly believe this is the traveled road, David, and that's enough, can't you trust me?"

"But your honestly believing it don't make it so," muttered David.

"I haven't a doubt of it, Dave; you be still," cried Jack, angrily.

"I think, we ought to ask, so as to be sure," persisted David.

But Jack whipped up, and poor David's fears and words went to the winds, as gust after



### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THAT is gratifying news coming to us from the far West. Our church has gained a strong foothold in Helena city, Montana, through the faithful labors of our missionary, Rev. J. Meyer. We clip the following from a Helena city paper: "The corner stone of the First German Evangelical Lutheran church was laid Sunday afternoon with appropriate services. The Sunday school children marched in a body from the Helena Business College to where the church is building, where a large congregation had assembled. The ceremonies were conducted by Rev. J. H. W. Meyer. Copies of the Helena papers and other articles were placed in the stone before it was sealed. Hymns were sung by the choir during the laying of stone. Two excellent addresses were made, one in English, the other in German, the former by Rev. Mr. Dreyer, of Minnesota, and the latter by Rev. Mr. Bartling, of Butte. A collection was taken up and quite a sum of money taken in, which will go towards defraying the expense of building the church. The Lutherans expect to be in their new building by cold weather."

—A FRIEND of ours, who we hope will soon set his able pen in motion in the interest of our English Lutheran mission work, sends us the following interesting item on our English Lutheran mission church in New Orleans. An English Lutheran congregation was organized in that city about a year ago, the Rev. Th. Huegli being called as its pastor. The congregation is getting along well. An English Lutheran Parochial school has been opened and is well attended. On Palm Sunday fifty persons were confirmed after having been instructed in our English Lutheran Catechism by the pastor. The average attendance at the English services is 200. And it is stated that the work of the English congregation has not brought any loss to our German Lutheran churches in New Orleans. The attendance at the German services has not in the least diminished since the organization of the English Lutheran congregation. It has been proved that the Lutheran Church is not limited in its work to the members of German Lutheran congregations, but can reach and gather in any class of people that need the Gospel. Lutheran material can be found wherever there are souls to save, for Lutheranism is the Gospel, and it is for all. Let us therefore not forget our duty in regard to our English Lutheran mission work.

—THE semi-centennial jubilee of Concordia College, Ft. Wayne, Ind., will be celebrated on the 25th and 26th of June. The congregations in the vicinity, graduates of the College and friends of the institution will be invited.

—TWENTY-FIVE years ago a traveling merchant gave a New Testament, which was wholly new and "news," to a lad of sixteen, in the capital of Rio Grande do Sul, and forgot all about it. One year ago, upon revisiting Porto Alegre, he found that "bread cast upon the

waters" in the shape of a school, in which nearly one hundred boys and girls daily listened to the reading of the New Testament from the lips of the same lad, now a married man; and had the pleasure of listening to the story of his conversion, and of his resolution to distribute his small loaves and fishes among the hungry.

—ANDREW FERGUSON, an old negro, formerly a slave, has presented Louisville Presbytery, Kentucky, with a complete equipped church built on a spacious lot, the furnishings including a fine organ. It is to be held as a place of worship for colored people. This last gift is only one of many more by Ferguson since he secured his freedom. He is janitor of a bank, earning about a dollar a day, lives alone in a little attic, and does his own cooking and washing. He is now in his 70th year.

—A LITTLE Chinese boy whose name was Ah Fung had been taught at one of the mission schools at Ningpo to read the Bible, and to go to Jesus in prayer whenever he was in need of help. When he was about nine years of age, his father took Ah Fung with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Korean capital. By some mishap, while there, the boy was stolen and sold to the governor, who presented him to his wife. She made him her page, and he would often attempt to tell his young mistress of the Saviour he loved and trusted, but without avail, until one day the reaper Death took away her baby girl; and then, in her great loneliness and sorrow, she recalled the words of her little page about Jesus and His love, and asked him to tell her the story again. Day after day did this Christian child talk of the Saviour, until she, too, came to love this same Friend.

—THE *Missionary* relates the following instance of the divine efficacy of the divine Word: At a missionary meeting in England, one of the speakers related an anecdote of a little boy, who, having heard it said that for every penny subscribed a verse of Scripture might be translated into a foreign language, went home and begged that he might subscribe a penny, and be the means of translating a verse: "and," said the little fellow, "I should wish it to be that verse, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'" At the same meeting another speaker arose and stated that Rev. Daniel Corrie, afterwards bishop of Madras, was one day sent for to visit a dying Brahmin. He went, expecting to find him sunk in heathenism and superstition. To his surprise he found him a true believer in Christ, and rejoicing in the hope of Heaven. Mr. Corrie inquired how he had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. "Do you remember," said the poor man, "distributing verses of Scripture at such a place?" naming the village where he lived. "You gave one to me, and the verse was, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but

have everlasting life.' That verse was the means of my conversion."

—A BURMESE convert was being addressed by a missionary in reference to his devoting himself to preach the Gospel to his countrymen. The missionary frankly told him that he should be able to give him only eight shillings a month, instead of the thirty he was now getting as a boatman. "Can you go for eight shillings?" The man sat thinking. It was hard for him to make up his mind to go. At last he looked up and said, "I cannot go for eight shillings, but *I can go for Christ.*"

### BOOK-TABLE.

A SERMON ON CONVERSION by Rev. G. F. Spieker, D. D. A plain testimony against the anxious bench system with its errors and dangers. Price 10 cents per copy. T. Diehl, Allentown, Pa.

OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY. Illustrated. Second Edition. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price per single copy 60 cts.; by the dozen \$5.00.

#### Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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

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

##### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and 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. 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.

##### 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. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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# The Lutheran Pioneer.

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No. 7.

## No Other Name.

There is no Saviour but my Lord,  
There is no Gospel but His Word;  
Upon that Word I stay my soul  
Till earth and heaven away shall roll.

There is none other than His name,  
To save from guilt and death and shame;  
And in that name my heart shall trust—  
Yea, when this frame shall sink to dust.

There's no atonement but His cross,  
All earthly means are death and loss:  
And through that cross my soul shall stand  
Among the just, at God's right hand.

There is no refuge but in Him,  
Secure, when sun and stars are dim;  
'Tis there this guilty soul shall hide  
And through eternal years abide.

No other name to man is given,  
No name beneath the vault of heaven—  
That name upon the cross engraved—  
By which the guilty must be saved.

*Selected.*

## The One Escape.

God has but *one* escape, and how *can* we escape if we neglect that escape? Just as at sea, the cry of fire is heard, the life-boat is lowered, and whoever fails to reach it, can find no other escape. And oh, how sad when the one escape proves to be a failure, when the one escape is no escape, neglect, or no neglect, it is all the same. We recently read of the failure of the fire-escape one night in the city of Dublin.

It was on a calm summer evening when a fire broke out in a large house. There were seven who were seen to be shut up in that prison-house of flame. There they stood at the front windows of the upper story crying for help. When told the escape was at hand, they stood looking hopefully down on that which was to be their deliverance. They saw the ladder being raised to where they stood. But oh! the ladder *fell short of those who needed it*. Oh! the deep agony, when those to whom the escape had promised life saw that it could not reach them. They were seen to give one heart-rending look of despair, and then with agonizing shrieks fall back into the flames. The escape proved to be *no* escape, the salvation was *no* salvation.

But, dear reader, it is not so with our God. God, indeed, has but *one* escape, and that escape *never* fails. Man was lost, sin *must* be atoned for; and once an atonement is made, an escape from God's wrath is made. He who took the *sin*, took the *wrath*, and that is *our* escape.

It is Jesus who has taken that wrath, and Jesus only is the escape for sinners, for every sinner, for the greatest sinner. And this escape can never be a failure. No, never! Why not use this escape? What will you do without Christ? Without Him you must perish in the flames of hell. How *can* you escape if you *neglect* so great salvation?

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

Oh take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
The life everlasting He gives;  
And know with assurance thou never canst die  
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

## "Mighty to Save."

One bright morning, during the war between the French and the Germans, a few French prisoners, suspected of being spies, were let out by a German guard to be shot.

Amongst them was a mere boy of seventeen. To him the thought of death was most terrible. When about to be placed in the fatal row, he broke away with a wild cry and flung himself on his knees before the commanding officer.

"Save me! Oh, save me!" he gasped, his face white with terror. Then he went on to plead piteously, telling of his father's cottage in sunny Languedoc, and of the old man's despairing grief when he should learn the fate of his only boy.

It was useless; tears rolled down the stern veteran's cheeks; but the law must be carried out.

"My child," he said, "God knows I would give all I have to save you, but *I am powerless!*" and he turned away his head that he might not behold the fate he could not put off. The boy-soldier died, for there was none near mighty enough to save.

Every sinner in the world is under sentence of death by the law of God. The Bible says so, for "the wages of sin is death." How terrible it would be if there were no hope. But, thank God, there is One who has not only the *will* but the *power* to save—the Lord Jesus. He is "mighty to save." He has redeemed us from the curse of the law and from that death sentence. The death sentence has been removed and pardon is brought to all sinners in the Gospel. Accept this Gospel, and though your body may die, you will be reckoned among that blessed number "over whom the second death has no power."

## The Copper will do for poor Maggie.

A missionary had been preaching a mission sermon, and telling about the poor women of India, and he observed that many of the audience seemed quite affected by his account. A few days afterwards the pastor met on the street a poor old woman, half blind, who earned a livelihood by doing errands or any other little work. She put a sixpence into his hand, saying it was to go for mission work in India. Her pastor, knowing how poor she was, said, "No, no, Maggie; that is too much for you to give: you can not afford this much."

She replied she had just been on an errand for a kind gentleman, and instead of the few coppers she generally received, he had given her three pennies and a sixpence; and, said she, "The silver and the gold are the Lord's; the copper will do for poor Maggie."

## Fools "Make a Mock of God."

An agnostic on learning that a distinguished and intelligent lady was a believer in the Holy Scriptures professed to be surprised and asked her: "Do you believe the Bible?" "Most certainly I do," was her reply. "Why do you believe it?" he queried again. "Because I am acquainted with the author." This was her testimony, and all his talk about unknown and the unknowable went for nothing in view of the calm confidence born of her personal acquaintance with God.

### A Beautiful Church.

That is a beautiful church which you see in our picture. It is the Colored Lutheran church in Springfield, Ill.

It is a substantial frame building, in the Gothic style, 45×30 feet, with seating capacity for 200 people. The tower is 70 feet high and has a large bell, a present of Mr. H Stuckstede in St. Louis. The front entrance is reached by massive stone steps of easy ascent. The inside finish, though modest, is very chaste and attractive. The heating is by apparatus in the basement. There is a large schoolroom connected with the church, in which 100 pupils can be comfortably seated.

The church was dedicated to the service of the Triune God with appropriate services on February 24th. The congregation is in a prosperous condition. Since the dedication of the church several members have been added to its membership by confirmation; others are still attending the preparatory instructions given by the pastor, Rev. H. S. Knabenschuh. The average attendance at divine services is 90 grown persons. The day school numbers 40, and the Sunday school 60 pupils.

We have called this church a beautiful church. And so it is. Yes, it is a beautiful church. But that which gives this church its true beauty is the preaching of the pure Gospel to the salvation of sinners. May the preaching of this Gospel bring many of our colored people at Springfield to the knowledge of their Saviour and to the eternal joys of heaven in the beautiful city of God.

### What Children can do for Missions.

In 1838 John Williams, the pioneer missionary to the South Sea Islands, returned to England with the view of raising enough money to buy a missionary ship, so as to carry on the work more successfully in Polynesia. In a

short time the friends of missions had contributed about \$25,000, for which the ship "Camden" was bought. In it Williams, together with six other missionaries, sailed to their island missions. In a few years, however, the ship, proving to be too small, had to be sold. Then an appeal was made, in 1844, to the children of England, asking them to put together the contents of their savings banks

liams." Several girls of London presented a flag, on which they had stitched a dove with an olive twig in its bill; others sewed and labored for the outfit of the ship; and on June 5. the stately vessel set sail from London, amidst the joy and tears of thousands of children, for the islands of the sea. For twenty years the ship rendered faithful service. It had encountered many a storm, but had been preserved in every danger. Suddenly, on May 17, 1864, the ship struck a crag off the island Horden and, three minutes after the passengers and crew had taken to the boats and thus escaped, she sank with all her freight into the deep.

Both in England and among the Christians of the islands there was great grief when they received the sad news. At the same time, however, the news was brought to England that the Christian children of the South Sea were gathering contributions for a new ship. Under the spur of this encouragement another appeal was made to the children of England, and not in vain. For on January 4, 1866, the second "John Williams" sailed from London and entered upon its mission of mercy among the islands of the deep.

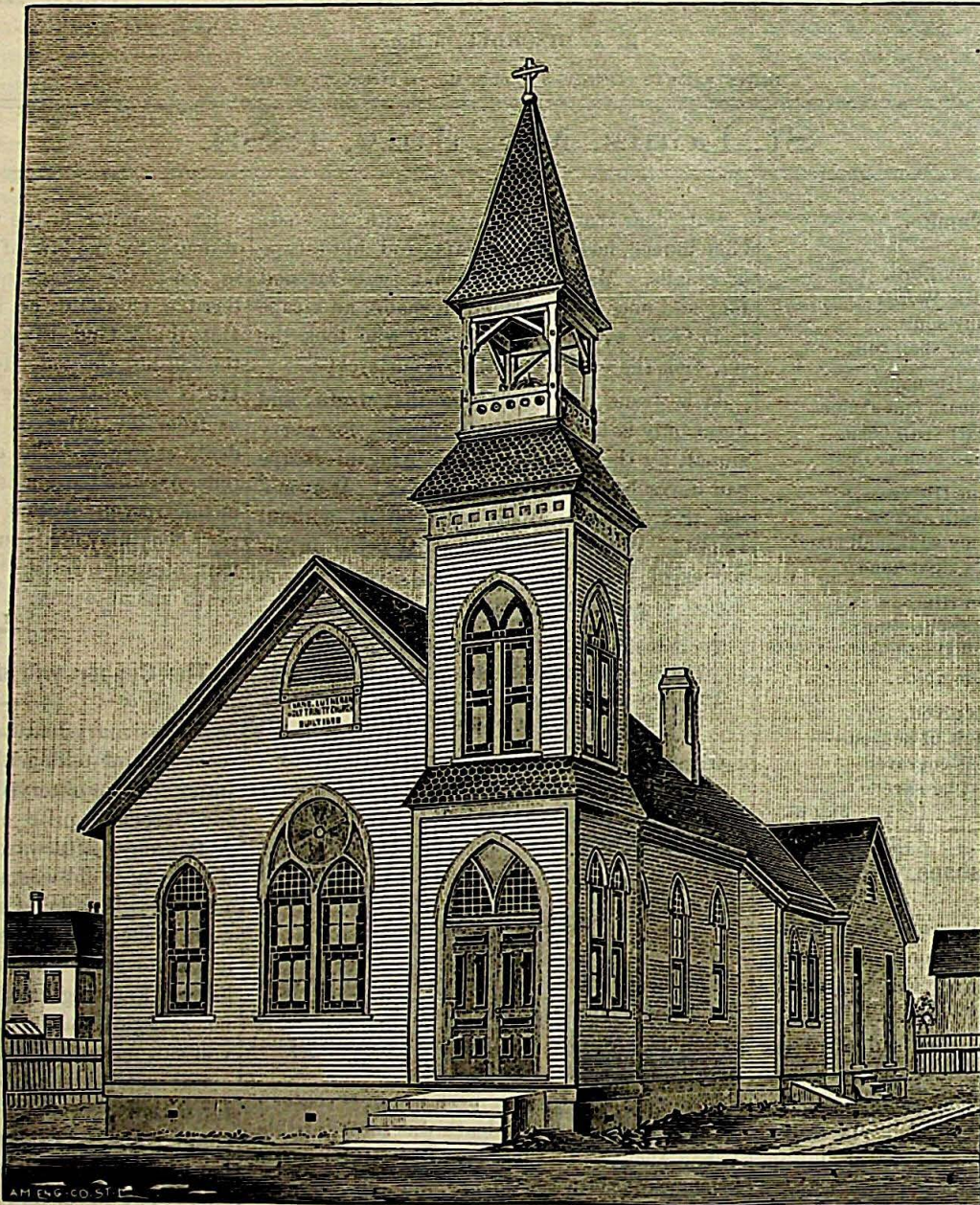
*Little Missionary.*

The Story of a Bible.

Not long since, an old, worn and tattered Bible, in a foreign language, was sent as a gift to the British and Foreign Bible Society. On the flyleaf of it was this inscription:

### The Story of a Bible.

"This Bible, unassuming and plain in its appearance, and tattered and worn as to its condition, has been the instrument of pointing out the way of salvation to a whole generation of faithful children to God. Forty-six adults have been added to the Protestant Church as the result of reading this book. A number at least equally great, who did not secede outwardly from the Romish Church, learnt, through its teaching, saving faith in a crucified Saviour, and died a blessed death, relying only on the grace of God in Christ."



Colored Lutheran Church at Springfield, Ill.

and buy a new missionary ship. This looked like a large undertaking, but it was not too large for children who had been used to save their pennies and give them for missions and the poor. The idea of buying a missionary ship spread like wild fire through cities and villages, through schools and houses. The enthusiasm was catching. The fire of zeal flew from heart to heart, from hand to hand. From every quarter the mites of the children were sent. In less than four months about \$32,000 had been received. A beautiful, new ship was bought and received the name "John Wil-

liams." Several girls of London presented a flag, on which they had stitched a dove with an olive twig in its bill; others sewed and labored for the outfit of the ship; and on June 5. the stately vessel set sail from London, amidst the joy and tears of thousands of children, for the islands of the sea. For twenty years the ship rendered faithful service. It had encountered many a storm, but had been preserved in every danger. Suddenly, on May 17, 1864, the ship struck a crag off the island Horden and, three minutes after the passengers and crew had taken to the boats and thus escaped, she sank with all her freight into the deep.

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**"Only a Boy."**

More than half a century ago a faithful minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of the deacons whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is *only a boy.*"

The old minister listened; his eyes moistened, and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane.

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it; but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon; "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me a rather slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard; but I have had this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things.' Ay, there you have it: 'hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that one boy, Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went into the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirk-yard.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with living sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think, if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said:

"This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the Divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy; yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. It was Robert

Moffat. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth; had brought under the gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs; had given the translated Bible to strange tribes; had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvests are sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world.

"Only a boy."

"Do thou thy work; it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day;  
And if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay."

**"I Think I had Better Mind Father."**

Scattered all over the coal regions are great holes, made by the sinking of the earth after the coal has been taken from the mines. The miners know when there is danger of a cave-in and, if along the public road, some signal is given to travelers. These cave-ins generally happen at night, when few persons are passing, but there have been cases in which horses and wagons, and even houses and people, have been buried by the sudden sinking down of the road when it was thought safe to travel over it.

Let me tell the young folks a true incident of how a boy, not very long ago, escaped going down with one of those cave-ins.

A part of the road between what is called the Logan colliery, in Schuylkill county, Pa., and a town two miles distant, had been condemned, and a fence was put up to separate it from a new road which had to be made. This new road ran for some distance close by the old one, and then branched off making the distance much longer from the town to the colliery. But, as the condemned road was the nearest, the miners for some months continued to go over it, to and from their work.

One evening a miner living at Logan colliery, sent his son Willie to the town on an errand.

"It will be after nightfall, boy," said his father, "before you get home; on no condition, then, return on the condemned road."

On his way to the town, it being yet light, Willie ran quickly over the dangerous pathway; and having done his errand, he started for home. He was tired, for he had been working all day, and when he reached the fence which separated the safe from the unsafe road, he stopped and, as he afterward told it, thus reasoned with himself:

"I am tired, and if I take this short cut, I

will soon be home. I believe I will risk it. But father said, 'Do not on any condition return over it.' I can't see any danger; the men go over it every day, and it was safe two hours ago—but father told me not to return over it—and—I think I had better mind father."

So he jogged along on the side of the fence where the earth was firm. The stars shone brightly, and he could plainly see his way. When he got to the middle of the fence he felt the ground shake, and to his horror saw the condemned road disappearing from his sight.

He stood still for a moment, awe-struck at the escape he had made; for had he not obeyed his father, he must have gone with the sinking earth, and been buried alive.

When he had got a little over his fright, he hurried to the house of the watchman and, pale and trembling, gave notice of the danger, and also told of his narrow escape from a frightful death.

To the children who obey their parents in the Lord has been given the promise "that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

How true Willie found this promise!

**The Brave Sailor-lad.**

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

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

The lad touched his cap, but hesitated a moment; he cast one frightened glance up and down at the swaying mast and furious sea, and then rushed across the deck and down into the fore-castle. In about two minutes he appeared, and without a word seized the rattlings—the rope-ladders of the vessel—and flew up the rigging like a squirrel. With dizzy eyes the weather-beaten crew watched the poor boy at this fearful height. "He will never come down alive," they said to each other.

But in twenty minutes the perilous job was done, and the boy safely descended, and straightening himself up, with a smile on his face walked to the stern of the ship.

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

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

**A Home Missionary.**

"I am a home missionary," once observed a Christian mother, "six pairs of little eyes are daily watching my looks, as well as listening to my words; and I wish my children never to see in me that which they may not imitate."

### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR Colored missionary station at Meherin, Va., is temporarily served by Mr. Brauer, a student of our Seminary at Springfield. The mission is reported to be in a prosperous condition. Rev. Oehlschlaeger, of Richmond, Va., recently visited the station and confirmed seven persons. The services were well attended and all the members of the congregation, together with the newly confirmed, partook of the Lord's Supper.

—WE are sorry to hear that Rev. H. Knabenschub, our missionary at Springfield, Ill., is broken down by hard work. Our Committee has given him leave of absence for a few months. May the Lord soon restore him to health and to our mission-field.

—OUR Colored Lutheran Bethlehem congregation at New Orleans needs a school-house. This must not be forgotten. In the last number of our German missionary paper the missionary again makes an earnest appeal to all friends of our mission to assist him by contributions for the erection of a school-building for the Colored children in New Orleans. During the past year many children were refused admission for want of room. Is this to be done again in the coming school-year? No! That is not the way to carry our mission-work. Bethlehem congregation must have a new school-building. If every friend of our mission will contribute but a small sum, the building will soon be erected.

—THAT was a wise word of an old Colored man who said to the missionary: "It is better to be in the mouth of an elephant than in bad company." "Why?" said the missionary. "Because," said he, "a mad elephant can only hurt the body and kill this life; but bad company hurts the soul and makes it suffer in the life to come!"

—THE missionaries in Africa speak highly of the affection and fidelity of the native African. Mr. F. S. Arnot tells the story of a young lad who was with him and heard his master praying one night for water. The lad started off in the dark night, going miles alone through a country infested by wild beasts, and returned the next day with joy, bringing with him to his master a calabash of water.

—AT a Missionary Meeting, the brother of the late Mr. Comber gave from his own experience one hopeful incident, touching from its very simplicity. He was restless one evening, sitting out, weary and disheartened, in the bright tropical moonlight, when one of the boys in the school, an attentive but shy and quiet little fellow, crept up to him timidly and asked if he might speak to him. When he was encouraged to say on, out came the earnest words—how welcome to the teacher's ear!—"I do want to be a child of God, truly."

—A CLOSED DOOR.—Thibet is the only known country on earth not open to missions. It has an area of 750,000 square miles, about as large as all the territory in the United States east of the Mississippi river. The greatest length

from east to west is 1500 miles, and the population is estimated at 8,000,000. It is the stronghold of Buddhism. Lhassa, the capital, is the "Rhome" of the Buddhists, and the Dalai Lama is the Buddhist pope. He is supreme in both temporal and spiritual things. One monastery has about 5000 Buddhist priests, and there are about 60,000 in the country. Thibet is virgin soil for missions. The country is tributary to China.

—A GENTLEMAN in New England has given \$100,000, and Japanese gentlemen have subscribed about \$70,000, to found a Christian University in Japan, according to a plan proposed by the Rev. Joseph Neesima, of the American Board. The Collegiate Institution which Mr. Neesima has been building up for some years, contains more than nine hundred students.

—A HIGH government-official of India recently wrote home: "Perhaps it may surprise some to learn that Christianity in India is spreading four or five times as fast as the ordinary population, and that the native Christians now number nearly a million souls." This testimony has been abundantly confirmed by the ablest living authority on Indian statistics, Sir William Hunter. While native population in India was increasing at the speed of 10 per cent. in ten years, the increase of the Christian population was chronicled at the rate of 60 per cent.

—FINLAND, on the Baltic Sea, formerly belonged to Sweden, and most of her people to the present day are better acquainted with the Swedish language than with the Russian, the language of their present masters. The Fins are good Lutherans, and although they are faithful subjects of the Czar of Russia, they steadfastly refuse to adopt the creed and customs of his church, the Greek-Catholic. The Lutheran Church of Finland is divided into two bishoprics (dioceses); the one of Abo is presided over by an archbishop, the other, of Borgo, by a bishop. There are about 250 parishes in Finland and nearly every pastor has one or more assistants in his parish work. The Fins delight in church-going in spite of their cold and windy climate, and the ministers are expected to hold regular Bible-meetings in the farmhouses or in the orchard in Summer.

—THE Magwamba Christians in South Africa are full of zeal. A poor woman came to the missionary and asked for food, but she meant by that the Word of God. Another woman, going to church during harvest, was asked by some heathen, what would become of her corn during her absence, as nobody was in the field driving off the birds. She simply answered: "My soul thirsteth for the Word;" and her corn was not damaged. Some men had lent their team of oxen to the missionaries for a journey. Coming home, the oxen died of weakness. The missionaries offered to pay the damage, but the men refused to hear of it, saying: "Did any one hear us grumble? We

know that God has taken our oxen and He is right in all His ways. Your money would make us covetous. The Lord will provide!"

### BOOK-TABLE.

LUTHER'S REFORMATION AND ITS INFLUENCE ON AMERICA. A Lecture by Rev. Adolf Biewend. Second Edition. M. L. Orphans' Home, West Roxbury, Mass. Price 10 cts.

This is an excellent pamphlet, well adapted to show the people of our country how much they owe to Luther's Reformation. It deserves a wide circulation. The price of the pamphlet is 10 cts. and the net proceeds are given to the Martin Luther Orphans' Home at West Roxbury, Mass.

### Acknowledgment.

A handsome marble-top table and plush table-scarf valued at \$12.30, the gift of Mrs. Mary Thompson of "Bethlehem," were received for our chapel last week. Many thanks to the kind donor!

AUG. BURGDORF.

New Orleans, La., June 19, 1889.

### 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.

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

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AUG. BURGDORF, MISSIONARY.

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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. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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# The Lutheran Pioneer.

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No. 8.

## The Work of Christ.

The work is done! the work is done!  
The battle fought! the victory won!  
And now, because the Saviour died,  
All that *believe* are justified.

The work is finished! no deep cries,  
No penitential tears or sighs,  
Can *perfect* that which Christ has done;  
It stands *complete*—it stands *alone*!

The work is finished! sinner, bring  
With thee no works for offering!  
*It is the blood of Christ alone*  
That can for our poor souls atone.

The work is done! it needs no more,  
Christ's death has opened heaven's door.  
"Only *believe*," the Saviour cried,  
Believe, and thou art justified.

Then, trembler, wait no longer, come!  
Chase from thy anxious heart its gloom;  
Rest on the work of Christ thy Lord,  
Rest on His everlasting Word.

The work is done! the work is done!  
The conflict fought! the battle won!  
Cease, then, from aught to *merit* heaven;  
*Believe*, and thou shalt be forgiven.

Who ever perished with his face  
Toward that surest resting place—  
The Cross of Christ? who e'er was lost  
That made His work his only boast?

The work is done! the work is done!  
Christ hath eternal victory won  
For all that will His peace receive,  
Come, then, poor soul, receive—*believe*!

The Prince of Glory's work is done,  
Accept it, sinner, for thine own;  
And in the might of sins forgiven  
Press onward to thy home in heaven.

*Selected.*

## Salvation.

What is salvation? It is deliverance or rescue from some danger or evil.

It is night: the business of the day is over, the people have retired to rest; the great city is asleep. But, hark! a strange, startling cry comes, rudely breaking the deep calm. "Fire! fire!" and the alarm is followed by the sound of hurrying footsteps. We reach the burning building. A crowd of people has collected and

they stand watching the house; but what can they do? They think of those dwelling there, quietly sleeping in their beds while the fire is rapidly walling them in.

But there comes the fire escape. The people give a shout, while the brave fireman places the escape against the second floor. He quickly mounts the ladder, throws up the window and enters the room. He soon returns and bears something in his arms. It is a little boy whom he has carried out of bed. The boy is brought down alive. He is saved.

Dear reader, the salvation about which you read in your Bible, and sing so many beautiful hymns, is likewise a deliverance, a rescue from death—from a death a thousand times worse than being suffocated in a burning house. It is a rescue from sinking into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone—it is a salvation from hell fire. And Jesus is the Saviour by whom we have this salvation. He bore our sins in order to rescue us from eternal death. When a sinner feels the burden of his sins—feels truly sorry for them, sees that he is altogether bad, that he cannot take away his own sins, cannot make himself good, and so comes to God crying out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!", and believing that Jesus did really die upon the cross for him, instead of him, to save him—then the sinner enjoys the salvation offered to him in the Gospel. He is rescued, he is saved. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," Acts 16, 31.

## The Worst of the Lot.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XIV. a German prince, traveling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys, or convict-hulks, were stationed. The commandant, as a compliment to the prince's rank, said he was welcome to set free any one galley slave whom he should choose to select.

The prince, willing to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of the convicts in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, oppression, false accusations, were assigned by one after another as the causes of their being there. In fact,

they were, according to their own representation, all injured and ill-treated persons.

At last he came to one who, when asked the same question, answered to this effect: "Your highness, I have no reason to complain: I have been a very wicked, desperate wretch. I have often deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I account it a great mercy that I am here." The prince fixed his eyes upon him, and, in a tone of irony which the commandant readily understood, said to this man, in hearing of the others, "You wicked wretch! it is a pity you should be placed among so many honest men; by your own confession, you are bad enough to corrupt them all; but you shall not stay with them another day." Then, turning to the officer, he said, in a lower voice, but firmly, "This is the man, sir, whom I wish to be released."

"And Jesus said, 'For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.' And some of the Pharisees which were with Him heard these words, and said unto Him, 'Are we blind also?' Jesus said unto them, 'If ye were blind, ye should have no sin; but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth.'"

Dear reader, the way to salvation is to own you are lost; the way to forgiveness is to plead guilty; the way to freedom is to confess you are a slave. Jesus came "to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind."

## It's Only Father.

It is related of three children, that during a thunderstorm they were asked each to choose a favorite text. One selected, "The Lord of glory thundereth," and being asked her reason, said, "I once heard a great noise when I thought I was all alone in the house; and I was so frightened I screamed, and father's voice called out, 'Don't be afraid, little Maggie, it's only father.' And now when it thunders very loud it always seems as if I heard God say, 'Don't be afraid, little Maggie, it's only Father,' and I don't feel a bit frightened."

*Nellie's Mission.*

### Our Letter from Meherrin, Va.

DEAR PIONEER!

As it is a part of your glorious Mission to bear news from the Mission field to the homes of your dear readers, your correspondent respectfully requests you to grant him some space in your valuable columns. He feels convinced that you will comply with his request with all the more cheerfulness as you do not frequently receive intelligence from this portion of the Lord's vineyard.

Thursday, April 25th, was a joyful day for the little flock of Lutherans at Meherrin, Va. On that day it received into its membership seven adults, six by Confirmation and one by Holy Baptism. The evening preceding, the Candidates were examined by the resident Missionary, Alfred Brauer, in the presence of Rev. C. J. Oehlschlaeger of Richmond, who had come to administer the solemn rite of confirmation. The Candidates made a good public confession of their faith, answering cheerfully and distinctly, to the joy and satisfaction of all present. On the morrow following the examination, they were admitted into the Communion of the Ev. Luth. Church and with their brothers and sisters received the Holy Supper from Rev. C. J. Oehlschlaeger according to its institution by Christ.

Last January a class of 13 was confirmed, and the 7 on this last occasion make a total of 20 for the year. These few items show that the Lord's word is not being proclaimed in vain. We need only to labor faithfully and commit the result into the hands of the Almighty. Patience specially must be exercised in the rescue of the perishing in this vicinity. Dense ignorance and gross superstition reign supreme and can only gradually be overcome. To this may be added the spiritual destitution and moral degradation prevailing among deceivers as well as their many deluded victims. Many difficulties, sad disappointments and discouragements are especially met with in the case of older persons. But the blessings received and the zeal evinced by the little flock gained are an incentive to continued and increased exertions. If we consider the success of this past year, we can cheerfully work on, confident of victory; nor are promising indications with regard to the future altogether wanting. But if there is any place of darkness that needs illumination with the light of God's Word, this is that place. We would therefore in conclusion, ask all good Lutherans to remember our Mission at Meherrin in their prayers for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. —r.

### The Comfort of Baptism.

That our blessed Saviour instituted the sacrament of Baptism as a means of bestowing His saving grace upon sinners is so plainly stated in the Scriptures that there is no excuse for doubt or denial. Not only in a few cases is

this expressed, but it is declared or clearly implied in every passage which mentions its design. In the commission given to the apostles they were commanded not only to preach, but also to baptize, our Lord thus joining together the two means by which He designed to effect His saving purpose; and in the promise which was joined to the command He again mentions both, declaring that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Accordingly He says to Nicodemus: "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God," John 3, 5. Accordingly too the apostles of our Lord everywhere taught. They answered the question, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" by saying, "Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins." Acts 2, 37, 38. To Saul it was said: "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins." Acts 22, 16. And as he was taught so he, when he had become the apostle Paul, taught again. Thus he says to the Galatians, "As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ;" and to Titus he writes: "After that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." Gal. 8, 28. Tit. 3, 4-6. Such mercy secured to us through Baptism ministers great comfort to believing hearts.

There is great comfort in the provision which is thus made for children. These are born in sin and thus under condemnation, being "by nature the children of wrath, even as others." Eph. 2, 3. We pray for them that they may be saved, but God answers our prayers by His appointed means. And He has provided a means that is applicable also to children. They can not yet learn to know Christ by the preaching of the Gospel, but they can be brought to Him in Baptism and thus "put on Christ." Christians ought to know better than to say that the dear Saviour does not want little children in His kingdom and has provided no way of bringing them in. They ought to know better, if they know Christ at all as the Saviour of the World. They ought to know better, especially, if they have read the Scriptures. For these tell us, "The promise is unto you and to your children," Acts 2, 39; and they relate that our Lord, when young children were brought to Him and the disciples rebuked those that brought them, "was much displeased and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark 10, 13, 14. That loving Lord is of the same mind still, assuring us that He will receive children when we bring them to Him in Baptism, without which, as He Himself declares, no one can enter into the kingdom of God. John 3, 5. By this holy sacrament of regeneration special provision

is made for children, and it is a great comfort to know that babes can thus be brought to Christ and be made to share the riches of His grace.

And more than this. Baptism is an inexhaustible source of comfort to our hearts in view of our own sin and the judgment that is to come. We have indeed the consolation in Christ presented richly and daily in the Gospel, which assures us of the good will of God toward all men and the redemption that was effected through Jesus' death for every man. But the flesh never ceases to trouble us, often suggesting doubts whether that general proclamation of pardon to a rebellious world really can be meant for such sinners as we, knowing our hearts best, see ourselves to be. Against such doubts of our own weak hearts we place the fact of our Baptism, in which God has singled us out individually, and made a covenant with us, and given His pledge and seal of grace and pardon to such baptized person separately and singly. That is not a general proclamation, to all men, but a particular document, signed and sealed, that is given to the individual. How can Christians be indifferent in regard to a divine institution that is so full of the richest comfort?—L. S.

### The Lutheran Doctrine of the Lord's Supper.

It is the true Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, under the bread and wine for us Christians to eat and to drink, instituted by Christ Himself. (Luther's Catechism.)

Concerning the holy Supper of the Lord, it is taught, that the true Body and Blood of Christ are truly present, under the form of bread and wine, in the Lord's Supper, and are communicated and received. (Augsburg Confession, Art. X.)

Concerning the Sacrament of the Altar, we hold that the bread and wine, in the Eucharist, are the true Body and Blood of Christ, which are administered and received not only by pious, but also by impious persons. (The Smalcald Articles, Art. VI.)

We believe, teach and confess, that in the Lord's Supper, the Body and Blood of Christ are truly and essentially or substantially present, and with the bread and wine are truly administered and received. \* \* \*

We unanimously reject and condemn the Papistical trans-substantiation, that the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper lose their substance and natural essence or character, and thus are annihilated; and that those elements are in such a manner transmuted into the body of Christ, that the external form only remains. (Formula of Concord, Art. VII.)

THE Word of God will stand a thousand readings; and he who has gone over it most frequently is the surest of finding new wonders there.

### Michael Verran the Hero.

There are heroes in every class of life; many a name unnoticed and unknown to fame is yet written in the Book of Life, enrolled in the noble army of martyrs, who have laid down their lives for others for His sake who died for them.

Such a hero was Michael Verran, a splendid specimen and true type of a Christian Cornish miner.

From a boy he had lived and worked in the dark mines; but he had learned to lisp the name of Jesus at his mother's knee, and the dark galleries and levels of the mine did not hinder his having an abiding sense of the Saviour's presence.

One day, in his full manhood, he was engaged with two others sinking a shaft. They had bored a hole in the usual way for blasting, and then, according to rule, one of the three had descended the shaft, leaving the others to finish the preparation for firing the charge.

The hole was filled with powder and securely tamped, and all that was left to do was to cut the fuse, and then for one man to ascend the shaft, and let down the bucket for the last, so that he who fired the fuse might have time to be drawn up to the surface before the charge should explode.

Michael and his companion had become familiar with danger. They were careless; and, while the fuse was attached to the charge, they set to work to cut it through with a stone and an iron drill. In doing it the iron gave out a spark, and in a second the hissing of the fuse told them that in a few moments the hole would explode.

Both dashed to the shaft, and, holding on to the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up; but, alas! the strength of the man at the windlass was not equal to lifting two—he could wind up only one man at a time.

To remain was death to both, and it was Michael Verran's turn to ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped from the bucket, and quietly said:

"Escape, lad, for thy life; I shall be in heaven in a minute."

Swiftly the bucket ascended, and the man saved leaned over the pit's mouth and listened—listened for what? For the great roar and boom that told him of the sudden destruction of the brave comrade who had given up life to save him.

Up came the smoke and rubbish, blinding and sickening. There could be no doubt of the miner's fate close shut against that fearful hole. Yet down they hurried; and among the scattered blocks of rock at the bottom of the shaft they shouted in faltering tones his name, "Michael! Michael! where are you?"

And the strong answer came, "Thank God, I am here!"

Eager hands dragged away the rubbish and rock, and there, underneath a huge slab of stone that had been blown across him, and lodging against the end of the shaft protected him from all the rest, they found him safe, not a scratch upon him, nor his clothes torn.

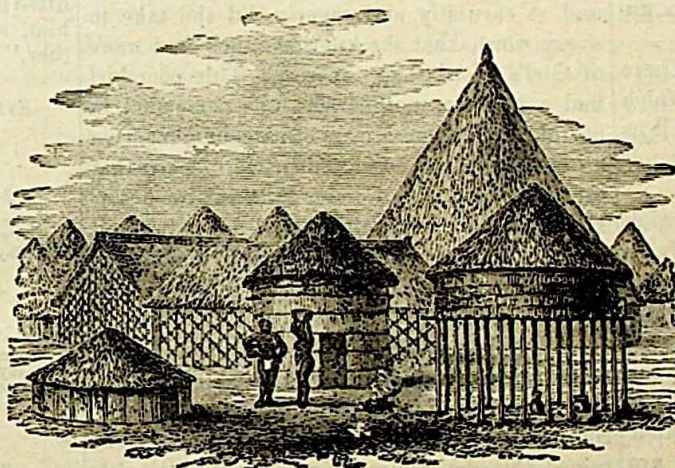
He had sat himself down in the corner of his rocky prison, placed a shield of rock before his eyes, and commended his soul in prayer to God; and the God who cared for Daniel in his rocky dungeon had delivered him, and saved him from death.

For years he lived to tell of God's goodness to him, and to lead others by his example to the Saviour; and then they laid him in the quiet country church-yard, where the long grass now waves over his sleeping-place. But his name still lives in the hearts of the simple Cornish miners; his heroism is still remembered by maiden and stripling, who have learned his

five times without any perceptible answer. He appeared not to hear at all with the external ear. But as he heard it the sixth time, he opened his eyes and smiled. And to my astonishment he lisped: "And I have not thanked Him, but *no one told it me*. I now thank Him many times! I am only a poor gypsy boy! I see! I see! I thank Him heartily." He closed his eyes with an expression of the perfect peace. As I knelt beside him, I thanked God. His lips again moved, and I understood these words: "That is it." There were more words, but I could not understand them. When, days afterward, I came there again, I learned that the youth had died eleven hours after I left him,—or, rather, had fallen asleep in Christ. His father told me he had been very peaceful and had an easy death. There was no Bible nor Testament in the tent. I gave them a Bible and Testament. The poor man wished me hap-

piness and gave me a small bundle of tin-ware which the dear boy had made. It was evidently the first time this youth had heard the word of God's salvation, and without hesitation he took God at His Word, and with his dying lips thanked God that He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for him, the poor gypsy boy! After eleven hours he was permitted to exchange his painful sick-bed for the Paradise of God.

*From the German.*



Village in Levale, Africa.

story from the aged folk who lived in the time when the brave fellow gave himself up to die for his friend and comrade in the bottom of the pit shaft.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

### "No One Told It Me."

As I came near a gypsy camp I went in and bought some tin-ware; as they were putting it up for me, I perceived that one of them was sick. I asked permission to greet him. His father asked: "Do you wish to speak about religion to him?" No, said I. "What then?" Of Christ. "O, then you may go in to him, but if you speak about religion to him, I will set the dogs upon you!" In the hut I found a lad alone and in bed, manifestly at the end of the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, and he looked as if he were dead. I recited slowly the passage of Scripture: "*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*" I repeated it

and his boy died because the doctor came too late to take the fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.

I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun; but it was fun that costs somebody a great deal.

We ought never to trifle with the truth, and we must remember that we can tell a lie by the nod of the head, or by the look on our face, as well as by the words of our mouths.

*Olive Leaf.*

### Dr. Johnson's Testimony.

Dr. Samuel Johnson is distinguished as a writer. To a young gentleman who visited him on his death-bed, he said, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker: *read the Bible every day of your life.*"

### Told a Lie with his Finger.

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor,



### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE good old minister of Blairmally is no stickler for etiquette, and likes his visits to members of his flock to be as informal and homely as possible. Recently, calling unexpectedly, he surprised a member in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind the clothes-horse, and told her little boy to say that she was out. "Well, Jamie," the visitor said, "and where's your mother?" "My mother's no' in; she's doon the street on a message." "Indeed," replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen, "well, tell her I called; and say, that the next time she goes down to the village she might take her feet with her."

—THE Chinese city of Canton with its 1,500,000 inhabitants numbers 663 idol-temples, 83 Buddhistic nunneries, 195 priest-houses, 658 open shrines, 974 idol-stores, 67 idol-factories and 12,500 persons living off idol-worship at an expense of about one million dollars annually.

—SAID a heathen to a missionary, "There must be something in your religion which makes you come all the way out here to tell us of it. I am sure I would not go so far to tell you of mine."

—THE present population of the Sandwich Islands embraces 20,000 Chinese, 7000 Japanese, 12,000 Portuguese and 6000 Americans and Europeans, with about 90,000 native Kanakas. There are 52 native churches, all self-supporting, with 4400 members. Last year they contributed for the support of their pastors, foreign missions, church erection and other religious purposes nearly \$25,000. There are also 6 Chinese churches, one Japanese, 10 English and one German Lutheran.

—KING HENRY VIII. spared the life of a murderer, because of the earnest request of a number of his influential courtiers. Not long afterwards the same man committed a second murder. As the courtiers were again petitioning him, the king became affrighted, and said: "That man took only the life of the first; but I am guilty of the life of the second, because of my not having carried out the law." Full of repentance because a murder had been committed through his culpable indulgence, he ordered the murderer to be executed at once.

—THE Orphans' Home at Wittenberg, Wis., under Rev. Pastor Homme, has published a Norwegian translation of the New Testament, with the so-called Altenburg notes. This is an invaluable book and is used by tens of thousands of devout people at their morning and evening worship.

—It is reported that an appeal for fifteen missionaries, made to the students in a training institution in Fiji, to hazard health and life among the dangerous people and unhealthy climate of New Guinea, was answered by forty volunteers.

—THE *Indian Witness* says: At the present time there are, in round numbers, about half a

million Protestant Christians in India. One-half of these are comparatively recent converts, and it is too soon to expect them to exert a very perceptible influence on their neighbors, but even allowing for this, the little body of Christians forms a most important factor in the body politic of the empire. It will not be long till the half million will be a million, and many of our readers will live to see the day when there will be ten million Protestant Christians in India. When that day comes these ten million Indians will be the leaders of Indian thought and Indian progress. Their voice will be more potent in England than the voice of all India is to-day. They will be bolder innovators than any men in India now, and they will be recognized by all classes as the natural leaders of the Indian people.

—A HERMANSBURG missionary in South Africa relates that he had a blind girl in his catechetical class who was about 20 years old. If she could not see, she could at least hear, and so earnestly and eagerly did she take in every word, that she knew as much and more of God's Word than the rest. This poor girl had a heathen mother who was persuaded in her old age to join a class of catechumens. On asking questions, he was surprised to learn that she knew the Ten Commandments by heart. He knew she could neither read nor write, and he asked her how she had learned them. He was told that her blind daughter had taught her the catechism.

—THE late king of Shebro, West Africa, when on his death-bed, committed his son to the American missionaries to be sent to this country for a Christian education. Having obtained this, he lately returned to Africa with his wife as a Moravian missionary. He proposes to translate the Bible into his native tongue, and to publish a journal, having learned the printer's trade while here.

—JAPAN.—Two years ago a society was organized among the women of Japan, whose members agreed to read portions of the Scriptures daily, and to pray for each other. This society numbers 2500 members, who are scattered all over the country.

—"THE liberality of the Japanese Christians," says Miss Clokey, President of the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society, "is far beyond the average churches of America, and so faithful are the native preachers and teachers, that if all the American and European missionaries were recalled from the field, the good work would still be carried on."

—THE missionaries in Central Africa tell us, that at least ten thousand slaves cross Nyassa every year. "I once looked into the hold of a slave-dhow," says one of them, "and saw eighty or ninety little children there. Oh, friends, if you had seen those eyes gazing up into yours, you would pray earnestly that this 'open sore,' as Livingstone called it, might be healed. The slave-trade in Africa is carried on entirely by Mohammedans who know no mercy and look upon the heathen negroes as brutes only fit to

be killed." This "open sore" on the body of Africa can only be healed by the efforts of Christendom. Those nations which formerly tolerated slavery, notably England and America, are first called to bring the healing power of the Gospel to unhappy Africa.

—THERE are five hospitals for lepers in Norway, three of which are in the old fishing-town of Bergen. These unfortunates are tenderly cared for by Lutheran Deaconesses, who in the love of Christ do not shrink back from the most repulsive sicknesses.

A GERMAN minister, in speaking of the security of God's people and the precious promises of the Bible, said: "How often the words 'Fear not' occur in the sacred volume! I have counted up into the seventies, and I thought that was enough. I need not look for any more."

A LITTLE girl, gasping for her last mortal breath, said, "Father, take me!" Her father, who sat, dissolved in tears, by her bedside, lifted her in his lap. She smiled sweetly, thanked him, and said, "I spoke to my heavenly Father," and died.

#### 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.

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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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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, Ill.

Sunday School at 2.30 P. M.  
Divine Service at 3.30 P. M.  
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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No. 9.

## 'Tis Jesus makes me Whole.

Lord, at Thy feet I now lie down,  
And pour out all my soul;  
For there I find relief, and own  
'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

This wayward, wilful, sinning heart,  
Beyond my own control,  
Is quieted as faith beholds,  
'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

Thy blood I own—Thy precious blood,  
And love so free and full,  
Have met my need, and made me cry,  
'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

Lord, I adore Thy blessed grace,  
Which gave me faith to roll  
The burden of my sins on Thee:  
'Tis Jesus makes me whole.

*Selected.*

## Is it Settled?

You are traveling—whether you will or not, you are traveling—to an everlasting heaven or to an endless hell—which? Now this is very solemn and demands your most earnest attention.

In the affairs of this life, men always like to have important matters settled; and until they are, they are uneasy and restless. If the affairs of your precious soul are not settled, and settled in a divine way, so that you "have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," then, remember, if you have rest it is the devil's rest—the rest of a soul lulled to sleep by satan, to be awakened (if not in time) by the awful judgment of the Almighty in eternity, when beyond all hope.

It is God, you have to do with! Can you trifle with Him? Can you mock Him and escape? Impossible!

Think of the lifetime of sins which will meet you at the judgment bar! Think of the despised opportunities of blessing, and the slighted mercies! How can you go on and not have the matter settled? Yet, unless you will come as a penitent to the feet of Jesus, and trust Him as your Saviour, it is settled where you will spend eternity: "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," Mark 9, 44.

Perhaps you may say, "I have tried to settle all, but in vain."

Are you not looking in the wrong direction? The Gospel points you backward to the cross of Christ. There you will see the settlement of sin.

I remember hearing of a Christian doctor who asked an old lady, a patient of his, if the affairs of her soul were settled. She looked up in his face, and gave a most beautiful answer: "Yes, doctor, thank God, they are! The blood of Jesus Christ, the blood of Jesus only, settled all for me."

Ah, that was a beautiful answer. It was settled indeed with that old lady. It was not her prayers that settled it. No! It was not her tears. No! It was not her own efforts. No! It was not anything which she found in herself. No! It was "the blood of Jesus." It was not the blood and something else, no matter what. No, it was "the blood of Jesus only."

God is satisfied with the blood of His Son. This the Gospel tells you. It tells you that you are redeemed, that your sins are forgiven, that heaven is opened unto you. From the Gospel the poor, trembling, anxious sinner sees the blood of Jesus has satisfied every claim of divine justice, and that God has raised His Son from the dead in proof of His satisfaction. By faith the sinner holds on to these glad tidings and hereby takes forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. He no longer looks within for peace—he waits for no feelings to tell him he is saved. No. He sees God's entire satisfaction in the person and work of the Saviour, and there, there only, he finds his own satisfaction.

How blessed this is! The believer can then say, "It is settled." God sees the blood shed for my sins, and has raised His Son for my justification. Rom. 4, 25. I am saved. Now I can lay my head down to rest; all the fear is removed from my heart; and I know that whenever it may please God to take me, or Christ may come for me, I shall be "with Himself above, which is far better." Yes, it is settled.

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world!

## The Boaster Silenced.

Several gentlemen and ladies were at a fashionable watering place discussing various subjects, among others that of religion. They talked all kinds of nonsense, while drinking lemonade and wine. One of the set, a pompous gentleman, remarked, "I have done with all pastors; I have not been inside a church for the last ten years." And he straightened himself and looked proudly in his wine-glass. An elderly gentleman who, seated apart, had silently listened to the conversation, now stepped up to the group, saying, "O, sir, only for ten years not in church?—that amounts to nothing at all. There is a man in my neighborhood, who is forty-six years old, and he has been in church only once in his life, and that was when he was baptized." All looked astonished. "What is the reason?" asked the boaster. "The reason is," answered the stranger, tapping his forehead significantly, "the poor fellow is not right here."

## Glorify God by Making Brooms.

A young man once waited on Dr. Brown, of Haddington, and informed him that he wished to be a preacher of the Gospel. But finding him weak in intellect and strong in conceit, he advised him against it. The young man replied, "But I wish to preach and glorify God." "My young friend," said Brown, "a man may glorify God by making broom-besoms. Stick to your trade and glorify God by your walk and conversation."

## .Avoid Temptation.

Secker wisely says—"To pray against temptation, and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and then pray that they may not be burned. The fable saith, 'that the butterfly enquired of the owl what she should do with the candle which had singed her wings. The owl counselled her not so much as to behold smoke.' If you hold the stirrup, no wonder that Satan gets into the saddle."

### The Fruits of Baptism.

Adapted from the Meditations of John Gerhard.

Believing soul, think often of your baptism, and of the grace which God has thus granted you. Baptism is "the washing of regeneration." Therefore, he who has been baptized lives no more as he once did, wholly under the influence of the old Adam; but as he has been begotten of God, "by water and the Spirit," he is a child of God, and therefore an heir of salvation.

At the baptism of Christ, the voice of the Father was heard from heaven, saying: "this is my beloved Son" (Matt. 3, 17), so also He adopts all who believe and are baptized as His own children. At the baptism of Christ, the Holy Ghost was present "like a dove," and He is present also at our baptism. It is He that imparts to it all its virtue, and, through baptism, grants to believers such "an unction from the Holy One" as makes them "wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

We may understand the work of our regeneration from what we read about the creation of the world. At the first creation "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" (Gen. 1, 2), and imparted to them a living power; and the same Spirit of God is in the water of our baptism, and makes it a blessed means for our regeneration.

"As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ" (Gal. 3, 27), and therefore it is said of the saints who, after their great tribulations are over, stand around the throne, that "that they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. 7, 14). The perfect righteousness of Christ is a robe of glory, and whoever is arrayed in this, has nothing to fear from all the powers of darkness or of sin.

At Jerusalem, near the sheep-market, there was a pool, and an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first, after the troubling of the water, stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had (John 5, 2, 4). The Ghost comes down and moves it with the precious blood of Christ, that was shed for us.

At the baptism of Christ, the heavens were opened, and the gate of heaven is open for us at our baptism. The Holy Trinity was present when Christ was baptized. The same Divine Presence marks our baptism; and our faith, through the word of promise, that is united with the water, receives the grace of the Father, who adopts us as His children, the merits of the Son, who cleanses us from all sin, and the power of the Holy Ghost, of whom we are born again.

As Pharaoh, with all his hosts, perished in the sea, but Israel passed safely over, so in baptism, all the hosts of our sins are washed away (Acts 22, 16), and the believer passes on unharmed, to the promised inheritance in the kingdom of heaven. The prophet Ezekiel (chap. 47)

saw waters issuing from the sanctuary that were living and life-giving; and from the spiritual sanctuary of God, that is the Church, there still streams forth the life-giving water of baptism. It washes away our sins, and gives health and life to all to whom its quickening streams extend.

Reflect, then, O my soul, upon the gifts of grace that are offered thee in baptism, and ascribe to God the praises of a thankful, believing heart.

The more freely the grace of God is granted to us in our baptism, the more necessary it is that we should carefully watch over the treasure committed to our trust. "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (Rom. 6, 4).

We are "made whole," therefore we should sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto us (John 5, 14).—We are arrayed in a most costly robe, even in Christ's righteousness; therefore we must take heed that it be kept unspotted from the stains and pollutions of sin. In our baptism the old Adam has been crucified and slain; therefore the new man should live in us. In baptism we have been born again, and renewed in the spirit of our mind; therefore the flesh should not rule over the spirit. Through baptism we have become the children of God; therefore let us walk worthy of such a Father, pleasing Him in all things. We are temples of the Holy Ghost;—let us then be wholly consecrated for the indwelling of the Divine Spirit. We have been taken into covenant with God; let us then take heed that we never enter into the service of the devil, and so fall from our baptismal grace.

O! Holy Trinity, who alone art God, and hast granted us the grace of baptism, give us Thy help, that we may stand steadfast therein, even unto the end. *Amen.*

### On Attending the Public Worship.

BY DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

It is an excellent praiseworthy thing to be in the house of the Lord with devout and pious men, where God is praised and thanked, and His Word is considered. Forsooth, you must be a desperate knave, if you will not present to God this homage and hear His Holy Word. It is necessary, therefore, that we be on our guard, so as not to become lazy and neglectful as to this duty, as the infamous and surfeited fellows who delude themselves with the idea that they have already learned every thing and are able to preach better than what they hear; or even as the rest who soon become disgusted and say: "Oh, I have heard that often enough already, what's the use of hearing this same Gospel all the time; if the minister could preach in a learned and eloquent way, it might be worth my while to hear him."

Such people do not know or think how excellent a thing that is which they despise in so shameful a manner, or abandon and neglect it from sheer idleness. They thus greatly provoke the anger of God, for they not only treat this His Word as the idle wind that passes by, and let His promises go for nothing in their behalf, but they also set an evil example and induce others to follow it, and thus, in effect, do destroy and abolish all worship whatever. For even though it were true (although it certainly is not) that you understood these matters just as well as our Lord Christ Himself, you ought to look to the fact that He, too, goes into the temple for the purpose of praying and handling the Word of God. For this reason you ought much less to become wearied with hearing the Word, for you, at any rate, stand in great need of this preaching. Now, if any person will not pay any regard to these representations, and will not be prevailed upon to attend the divine service, to honor and respect the Word of God, willingly to hear and learn it, I have no further advice to give him.—Surely, it cannot be a good man that wantonly neglects these things. If you can sit day and night at some banquet, or else prattle and talk idle gossip with loose companions, there cannot be anything serious in the way of your sitting one hour in church, to render God some little service and promote your own welfare and advantage. It is also a wholesome discipline, to think and talk over the sermon and the admonitions, when you come home from church. By this means the Word is retained in an honest and good heart and yields abundant fruit, not only for your own benefit, but also for your neighbor. For it remains true: God has commended to every man his neighbor. Happy you, if you can win him to attend the divine service with you and to praise the name of the Lord.

### What is the Tongue For?

"Since God made the tongue, and He never makes anything in vain, we may be sure He made it for some good purpose. What is it, then? asked a teacher one day of his class.

"He made it that we may pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a third.

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what He did not make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with, to lie with, or to swear with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now boys, think every time you use your tongues, if you are using them in the way God means you to. Do good with your tongues, and not evil. It is one of the most useful members in the whole body, although it is so small. Please God with it every day."

**A Hindu Idol.**

That is a hideous image which you see in our picture. It is a Hindu idol worshiped by the heathen in India. A missionary writes about this idol: The people of Hindustan have very many gods, and all of them would seem very hideous images to you. I am sure it would make you very sad to see the little boys and girls bowing down to worship them. I want to tell you about one which is found in every Hindu school and worshiped daily by the children. It's name is Ganesha; and at the top of every alphabet card or copy for writing, the children see the words, "Shri Ganesha," which mean "The Blessed Ganesha."

This god is always represented with an elephant's head on a very fat body, and as having many hands. He is often surrounded by attendants, whose business it is to keep off the flies. Wouldn't we think any one would know better than to worship a god who could not even take care of himself?

Perhaps you would like to know how this god came to have an elephant's head. This is the story they tell about it. They say, "One day his mother went into her private room, and told her son to stand guard at the door, and let no one come in. Soon her husband came, and wanted to go in, but Ganesha would not let him. Then Shiva, the

father, was very angry, and cut off the boy's head. When the mother knew it, she was wild with grief, and Shiva comforted her by the promise that he would give the boy the head of the first living thing which came along. It happened that an elephant was the first living thing to come. So Shiva cut off the head of the elephant, placed it on the boy's body, and gave him back alive to his mother, saying, "See what a fine son you now have. The elephant is the wisest of animals, and your son shall be the god of wisdom."

So, ever since, Ganesha has been worshiped as the god of wisdom. Are not our children glad that our Holy Book has no such silly stories to tell?

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

**"Take no Thought of the Morrow."**

When John Koller, of the village of Helsen, was obliged to sell all his property, because, in that year of scarcity, 1847, he could pay neither rent nor taxes, he went the day before with his wife to church, as was his regular custom every Sunday. He found abundant comfort in the text. "Take no thought for the morrow," and in the words, "Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

On his return from the church, he walked much consoled by the side of his Margaret; and the words in Matth. 8, 1, "When Jesus was come down from the mount, great multitudes followed him," seemed also to apply: for he,

stout walking stick in his hand, a knapsack on his back, and the peace of God in his heart, who stood before the cottage and had opened his pocket-book, which was full of bank-notes. No one bid higher, and the bargain was agreed upon."

"What is your name?"

"That has nothing to do with the affair; I have not bought the cottage for myself, but for its former owner. I am a student, and was passing through here on my journey to the university. I saw these good people at church, and I overheard enough of what was said by them as they were walking home, to make inquiry of their neighbors; I saw the tears in this woman's eyes, and remarked, from the trem-

bling lips and clasped hands of the man, that he could pray. Five hundred thalers will not ruin me. I can give them, and if I miss them, shall do so willingly, if faithful Christians have been helped thereby."

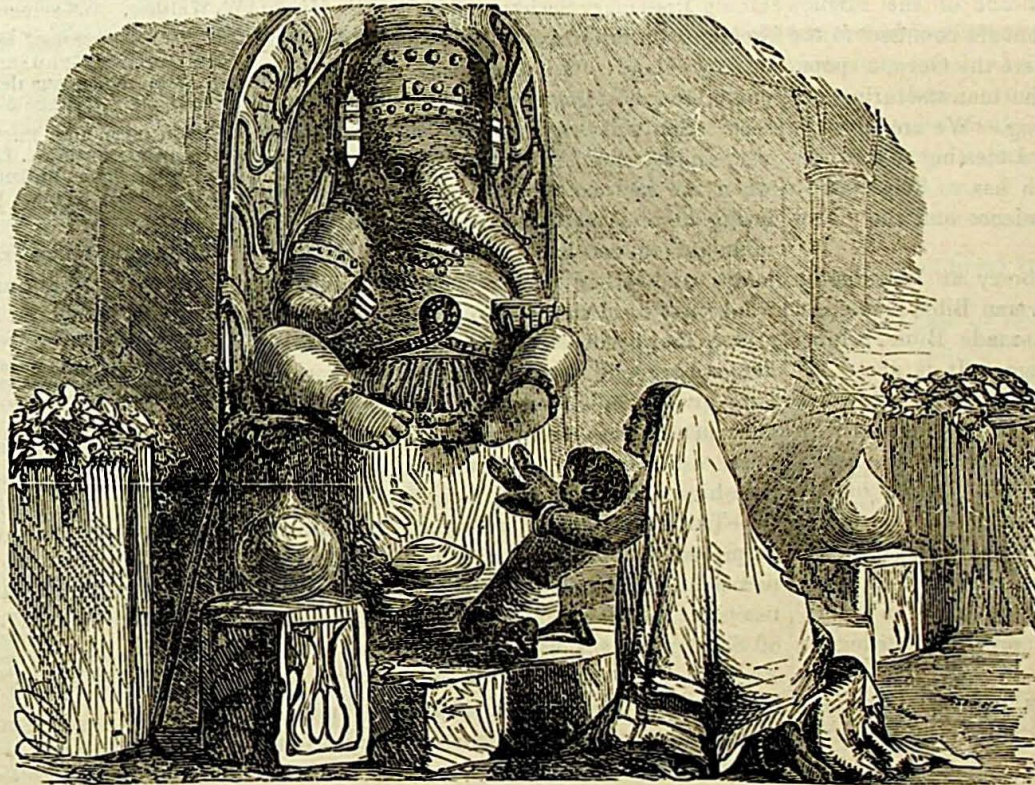
The poor Kollers had no time to express their thanks, for, before they had recovered from their joy and surprise, their deliverer had vanished, and they never saw him again, but the more fervently did they thank God, who had sent them this help. The bailiff and auctioneer went away, and the good couple remained in the cottage they inherited from their fathers. Over the house door they carved this in-

scription: "Take no thought for the morrow: your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

**Care for the Poor.**

During the siege of Magdeburg, in the year 1550, the support of 600 paupers devolved upon the city. Fearing that the siege would continue too long and that the provisions might fail, some advised the expulsion of these paupers from the city. But Duke Albrecht of Mansfeld would not consent to this measure, saying: "These people are also God's children and can be of more use to us with their prayers and supplications than we can be to them with our gifts."

THOSE who do not care for Christ's members do not care for Christ.



A HINDU IDOL.

too, followed his Saviour with faith and hope, whose blessed words he had heard upon the mountain where the little church stood. And when Margaret entered for the last time on Sunday the cottage, which, on the morrow they were to turn their backs upon, and was beginning to weep, he comforted her with the words, "Take no thought for the morrow, for your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." He spoke much to her how, through God's dispensation, they had been reduced to poverty, how he had sent sickness, the bad harvest, and the scarcity; and argued that the Lord, who always kept his word, would make all things turn out for the best.

The next morning came the bailiff, and the auctioneer with his hammer. An offer for the property was made of 450 thalers.

"Will any one bid higher?"

"500 thalers!" called a young lad with a

### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR colored Lutheran missionary station at Meherrin, Va., will for one year be supplied by Mr. F. Lankenau, a student of our Seminary at Springfield. We hope the people there will treat him kindly and that his labors among them will be richly blessed.

—AN English Lutheran congregation of the Missouri Synod is to be organized in St. Louis. Rev. Adams, a graduate of our Seminary at St. Louis, has already taken charge of the mission.

—THE *Church Messenger* says: The Missouri Synod, always alive to the true interests of our dear Lutheran Church, has recently placed three traveling missionaries in its Eastern District, whose salaries are paid out of the Mission treasury, and whose labors are confined to the New England States, where the German population, particularly in the manufacturing districts, is rapidly increasing. We are sure the Lutheran leaven will be a blessing to that section of our country which has so long, and so largely, been ruled by science and the "New Theology."

—IN the National Library at Washington there is a curious old German Bible printed in 1743—the first American-made Bible printed in any European language. It is about six inches thick, eight inches wide, by ten or twelve inches long, bound in oak boards covered with rich brown leather; on its corners are heavy brass bosses with little heads jutting out to keep the leather from resting on the table. Its clasps are of leather, with brass fasteners. Its paper, yellow with age, is printed in queer old German type. The first page is in colors, and on the fly-leaves are several genealogical records. It was bought in 1798 by Enoch Rittenhouse. Two years ago Mr. Spofford bought it for our National Library. He came across it at a book-auction.

—THE *Chinese Evangelist* gives a list of 123 Chinese schools and missions in this country. The average attendance, so far as given, is about 1600. This total does not include the missions of the Pacific coast, in connection with which there are 217 Christians. In New York and Brooklyn there are 35 schools, with an average attendance of 700.

—WHEN Dr. Livingstone visited England after his great exploring tour, he was much praised for his sacrifices. In reply he said: "People talk of the sacrifices I made in spending so large a portion of my life in Africa. Can you call that a sacrifice which is only a small payment on that great debt to God which can never be fully discharged? Say, rather, that it is a privilege. I have never made a sacrifice."

—A CORRESPONDENT in Washington city writes: In order to aid in exposing Romanism to Americans, I have set to myself the task of an examination of some of the best writings lately from the press, and also to a careful examination of Rome's secret work here at the

Capital, a work which is startling in some respects. When the American people once open their eyes to how things are, they will protest to the shedding of blood, to this Romanizing of our country. The priesthood is the evil of this Romish religion. There are in the United States 8000 priests, and one-fourth of them are members of orders, anti-American, Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans. All of these orders through all of their history, have been subject to the Pope of Rome more than to the government of the countries that have sheltered them, or even to the God of Heaven. The first of these orders is simply a political lobbying machine run in the interest of the men in the Vatican.

—MISS RODERICK, one of the agents of the Union Missionary Society, tells of a little Hindu woman who is an example to the students in our own land: "In one of my zenanas lives one of the most gentle little wives I have ever seen. She makes a delightful pupil, as she is very industrious. She told me one day that when she had no time in the day to study, owing to press of housework, she sat up till midnight to get her lessons. With student-lamps and other modern conveniences this would not seem hard to do, but this 'Bo' uses a lamp that her forefathers used for generations before her; and the amount of light such a lamp gives is no inducement to study, for it is only an earthen vessel filled with oil in which burns a thick wick of twisted rag, and placed on a high brass stand with a circular foot."

—THE Protestant Church of Spain numbers at present 112 chapels and school houses, 111 parochial schools, with 61 male and 78 female teachers, 2545 boys and 2095 girls. There are 80 Sunday Schools with 183 helpers and 2231 scholars. The churches are ministered unto by 56 pastors and 35 evangelists; the number of regular attendants of Divine Service is 9164, of communicants 3442.

—A CHINESE merchant came into the American mission-chapel in Shanghai, and, after talking with him for a short time, Dr. Yates sold him a copy of the New Testament. He took it to his home, two or three hundred miles away, and after about three months appeared again in the chapel. He came back to say that he was under the impression that the book was not complete—that surely it must have other parts; and so he came to get the Old Testament, as he had read and studied the New. What had he done with the New Testament? He had taken it home and had shown it to the school-masters and the reading people. They said, "This is a good book; Confucius himself must have had something to do with it." As there was only one copy, they unstitched this one and took it leaf by leaf, and all those who could write took a leaf home. They made twelve or fifteen complete copies of the New Testament, and introduced it into their schools without any "conscience clause." It was introduced as a class-book throughout the district for heathen schools.

### Weighty Words.

A poor man in Fife, before eating, asked a blessing in these weighty words which were found after the Duchess of Gordon's death, written on a slip of paper in her hand: "Lord, give me grace to feel my need of grace; and give me grace to ask for grace; and give me grace to receive grace; and O Lord, when grace is given, give me grace to use it. Amen."

### BOOK-TABLE.

To those of our readers who understand the German language we heartily recommend the following books recently issued by Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. They are worthy of a wide circulation.

CASUAL-PREDIGTEN UND -REDEEN. Von Dr. C. F. W. Walther. Aus seinem schriftlichen Nachlass gesammelt. Price \$2.25; postage 20 cts.

DR. JOHANN GERHARD'S HEILIGE BETRACHTUNGEN. Von neuem aus dem Lateinischen uebersetzt. Price 75 cts.; postage 5 cts.

GESCHICHTE DER ERSTEN EV.-LUTH. DREIENIGKEITSGEMEINDE in St. Louis, Mo. Zur Feier ihres funfzigjährigen Jubiläums verfasst von C. J. Otto Hanser. Price 35 cts.; postage 5 cts.

#### Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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

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

##### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia 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. BURGENDORF, 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. S. KNABENSCHEIDT, Missionary.

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No. 10.

## "The Dot Upon the I."

In Russia's far-off frozen clime  
There lived 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.

*Children's Work for Children.*

## The Way to Heaven.

Among the many blessings which God gave to His Church through the Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther is the knowledge of the true way to heaven. The way to heaven is pointed out in the Bible. And the Bible existed before Luther's time: Yes. But for ages this blessed Book of God was hidden from the people. Very few even of the learned knew the Book. Those who were called to be the teachers of the church had mostly never seen it, much less had they ever read it. The people generally did not know that there was such a book. Gross errors, which could give the

troubled heart of the poor sinner no peace, were preached as Gospel-truth. The repenting sinner was not told to trust in Jesus for his salvation, but he was told to trust in his own works, in his prayers to the virgin Mary and to the saints, in the mass said by the priests of the church. The Bible, the light of God, being taken away, darkness had spread over the Church, and in this darkness the people groped about and found no peace for their souls. They were not led on the true way to heaven, but into ways in which they must be lost. Luther himself passed through much agony before he found the true way to heaven: He went into the cloister, he prayed and fasted until he looked more like a corpse than a living man, he heard and said mass, he went to Rome and climbed up the so-called Pilate's stairs on his bare knees. He tried to merit salvation by his own works and to get to heaven by his own righteousness. He went the way which the Romish church told him to go, but he found no peace until at last that verse of the Bible was revealed unto him: "The just shall live by faith." From the Bible he now learned that a sinner is not saved by his own works and holiness, but by grace through faith in the merits of Christ, the only Saviour of sinners. Having found this true way to heaven, he got rest, and peace, and comfort, and happiness. This Gospel he proclaimed to the people. He preached Christ as the only Saviour in whom sinners can find salvation. In all his sermons and writings it was his aim to make plain the way to heaven by grace through faith in the merits of Christ Jesus.

So you see, my dear reader, the Reformation was not begun on account of any trifling question, but on account of that all-important question: Which is the way to heaven?

Thank God! we still have the pure Gospel. In our church the true way to heaven is still pointed out to sinners anxious for their souls' salvation. Let us rejoice on the festival day of the Reformation; for by the Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther God restored to His Church the pure Gospel-truth. Let us see to it also that we, like the great and good Luther, and like all other true believers before and since,

walk in the only true way to heaven, trusting for our salvation in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord. And then let us, like our dear Luther, earnestly labor for the spread of the pure Gospel, bringing others into the true way to heaven.

## Christ the Rock.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourself: It is the gift of God." Saved by faith! Saved for nothing! Oh, blessed be God for such an absolutely free salvation! A free Christ to a sinner in absolute poverty! A free Rock to a poor sinking soul! "You are sinking fast," said a minister to a poor aged and dying lady. "No, sir," was her reply; "I cannot sink through a Rock." She was simply and sweetly resting on Christ, and she knew it. Now, who can sink through a rock? But it is easier to sink through a rock than to sink through Christ into perdition. Some "hope to be saved" and are in more or less darkness on the all and absolute sufficiency of Christ, and free justification by faith alone. Men on a Rock do not "hope" to be on it. They know they are on it. Those whom Christ pronounced "saved" in the days of His flesh knew it, and believed it. And surely believers have the same word of Jesus to this day for their salvation. "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life" (1. John 5, 13). Now can I look at these words and believe them fully, and yet not know, on Christ's testimony, that "I have eternal life?" Impossible.

## Forgive and Forget.

A little girl I know, has a needlebook with two covers. On one is worked, with blue silk, in tiny letters, *Forgive and Forget*; on the other, in crimson, *Bear and Forbear*. These two sentences are worth being written, not in silk only, but in gold; and my young friend's book has more wisdom outside it than is to be found inside many printed volumes.

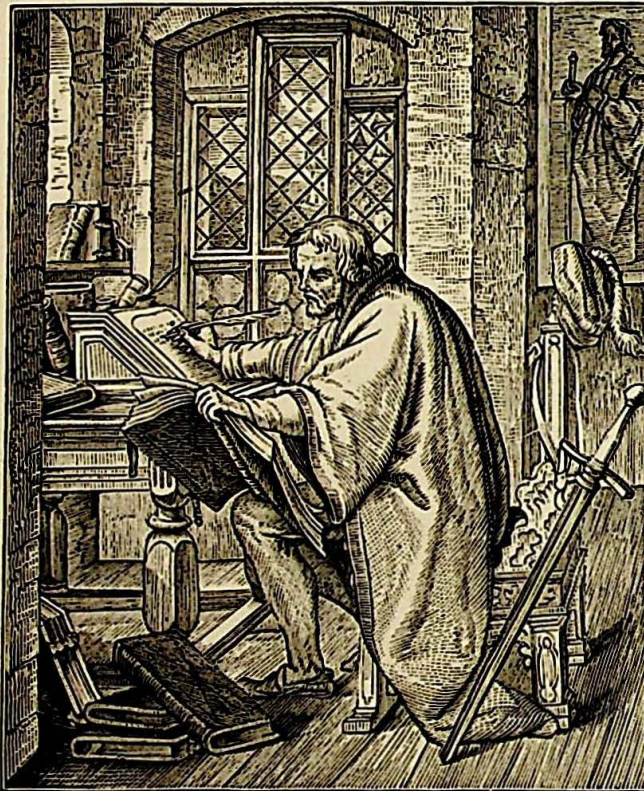
### Luther Translating the Bible.

In our picture we see Luther at work in his room at the Wartburg. He was secretly taken to the Wartburg castle as to a safe hiding place, in the year 1521, by order of his friend, the Elector of Saxony, who wished to save him from the clutches of his enemies and to protect him from the knife of the hired assassin. Luther remained ten months at the Wartburg, where he was known as Squire George. He laid aside the garb of the monk, and allowed his hair and his beard to remain unshorn and unshaved. Whenever he went outside of the castle, he had to gird on a sword and behave like a knight, so that people might not know him.

During his stay at the Wartburg Luther was not idle. His desire had been to place the word of God into the hands of the people. He therefore devoted much of his time at the Wartburg to the translation of the New Testament. He bestowed so much labor and zeal to this work that he had finished it before he left the Wartburg. After his return to Wittenberg he reviewed the whole most carefully with the help of his learned friend Melancthon. The first copy was struck off on September 25th 1522. Soon three presses were employed, striking off 10,000 sheets every day.

Whilst the New Testament was going through the press, Luther began the translation of the Old Testament. The demand for the translation was so urgent that Luther could not wait until the whole was completed before he published. As one part was finished he gave it to the press. In the year 1534 the work was completed, and in the summer of that year the whole Bible, as translated into German by Dr. Luther, was printed and published. In a few months a new edition had to be printed. Of this work Melancthon well said, "The German Bible is one of the greatest wonders that God has wrought, by the hand of Dr. Martin Luther, before the end of the world." By his translation of the Bible Luther brought the word of God into the homes of the rich and the poor. The people rejoiced and gladly read and studied the precious Book. Cochlaeus, a bitter enemy of the Reformation, in speaking of Luther's translation of the New Testament, says: "Copies of this New Testament have been multiplied to an astonishing amount, so that shoemakers, women and laymen of all classes read it, carry it about with them and commit its contents to memory. As a result of this they have within a few months become so bold that they have dared to dispute about faith, not only with Catholic laymen, but with priests and monks; yes, even with Masters and Doctors of Theology. At times it has even

happened that Lutheran laymen have been able to quote off hand more passages of Scripture than the monks and priests themselves; and Luther has long ago convinced his adherents that they should not believe any doctrine that is not derived from the Holy Scriptures. The most learned Catholic theologians are now looked upon by the Lutherans as ignorant in the Scriptures, and here and there laymen have been heard to contradict the theologians in the presence of the people, and to charge them with preaching falsehoods and things of man's devising."—Thank God that we still have an open Bible.



### The Giving Alphabet.

FOR THOSE WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN MISSIONS.

All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.—1 Chron. 24, 14.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3, 10.

Charge them that are rich in this world, . . . that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.—1 Tim. 6, 17, 18.

Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—Gal. 6, 10.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity.—2 Cor. 9, 7.

Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matth. 10, 8.

God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor. 9, 7.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.—Prov. 3, 9.

If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.—2 Cor. 8, 12.

Jesus said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 22, 35.

Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.—Eph. 6, 8.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break in and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.—Matth. 6, 19, 20.

My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.—1 John 3, 18.

Now concerning the collection for the saints, upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16, 1, 2.

Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth to Thee.—Gen. 28, 22.

Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens which faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth.—Luke 12, 33.

Quench not the spirit.—1 Thess. 5, 19.

Render unto God the things that are God's. Matth. 22, 21.

See that ye abound in this grace also.—2 Cor. 8, 7.

The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Hag. 2, 8.

Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.—Luke 12, 48.

Vow and pray unto the Lord your God.—Ps. 76, 11.

Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?—1 John 3, 17.

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.—2 Cor. 8, 9.

Zealous of good works.—Titus 2, 14.—*Ex.*

SINCE the fall of man God has placed before us but two perfect objects, the incarnate Word and the written word, and the relation between the two is most intimate and precious. The former is everywhere revealed in the latter, and he who reads a chapter in the Old Testament or the New, and does not find Christ there has read it unintelligently.—*J. H. B.*

### A Laughing Man.

In the basement of a tenement building there is a small room with a low ceiling. It contains a cot and its scant and dingy covering, a rusty little cooking stove, and one chair with a board for a seat. Its only human occupant is an old man, without kindred and without money. Now and then he whitens the walls of his poor neighbors, and notwithstanding his age and lameness, he is able to earn about three dollars a month. But often he has nothing but corn meal for his food, and then he lives right royally on ten cents for twenty-four hours.

To a servant of the Lord who called upon him the other day he said, "Welcome to my poor room. It is shabby enough, as you see, but it is the room of a King's son. Yes, God has taken me into the family of heaven, and Paul up there is my brother. When I think of the grace that sought me and brought me, a wretched prodigal, to my Father's house, and forgave all my sins, and lifted me up to be a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, God makes me laugh. I know that He is with me day and night, as I know that you are sitting there; I read His precious promises; I can say with my brother Paul, 'I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me;' and then as I look by faith into the mansion my Saviour has gone to prepare for me, often I laugh aloud. Sometimes I fear that the people in the room above will think I am crazy; but I am laughing at the thought of God's love for such a sinner. Oh, it is wonderful, wonderful, WONDERFUL."

Then the old man arose from his cot and said very earnestly, "I would not change places with the richest man on earth. Why should I? Has not my brother Paul said as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, 'My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus?' And He does it. He supplies all my need day by day, and what more can the rich man say? If He brings me down to corn meal, it is only to give me a brighter glimpse of the coming glory; but, mark you, then is the time I feel most deeply my own nothingness and vileness. I often find people in public meetings approaching God in a light and, as it seems to me, an irreverent way, talking much about their holiness; but the older I grow the more does it appear that there is an infinite gulf between His greatness and my littleness. Praise to His name, Jesus my Lord has crossed this dark and awful gulf to take me to God, and it is this that makes me laugh."

The merry laugh that followed his speech was not forced, and his visitor thought that such a man has a right to laugh. He is richer than Jay Gould, greater than Alexander. The former has a pitiful \$250,000,000, and is probably unhappy because he has not \$500,000,000; the latter wept because there was not another world to conquer. This old man believes the word, "All things are yours;" and he has conquered both the present world and the

world to come. The richest man on earth will soon be poorer than he, not having, not needing, even corn meal, and the laughing pilgrim is on his way to everlasting treasures in the heavens.—*J. H. B.*

### A True Story.

Some years ago there was a widow woman in charge of a light-house on the coast of England. She was a Christian lady. The congregation to which she belonged was engaged in missionary work, and she wanted to help along the cause. But she had very little money. Those who visited the light-house often gave her a little for showing them through it. Could she spare any of this money? After thinking over it she made up her mind to set apart Monday as a missionary day. She resolved to give to this work all the money received from her Monday visitors. The next Monday she would begin. Monday came. No visitors came in the forenoon. In the afternoon a good-looking gentleman arrived, and wished to see the light-house. She took him all over it. When he was going away he thanked her for her kindness, and slipped something into her hand. After he was gone she opened her hand and was surprised to find a coin equal to about five dollars. This was more than she had ever received from a visitor before. It was a large sum of money for her to have. She thought of some things she needed that she could buy with it. She began to question whether she ought to give away so much money. She spoke to her neighbors, and they told her to give a small part to the church and keep the rest. But she did not feel satisfied to do that. She resolved to give it all to the Lord, just as she had agreed to.

The next day a lady, with her daughter, came in a handsome carriage, and wished to see the light-house. They spoke very kindly to the widow, and when they left the lady handed the little girl something to give to the poor woman. When the visitors had gone she found it was no less than one hundred dollars. The lady was the Duchess of Kent, and the daughter was Victoria, the present Queen of England. The Lord says: "The liberal soul shall be made fat," and "He that pitieth the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

*Luth. Child's Paper.*

### "The Love of Christ Constraineth Us."

A boy of the Santal tribe of India, about 14 years of age, came of his own accord from the woodlands, where his parents lived, to Midnapoor, in order to enter the mission-school for Santals. Being wide-awake and gifted, the boy made rapid progress not only in the common branches, but also in acquiring Christian knowledge. Soon he appeared to be possessed of an earnest concern for his soul's salvation.

The Holy Spirit was evidently at work in him, preparing a chosen vessel for the Lord.

One day he surprised his teacher by coming to him and asking permission to go home for a few days. Now it is well known that the children of the plains are inclined to become homesick; constant sitting and working is not to their taste, and when they get a sudden mood or notion, they seldom have power to resist it. So, thought the missionary, it might be in this case. He therefore told the boy that he would not allow him to go at present, because the new school-term had just begun, and during vacation he would have an opportunity of visiting his folks. Without a word of reply the boy left the room. When the missionary came out, the boy approached him and once more begged with faltering voice, "O please let me go!" The missionary now asked him to tell frankly why he wanted to go home. Tears filled the boy's eyes, and for fully five minutes he could not say a word. Finally he replied with his usual calmness and decision: "Jesus has been merciful to me; my heart is glad; I would like to tell my folks about Jesus. My father and mother have never heard His name. Please let me go, that I may speak to them without delay about Jesus." It was impossible to refuse his earnest request. "Go then," said the missionary, "and we—we will pray for you and yours."

For two days the boy missionary had to walk, in order to reach his parental home. After the lapse of a week he returned to Midnapoor. His face beamed with delight. The name of Jesus had had a sweet sound to those who had never heard it before, and they had listened attentively to the story of the cross. Nor did this missionary visit fail to bear fruit. It resulted in the conversion of the whole family. The mother was baptized first, then the father, then the three brothers and two sisters. The young man who was instrumental in bringing his loved ones to the feet of Jesus became a teacher in the mission-school.

The *Calw Missionsblatt*, from which this story is taken, concludes with the following remark: "This young Santal is a noble pattern for us all, and his example should remind us that the missionary command of Christ, Mark 5, 19, is addressed to us also, 'Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.'"—*Little Missionary.*

THERE is no condition of the saints so low, no pit so deep, wherein they can be caught, but that a humble supplication can reach the throne. A David buried quick in a cave, a Daniel in the lion's den, find that prayer can win up to God and find audience. For the high and lofty One—who hath the heaven for His throne, and the earth for His footstool—hath an eye to them also who are of a poor and contrite spirit, and, therefore, no desperate case of the people of God renders prayer useless.



### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE Baltimore correspondent of the *Workman* says of our English Lutheran mission church in Baltimore: In church circles the last week has been an interesting one for our Missouri Lutheran brethren. On last Tuesday the newly acquired English church building, bought from the Baptists, was solemnly consecrated to the Lord. Rev. Prof. W. Miller, English professor in the Milwaukee College, preached the dedicatory sermon. The building cost \$5000 and about \$1000 more have been spent in making it churchly, and in repairing and painting. The German churches supplied about \$4000 of this money and the balance was collected from friends of the enterprise, chiefly within the bounds of St. Paul's German church, near to which it stands. Rev. Mr. Johannes, the pastor, has given the young congregation his heartiest support and has unselfishly surrendered members and allowed collections to be made, until now it takes its place among the Lutheran churches, with a membership of about 100, a flourishing Sunday-school and a neat building almost entirely paid for. Less than a year ago Rev. Mr. Dallman commenced work in a hall with eight members. To the Lord be the glory, and to the farsighted, generous policy of the German pastors in this branch of our Zion, be the praise for this marked success.

—TO THOSE persons who are fond of speaking and writing of missionaries' "luxuries" we commend the following passage from a missionary's letter giving an account of a missionary tour in the Chu-chee mountains: When at Chu-chee I am used to sleeping in dirty places, but never had I slept in quite such a dirty place as that provided at Hill-top. All the Chu-chee houses are bad enough, the filthy habits of the people, the entire absence of pocket-handkerchiefs, the scanty use of brooms, and downstairs the damp earth floors, the use of which the people share with dogs, fowls, and often little pigs, make the living to any one who has been used to soap and water particularly trying. The room at Hill-top in which I ate, slept, and had the service was upstairs. On the floor the black dirt of ages seemed to have accumulated. Half the boards were so rotten that it was dangerous to walk about. There was a bed in the room, but it would have required no ordinary courage to attempt to sleep in it. There was, of course, no ceiling, and the tiles and wood in the roof were covered with dust and spider's webs. Bedtime came at last with arrangements for sleeping. I on my portable camp bedstead took the place next the wall. Then came Luke Chow on some matting on the floor, and by his side our catechist, Nyi Liang-p'ing. Close to Liang-p'ing came the bedstead upon which reposed Peaceful-times and a young Chu-chee Christian boy who was with me as servant.

—AND here is another account from a traveling missionary in Missouri illustrating some of

the dangers and hardships of a missionary's life. He says: After riding all day in a heavy rain I called at a house and asked if I could stay all night; as my request was granted, I soon put Major Patson (my pony) in an old shed and then went to the house and ate a very poor supper, as there was but little to eat; I then tried to dry my wet and cold clothes by a very poor fire, but failed, and feeling very tired I requested to be permitted to read a chapter and have prayer and I would retire, but with an oath the man said, "No, sir, I will have no praying in this house." So, with a sad heart, I went to bed hungry, wet and tired, but as soon as I laid down I found that the dirty straw bed upon which I lay had been medicated, as there was a peculiar smell, and I began to feel an oppressive drowsiness, so I at once roused myself and sat upon the side of the bed for the rest of the night. My host I saw, kept watch too, as from time to time he would come to the door which was near the head of my bed and listen for a long time, then he would go and sit down again. Thus we spent the night watching each other. At daylight I went out and saddled my pony, and asked for my bill which was \$1. I then asked the wife where her husband was, and she said he started very early for town, but as I had seen him start on the same road that I was to travel (the opposite direction from town), and as the way led through very thick brush for some miles, there being no house for a long distance, I decided to take another road. I got to my appointment safely where I learned that the entire family made their living by theft and the man was a desperate character, so I thanked God for my escape. Thus you see we have our dangers as well as hardships, but I count them as nothing when God blesses our labors and souls are saved.

—THE work in Corea has been abundantly blessed of God. The country was opened to the world by the treaty in 1882. Dr. Allen, the first missionary, arrived in 1884. Others, including the two Chinese missionaries from the Fuh-Kien Native Church, followed in 1885. In July, 1886, the first convert was baptized. In the autumn of 1887 the first church was organized with ten members. In February, 1888, a union week of prayer among the natives was held. In May, 1888, "the check in Corea" appeared. In July, 1888, all signs of the "check," as far as the land is concerned, have disappeared, and it is stated that during the past year (1888) the Church in Corea has multiplied five-fold—there are now over 100 Christians in the land. Eight native Korean workers spent a month just before the close of the year at Seoul, in receiving instruction before returning to their homes and work. During their month's stay there were twenty-eight applicants for baptism, nineteen being received.

—A LITTLE box came into a missionary collection inscribed with the singular words: "'Tis But." It was from a lady who had

never felt that she could do much for missions. But she had been accustomed to buy a good many things for herself which she did not absolutely need, saying: "'Tis but a dollar; 'tis but a trifle." This year she determined, when tempted, to put her "'tis but's" into the missionary box, and it surprised her to find that they amounted to \$150.

—THE number of churches burned last year in the United States was 182, and all but twelve of them took fire from their own furnaces.

—A CHINESE Christian recently asked his American pastor whether he did not think that having a fair in the Sunday-school rooms of a church did not resemble the sin committed by those who sat at the table of the money-changers in the temple. Was John Chinaman wrong?

### Acknowledgment.

Received of Rev. N. J. Bakke for the Pastors' and Teachers' Widows and Orphans from the Ev. Luth. Mt. Zion Church \$11.55 and from the Ev. Luth. St. Paul's Church \$6.00.

G. W. FRYE, 38 St. Andrew St.  
New Orleans, La., Sept. 7, 1889.

### Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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

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

#### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

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

#### EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.  
CARROLLTON.  
Divine services at 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 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. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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# The Lutheran Pioneer.

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No. 11.

## The Name Above Every Name.

There is a name I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth;  
It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood—  
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells of one whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe,  
Who in my sorrow bears a part  
That none can bear below.

Jesus! the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear!  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road;  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love to me.

*Selected.*

## Good Works or Christ—Which?

"What shall I say when I come to the judgment seat?" anxiously asked a dying sister whose life had been devoted to scrubbing floors and washing children's faces in one of the hospitals in Philadelphia. "What shall I say?" she repeated. A little girl who happened to be present replied, "Say nothing, but show your hands."

We cut the above from one of our exchanges, who evidently thinks that the little girl gave a very smart answer. But any one who knows the Word of God and is loyal to God's Truth will easily see that the little girl had been brought up on the very worst of Sunday school teaching, which tells children that they "must be good" in order to be saved. How foolish this is! Why not tell them the truth—that they are dead in sin, and must have life through Christ, or they will perish forever? Why not tell them that "the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord"? Had the little girl told the

dying sister to point at the pierced hands of Jesus and cry out, "nothing in my hands I bring," she would have shown that she understood the Gospel of the grace of God. Not our good works, but Christ only is the way to heaven. He Himself says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me," (John 14, 6). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," (John 3, 36). Clearly there is no salvation apart from faith in Christ. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," (Acts 4, 12). "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast," (Eph. 2, 8, 9). "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us," (Tit. 3, 5). "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," (1 John 1, 7). Surely no man will ever be in heaven, unless he can join in the song, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood," (Rev. 5, 9). It is either the blood of Christ, and faith in that blood, or everlasting damnation. For not our good works, but Christ only is the way for heaven.

We recently read of another little girl, who had well learned the Gospel plan of salvation. One day her teacher said to her:

"Annie, what will you do when you die and are called upon to stand before the judgment seat of God to answer for all the sins done here upon earth?"

Her face glowed with emotion as she answered:

"Christ died for sinners. *I will hide behind Him.* God will not look at me. He will look at *Christ.*"

Beautiful thought, to hide behind Christ, to lose ourselves in Him, and casting aside our own impure works to rest solely and entirely upon His finished work for salvation!

POLYCARP LEYSER, the great Lutheran theologian, was accustomed to say that he had never listened to an Evangelical minister even in the smallest village, from whom he had not received some special benefit.

## Martin Luther and the Roll.

After a time of great trial, Luther tells us he was seeking rest in sleep; and he saw, as sleep came to him,—in his dream he saw,—Satan standing at the foot of his bed. And Satan jeeringly said to him: "Martin, thou art a pretty Christian! Hast thou got the impudence to assume that thou art a Christian?" "Yes," said Martin, "I am a Christian, Satan; because Christ has allowed me, as any sinner may, to come to Him." "What!" said Satan, "thou a Christian? Thou art a pretty Christian, Martin! See what thou hast done!" And Satan took a roll and began to unroll it; and there at its head, Martin Luther saw some sins set down that had passed away into the dim distance of childhood. He had forgotten them. Martin shrank as it struck his sight: but the roll was unrolled leaf after leaf, foot after foot; and, to his horror, he saw sin after sin, he never knew any thing about at all, written down there, complete in every detail,—an awful list; and in his dream, he says, the sweat of mortal agony stood on his brow. He thought, "In truth, Satan has got right on his side. Can such a sinner as this be just with God?" He said, "Unroll it! unroll it!" and Satan jeeringly unrolled it and Luther thought it would never end.—At last he came nearly to the end; and, in desperation, he cried, "Let us see the end!" But, as the last foot of the paper rolled out, he caught sight of some writing, red as blood, at the foot; and his eye caught the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And the vision of Satan floated away, and Luther says he went to sleep. Ah, yes, dear friends, that is it. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin."

## "Sons of the Word."

John Williams, the well known missionary and martyr of Erromanga, so thoroughly drilled the converts in the knowledge of the Bible, and filled them with the love of the Bible, that in after years when a vessel was coming near their island, and the officers called to some of them in a boat to ask who they were, they replied with united voices, "Sons of Word."

### The Experiences of a Missionary in China.

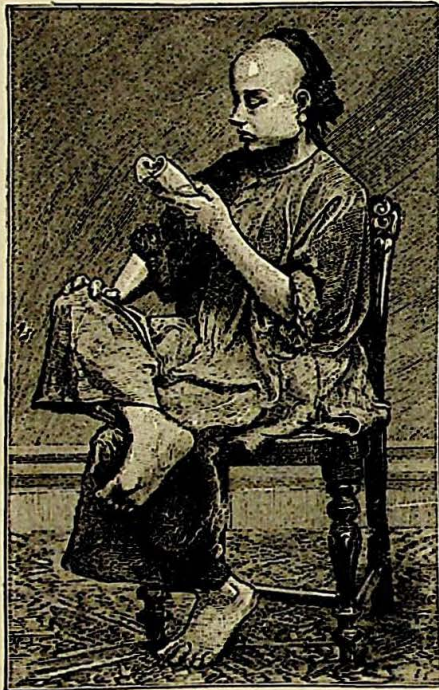
Probably the greatest difficulty the missionary has in presenting the Gospel to the Chinese, is the universal superstition regarding ancestral worship. The following instance of its power made a lasting impression on the writer's mind before he had been many months in the country. One afternoon in September—soon after the great famine in North China—we were taking our usual walk through the dusty streets of a city, to the open fields beyond its wall. Just before reaching the south gate, we noticed, on the side of the road, three or four women together, one of whom was kneeling upon an old grave and crying piteously. We looked earnestly at the troubled woman and her companions, but being unable to speak the language well enough to make ourselves understood, we made no inquiries, and judging by the composure of the women who stood by, took it for granted that nothing very serious had occurred. Outside the city wall we passed several men, at different times, carrying bundles of colored paper and crackers under their arms, and on re-entering the city we observed heaps of burnt paper before nearly every house. Men and boys were busily engaged in heaping up strings of colored paper, and a ring of incense ashes having been made round the heap, it was set alight, amid great excitement. In every direction women were weeping and wailing—in houses, streets, and fields, as only the heathen can do. Indeed, nearly every woman in the city seemed suddenly overcome with grief.

We hastened through the streets to our home, to ascertain from our native friends the cause of this sudden outburst. Had the first-born in every family been suddenly taken from their midst, as in the days of Pharaoh, or had some great slaughter of rebels, in some part of the empire, suddenly bereaved half the women of the city of a husband or of a brother? We soon learned that nothing extraordinary had occurred. It was the feast of the eighth moon, on which occasion it is the duty of widows to bewail the death of their husbands, and to pray to their spirits, which are believed to be present, to hear and to give the desired help. On certain great feast days, so it is believed, the spirits of the dead visit the earth to receive the worship of their offspring.

As we sat outside our door, in the cool of the evening, with the starry heavens and the serene rising moon above, offering a forcible contrast to the din of gongs and drums, the excited singing of the worshipers in the temples, and the noise of the actors in the out-of-door theatres about the streets, we could but wonder what must be the thoughts of the Great and Holy God, as He looked down on the scene of confusion. Is it possible, thought we, that such a wilderness can ever be made to blossom as the rose? It is possible. With God all things are possible, and this thought alone was sufficient to stimulate us to increased zeal for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen.

It has often been said, and with great truth, that China presents the aspect of one vast cemetery. Go where you will, on the plains, in the hills, or by the roadside, and in nearly every field, you find mounds representing the last resting-place of a father, a mother, or a child. There do not appear to be many public cemeteries; but, as a rule, each man buries his dead in his own field, just as Abraham desired to do, when he purchased the plot of ground from the children of Heth. Only the very poorest of the people in the large cities, who have no land of their own, bury their dead in the waste places of the earth.

Everywhere, as we pass through the country, we see graves, and often, in the famine dis-



CHINESE BOY.

tricts, unburied coffins. Large sums of money are frequently spent, at the suggestion of the Necromancer, in the vain hope of finding a suitable spot where the spirit of the departed man may rest in peace. It is no unusual thing to meet parties of men conveying a corpse to the very ends of the empire. When this is done the coffin is fixed between two long poles and carried by two mules. A cock, with a string tied to one leg to prevent his escape, is attached to the coffin, and, when the body is at last interred, the cock is slain and his blood sprinkled on the coffin. These journeys are often long and expensive. Certain prepared paper is burnt at short stages along the road, with the idea that in some strange way the path of the spirit of the dead man may thus be illuminated. Prayers are chanted for the dead for days and weeks together; indeed the length of the period required to release its soul from its purgatory is often in proportion to the length of the purse of the family, by whom the priests are engaged. Purgatory is older than Rome.

Almost one of the first things we saw, upon entering the inland province of Ho nan, was an early morning funeral.

We had started on our day's march at dawn. The surrounding country was flat and uninteresting, and the morning most dismal and cold, the sun not having yet risen to dispel the darkness and to drive away the mists of early dawn. We had not traveled more than a mile into the open country, when strange sounds of weeping and wailing, mingled with chanting of prayers, reached our ears. Everything seemed in keeping with the wailing of the mourners and the hopeless prayers of the priests proceeding from a clump of Cyprus-trees not far distant from our path. We could distinguish in the disappearing gloom the forms of some dozen persons in deep mourning. They had a strip of white calico over their heads, and a long white sash of the same material round their waists, while one or two were clothed entirely in white, even to their shoes. All stood round a newly-dug grave. They had just lowered the remains of a relative to his last resting-place. A more dismal hour could not have been chosen for such a sad duty. The night had barely gone; day had not yet commenced as these mournful cries ascended to heaven. There was no place for rejoicing among the mourners, that the departed had gone to be with Christ. The future of their absent one was darker than the gloom which now surrounded his grave. No sun of righteousness had risen upon his soul. He had died, as he had lived, without the knowledge of Christ's salvation. The darkness of death reigns in this vast province of fifteen millions of souls. The sound of the Gospel is never heard there. No hope of eternal life lightens the path of those who die in this country.—

A. G. P.

### “Thou Shalt Not Kill.”

Martin Luther, in explanation of the Fifth Commandment, says: “The whole sum and substance of these words, not to kill, should be expounded to the inexperienced in the most explicit manner. In the first place, that none should commit an injury first, with his hands or by his deeds; second, he should not use his tongue for the purpose of doing injuries; moreover, he should not employ or justify any kind of means or ways by which another may be injured. In the second place not only he who perpetrates an evil violates this commandment, but he who is able to assist, favor, restrain, control and protect his neighbor so as to prevent him from being molested, or from receiving injuries in his body, and does not do so, also violates this commandment.”

CHRISTIANS are sometimes tempted to make concessions to the world; to try “to make religion attractive.” Christ did not do this. If the young ruler was living, now, would not the church desire his wealth? Christ did not want it.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

**"Any in Heaven, too?"**

The earnestness of children often gives to their words and acts a power that wins attention, when the words of those older in years are unheeded. This is shown in the following.

Little Jane was sitting with her uncle one afternoon. Her uncle told her to be quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Jane busied herself with a picture book. For an hour all was still, then Jane heard her uncle say: "There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."

"What are you talking about, uncle?" asked Jane.

"About my treasures, that I have laid up."

"Up in Heaven?" asked Jane.

"O, no, Jane; my treasures are all on earth, some in banks and some in other places," answered her uncle.

"But ain't you got any in Heaven, too?" asked Jane.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said her uncle thoughtfully. "But run away to your mother now, for I am going out."

Jane's uncle went out and was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps, he was not so well off if he had no treasure laid up in Heaven, to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed by what Jane had said, that he began to lay up treasures in Heaven. How is it with you, dear reader, are you laying up treasures in Heaven?

F. L.

**Louisa Osborn and Maria Peabody.**

In the beautiful island of Ceylon, many years ago, the native Christians decided that they must have a church built for themselves. Enthusiastic givers were each eager to forward the new enterprise. But, to the amazement of all, Maria Peabody, a lone orphan girl, who had been a beneficiary in the girls' schools at Oodooville came forward and offered to give the land on which to build, which was the best site in her native village.

Not only was it all she owned in the world, but far more, it was her marriage portion, and, in making this gift, in the eyes of every native she renounced all hopes of being married. As this was regarded as an awful step, many thought her beside herself, and tried to dissuade her from such an act. "No," said Maria, "I have given it to Jesus, and as He has accepted it, you must."

And so to-day the first Christian Church in Ceylon stands upon land given by a poor orphan girl.

The deed was noised abroad, and came to the knowledge of a young theological student, who was also a beneficiary of the mission, and it touched his heart. Neither could he rest until he had sought and won the rare and noble maiden, who was willing to give up so much in her Master's cause.

Some one in the United States had been for years contributing twenty dollars annually for the support of this young Hindoo girl, but the donor was unknown. Rev. Dr. Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, visiting America about that time, longed to ascertain who was the faithful sower and report the wonderful harvest.

Finding himself in Hanover, N. H., preaching to the students of Dartmouth College, he happened in conversation to hear some one speak of Mrs. Peabody, and repeated "Peabody; what Peabody?" "Mrs. Maria Peabody, who resides here, widow of a former Professor," was the answer. "Oh! I must see her before I leave," said the earnest man, about to continue his journey.

The first words after an introduction at her house, were: "I have come to bring you a glad report, for I cannot but think that it is to you we in Ceylon owe the opportunity of educating one who has proved as lovely and consistent a native convert as we have ever had. She bears your name."

"Alas!" said the lady, "although the girl bears my name, I wish I could claim the honor of educating her; it belongs not to me, but to Louisa Osborn, my poor colored cook. Some years ago in Salem, Mass., she came to me, after an evening meeting, saying, 'I have just heard that if anybody would give twenty dollars a year they could support and educate a child in Ceylon, and I have decided to do it. They say that along with the money I can send a name, and I have come, mistress, to ask you if you would object to my sending yours.' At that time," continued the lady, "a servant's wages ranged from a dollar to a dollar and a half a week, yet my cook had been for a long time contributing half a dollar each month for foreign missions. There were those who expostulated with her for giving so much for one in her circumstances, as a time might come when she could not earn. 'I have thought it all over,' she would reply, 'and concluded I would rather give what I can while I am earning, and then if I lose my health and cannot work, why, there is the poor house, and I can go there. You see they have no poor house in heathen lands, for it is only Christians who care for the poor.'"

The missionary learned that the last known of Louisa Osborn, she resided in Lowell, Mass. In due time his duties called him to that city. At the close of an evening service before a crowded house he related among missionary incidents, as a crowning triumph, the story of Louisa Osborn and Maria Peabody. The disinterested devotion, self-sacrifice and implicit faith and zeal of the Christian giver in favored America had been developed, matured, and well-nigh eclipsed by her faithful protegee in far off benighted India. His heart glowing with zeal, he exclaimed: "If there is anyone present who knows anything of that good woman, Louisa Osborn, and will lead me to her, I shall be greatly obliged." The benediction pronounced and the crowd dispersing,

Dr. Poor passed down one of the aisles, chatting with the pastor, when he espied a quiet little figure apparently waiting for him. Could it be? Yes, it was a colored woman, and it must be Louisa Osborn. With quickened step he reached her, exclaiming in tones of suppressed emotion: "I believe this is my sister in Christ, Louisa Osborn?" "That is my name," was the calm reply. "Well, God bless you, Louisa, you have heard my report, and know all, but before we part, probably never to meet again in this world, I want you to answer me one question. What made you do it?" With downcast eyes, and in a low and trembling voice she replied, "Well, it was my Lord Jesus."

They parted only to meet in the streets of the New Jerusalem, for the missionary returned to his adopted home, where ere long the loving hands of his faithful native brethren bore him to his honored grave. The humble handmaiden of the Lord labored meekly on awhile, and ended her failing days not in a poor house, verily, but, through the efforts of those who knew her best, in a pleasant, comfortable Old Ladies' Home. "Him that honoreth Me I will honor."

Shall we, to whom so much of privilege and bounty is granted, lay down this marvelous story of self-renunciation, and let its lesson be lost on our own lives? To whom much is given, of them much also is required.—*Christian Giver.*

**A Dying Man's Testimony in Behalf of Missions.**

One day a pastor was summoned to the dying bed of a member of his congregation. The sick man addressed the preacher in the following words: "My dear pastor, if it should please God to raise me up from my bed of sickness and restore me to health, truly, I would lead quite a different life. I assure you, it would then be my most sacred purpose to aid the cause of missions with all my power."

The pastor inquired what had caused him to have such thoughts. He replied: "During the past night I awoke about midnight from a light slumber. I opened my eyes and looked around to see whether any one were awake. My two faithful sons sat at my bedside, the one on my right hand, the other on my left. As soon as I moved, they drew nearer with loving concern, inquiring whether I wished anything. Immediately it occurred to me, what I had heard recently at a missionary service about the Hindoos, that they let their old parents famish and die in neglect or drown them in the river. And I could not repress the thought, How does it come about that I am not in a similar situation? Why don't my sons carry me out and throw me into the water? Why do they wake with me during the night and watch my every breath? Am I not indebted to the Gospel for all this attention? Truly, if the Lord should spare my life, I will be more concerned about the salvation of the poor heathen."

### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE editor's window has been removed to Ft. Wayne, Ind., and all exchanges and letters intended for the editorial department of the PIONEER are to be addressed to Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

—A SUNDAY-SCHOOL missionary of the Presbyterian Board, who labors among a mixed population in Minnesota, writes: "A Lutheran boy of 12 or 14 will put to shame the average American of five and twenty in his knowledge of Bible history and fundamental truths." The labor of our Lutheran Parochial school teachers is surely not in vain.

—A WASH-DAY in India is far different from a wash-day in our country. We are told that "all over India the clothes are washed by men, and they have a curious way of doing it. They carry the clothes away in large bundles on their own backs, or tied up in two bundles, and thrown over the back of a cow like panniers. Then they take them to a tank or pond, and in that they place a broad, flat stone, in shape like our wash-boards. They stand this slanting, part in the water, and part out. Then dipping the garment to be washed in the water, they beat it on the stone again and again to cleanse it, and then the hot sun bleaches it. You would hardly believe how clean and white they become. But the process wears out the clothes very rapidly, and if you had any buttons on them you need never expect to see them again. The work is done marvelously cheap. A washerman will do all the washing for one person, as many pieces as he chooses to have, for about a dollar and a half a month." This is a comfort in that hot country where one needs to change so often."

—THE Lutherans of Norway support a prosperous mission on the great island of Madagascar. It was given to their faithful missionaries to baptize 9579 natives during the last three years; the number of communicant members rose to 15,950; 40,000 children are attending the schools, which are taught by 872 teachers. Sixteen native pastors, who were carefully trained, assist the Norwegian missionaries in the care of 300 churches.

—IN an asylum in Calcutta there is a "leper church" which has numbered as high as forty members. At the end of one of the wards they obtained permission to place a communion-table, a reading-desk, and other church conveniences. Without saying a word to the missionaries they formed the plan, and out of their poverty paid for the furnishing of their little chapel. Here they worship, and at times celebrate the Lord's Supper together. One who has often served them describes the scene as affecting beyond description: "The poor people spread clean mats on the floor around the communion table; on these they kneel, the men on one side, the women on the other. The responses are distinctly and devoutly made. Now and then you may see a sightless eye lifted to heaven, and often a big tear rolling

down the cheek. In the case of those who have lost the greater portion of their hands it is needful to place the sacred elements in their mouths. Those who have hands with unsightly sores upon them, with a delicacy touching to witness, carefully cover the receiving hand with a portion of their dress. Never has the 'Gloria in Excelsis' sounded in our ears so sweet and divine as when, at the close of such a service, it has resounded in full chorus from the lips of those leper communicants."

—REV. W. KABIS, a Lutheran missionary, says of the girls' school attached to Zion's Church at Trichinopoly: "Twenty years ago no heathen girl was yet to be seen in our school. Now many are coming. There is no more grateful task than the instruction of little Tamil girls. Quiet and yet joyous, easy to guide and of responsive intellects, they make the work of their teachers light. What joy it affords us to scatter the seeds of life in their childlike hearts, and through them to see it borne into families which otherwise are inaccessible to our preaching."

—ONE of the China Island missionaries tells of a singular marriage which came under his notice, and which illustrates the Chinese ideas of the spirit world. It happened that two persons died at about the same time—a young woman of twenty who had never been betrothed, and a young man who had never been married. The friends of the man thought, "What will this poor lonely spirit do in the other world with no one to wash his clothes or cook his food?" So they brought the dead bodies, and placed them side by side, and went through the wedding ceremonies, feasts, etc., in the morning, and in the evening had funeral rites. Then the spirits were supposed to be provided for.

—THE word of God in the form of a Chinese New Testament has found an open door in the palace of the young Emperor of China. Several persons belonging to the imperial household, are inquirers after the truth.

—THE poor Armenian Protestants, connected with the American Missions in Asia Minor, know a good deal more of the Christian grace of giving than any or most of the well-to-do American Protestants, Lutherans included. These Armenians earn 14 cents a day and board themselves, nevertheless they give \$4.80 per member for religious and educational purposes.

—A CHINESE Church at San Francisco, numbering only 76 members, all of whom are servants or laundrymen, contributed \$1000 for religious purposes last year, and sent \$60 to China for a mission-chapel.

—THE Lutheran Tamils in S. India contribute one month's earning annually to the Churchbuilding-fund of the Leipzig Mission.

THE spiritual riches of the poorest saints infinitely transcend worldly riches and honors. They are durable; "whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst;" this world cannot satisfy the souls of men.

### The Silver Cup.

We are told that a poor student once came to Martin Luther for help. He had no money and was in great need. Luther longed to help him, and in real distress looked about to see if there were anything he could give. His eye fell upon a silver cup which had been presented to him by his prince, the Elector of Saxony. His wife was present and looked her disapproval, but Luther seized it, and crushing the sides together, pressed it upon the young man, saying, "I have no need of a silver cup."

### BOOK-TABLE.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1890. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

The Lutheran Almanac, issued annually by our Publishing House at St. Louis, has become a welcome guest in thousands of our German Lutheran homes. It comes again this year well supplied with excellent reading matter. We mention especially the timely, interesting, and instructive article on the "burning question"—the school question. It contains also the usual valuable statistics and information concerning the Synodical Conference. Of course all our German readers will want it. The price is but 10 cents.

#### Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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

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

##### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia 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. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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# The Lutheran Pioneer.

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No. 12.

## Best of All.

"Please, grandmamma, tell us a story,"  
Cried the children one and all,  
From three-year-old baby Alice  
To Harry so grave and tall;  
"We'll be just as still and listen  
To every word you say."  
Thus coaxingly plead the sweet voice  
Of merry, mischievous May.

Then grandmother looked up smiling,  
From her seat in the old "armchair,"  
With a twinkle of pride in her eye as she gazed  
On her grandchildren rosy and fair.  
"Well, dears, what shall the story be?  
You've 'most exhausted my store;  
Grandmother scarcely knows what to tell  
That she has not told before."

"Oh, anything you tell, grandma,  
Is as nice as nice can be;"  
And the little eager faces  
Looked up in expectant glee;  
When Harry spoke out gravely—  
"Grandma, please tell us to-day  
Of the Babe in the lowly manger,  
Born in Bethlehem far away.

"I've heard you tell that story  
Just often and often before,  
But it never grows old or tiresome,  
And I love it more and more."  
Then grandmother told the story  
That her heart held of priceless worth,  
The story of glad redemption  
For the sinful millions of earth.

And the little upturned faces  
Grew strangely bright to hear  
Again that wondrous story  
In accent tender and clear:  
While the children, from baby Alice  
To Harry so grave and tall,  
Pronounced the grand "old story"  
The very "best of all."

—Food for the Lambs.

## The Unspeakable Gift.

Christmas day is a day of joy because it so plainly tells us of God's love for sinners, such as we are.

We on that day stand by the lowly manger-bed where the Christ was laid when born a helpless child on that first Christmas Day. "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and

see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

There we see Mary and Joseph wrapped in wonder, gazing upon the child as He lay in the rude manger-bed. Mystery of mysteries! That child is "the Mighty God," who was made Man that He might take man's place, and die in man's stead. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

As we gaze wonder-stricken upon the great sight, our hearts ought to be full of praise, and in thought clasping the Babe in our arms, we might fitly say, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

Reader, can you honestly say that?

Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem, is God's unspeakable gift to you and to me and to every sinner. He is given to us as the Saviour from all sins. This grandest, richest and most priceless gift in the whole universe of God He offers to you! Receiving Him you live; rejecting Him you die. Will you take the gift which God offers?

However valuable a gift may be in itself, it is of no use to us until we take it. If a man should give us a valuable watch and should say to us, "That is yours, you may have it for your own," if we did not believe he was sincere, and did not take the gift as really *our own*, it would be of no value to us. It might be ours, but our unbelief would render it useless, and deprive us of all the benefits which its possession might confer. So with God's gift—His unspeakable gift to man. He has given His only-begotten Son, and many will not receive the gift. They do not believe the love of God toward them.

In the Babe of Bethlehem God gives eternal life, they do not receive it.

In the Babe of Bethlehem God gives the bread from heaven, they pine and perish with hunger because they do not accept what He bestows.

In the Babe of Bethlehem God gives the water of life, crying, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink;" and they perish with thirst, and turn their eyes away from the living fountain. God gave His Son

Jesus Christ to be the Saviour of a lost world. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name."

Cast aside your pride, your self-confidence, your doubt and fear, and receive the Son of God, believing in Him as your Saviour and Redeemer. Then you will give thanks to God for His unspeakable gift and enjoy a happy Christmas.

## Christmas Joy.

A poor little street girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to the hospital.

While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day a nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered:

"I'm having real good times here—ever such good times. S'pose I shall have to go away from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how do I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"O just like most 'o folks—kind of glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum, if you know'd 'bout Jesus bein' born."

Dear reader, do you know "'bout Jesus bein' born?"—F. W.

"TAINT de true grace, honey; 'taint de sure glory," said Aunt Judy to one of her colored sisters. "You hollers too loud. When you gets de love in your heart, and de Lamb in your bosom, you'll feel as if you was in dat stable at Beth'lem, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleeping baby to hold."

### Accept God's Word.

Luther says concerning the angelic preachers of Christ's nativity: "But some one may say: Yea, I too would believe, if it were in like manner proclaimed to me by an angel from heaven. This amounts to nothing, for whoever does not accept the Word of itself would never accept it for the preacher's sake, though all the angels preached it to him. And whoever accepts it on account of the preacher, does not believe the Word, nor in God through the Word, but he believes the preacher and in the preacher, and consequently his faith does not endure long.

But whoever believes the Word cares not who the person is who speaks it, and he honors the Word, not for the person's sake; but on the other hand, he honors the person for the Word's sake, always placing the person beneath the Word. And although the person passes away, or falls from faith, and another preaches, he gives up the former person rather than the Word, continues in what he has heard, allowing the individual to be, to come or to go, when and as he may and will.

The real difference between divine and human faith is that the human runs after the person, believes, trusts and honors the Word for the sake of him who speaks it. But on the contrary, divine faith runs after the Word, which is God Himself, believes, trusts and honors the Word, not for the sake of him who speaks it, but he feels that it is so certainly true that no one could delineate it more perfectly, although the same preacher

attempted it. This is evident from the Samaritans, John 4, 42, who, when they first heard of Christ from the heathenish woman, and upon her word went out of the city to Christ, when they themselves heard Him, said to the woman: "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we know now that this is the Saviour of the world."

### Elsie's Christmas.

In a large house there lived some years ago a little crippled girl. She had in her room the loveliest things you could imagine—a chair which went on wheels, a goldenwinged bird who sang enchantingly, a little gray kitty, a

white Spitz dog, and a gray parrot with a pink ruffle around its neck. She had four Paris dolls, and a whole library of books, and her papa and mamma tried in every way they could to make her happy. Yet sometimes when Elsie Dean sat by the window, and saw the little streetsweepers clearing paths through the snow, she thought that she would willingly exchange places with them, if she could have their straight limbs and active feet. She saw that they often looked hungry and cold and

and little Mumbo Jumbo, the black boy who had no jacket, were nearly frozen. But they were much surprised when Ernest Dean, Elsie's brother, came out and invited them, and half a dozen little fellows besides, to spend the evening with his sister. They went, though they did wonder at first whether Ernest was in earnest or in fun, for he asked them, as boys do, a little bit bashfully, and went to making snowballs the next moment. And what happiness they had! There sat Elsie like a little queen in her chair. There was the tree, and its branches were loaded with oranges, cakes, apples and candies, and for every boy there was a pair of new shoes, and a new comforter, and a stout jacket. As she witnessed the success of her evening, a great delight came to the child, and while the boys sang of Jesus, she seemed to hear Him say, "You have done it unto me."

*Child's World.*

### No Room for Christ.

When Jesus came into the world there was no room for Him in the inn. But not only was He shut out of the inn. There seemed to be no welcome place for Him in the world. From His very childhood He was a pilgrim and a stranger. Hence it is said, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." And as it was in the beginning so is it with many still. In this wicked world of ours there is very little room for Christ. With many there is room for everything else—for wealth, pleasure, parties, politics, eating and drinking, buying and selling—room for all these,

but for Him who came to bear our burdens, and to take away the sins of the world, there is no room. How is it with you, dear reader? Is there room for Christ?

MERIT is a work for the sake of which Christ gives rewards. But no such work is to be found, for Christ gives by promise. Just as if a prince were to say to me: "Come to me in my castle, and I will give you a hundred florins." I do a work, certainly, in going to the castle, but the gift is not given me as the reward of my work in going, but because the prince promised it me.

*Luther.*



Luke 2, 10.

she knew if they took time to think of it they must fancy she was far better off than they, as they watched her up there in her seat among flowers and birds.

One day she asked her mother if she might do just what she pleased with her Christmas money.

"Certainly, my love," replied Mrs. Dean, glad to observe that any plan could heighten her darling's pale face.

"Well, then I would like to buy a Christmas tree, and dress it all up magnificently, and invite the guests I want to spend Christmas eve."

A few days after that the cold was intense. Pat and Jim, whose shoes were out at the toes,

### Poor Joseph.

A poor weak-minded man, named Joseph, whose employment was to go on errands and carry parcels, passing through London streets on Christmas day, heard the singing of Christmas hymns in one of the churches. He went into it, having a large parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders.

The pastor, after a while, read his text from 1. Tim. 1, 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

From this he preached, in the clearest manner, the glad Christmas tidings, that there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinner in the Babe of Bethlehem, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who made all things.

Joseph, in rags, gazing with astonishment, never took his eyes from the preacher, but drank in with eagerness all he heard. Trudging homeward, he was overheard muttering to himself, "Joseph never heard this before! Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners like Joseph—and this is true—and it is a faithful saying."

Soon afterwards Joseph was seized with fever, and was dangerously ill. As he tossed upon his bed, his constant language was, "Joseph is the chief of sinners; but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and Joseph loves Him for this." His neighbors, who came to see him, wondered on hearing him always dwell on this subject. Some of them asked him, "But is there no good in your heart? Is there no good work that you have done?" "Ah! no," said he, "Joseph can do nothing; Joseph has nothing to say for himself, but that he is the chief of sinners; yet seeing that it is a faithful saying that Jesus, He who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, there is salvation for poor Joseph."

Some one finding out where he heard this doctrine, on which he dwelt with so much delight, went and asked the pastor to come and visit him. He came; but Joseph was now very weak, and had not spoken for some time, and though told of the pastor's arrival, he took no notice of him; but when the pastor began to speak to him, as soon as he heard the sound of his voice, Joseph sprang upon his elbows, and seizing his hands, exclaimed as loud as he could, with his now feeble and trembling voice, "O sir! you are the friend of the Lord Jesus, whom I heard speak so well of Him. Joseph is the chief of sinners; but it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, and why not Joseph?" The pastor prayed with him, and when he concluded, Joseph thanked him most kindly. He then put his hand under his pillow and took out an old rag, in which were tied up a few pieces of money, and putting it into the pastor's hand (which he had kept all the while close in his), he said

to him, "Joseph had laid this up to keep him in his old age; but Joseph will never see old age; take it, and divide it among the poor, and tell them that Joseph gave it them for His sake, who came into the world to save sinners of whom he is the chief." So saying, he reclined his head and soon passed from this life to life eternal.

There is much to be learned from this story. The congregation where Joseph heard the glad Christmas tidings of salvation through Christ was large and fashionable. Many of them were, probably, occupied with themselves and their own thoughts and persons. They went, perhaps, to see and be seen, as is often the case, and listened heedlessly to that which was spoken. But not so with poor Joseph. He listened as to a voice from heaven—he drank in every word. With others, the word fell like seed on strong ground, or by the way side. Their minds were intent on other things; and perhaps after leaving the door of the church, they never once more thought of what they had heard, although it was God's Word; but Joseph received it as God's Word, and not as man's word, and treated it as such. He heard it as with the ears of his soul. He held it fast, and thought upon it. Others cared for the things of this world, and slighted the good Christmas news of salvation; but Joseph after he heard it, cared for nothing else. His mind was intent on his salvation. He knew that he was a sinner, and his soul clung to Jesus as the Saviour of sinners; for he believed what is written in the Word of God of the Saviour born at Bethlehem.

Joseph did not trust in himself. Simple-minded as he was, he learned rapidly the lesson which many are so slow to learn. He renounced self in every form. He did not rely on any thing he found in himself. He turned away from himself to rest solely on Jesus, his Almighty Saviour. Reposing in Him, he could not but die in peace.

### A Merry Christmas.

Hattie went out to take a walk on Christmas morning, and as she reached the door-step on her return, she saw a poor, ragged-looking boy leaning upon the railing and looking wistfully into the kitchen-window, where the cook was preparing the dinner.

"I wish you a merry Christmas," she said brightly.

"Thank you, miss," said the boy, lifting up his torn cap and trying to make a polite bow; "but I guess it won't be a very merry Christmas at our house."

"Why not?" said Hattie; "I thought everybody was happy on Christmas-day."

"Well, there won't be any good time at our home, for father's been sick for three weeks, and mother has had to work so hard to get us something to eat, she's all tired out. We only had a slice of bread a piece for our breakfast

this morning, and there isn't even a crust left for our dinner."

Hattie's blue eyes opened with wonder at this sad story, and her bright face was clouded with sorrow. "Wait till I come back again," she said, and she flew up the steps and over the house to seek her mamma. At length she found her, and seizing her by the arm, exclaimed, "O mamma, there's a poor boy on the steps who says his father is sick, and they haven't a morsel in the house for dinner; please, mamma, give him some money to buy one, and I will add the half-dollar that uncle Roy gave me this morning."

"Don't get so excited, Hattie; I will talk to the boy and see what can be done."

While Mrs. Allen was speaking with him, her servant-man returned with some parcels, and as he passed the boy he recognized him as the son of a poor man whom he well knew. The lady was quite satisfied that Johnny's story was true, and calling him into the kitchen, she filled a basket with good things, and Hattie, who stood by with a smiling face, slipped in an envelope enclosing her half-dollar.

Johnny's mother went about her work that morning with a sad heart; her husband was growing weaker every day for the want of nourishing food, and now they had actually eaten their last crust.

"What will become of us?" she asked herself again and again as her little ones came crying around her for food.

Just then Johnny burst into the room, his face aglow with pleasure, and setting the well-filled basket upon the table, he exclaimed, "Cheer up, mother, we'll have a Christmas dinner yet; only see what I have here!"

Mrs. Morris examined her treasure as well as she could through the tears of joy that filled her eyes. There were two fat chickens, some vegetables, two or three pies, and some nice jellies for the sick man.

While his grateful mother emptied the basket, Johnny told her how it came into his possession, and that it was through little Hattie's influence, who had wished him a merry Christmas, that all these good things had come. Mrs. Morris found the envelope containing Hattie's half-dollar, and also another enclosing a five-dollar bill, with these words:

"Accept these gifts for the sake of Him whose birth we celebrate to-day, and may you all learn to love him and trust him in your hour of need."

How changed was everything now in that humble home! One of the chickens made nourishing broth for the sick father, and the other was roasted for dinner, and the Christmas was indeed a bright and happy one, where all was sadness before.

How many of the little ones, whose bright eyes read this sketch, have, like Hattie, been the means of making a merry Christmas for others, by sharing some of their good things with them?—A. M.



### The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE present number closes another volume of our PIONEER. We hope the friends of our paper will not forget that the beginning of a new volume is a good time for the opening of new homes to our little traveler.

—HAVE you paid for the PIONEER? The end of the year is a good time for all delinquent subscribers to send in their subscription money. Here is the way a down east editor relieved himself after an experience which is only too common in newspaper offices: A man who owes us over two years' subscription, put his paper back into the post-office last week, marked "Refused." We have heard of many mean men. There is a man who used the wart on his neck for a collar button, the one who pastured a goat on his grandmother's grave, the one who stole coppers from a dead man's eyes, the one who got rich by giving his five children a nickel each to go to bed without supper and then stealing the nickel after the children were asleep; but for downright meanness the man who will take a paper for years, never pay anything for it, mark it "Refused," and then stick it back into the post-office is entitled to the first premium.

—AND a western editor announces that unless delinquent subscribers pay up more promptly, he will be obliged not only to run a "patent inside," but also to secure patent insides for his wife and children. We do not announce anything of the kind, but kindly remind our readers of their duty to send their subscription money promptly to our Publishing House at St. Louis.

—A "GOSPEL TEMPERANCE" meeting was recently held at Grimsby Park, Ontario. The speakers were Rev. Mr. Lucas, of Toronto, and Mrs. Bradley, of England. Mrs. Bradley, after denouncing the use of intoxicating liquor in every case, touched upon the nature of the wine made by Christ at the marriage feast, and asserted that "if she thought this wine was intoxicating she would go back on her Saviour and join Bob Ingersoll and his crowd of unbelievers." Judging by her own blasphemous language we should say that this person when she goes "to join Bob Ingersoll" will have a very short road to travel. A woman who declares that she would renounce Christ if it were shown to her that the Son of God differed in judgment from herself, is only a Christian in name.

—ROMISH.—The papal church has its own methods of suppressing the truth. It is well known that its emissaries are at the National Capital using and abusing the government for its purposes. Joseph Cook says that the men sent from Boston to Washington to investigate in regard to Romanism reported that "there does not go out of the capital of this nation any telegraph dispatch over the lines of the Associated Press touching Roman Catholic interests, without being first submitted to a Roman Catholic official."

—THE mail steamer "Congo" from the West Coast of Africa and the Canary Islands, brings news of the most revolting human sacrifices. The old king of Eboe died a few months ago, and his funeral ceremonies were made the occasion of the sacrifice of at least forty human beings. More were held in readiness to be sacrificed when certain traders arrived and put an end to the horrible butchery. Verily, Africa needs the Gospel.—*Indian Witness.*

—THE *Missionary Herald* says, "The heathen shame us by their gifts in the service of their gods. A statement is made by Rev. Mr. Noyes, of Canton, that \$200,000,000 are spent annually on ancestral worship alone. He found that the ratio of gifts to income in the case of several families about which he inquired, ranged from one-fifth to one-third, and that in no case were the gifts so small as a tithe. Yet we know that the vast majority of the Chinese are wretchedly poor, living only from hand to mouth. To say that it is impossible for Christians to give a tithe is to say they cannot do for Christ what the heathen do for their idols."

—THE *Western Presbyterian* tells of a blind girl who gave a dollar for missions. She said, "I am a basket-maker, and as I am blind I can make my baskets just as easily in the dark as in the light. Other girls have, during last Winter, spent more than a dollar for light. I have no such expense, and so have brought this money for the poor heathen and the missionaries."

—A CHINESE Christian lady brought her jewels one morning to her husband to build an opium refuge; and when he expressed surprise, she said, "I have taken Christ for my adornment, and surely that is enough for any Christian woman."

—A CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY, on entering a new field in China, was kindly received by the Mandarin, who promised to do all in his power to help him. "I have not heard your doctrine," said he, "but I have seen it. I have a servant who was a perfect devil, but since he received your doctrine he is another man, and I can now trust him."

—WHEN Ko-chet-ing, a Karen convert, visited America he was urged on a certain occasion to address a congregation in respect to their duty to send out and support more missionaries. After a moment of downcast thoughtfulness he asked with evident emotion: "Has not Jesus Christ told them to do it?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "but we wish you to remind them of their duty." "Oh, no!" said the Karen; "if they will not obey Jesus Christ, they will not obey me."

—THERE is a little church at Benita, Africa, where on Sunday mornings a number of boys and girls are to be seen with slates in their hands, taking notes of the sermon; and some of the elder ones copy their notes on paper, and give them to other native Christians, that they may use them at meetings they hold in the towns near.

### BOOK-TABLE.

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New Orleans, La., Nov. 16, 1889.

AUG. BURGDORF.

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