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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. XII.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1890.

No. 1.

Father, take my Hand.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father, and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions; fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. Oh, Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet the command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then safe and blest
Lead up to rest
Thy child;

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear of danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I can not stand
Or go alone. Oh, Father, take my hand;
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
And reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child.

Anon.

"His Name was called Jesus."

This is the message brought to us in the Gospel lesson of New Year's day. And a sweet and comforting message it is. For why was the Babe of Bethlehem called Jesus? The angel said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." Jesus means Saviour, and in the Babe of

Bethlehem we have the Saviour from all our sins. Such a Saviour we need as we enter the new year; for in Him only we can have a happy new year.

The closing year tells us that death and the account are so much nearer. This is an unpleasant thought to the unbeliever. But to the believer there is no cause of fear. He believes in Him whose name was called Jesus. He, therefore, knows that he has a Saviour. The thought of the future is not dreadful to him. Death has lost its terrors and the judgment no longer threatens eternal punishment. The Saviour in whom he believes is present with him every day, providing for all earthly wants and delivering from all earthly woes, but especially supplying the wants of his soul and delivering from the damnation which his sins have deserved. Why, then, should the future, whatever it may bring him yet in this world, be a cause of fear? "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Ps. 23, 4. To the believer, therefore, who enters the new year in the name of Jesus and continues his journey in the power of His grace, the new year will be full of blessing and true happiness. Step by step, as hours and days pass by, he will be nearing his Father's house, his own happy and eternal home in heaven.

In the name of Him whose name was called Jesus we wish all our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Be not Anxious.

God's children need not worry, for God will care for them. Will He? Well, if He will not, then throw away the Bible. But will He give them all they want? That is another question. Will the wise parent give the child all it wants? Will the physician give the patient all he wants? Will the teacher give the pupil all he wants? Never; for that would often ruin, instead of profiting. Ask again, Will God give His child all he needs? We have His word that, if we seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all these things

shall be added unto us. God is pledged to supply all the real needs of His people in such a manner as is indicated by wisdom and love combined with power. And the trouble arises just here, that men are not willing calmly to trust this divine guidance.

Just imagine a family of children who are never restrained, and whose every wish is always gratified. They come and go as they please, they spend according to their own judgment, they study and play to suit themselves. No restraint at all is put upon them. What kind of men and women do you suppose they will grow up to be? Will they make a success of life, or will their lives turn out to be miserable failures? Probably the worst thing that could happen to a family of children would be just such treatment as this. Better for them were they all to die of scarlet-fever before they are five years old. So, were God to give His children all they fancy they need, it would ruin them for time and eternity.

Now, while Christ tells us what not to worry about, He tells us what to seek after. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." On this we are to bestow our first energies. It may be well just here to pause and ask ourselves what is the object of our most devoted search. Some are seeking for riches, some for education, some for position, some for power. Everyone has something for whose possession he is most earnest, and for the sake of which he would sacrifice all else. What is your most coveted object in life? Find out, and then lay it in the balance on one side, and put "the kingdom of God" in the other scale. Now say, candidly, which outweighs the other? Which is the more valuable? Which will last the longest? Is it any wonder, then, that the Son of God says, Seek this first? And since He was right in His estimate, will you not follow His command?—S. S. F.

As I was at my window I saw the stars and the sky, and that vast and magnificent firmament in which the Lord had placed them. I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master had supported this immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall.

Martin Luther.

Paul in Prison.

In our picture we see the apostle Paul in a Roman prison cell. Old in years and worn with toils in the service of Jesus, with no fears for the future, he now calmly awaits the crown of martyrdom.

From this prison cell the apostle wrote the words of triumph: "I am now ready to be offered." It is a great thing, in the presence of death, for a poor, sinful, mortal man to say, as Paul—*I am ready!* And no man can say it honestly, who is not standing on the Rock of Ages, and who has not Christ in him, the hope of glory. It was because Paul could say—"To me to live is Christ," that he could add, "and to die is gain;" it was because he was in Christ and had kept the faith, that he could exclaim with such an air of triumph, "I am now ready to be offered."

Every passing year brings us nearer to our end. Let us seek to follow Paul, as he followed Christ, and then our end will be like his. We must fight the good fight of faith. We must run the race set before us and finish our course; it may not run through the wild desert, over the stormy seas, and through gloomy prisons. No, our course may lie along the places of business and hard labor, through the noisy city streets or quiet country homes, through wearisome days and sleepless nights of affliction; but whatever in the Divine Providence it may be, it is the race set before us and we must run it, ever looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Then, like Paul, we shall meet our departing hour with his calm words, "I am now ready!"



Letter from New Orleans.

In the blessed Christmas time we rejoice and adore with grateful hearts at the manger of Bethlehem.

Bethlehem!—how suggestive! Does it not forcibly remind the reader of the LUTH. PIONEER of our dear little Bethlehem in New Orleans, and does it not also revive our memory in regard to appeals made time and again by our missionaries in behalf of our Bethlehem? Indeed, God has highly blessed our work. There are 113 children in our care, and innumerable applications have been made, which of course could not be considered owing to the impossibility of seating any more children, as also to the inad-

visability of taxing the instructor to a still higher degree. During Divine Services the necessity for better accommodations is felt still more severely, as the adult people are confined to eight small church benches, standing in closest proximity to the altar. And is there no response to our urgent petitions? *Can we not assist?* I take it for granted that we will not receive a negative answer. Or have we no obligation? Indeed, we have, and one of the sublimest at that, —perhaps the term "privilege" sounds more pleasing to the Lutheran ear. We trust that the Lutheran people will gladly support our en-

be found out, he is just as bad as the thief himself. He who holds the ladder is as guilty as the thief who climbs it.

2. The person who is *dishonest in his dealings* is a thief. The farmer who sells poor butter for very good butter is both a liar and a thief. The clerk who tells his customer that the goods he is buying is the very best when he knows it is untrue is as bad as the farmer. Some people give poor measure when they sell—they are thieves likewise. That kind of dealing where the one laughs and the other weeps is *fraudulent* dealing—it is stealing. Whatever you sell,

weigh first in the balance of your conscience so as to be sure that no curse or tears are mingled with it. An unjust penny will eat up ten others. Why? Because God's curse goes with it.

3. The person who *will not pay his debts* is a thief. There are many poor people who can not pay their debts, because some great misfortune like sickness has befallen them. But there are many others who live beyond their means, or who are idle and careless, and hence do not strive to pay what they owe. Such careless people are thieves, because they are using and enjoying what belongs to others. A coat that is paid for will keep warmer than a robe that is borrowed.

In the times of Caesar Augustus a certain man's household goods were sold in order to pay for the many debts he owed. When the Emperor heard this, he said: "I must have something from this man, too. I want the *pillow* on which he has been sleeping." He at once sent some one to the auction and asked that he might by all means have that

deavors in the direction indicated; the amount involved is trifling: a few hundred dollars secure us a grand little mansion.—And now in conclusion we beg leave to call the readers attention to Matth. 25, 40.

ED. RISCHOW.

New Orleans, December 15, 1889.

Thieves.

Luther says, "The world is a large stable full of thieves." I will mention some.

1. The person who assists another in stealing is a thief. He may not touch the stolen goods; but if he opens a door or a window through which the thief may get in, or if he tries to shield or protect a thief, so that he may not

man's pillow—it must be a wonderful good thing to sleep on since that man could rest on it in spite of his many debts.

4. The *gambler* is a thief. He who has learned to play games in order that he may rob his neighbor of his money might just as well break open his chest and steal his gold—for he has what belongs to another. Betting, joining lotteries, chancing and the like are all but another name for stealing.

5. The *idler* is a thief. He steals the golden moments as they come. He who idles away his time robs God of his dues and pays it over to the devil.—*Olive Leaf.*

SOME people are dissatisfied because thorns are put on roses, they ought to be glad that roses are put on thorns.

Cradle Song.

"Sleep, little baby of mine,
Night and the darkness are near,
But Jesus looks down
Through the shadows that frown,
And baby has nothing to fear.

"Shut, little sleepy blue eyes,
Dear little head, be at rest,
Jesus, like you,
Was a baby once, too,
And slept on His own mother's breast.

"Sleep, little baby of mine,
Soft on your pillow so white,
Jesus is here
To watch over you, dear,
And nothing can harm you to-night.

"Oh, little darling of mine,
What can you know of the bliss,
The comfort I keep,
Awake and asleep,
Because I am certain of this?"

The Precious Name!

Some years ago, a native residing in a distant part of India had a tract given to him, telling of Christ and His great love to sinners. The man was deeply interested in the story, and read it again and again, until he was intensely anxious to know more about Jesus. After thinking much about it, he determined to go to the nearest mission station, to try if he could learn something more about this loving Saviour. At the close of a long and weary journey, he arrived at the place where the missionary resided, and found him conducting public worship. He drew near to the group that surrounded the preacher, who was giving out his text from 1 Tim. 1, 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Directly the missionary came to the words "Christ Jesus," the Indian cried out in an ecstasy of delight, "Ah! that's the name! ah! that's the name!—the PRECIOUS NAME!" The longing of his heart was satisfied. He heard more about the Saviour. He drank in the glad tidings of the Gospel, and received the message of mercy, believed in Jesus, and was made exceedingly happy. He soon returned again to his own part of the country, to make known to his friends the treasure he had found, and tell of the preciousness of that name which is as "ointment poured forth," Cant. 1, 3.

Playing with Lions.

A remarkable story from South Africa is presented by an English officer, Colonel Stabb, in the *Illustrated London News*. He affirms that while hunting at one time he came upon a camp of the Dutch settlers in South Africa, known as Boers, and encamped with them. One night the daughter of one of the Boers, a little girl but nine years old, was missing, and search was instantly made, but without suc-

cess. In that land of wild animals nothing was expected save that she would be seized and devoured by lions or some ferocious beast. No hope was entertained that she would be found alive, or any trace of her, unless it might be her garments. But Colonel Stabb tells the following story of what actually happened in the morning:

"Before the sun was an hour high, the little one was found fast asleep in the centre of a clump of giant mimosæ, quite near the river. For the affecting incidents of the moment none of you would care. The interest of the find to me lay in the sand; right through and around the mimosæ clump was marked everywhere with the tracks of lions, and their footmarks were plainly visible everywhere between that point and the river. How had the child escaped being devoured? When awakened by her father she expressed neither surprise nor any special pleasure as one saved from death, but was simply glad to see him, and that he had brought a horse so that she could ride back to camp. 'Were you not afraid, Katrina? Were you not afraid to be alone here in such a place, away from mother and me last night?' 'No, pa; the big dogs played with me, and were very good, and one of them lay here and kept me warm,' said the child, indicating the spot where truly was the mark of some vast, recumbent form beside that left by herself, which hardly indented the sand. Now, there were no dogs' footmarks or tracks about; there were no dogs in that part of the country, nor kindly animals of any sort. The child had slept with and been protected by lions."

A Chinese Slave Girl.

Ah-I was a Chinese girl, who, at the age of eight years, was sold into slavery by her parents for the sum of thirty dollars. According to custom in such cases, her name was changed, and the parents promised not to entice her away, and if she ran away, agreed to find her and restore her to her owners. Then a contract was written out, and the names of the contracting parties were signed to it, and their thumb-marks added. These are made by dipping the end of the thumb into ink, and pressing it upon the paper, a kind of seal which the Chinese say can not be counterfeited, as no two thumbs will make the same impression.

Poor Ah-I! Her life had been hard at home, for her parents were poor, but they had not been unkind to her. Now she was very badly treated. She was half-starved, and had to search the filthy gutters for food; and when her cruel mistress was not pleased with her, she would pinch her flesh with red-hot pincers.

But the time came when her parents heard the story of Christ's love, and became Christians. Then they heard of the sufferings of their child, and began to make efforts to redeem her. Two married daughters contributed a part, and the missionaries made up the rest,

and Ah-I was brought back from her cruel mistress. Then she was placed in the mission school, where she was very happy, and learned so well that she became an assistant teacher in the school. She has since been married into a Christian family, where she has a kind mother-in-law and a good husband.

Has not Ah-I reason to be thankful for the gospel, to which she owes all the brightness of her life?

Old Betty's Prayer.

There once lived in one of our large cities a poor colored woman named Betty, who had been confined by sickness for nearly twenty years. By the few friends who knew her, she was familiarly called poor Betty. Betty had seen comfortable days. She had long been blind, and was said to be one hundred and five years old. Mr. B— was a man of wealth and business in the same city. His signature was better than silver on the exchange, because it was more easily transferred. His sails whitened the ocean, his charity gladdened many hearts, and his family gave impulse to many benevolent operations. Notwithstanding the pressure of business, Mr. B— often found time to drop in and see what became of poor Betty. His voice, and even his step, had become familiar to her, and always lighted up a smile on her dark, wrinkled face. He would often say some pleasant things to cheer this lonely pilgrim on her way to Zion. One day Mr. B— took a friend from the country to see Betty. As he stopped and entered the cottage, he said: "Ah, Betty, you are alive yet." "Yes, thank God." "Betty," said he, "why do you suppose that God keeps you so long in this world, poor and sick and blind?" While Mr. B—'s tone and manner were half sportive, he yet uttered a serious thought which had more than once come over his mind. Betty assumed her most serious and animated tone, and replied: "Ah, massa, you no understand. Dere be two great things to do for de Church; one be to pray for it, toder be to act for it. Now, massa, God keeps me alive to pray for de Church, and He keeps you to act for it. Your great gifts no do much good, massa, without poor Betty's prayers." For a few moments Mr. B— and his friend stood silent, thrilled and astonished. They felt the knowledge, the dignity, the sublimity of this short sermon. It seemed to draw aside the veil a little, and let them into heaven's mysteries. "Yes, Betty," replied Mr. B—, in the most serious and subdued tones, "your prayers are of more importance to the Church than my alms."

DEAD OR ALIVE?—As dead fish swim along with the current, but the living fish against it, in like manner dead Christians go with the stream of the sinful world, but living Christians against it. Reader, which way are you swimming in this stream?

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—No person living will again date a letter without using "9". At the present writing there are a few weeks left yet of the closing year and the 9 stands on the extreme right—1889. In the new year it will take the second place—1890, where it will remain ten years. It will then move into third place—1900, and there will rest a century, if the Lord tarry.

—ACCORDING to the latest statistics compiled by Mr. T. H. Diehl for the "Lutheran Kalender for 1890," our "American Lutheran Church" numbers at present 4591 ministers, 7862 churches, and 1,086,045 communicant members. The increase over the previous year is 187 ministers, 357 churches, and 52,678 communicants. The death-roll of 1889 has the names of 54 ministers, the oldest of whom had reached 87 years, 4 months and 25 days, whilst the youngest was only 26 years, 6 months and 6 days old.

—THE British and Foreign Bible Society has issued during the past year 4,206,000 copies of Bibles, Testaments and portions of the Scriptures, a larger number than ever before. The total income of the society for the past year was \$1,215,840. Its work encircles the world, preparing the way for missionaries and strengthening their hands.

—THERE are 40,000 wild Indian children in this country. Of this number, all told, there are but 12,000 gathered into the Government and Mission schools, leaving 28,000 children to whom no school opens its doors, and to whom no Christian missionary comes. There are at least sixty whole tribes upon whose darkness no ray of Gospel light has fallen, as pagan and as savage as were their ancestors when the first white man landed upon these shores!

—ALL glory to God for the refreshing fact, that the Word of God is now accessible—as to languages—to nine-tenths of the population of our globe, while at the beginning of this century it could be read only by about one-fifth!

—STANLEY puts the population of Africa at 250,000,000.

—THERE are still more than 10,000,000 square miles of unoccupied districts in various heathen lands, where missionaries thus far have never entered.

—THE Christians on the Sandwich Islands have sent out since 1852 seventy-five missionaries to other islands in the Pacific.

—THE September number of the *Missionary Review* says: The demand for the Arabic Bible is so great that although the printing presses in Beirut are working day and night, pace can not be kept with the orders.

—ONE of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission, a Scotch gentleman worth a million, is living in China on twenty-five cents a week, using all his fortune in the work.

—IN the Punjab persecution has become more bitter than ever. A Hindu lad, who announced his determination to be a Christian, received sev-

eral severe beatings, and finally lighted lamps were held to the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands till they were charred. Preparations were being made to kill him when the police arrived on the scene. In three other cases Hindu lads who had been baptized were poisoned until they became mental wrecks. In these cases the poisoners were relatives.

—THE *Punjab News* has the following interesting incident: Recently the Rev. Moulvie Imaduddin was asked by a rich and influential Mohammedan to come and see him on important business. When he reached the place he was very cordially received and hospitably treated. After some time the business was broached. His host took him into an inner room. There he found about forty Mohammedan gentlemen, including some Moulvies and well-to-do influential persons. They carefully shut the door, and having taken every possible caution against interruption and eavesdropping, they said to him, "Now you are alone with us and God. We charge you by the living God, to whom you will one day give account, answer our questions truthfully. The Lord judge you if you deceive us." The Moulvie said, "God is my witness. Ask, and I will answer truly." Then they said, "We see you are a man of learning and worth. Why did you become a Christian?" "For the salvation of my soul," the Moulvie replied. "Could you not find salvation in Islam, O brother." "No." "Tell us why not." Dr. Imaduddin then preached Christ Jesus to them. They listened attentively, and only interrupted him now and then to ask pertinent questions. He stayed three days, and each day was spent in converse about the things of Christ.

—DO MISSIONS PAY?—A seaman, on returning home to Scotland after a cruise in the Pacific, was asked, "Do you think the missionaries have done any good in the South Sea Islands?" "I will tell you a fact which speaks for itself," said the sailor. "Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands, where I knew that eight years before a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me, if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive for only a more cruel death. When day broke, we saw a number of canoes pulling for our poor ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress, and heard some of them speak in the English language! On that very island the next Sunday we heard the gospel preached. I do not know what you think of missions, but I know what I do."

BOOK-TABLE.

GESCHICHTLICHE SKIZZE der Ev. Luth. St. Johannis-Gemeinde zu Harlem, N. Y. By Rev. H. C. Steup.

Our German Lutheran congregation in Harlem, N. Y., recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization, and this neatly printed pamphlet presents the interesting history of the church—which has been so richly blessed by God during the past twenty-five years. The pamphlet can be had for 25 cts. by addressing: Rev. H. C. Steup, 172 E. 117th Str., Harlem, N. Y.

Acknowledgments.

Received of Rev. N. J. Bakke for the Building Fund of the Ev. Luth. Mount Zion Church from the Mount Zion Church Treasury \$80.00, from the Mount Zion Sunday School 45.00.

Subscription paid by the following members of Mount Zion: Mrs. America Davis 1.15, Mr. Pl. Green .25, Mrs. Willm. Hosbond 1.00, Mrs. Camilla Johnsen .15, Mrs. Mary Brown .50, Mrs. Lucy Armstrong .50, Mr. Nick. Bladen .25, Mrs. Carol. Hardy 1.00, Mrs. Henr. Anderson .50, Mrs. Sophia Page 1.00, Mrs. Francis Austin .50, Mrs. Lottie Daniels .50, Mrs. Minnie Perkins .10, Mr. James Hubbard .25, Mrs. Elizb. Hubbard 1.00, Mrs. Louise Green 1.00, Mr. Robert Johnsen .50, Mrs. Henr. Davis .35, Miss Rosalie Williams .25, Mrs. Mary J. Humes .50, Mrs. Mary Reid .10, Mr. Samuel Tibbs .50, Mrs. Lizzie Pease .50, Mrs. Rebecca Rowlie .50, Mr. James Harris .25, Mr. Stephen Perkins .20, Mrs. Amelia Williams .25. Total \$138.55.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 10, 1889.

A. F. LEONHARDT.

Received for the Bethlehem Chapel Building Fund from Mrs. Mary Johnson \$1.50.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 16, 1889.

AUG. BURGENDORF.

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. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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St. Louis, Mo., February, 1890.

No. 2.

Encouragement for Missionaries.

"My word shall not return unto me void," Isaiah 55, 11.

When saddened by the little fruit thy labors seem to yield,
Or when no springing blade appears in all thy barren field;
When those whom thou dost seek to win seem hard, and cold, and dead—
Then, weary worker, stay thine heart on what the Lord hath said;
And let it give new life to hopes which seem well nigh destroyed—
This promise, that His word shall not return unto Him void.
For if it be indeed His truth thy feeble lips proclaim,
Then He is pledged to shadow forth the glory of His name.
True, this may be at present veiled; still trustingly abide,
And "cast thy bread," with growing faith, upon life's rolling tide.
It shall, it will, it must be found, this precious living seed,
Though thou may'st grieve that thoughtless hearts take no apparent heed.
'Tis thine to sow with earnest prayer, in faith and patient love,
And thou shalt reap the tear-sown seed in glorious sheaves above.
Then with what joy ecstatic thou wilt stand before the throne,
And bless the Lord who used thee thus to gather in His down!
Adoring love will fill thine heart and swell thy grateful lays,
That thou hast brought some souls to Christ, to His eternal praise;
That thou hast helped to deck His crown with blood-bought jewels bright,
The trophies of His wondrous love and His all-saving might.
Oh, grandest privilege to be thus used to bring them in!
Oh, grandest joy to see them safe beyond the reach of sin!
Then mourn not, worker, tho' thy work shall cause thee many a fear,
The glorious aim thou hast in view thy saddened heart will cheer.
Remember, it is all for Him who loveth thee so well;
And let not downcast weary thoughts one moment in thee dwell.
It is for Him! this is enough to cheer thee all thy way,
Until He says the glad "Well done," and night is turned to day.

L. W. P.

God's Terms of Peace.

After the fierce and terrible battle of Abuklea, in the Soudan, two young soldiers were conversing together in one of the tents. The youngest of the two, little more than a boy, had received a fatal wound, and lay all comfortless and weary in his blood-stained uniform. His comrade, who was a Christian, and acting as a nurse, sat by his side, trying to cheer and soothe his suffering companion, by reading portions of the New Testament. "Shall I read a little more to you, Davie, my lad, it's a comfort in the dying hour you know?" said the Christian soldier. Davie nodded assent, and he went on reading from the eleventh chapter of Matthew's Gospel. Presently he came to the twenty-eighth verse, and read over slowly and pathetically the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Stop, Jamie," said the dying youth, "these words were never meant for me. You know I have been God's enemy all my life, and I've fought hard and sore against Him; these words can never be meant for me. No, no, I've been His enemy—they can not be for me."

"Enemy or not, I assure you, Davie, my lad, God speaks these to you. His enemy you, no doubt, have been, as I once was, but here God offers you His terms of peace." "Terms of peace, Jamie, did you say?" muttered the dying lad, "terms of peace; let me hear them over again." "That I will, Davie, just listen to them, man," and Jamie read aloud, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

The dying lad's face changed, and raising himself partly on his couch, he clasped his hands and looking up to heaven, said, "I accept the terms! I accept the terms! Oh! Christ of God, I surrender to Thee;" and then he sank back exhausted.

All through that day he lingered in life: at times, in a whisper, saying, "Thank God, at

peace, at peace." As the setting sun threw its parting rays on the marble brow of the dying youth, a sweet smile played on his countenance, and ere the morning dawned on the busy camp, he was absent from the body, and present with the Lord. There, amid the horrors of the blood-stained battlefield, within a few hours of eternity, he accepted God's terms of peace and surrendered himself to Christ.

How much easier for you who are in health, and amid the comforts of home to do the same! God's terms of peace are just the same to you to-day, and now, as they were to that young soldier on the far off deserts in the Soudan. Will you accept them now, or pass on to the judgment bar, unpardoned and unprepared?—

Storing up Merit.

At the recent Missionary Conference one of the speakers read a paper on Buddhism. In it he says, that Buddhism recognizes the terrible consequences of sin, but presents no remedy except the storing up of merit as a counterpoise.

He illustrates by the following incident:

The other day I met a Hindoo, and asked him about his religion. He replied, "I believe in one God, and I repeat my prayers every morning and evening. I can get through them in a little more than ten minutes."

I said, "What else does your religion require of you?"

He replied, "I have made a pilgrimage to a holy well near Amritsar. Eighty-five steps lead down to it. I descended and bathed in the sacred pool. Then I ascended one step and repeated my prayers. Then I descended again to the pool and bathed, and ascended to the second step, and repeated my prayers a second time. Then I descended a third time in the same way; and so on for the whole eighty-five steps, eighty-five bathings, and eighty-five repetitions of the same prayers. It took me exactly fourteen hours."

I asked, "What good did you expect to get by going through this task?"

He replied, "I hope I have laid up a great store of merit which will last me for a long time."

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—A few items from the New Orleans Mission field may interest some of your readers. Despite the many difficulties under which your missionaries labor, we are still making some headway. The past year has been one of rich blessing. Let us thank God from whom all blessings flow. Crowded schools have kept the teachers busy. Irregular scholars and negligent parents have given them a good deal of extra out-door work. Ingratitude and abuses have not been lacking. Thank God that our teachers have courage to face the difficulties, instead of running away from them, and to work faithfully in the office God has assigned to them without fear and favor and to endure hardships without complaining. By the way, some years ago the PIONEER brought an article, entitled: "Encourage the Pastor." He needs encouragement and it should be given him by his flock in every manner possible. And the few words of encouragement which the PIONEER brought, lifted the sinking spirit of many a hard-worked pastor. But the teacher, what of him? Needs he no encouragement? Is there a more abused being on the face of the earth than the man who wears out his life in the school house, in the cause of Christian education? A befitting inscription for the tomb of a teacher would be something like this: "Here rest the weary bones of the weariest and most abused man." If an ill-behaved child is corrected he is set upon by an angry parent. If a child is naturally dull or naturally lazy and makes no progress in its studies the competency and the capability

of the teacher is questioned. If a child is hurt on its way home the teacher must suffer for it. If rain falls at the time school is dismissed he is blamed for letting the child go without his umbrella or without wrapping it up in his only coat. Thus the teacher is abused, everlastingly criticised, unmercifully lashed by fault-finding, busy tongues, his blessed work undermined, and his very existence made wretched. God bless our teachers, wherever they are, but encourage them, dear PIONEER, encourage them, and you will gather about you friends, that will welcome you.

The church attendance of the Mt. Zion congregation has for the last six months been exceedingly good. No better encouragement can be given to the pastor than a church crowded with attentive hearers. 21 communicant members have been added and new recruits are coming in, so that by the return of another new year we expect to find our member list considerably longer.

While the attendance at St. Paul has not been all that we should desire, yet we have no reason to grumble. Taking into consideration,

however, that a neat little house of worship has but lately been consecrated, thanks to the generosity of Lutheran congregations all over the country, and that a beautiful church-bell every Sunday morning in deep and melodious tones calls the worshipers from far and near to the house of the Lord, the services should be better appreciated. An accession of 18 communicant members has been made, which is the largest in the history of the congregation. New applicants are being prepared for confirmation. A constitution has been adopted and 14 voting members have subscribed it.

The statistical report of this charge for 1889 is as follows: 23 have received baptism, 39 have been received by confirmation, 4 couples have been united in marriage, 10 died, 412 have communed. There are 30 voting and 167 communicant members. The number of souls are



Natives of the Philippine Islands.

about 315. 16 adults are receiving catechetical instructions. Contributions of churches and schools \$777.00. Our wants for the coming year are manifold, but reasonable. Strenuous efforts are being made by the people of Mt. Zion to gather a fund for the building of a new church. We need one. Not only is the building we occupy old, it has passed the 40th milestone, it is also dilapidated to a degree that makes repairs very expensive. But the aged structure might be renovated by a coat of paint, holes and cracks plastered over, and rotten timber replaced by new, this at a great expense, yet this patching would not meet the wants of our mission. The second school department over which Mr. Emmanuel Burshlong presides is located in the church, and there is nothing to facilitate the work of the teacher. Our inventive genius has been tasked to its utmost capacity, but we can not hit upon anything that will work favorably for both church and school. Patent seats can not be placed as the growing congregation takes up almost the entire church; and to offer a well developed gentleman or lady a seat on a patent school bench, made

for a child, might be regarded as an insult. On the other hand, the long and uncomfortable church benches are, to say the least, very inconvenient for a child; the little feet are dangling to and fro and the little hands are holding the slate or book for five hours daily. How would you like such accommodations for your children? What, if our church in the course of a year or so should prove too small to hold the crowd of Lutheran worshipers, would you not help us build a new one? By God's gracious blessing such a thing might happen, but if it should not happen, which is more likely, would you not help us for the sake of these little children? Years of experience have taught us that school and church in the same room is as detrimental to the one as to the other.

Yet this is not all we want and need for the coming year. For the St. Paul congregation a new school house is necessary. The old chapel in which the school is still being held, has more than once been described in these columns and a repetition is unnecessary. The fact is, the house is too small to accommodate such a large number of children. It is too unhealthy for people who still find life worth living. A sanitary inspector of any other city but of New Orleans would condemn it as unfit for habitation. The congregation which begins to know and to appreciate the value of Christian education feels the need of a more commodious building. A subscription list has been opened and the members gladly contribute their mites. Whatever else may be the faults of our colored brethren, they are not stingy. They give of their substance and give cheerfully.

Nor is this all we want. Pastor Burgdorf needs a building for his rapidly increasing Bethlehem congregation. He has the same evil to contend with as the Mt. Zion people, school and church in one room. Our esteemed colleague has time and again laid the matter before the Lutheran people, but nothing substantial is forthcoming. The older congregations, though their needs are as pressing, are willing to wait. They are accustomed to up hill work, to old, dilapidated, and incommodious buildings. They are willing to give Bethlehem the preference. This mission is an important one. "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." Let the good work go on. Remove the obstacles and let a new church or school, whichever may be preferable, be erected without delay on Bethlehem's ground.

MISSIONARY.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 18, 1890.

PEARLS strung are easily carried, unstrung they are easily lost — the catechism is a string of Bible pearls.—*Dr. Krauth.*

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Bible in India.

Can the Bible be understood by every one, high or low, learned or unlearned? Is it sufficiently clear, that even the Hindoos, hopelessly degraded as they seem to be, can understand and be influenced by it in their manners and life? Truly, important questions these, which may find a satisfactory answer in the following incident, which occurred in a small town about 150 miles northeast of Mudnapilly.

About 15 years ago there lived in this town a Hindoo, sunk in all the vices and crimes of his people, who had, however, so much education that he could read and write. His many and great sins troubled him very much, and he earnestly desired to escape their punishment, and therefore willingly obeyed all the directions of the priests, but could find no peace of conscience. So the case stood when the time arrived in which the great idol Juggernaut was annually paraded through the streets of a city about 30 miles distant, and as the poor Hindoo was told that he would certainly be cleansed of sin, if he took a part in this celebration and helped to draw the cart, thither he went.

The first and also the second day of the feast was almost gone, the fast approaching night was to be the end of the festival, yet he had found no peace. He noticed a man in the crowd, who held a book under his garments. "Stranger," he asked, "what kind of a book is that you have there?" "That," was the reply, "is called Kotta Nibandana" (the New Testament). "What's that?" "Well, it is claimed to be the Sattya Veda" (the TRUE Veda, as the Bible is called in India to distinguish it from the false Vedas). "Have you read it?" "No!" "What does the book speak about?" "Well, I was told that it shows how to get rid of sins." "Is that so! will you sell it?" "Yes." "For how much?" "Give me a rupee" (25 cents). He gave the money, received the book, and went on. Arrived at home he opened it and read the first chapter of Matthew, but only with great difficulty could he master the long catalogue of hard names there given in the genealogy of Christ. He had almost concluded that what he was so anxiously looking for could not be found in this book, when his interest was once more aroused by the account of the wonderful birth of the Child Jesus.

This he could read and understand much better; he continued therefore and read the story of His childhood, His wondrous life, His many miracles, His kind and gracious words, and as he had gradually become convinced of the joyful fact that this Person was the One to redeem men, he came to the sad story of his bitter sufferings and cruel death upon the cross. His eyes filled with tears, and alas, thought he, that ends all hope.

Yet he read on about His burial and glorious resurrection and His appearance to His disciples, read all this with ever increasing

astonishment, read of His glorious ascension into heaven, and then turned over and read the same story again, though in less words from the Gospel of Mark. Again he read the same story — that story which can never grow old — from the Gospel of Luke, who describes the life and acts of Jesus so vividly. Then he came to the fourth Gospel in which John speaks of the eternal Godhead of Jesus of Nazareth, of that Word that was made flesh and dwelt among men. He read also the history of the founding of the Church; he read the epistles, and was firmly convinced that in the name of this Jesus he also could have the forgiveness of all his sins and eternal salvation.

Ah, what a glorious and precious book this was to the poor Hindoo! It satisfied him perfectly, he meditated on it day and night, he learned that the people who first believed in Jesus of Nazareth met every first day of the week to hear and read the word, and so he, too, gathered his neighbors every first day of their week (which, strangely enough, is the same day as our Sunday) that they, too, might learn to know Him from the wonderful book. He even taught his wife to read, which was very strange for a Hindoo, that she too could read in this Book of books. He read in the Book: "When ye pray, ye shall say: Our Father, who art in heaven," and so whenever they met on Sunday, they always repeated the Lord's prayer after the reading of the Word. Thus several years passed by.

At last death cut his labors short, the Lord, whom he had so strangely learned to know and so faithfully loved, called him home. When dying, he requested his wife not to have his body burnt, as is the custom of the Hindoos, but to have it buried, because Christ had been buried; nor to perform heathen rites upon his grave, but to read from "the Book," and to speak "the prayer," and to let him rest in peace, and as Christ rose from the dead, so would he rise from the dead and live with Christ forever.

His wife continued to read in the Book for the people on Sunday. Again several years pass by, when missionaries one day came to a neighboring town, preaching Christ and salvation in his name, thinking, no doubt, this was the first time these people had heard of it. But two men stepped forth, saying: "Good friends, what you have just now told us is the same that the man with the Book read to us." On questioning them, the missionaries learned the whole story. They accompanied them to their native town and there actually found a little church of Christ, truly, a rose in the wilderness. Thus did this Book prove that it can be understood by all, and that it is, indeed, a power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—*From the German.*

PRAYER.—As a shoemaker makes shoes, and a tailor coats, so should a Christian pray. Prayer is the Christian's business. Let us pray and strive; for the word of faith and the prayer of the just are the mightiest weapons.—*Luther.*

A sweet Surprise.

It is related that Dr. Adoniram Judson, while laboring as a missionary to the heathen, felt a strong desire to do something for the salvation of the children of Abraham according to the flesh. But it seemed that his desire was not to be gratified. During a long course of years, even to the closing fortnight of his life, in his last sickness, Dr. Judson lamented that all his efforts in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world saddened with that thought. Then, at last, there came a gleam of light that thrilled his heart with grateful joy. Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side while he was in a state of great languor, with a copy of the *Watchman and Reflector* in her hand. She read to her husband one of D. Hague's letters from Constantinople. That letter contained some items of information that filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries at Constantinople, Mr. Schaeffler stated that a little book had been published in Germany giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labors; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a message had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to show them the way of life. When Dr. Judson heard this his eyes filled with tears, a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him, and clinging fast to his wife's hand as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said, "Love, this frightens me, I do not know what to make of it." "To make of what?" said Mrs. Judson. "Why, what you have just been reading, I never was deeply interested in any object; I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came, at some time — no matter how distant the day — somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have devised, it came!" What a testimony was that! It lingered on the lips of the dying Judson; it was embalmed with grateful tears, and is worthy to be transmitted as a legacy to the coming generation. The desire of the righteous shall be granted. Pray and wait. The answer to all true prayer will come. In Judson's case the news of the answer came before he died, but it was answered long before. So we may know of the results of prayers and toils even while we sojourn here; but if not, what sweet surprises shall await us in the great beyond!

FREE forgiveness through faith in Christ. This is the doctrine which is the true strength of any church on the earth at this day. It is not orders or endowments, or liturgies, or learning, or grand cathedrals that will keep a church alive. Let free forgiveness through Christ be faithfully proclaimed in her pulpits, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. Let it be buried or kept back, and her candlestick shall be taken away.

Obituaries.

JOSEPH ARMSTRONG, beloved husband of Lucy Armstrong, nee Wilson, 29 years old, died March 18th, and was buried on the day following. He was a member of the Ev. Luth. Mt. Zion Church.

CARRIE HARRIS, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron T. Harris, members of the Ev. Luth. Mt. Zion Church, was born May 8th, 1889, and was baptized by the undersigned May 25th. After a very brief illness she died suddenly Nov. 20th. The missionary spoke words of comfort to the sorrow-stricken parents on the text: "Suffer the little children to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark 10, 14. Her remains were interred in the Valence Str. Cemetery Nov. 21st, 1889.

ELIZABETH PETERS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Payroux, 17 years old, died after a lingering sickness Jan. 23d, 1889, and was buried from the Ev. Luth. St. Paul Church Jan. 24th. She was one of the quiet in the land. When 9 years old, she was admitted to our school, where she remained until after confirmation. It is our firm hope that she continued steadfast in faith unto the end. "Blessed are they that die in the Lord."

DOMINIQUE MOSES, died June 11th. The funeral services were conducted in the St. Paul Church on the following day. He reached the ripe age of 78. For the last seven years of his life he was bereft of his sight. A few days before his demise he received holy Baptism and the Lord's Supper. On the latter occasion he exclaimed with old Simeon: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for my eyes have seen thy salvation." A large concourse of people followed his remains to the St. Louis Cemetery.

CHARLES TAYLOR, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor, 13 days old, died on the 12th day of October and was buried Oct. 13th, 1889. May the Lord of all comfort bring consolation to the hearts who weep and mourn over the loss of their beloved ones. May their hearts be stayed upon Him who is the resurrection and the life.—N. J. BAKKE.

Trials of a Sepoy Convert.

A missionary of the London Society reports the conversion of a Sepoy, a soldier in a native regiment at Vizianagram, who first heard the Gospel from a street-preacher in Madras. The scene which took place at this baptism indicates the spirit of the people and the difficulties in the way of those who would confess Christ. The missionary writes: "On the Sunday morning we began the service as usual, Ramalingam—or, as he is now called, according to his own wish, Timothy—sitting in our midst, looking quietly happy. As I was reading the chapter I saw a woman enter at the back. It was Timothy's mother. As soon as she caught sight of her son, she began crying and lamenting,

and calling out to him in Tamil. This noise soon attracted the attention of the people outside and the chapel was presently crowded in every part. It was impossible to continue the service, so I went to speak to the poor woman and persuade her to go away. But directly she saw me coming, she flung herself down on the floor at my feet, beating the ground with her head and hands, and crying most piteously. Some of the Sepoys angrily asked me why I thus interfered with them and their religion, and would hardly listen to anything I said. I was debating with myself what to do, when Timothy arose from his seat, and, with an ashy face and hardset lips, said in Tamil to some of his friends, 'Have I not chosen? Why can't you let me go my way, and you take yours?' Immediately two men lifted up the poor woman from the ground, and bore her away, struggling and crying down the road to her house. After this we went on with the service, in the course of which I put a few questions to Timothy before the assembled crowd, which he quietly answered, and then I baptized him. Afterwards I addressed the people in Telugu, and another followed in Tamil, and we concluded with prayer. Then they crowded around us asking all sorts of questions, and trying hard to make us believe that it was only because he hoped to gain something that Timothy changed his religion. Since his baptism he has attended our services as opportunity offered, and shows himself eager in studying the Bible and Tamil books. He has passed through no small trial of his faith and steadfastness. His mother considers him as dead, his brothers laugh at and annoy him, and the native officers regard him with suspicion, and will lose no opportunity of getting him into trouble with his superiors. He is thus cut off from his family and friends, and must live alone."

A Farmer and an Infidel.

Collins, the freethinker, met a plain farmer going to church.

He asked him where he was going.

"To church, sir."

"What to do there?"

"To worship God."

"Pray, tell whether your God is a great God or a little God."

"He is both, sir."

"How can He be both?"

"He is so great, sir, that the heavens cannot contain Him; and so little that He can dwell in my heart."

Collins declared that this simple answer from the farmer had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes which learned doctors had written against him.

CHRYSOSTOM said beautifully, so beautifully that the words have been preserved like a fly in amber: "God has given a man two eyes; if he lose one, he hath another. But a man hath only one soul; if he lose that, the loss can never be made up again."

Acknowledgments.

Received of Rev. N. J. Bakke from members of the Ev. Luth. St. Paul Church for the school fund: Mr. Victor Marchand \$1.75, Jules Frederick .50, Em. Burshlong 2.00, Edw. Williams, jr. .50, Edw. Bonfon .75, Joseph Nicholas 1.00, Louis Thomas .50, Edw. Williams, sen. 1.00, Mrs. Mary Thomas .50, Esther Foremann .25, Sarah Scott 1.50, Josephine Nicholas 1.00, Sophia Bonfon .25, Miss. Sylvania Joseph .75, Georgana Thomas .50, Selina Thomas .50, Amelia Burshlong .50, Josephine Siegel .75, Genevieve Johnsen .25, Louisa Joseph .50, Martha Burshlong .75, Josephine Williams .50, Julia Johnsen .25, Felicy Chinn .50, Alice Mitchell .30. Total, \$17.55.

For General Mission: From the St. Paul Church Treasury \$25.00, from the Sick and Needy Treasury 15.00. Total, \$40.00.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 6, 1890.

A. F. LEONHARDT,
Local Treas.

Received for the *Bethlehem Chapel Building Fund* from Mrs. Mary Champbell ($\frac{1}{2}$ of subscription) \$1.00.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 15, 1890.

AUG. BURGDORF.

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 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Strs.
Divine services at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ Sunday evening and at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.
Divine services at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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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St. Louis, Mo., March, 1890.

No. 3.

Christ Crucified.

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

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

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

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

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

Selected.

In our Stead.

In the time of Lent we behold Christ nailed to the tree of the cross, and the Bible tells us, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." So the curse and wrath of a just and holy God was upon Him. Why? Was He a great sinner? No! Pilate, the judge, before whom He had been brought, said again and again, "I find no fault in Him." He was the Son of God,

"holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," Hebr. 7, 26. He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," 1. Pet. 2, 22. There was no stain of sin in Him. He was perfect in all His thoughts, and words, and ways. God was fully pleased in Him. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," said the Father. Yet that Son was nailed to the tree of the cross, and "cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." How is this? Let the Bible tell you. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, for it is written, 'Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree,' Gal. 3, 13. 'His own self bare our sins in His body on the tree,' 1. Pet. 2, 24. God 'hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him,' 2. Cor. 5, 21. 'All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all,' Isaiah 53, 6. He gave Himself for our sins," Gal. 1, 4.

From these passages of the Bible we learn that Christ suffered and died in our stead. By our sins we deserved the curse and wrath of a just and holy God. God can not overlook our sins; for His justice demands the punishment of every sin. No creature in heaven or on earth could deliver us from the curse and wrath of God. So God's own beloved Son in His unspeakable love came down from heaven; He became man; He took our sins upon Himself, and the wrath of God which we deserved was poured out upon Him. He was punished in our stead. He took our place, and suffered and died, the Just One for the unjust.

What a horrible thing sin is! What a great offense against God! Our sins brought that great suffering of body and soul on the Holy One of God. Our sins made Him a Man of sorrows, nailed Him to the cross, and put Him to death. Blessed are they who thus acknowledge and feel their sins. They can find salvation in that suffering and dying Saviour. By His sufferings and death He has redeemed us from eternal sufferings and death in hell. His death brings us life, and "by His wounds we are healed." His blood "cleanseth us from all sins," and though our "sins be as scarlet they

shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

By suffering and dying in our stead Christ paid the price of our redemption and opened Paradise for us. Let us seek salvation in this Saviour only. Believe in him and He will give you rest. His arms are open to receive the chief of sinners.

"Each drop of blood proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come."

"God Spared not His own Son."

One day a Christian was pressing on some neighbors the danger of neglecting their soul's salvation, and in doing so set before them the terrors of the hell that awaits the impenitent. One of them turned upon him and said, "You are a father; could you make one of your children unhappy for his whole life, even if he had offended you ever so deeply? And will God be less merciful to us than an earthly parent would be towards his children? If we have been so unfortunate as to offend Him, still will He not spare us?" "Spare you?" answered the other; "how could He do that, when He spared not His own Son!"

The Ground of Trust.

Our faith is built upon God's faithfulness; and we trust Him most who have proved Him oftenest. Said a teacher: "A poor little boy came to me one day, and asked me to give him a piece of bread. He was hungry and had nothing to eat. I gave him some food and he went away very much pleased. Some days after he came again, and asked the same thing. What made him come again? 'Because you gave him before,' was the reply of the little ones to whom the teacher had been speaking. 'Yes,' said the teacher; 'and so it was with David, who said, that because God had listened to him once, he would go to Him again.' And so it should be with us."

"His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Another Call for Help.

In the season of Lent we hear of the Saviour suffering and dying for the sins of the world. But, alas, how many thousands still dwell in total ignorance of this Saviour, and among them the greater part of the colored people of our land. Should we, therefore, who profess to be Christians not seek to communicate these saving tidings also to them? Is it not our sacred duty to do so? Everyone must and does answer: Why, certainly it is; but we can not all go and preach, we are not all able to do so, how can we then bring these saving tidings to them?

Nothing is easier than this. Send Christian ministers and teachers, and let these preach and teach the Gospel to them. Many may think, it is useless to do so. But let these say so no longer. For does not God speak of His Word when he says, "It shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it," Isaiah 55, 10, 11.

Have we not here an assurance that the time and money devoted to this cause, shall not be spent in vain? But it is not enough to send ministers and teachers to these poor benighted people. The ministers and teachers must also have appropriate places where to gather their hearers for instruction.

I hear some one ask, Have they not churches and schools in the Colored Mission, what more do they want?

Yes; we have schools, at least so the buildings are called. In the St. Paul's Station we have a building 27 x 20 x 12 which formerly served as church and school, but since the erection of the new church, it is used as a school exclusively. Into this small room 100 children are daily packed with their teacher. No one will deny that this room is entirely too small to accommodate such a large number of children. Not only is it too small, but it is also unhealthy. Yet year after year it has been packed and crowded in this manner, until the teacher was overcome and thrown upon a sick-bed, from which he never arose. Do we want a repetition of this sad event? No; certainly not, when this evil can be alleviated so easily.

Almost daily admission must be refused a number of applicants, because there is no room for them. And what becomes of these who are turned off? The majority of them then attend other schools, where they hear little or nothing of the precious Gospel. Who knows how many of these, for whom Christ died and paid for so dearly, are in this manner lost? Think of it, they may be lost, because we will not lay out a few paltry \$100 to erect larger buildings for our schools. How easily could the thousands of Lutheran Christians raise sufficient funds for this purpose, if they only desired to do so?

It is true, they may not receive a return of the money in this world, but think of the joy and happiness it would afford you on that great

day to be pointed out to your Saviour as one who has helped to save others. Think of some one pointing you out to Jesus, and saying: Here, dear Jesus, is one who has helped to bring your precious Gospel to me. And then, to crown the joy and happiness, to hear your Saviour say, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

So then, let us be up and doing. "He which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully," 2 Cor. 9, 6. Let us, then, all contribute to this glorious cause to the utmost of our ability.

May the Lord of the harvest grant that these lines were not written in vain, but may He move all hands and hearts to give cheerfully and plentifully.

New Orleans, La.

A. SCHEFFLER.

Letter from Little Rock.

DEAR PIONEER:—

We have been silent so long that we fear you may almost have forgotten us; a brief report of the mission work here may therefore not prove uninteresting, and will also show that the Lord is with us still, that we have, indeed, great cause for gratitude, as to the past and may well trust Him cheerfully for the future.

Since the last communications from here to the PIONEER five years have gradually retired into the shadowy past. In that time many great changes have taken place in our little flock. There were added to our congregation 14 new members, so that our communicant membership would now be 31; but while a few have strayed off, some too, as we sincerely hope, have taken leave from the little flock here to join the numberless throng of the redeemed in heaven.

The names of those who have been added in the time before stated are as follows: Joshua Bransford, after having been duly instructed, was baptized at his home on 3d and Bird Strs., being very ill at the time. He recovered somewhat, but relapsed a few weeks afterward, and died on the 27th of March, 1885. The next applicant was Mrs. Eliza Brooks, wife of Joseph Brooks, already a member through the ministrations of Rev. E. Meilaender; both Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were formerly of Virginia, she was received into the church by confirmation on the 27th of May. Margaret Rider, an old lady of this state, was admitted on the 1st of November. She was a very faithful attendant and though utterly destitute, yet often had some little sum to contribute to the church. She was taken seriously ill in December 1887; the sympathy of all the members was deeply aroused for the poor lone sufferer, and they not only contributed cheerfully for her support, but also gave her a decent burial. Mrs. Emily Bosley and Mrs. Sarah Marony were also received in this year, and remain faithful members.

In 1886: Mrs. Elizabeth Edmunds, wife of Anderson Edmunds, by confirmation; also Mr. Daniel Scott and wife. On Christmas-day were received: Mr. Abraham Matthews, formerly of Missouri. He was first made acquainted with our church by Rev. Theo. Buszin, and wishing to become a member, he was sent here. After being instructed he was received by baptism; also Miss Nancy Davies, formerly of De Witt County, Arkansas. In 1888: Mrs. Mollie Jones, Ann Slater, formerly of Mississippi, and Mr. John Baileys. And last year Mr. John Marony, who also departed this life. He died of dropsy on the 12th of June. His funeral expenses were also cheerfully defrayed by the congregation. Of those who were members when I came, there have died: Mrs. Emily Watson, and Miss Nancy Cox, who died at Eureka Springs.

In conclusion yet a few words to show the interest for church-maintenance. Though all members belong to the poorer class, they have contributed in 1888: \$122.00, and last year \$103.20. There are specially two constantly contributing in a liberal manner, one of them contributed alone over \$25.00 and the other nearly as much.

May God in mercy be with us in the future as He has been in the past, and grant that many may come to seek in the Scriptures and the promises of grace that peace and happiness which the world can never give, but is only found with Jesus.

GEO. ALLENBACH.

Living in Baptism.

As all true evangelical preaching is directed either to leading men to baptism, wherein Christ's merit is applied, or to developing in them what baptism, through Christ's merit, has already given, it is highly necessary to constantly bear in mind its true significance. Luther writes in his Large Catechism: "Let everyone esteem his baptism a daily dress in which he shall constantly walk." For baptism is not a rite whose efficacy is confined to the moment of its administration. It is a washing not only of regeneration, but also of renewal. As a washing of renewal its efficacy extends into the future for ever new appropriation by faith. "So that," the Large Catechism again says, "a truly Christian life is nothing else than a daily baptism, once begun and ever to be continued;" and "Repentance is nothing else than a return and approach to baptism, that we return to and practice what had been begun and abandoned." Whatever may be our wanderings and falls, we have in our baptism not only the pledge of God's promise, but the very application itself of the forgiveness of sins and eternal life,—an application which on God's side is irrevocable and absolutely immutable, and which can be invalidated and rendered inoperative alone as by our own act we separate ourselves from it.—T. L.

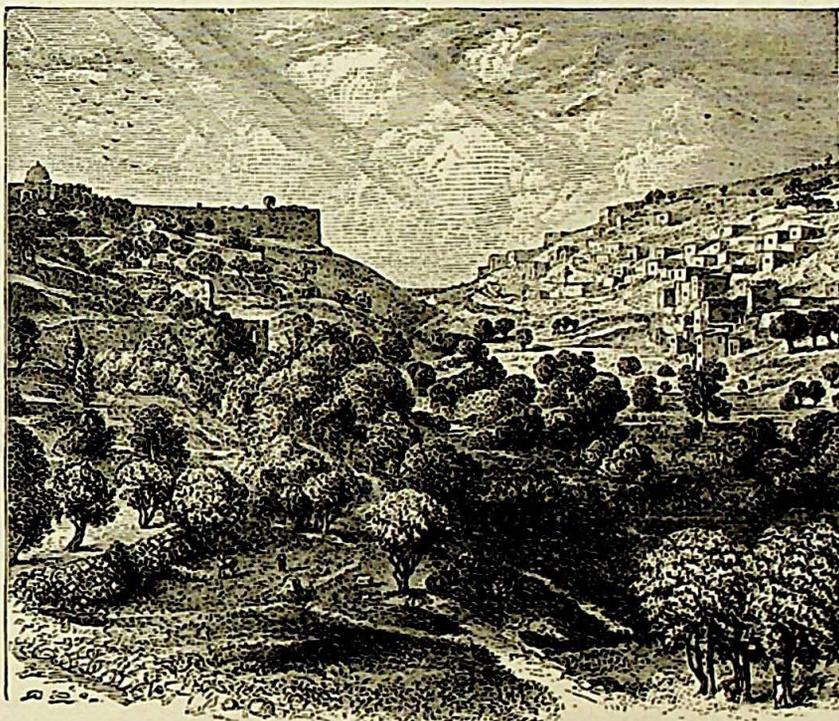
Mari, the Outcast and Foundling.

In India there are many children who have never known their parents. Girls especially are often exposed and deserted by their mothers in infancy, for it is deemed a disgrace for a family to have many daughters. Since the British Government at present severely punishes the crime of child-murder, which used to be fearfully prevalent in India, parents who wish to get rid of their girls take them to some large city, set them down in the streets and forsake them, consoling themselves with the thought that some kind person will find them and care for them. So these children, if they do not die from exposure, grow up in the bazaar or market-place. To-day perhaps a bearded Musselman will take them up, play with them and give them something to eat; to-morrow a Hindoo farmer may take pity on them and give them a little care; then some woman, passing by, may bestow a little attention upon them. Thus they lead a vagrant, forlorn life, eager, like the dogs, for some bone, or piece of bread or cake that are thrown down to them. As they become older, they begin to help themselves by begging and stealing, and as a consequence they are mercilessly knocked about and often cruelly abused. Of course they have no opportunity of learning anything but evil; and so they go to wreck in body and soul.

Such a pitiful creature was little, seven year old Mari, who a few years ago found her way to the missionaries at Calicut. She knew nothing about her parents; as far back as her memory served her, she had had no home and had lived in no house, but had stayed and strolled about in the market-place of a neighboring mountain city. By day she had been accustomed to beg and spend the time with other children on the streets, and at night she would crouch under some tree or creep into the corner of a veranda of some house, where, shivering with cold, she would try to wrap herself in her rags. On the mountains of India it is quite cold, particularly at night, and so her tattered and scanty clothing afforded her poor protection. In consequence of such exposure the poor child had early contracted rheumatism and the gout, so that her limbs were twisted out of shape and she could hardly walk erect. Hearing of the warmer climate of the lowlands, she started to go down one day, not knowing that it was a considerable distance into the valley, and that it required a good day's march at a brisk rate to reach it.

Owing to her crippled condition, she made poor progress. The first night she met a com-

pany of travelers who were camping out for the night and had kindled a fire. They allowed her to lie down with them and also gave her something to eat; but when they arose to go it was so cold that little Mari could not get up for pain. So she lay in the street until the sun had risen and warmed her sufficiently to continue her journey. She walked all day as fast as she could. Some people, whom she met, advised her to make haste so as to reach an inn before night, for in those regions there are many tigers, elephants and wild boars, and it would not be safe to spend the night in the open air. But though she hurried on as fast as she could, the night overtook her before she was able to reach the house. For fear of the wild beasts she did not dare to stop, and yet



Valley of the Kedron.

her little, crippled feet refused to bear her up longer. The howling of wolves, which she heard not far off, urged her to put forth her last energies, until she sank to the ground exhausted, unable to take another step. In her distress she began to cry aloud for help; but who should hear her in this deserted place? She may have been lying in the road about half an hour—and meanwhile it had become quite dark—when she heard the noise of an approaching wagon. She arose quickly to avoid being run over, and when the carriage drove by she took hold of it and begged to be taken along. The lady in the carriage, when she beheld the little girl, allowed her to climb in. Only a short distance further on they reached the travelers' inn. Here they secured lodging, and after supper, of which little Mari was permitted to partake also, the lady inquired into her history. When she learned that the child was a deserted orphan, she offered to keep her as her servant, to provide her with clothing and food and try to have her restored to

health. This was a brilliant offer which the little one eagerly accepted. The next day she rode with her new mistress to Cannanore, where a European garrison was stationed. At first the lady was very kind. Mari attended to the housework as well as she could and began to improve in health. But soon it appeared that her mistress was a very bad woman, who kept company with the soldiers and was given to drunkenness. At such times she found pleasure in torturing little Mari; she beat and pinched her, poured hot water on her, pressed sharp thorns through her ears and nose, and then laughed at the child's cries. Mari was too timid to resist such cruelties. But one day when the woman in her drunken fury heated an iron tripod red hot and placed the child thereon, the intense pain overcame her timidity, she fled from the house and made her way to the neighboring town Talacherry. Here she began her old vagrant life again. From this place she came to Calicut, where, for several months, she had been living in the market-place and sleeping at night under some veranda, among others that of the English school, from which she could look into the garden of the girl's school. One morning the sexton met her on the veranda and asked her whether she would not like to attend school and learn something and live with the other children. She could hardly believe that she would be received; but she went along with him and so, in her sick, forlorn and miserable condition, she was brought into the mission house. In less than a year her entire appearance was changed. With the excep-

tion of some stiffness in the feet, owing to the burns she had received at Cannanore, she became a healthy, cheerful child, kind, diligent and generally beloved in the school. May the Lord claim her for Himself and make of her a true child of God.—*Little Missionary.*

Christ for me, the Sinner.

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

SALVATION can be inherited but never earned.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A CERTAIN sick farmer was once visited by his pastor, and asked, "Well, how is it with you?" The reply was: "Just as I wish to have it." "How," said the pastor, "am I to understand this?" "Do you then wish to be sick?" "No," was the reply, "but what God wishes, I also wish." "God wishes me to be ill for the present, I am willing to be so; if He wishes me to die, I am satisfied with that, I cast all my cares upon Him, for I know that He cares for me."

—At the anniversary of a certain missionary society in America, a boy of 15 years arose and said, that with God's help he would go and labor among the heathen. His father, Doctor Brown, who was present at the time, but who knew nothing about the intentions of his son, said with joyful heart: "May God keep me from laying one stone in the way of my son. I shall be with him if he desires to give himself up to the Lord and to his church."

—A SINGULAR story is told of the bell of a church at Budd's Ferry, N. J.: "For some time past it had not spoken in its usual satisfactory tone notwithstanding special efforts at the rope. Finally the rope gave way, and the old sexton climbed up the steeple to mend it. He no sooner turned the bell over than a swarm of bees attacked him, stinging him terribly. He managed to reach the ground and the lake, but with his clothes and head covered with angry bees. He was nearly drowned before he was freed from his little enemies. He was fearfully stung. The bees were afterward smoked from the belfry, and about fifty pounds of honey were taken from the bell."

—HERE is a needed lesson well put by a "little one:" Two little girls were playing church. One said: "Now, we are to have prayer. You kneel down and be a 'real Christian;' I'll just sit down and put my hands up to my face. I'm going to be one of those 'stylish Christians.'"

—DURING the last few years Germans have been settling on the South Sea Islands, and as in all other parts of the world to which Lutherans emigrate, foundations are being laid for Lutheran congregations. In New Zealand there are seven German settlements, Upper Muteri, Waitotora, Wellington, Mishurst, Rangaliki and Norsewood. These settlements number 8000 Germans, and each has a Lutheran church and parochial school. In Honolulu, the largest city on the Sandwich Islands, the Germans are preparing to erect a church and school. On the Island Kanai, a little northwest from the Sandwich Islands, during the Luther year 1883, a German Lutheran congregation was organized, and a school house was erected in Lihue, which is attended by 100 children. A beautiful Gothic church has also been erected. From the mother church at Lihue three other churches have developed, at Kilauki, Koloa, Kekaha. Among the 127 Germans on the Samoan Islands

little, as yet, has been done. In the South Sea Islands the total number of Germans is at present about 10,000.

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

—A MISSIONARY in Indian Territory was asked, "How shall we reach the full-blooded Indians?" At last a Quaker lady teacher said: "To reach a full-blooded Indian send after him a full-blooded Christian." What the West needs as much as the East is a Christlike Christianity!

—In his "Capitals of Spanish America," Mr. W. E. Curtis says: "In Ecuador there is a Catholic church for every 150 inhabitants. Ten per cent. of the population are priests, monks and nuns. One-fourth of all the property in Ecuador belongs to the bishop. Two hundred and seventy-two days of the year are feast or fast days. The clerical party controls the government. The priests rule the country as absolutely as if the pope were king. Seventy-five per cent. of the children are born illegitimate. There is not a railroad nor a stage coach in the entire country. They know nothing but what the priests tell them. They have no amusements but cock-fights and bull-fights, no literature, no hope of political freedom under priestly leadership, no prospect of industrial advancement, although the territory, in proportion to its area, is naturally one of the richest on the globe." This is a graphic picture of what Romanism does for a country.

MARRIED.

On February 15, 1890, at the Ev. Luth. St. Paul Church, Mr. Louis Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Thomas of this city, and Octavie Tass, daughter of Mr. Francis Tass and Nathalia Steward of St. John the Baptist Parish, La. May God bless their union to His glory and to their salvation.

New Orleans, La., Febr. 18, 1890.

N. J. BAKKE, Pastor.

On the 19th ult., at the residence of the bride, No. 457 Fourth Str., New Orleans, La., Mr. Oliver Hager and Miss. Amelia Brooks of Bethlehem Chapel were united in the bonds of holy matrimony.

May the Lord's choicest blessings crown their union. AUG.

Acknowledgments.

Received from Mrs. Geo. Houser, California, Mo., 50 cts. for *Colored Missions*.

N. B. Friends of this cause would oblige us by sending their contributions to the *Treasurer*:

Prof. A. C. Burgdorf,
Walther College, St. Louis, Mo.
New Orleans, La., Febr. 18, 1890.

AUG. BURGDORF.

Received for General Mission Purposes: Jan. & Febr. '90 from Ellen Bransford \$1.00; from Leah Jones \$5.00; Nancy Davies .75; Contributions: in church \$2.65; in Sunday-school \$5.05; Day-school \$5.25. Total sum: \$19.70. G. ALLENBACH.

Received in monthly dues for General Mission Purposes: Jan. & Febr. '90: from E. Bransford \$2.75; Dan Scott .50; A. Matthews \$1.00; J. Brooks \$1.00; Leah Jones .75. Total sum: \$6.00.

JOSEPH BROOKS, Treasurer.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbligny

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.

Divine services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.

H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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St. Louis, Mo., April, 1890.

No. 4.

Easter Hymn.

Easter joy and Easter gladness!
Banish all thy care and sadness,
Put thy beauteous garments on,
Join the triumph of the Son.

Gone, the dread humiliation!
Gone, the pain of degradation!
Christ hath risen! oh, how glorious!
See Him o'er His foes victorious!

Tell the wondrous, joyful story,
How He passed from earth to glory!
Shout in loud and joyful chorus,
How He doth from death restore us!

Swell the anthem strong and stronger!
Let the peal ring loud and longer!
Till it reach from earth to heaven—
Man is saved, his sins forgiven!

Easter joy and Easter gladness!
Banish all thy care and sadness!
Let it sound from shore to shore—
Jesus liveth evermore!

Selected.

Easter Lessons.

Easter day tells us that Christ is risen from the dead. From this we learn

First, that Christ is true God. St. Paul says of Jesus that He was "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead," Rom. 1, 4. Christ Himself had told the Jews that He as the Son of God would rise from the dead on the third day. Speaking of the temple of His body He said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," John 2, 19. Again He said, "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down myself: I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again," John 10, 17, 18. Had Christ been holden of death, His enemies might say that He had no divine power, that He was not the Son of God. But He, the Lord of life, could not be holden of death. The Lord is risen! He is risen indeed! All the wisdom of the wise, and all the power of the mighty of earth can not conquer death, but Christ, the Son of God, conquered

death and came forth triumphantly from the grave. From this we see that the Saviour in whom we believe is the eternal, almighty Son of God. Woe to them who reject this Saviour! They reject the only true God.

Second, from Christ's resurrection we learn that the work of our redemption is finished. St. Paul says, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins," 1 Cor. 15, 17. Christ was our Substitute. The sins of the world were laid upon Him, and the sin-hating God poured out upon His sin-bearing Son all the wrath which sinners deserved. He "was delivered for our offenses." Had he been holden of death, we would yet be in our sins. We would then not know whether the purchase money laid down for our redemption was sufficient and was accepted by the Father. But the Lord is risen! He is risen indeed! The purchase money has been accepted. By raising Christ from the dead God the Father declared Himself perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son. "Christ was raised again for our justification," Rom. 4, 25. Christ was our Substitute, and therefore His victory is ours. All sinners that by true faith accept this finished work of redemption can cry out triumphantly, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again," Rom. 8, 33, 34.

Third, from Christ's resurrection we learn that we also shall rise from the grave. St. Paul says, "If Christ be preached that He rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection from the dead?" Again he says, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." Since Christ in His resurrection became the first fruits, we know that the whole harvest will be gathered in. He who by His divine power took His own body from the tomb, will by that same power raise our bodies from the grave. In the power of Christ's resurrection we are born again to a lively hope. The light of Easter day sheds the brightness of everlasting life into the darkness of our graves. For the Saviour says, "Because I live, ye shall live also," John 14, 19.

Peace.

"Jesus Himself came and stood in the midst of them, and said unto them, Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He showed unto them His hands and His side."

Here was the source of their peace — *the wounded hands and bruised side* of Jesus. It was peace flowing from their *crucified Redeemer*. They knew Jesus by his wounded hands and His bruised side, and we must know Him thus too, if we are ever to know Him at all. Peace is here and here alone. Not in forms and ceremonies, not in prayers and tears, not in any of these things, but only in Jesus with the wounded hands and bruised side. This will impart gladness to the heart; for it speaks of wrath endured, of sin forever put away, and of everlasting righteousness brought in; it tells the soul that all is finished, and that in Him it stands complete before God. This gives gladness; this, and only this, a *finished* salvation. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

A perfect Work.

The work of the Lord Jesus Christ is so perfect, "that nothing can be put to it." The Galatian Christians attempted to add their observance of the law to the work of Christ, but this was really to detract from the perfection of the work of Christ. Hence the apostle cries out with holy jealousy, "I do not frustrate the grace of God; for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain." Little do even Christians think of the constant tendency in their hearts to take away from the perfect work of Christ, by putting something to it. They allow the doctrine, that the work is perfect — is finished; yet, through the deceitfulness of their hearts, they often practically deny it. True Christian experience, real Christian service, genuine Christian graces may be put to the work of Christ, and thus, in reality, frustrate the grace of God and nullify the death of Christ.

WE do not belong to this life, but are called to another, and a far better. — *Luther.*

The Raising of Jairus' Daughter.

In our picture we behold Christ in the house of Jairus, a ruler of the Jews. Jairus had come to Jesus saying, Lord, my daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live. And when Jesus came into the ruler's house, and saw the minstrels and the people making a noise, He said unto them: Give place; for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed Him to scorn. But when the people were put forth, He went in, and took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha-cumi; which is, being interpreted, Damsel, (I say unto thee) arise. And straightway the damsel arose, and walked. And they were astonished with a great astonishment. Thus Christ manifested His divine power and proved Himself to be the great Conqueror of death.

Of this beautiful story we were reminded when we recently read the following of little Willy. Little Willy was taken once to a funeral of one of his young companions. He had never seen a dead body before. He looked long and earnestly on the beautiful form of his little friend, as it lay, like a piece of wax-work or of polished marble, in the dark coffin with flowers all over it. He did not go to the graveyard.

His mother took him home and let him stand at the window where he could see the funeral procession of his playmate go by. He looked at it with fixed attention for a while; then he turned to his mother, and his face all brightened up with gladness, as he said:

"Oh, mamma! how beautiful it will be when Jesus says—'Baby, arise.'"

The little fellow was thinking, no doubt, of what he had heard about Jesus standing in the house of Jairus and saying to the ruler's daughter: Damsel, arise!

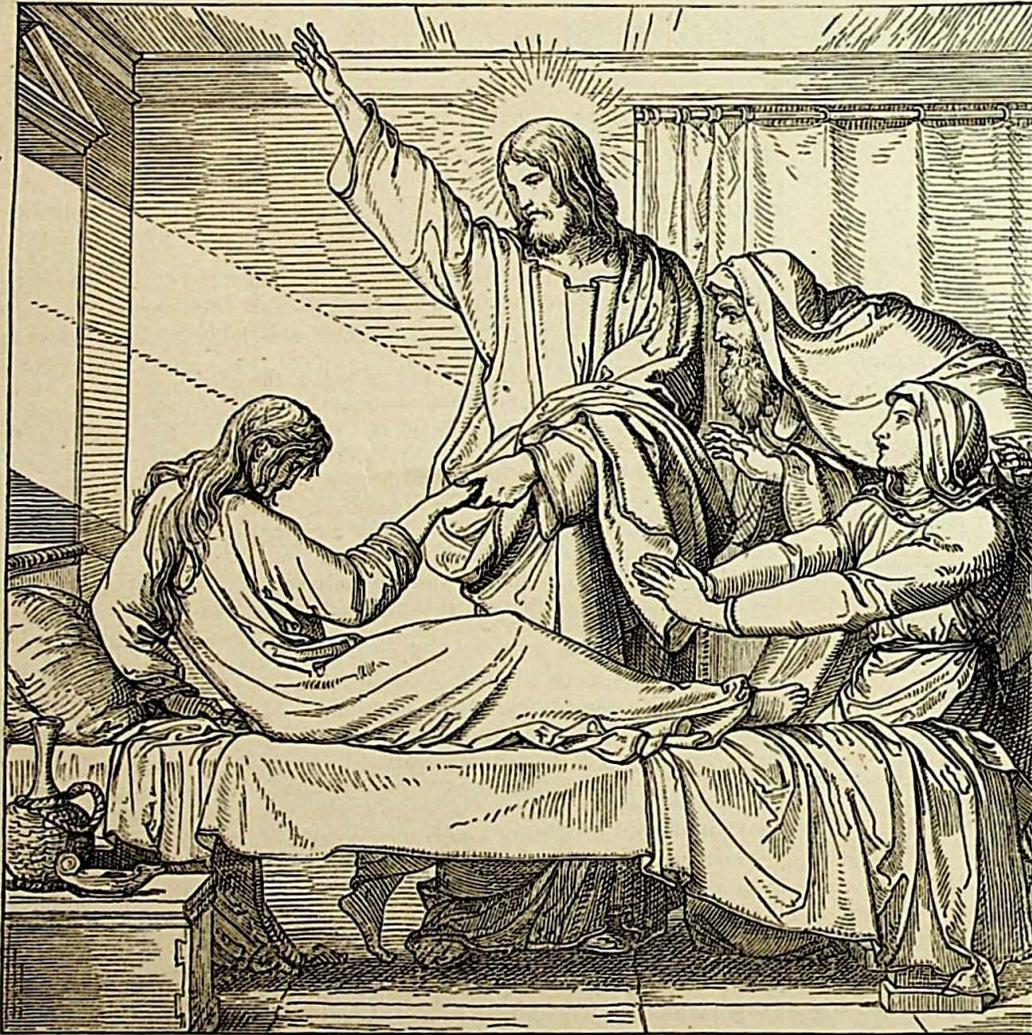
The dear child was making the right use of what the Bible teaches us about Jesus and the resurrection. In the morning of the resurrection Jesus will call all the dead from their graves. The miracle which He performed in Jairus' house and the miracle of His own resur-

rection are the forerunners of that grand miracle, when His shout shall ring through the silence of the tomb, and the dead shall rise in immortal bodies. And to all His people who died believing in Him, it will indeed be "beautiful" when they hear their Saviour's voice, Arise! They will rise and in glorious bodies meet their Saviour with all the saints. "So shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Death has no power over him who believes in the risen Saviour. He enters the grave as a quiet resting place from the strife and toil of earth,

with him, and endeavored to induce him to return. He refused, and when the law was invoked he defended his conduct in court. He testified that his wife was a wicked woman, with whom he could not live, and that by word and example she corrupted her children. "Don't believe him, judge," said the wife; "I have done my best with my home and the children, and I have reared them as they should be."

The man still persisted, and between so much cross-swearing the judge was puzzled. At last he asked if the children were in court. A little

girl, three years old, came forward, and the judge questioned her. One or two questions were answered intelligently, and then the judge said, "Could you say your prayers?" Without a moment's hesitation, the little girl knelt in the courtroom, closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and in reverential words began: "Our Father who art in heaven." Before she reached the end of the prayer, tears stood in the eyes of the judge, and the deep silence of the courtroom was broken by sobs from more than one rough fellow, to whom the words recalled childhood's memories. There was no doubt in the mind of any one as to the justice in the case, when the girl added to the Lord's Prayer an earnest petition for her father, which she had so evidently been in the habit of putting



and his Christian friends can gather around it to lift the hymn of praise,

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

"And a little Child shall lead them."

A little child's prayer furnished decisive evidence in a suit in a court at Fresno, Cal., a while ago. A man had deserted his wife and his two children, and had been found in Fresno. His wife and her brother had an interview

up, night and morning, during his shameful absence from his family. The judge would hear no more evidence, and in a voice broken with emotion, he gave his decision against the father. The mother could have had no idea, when she so trained her child, that the result would be so valuable to her in the crisis of her life, but she did her duty, and the child enabled her "to answer him that reproached her." (Prov. 27, 11.)

SOME clocks do not strike. You must look at them if you would know the time. Some men do not talk their Christianity; you must look at their lives if you would know what the Gospel can do. But a clock need not be incorrect because it strikes; a man need not be inconsistent because he speaks as well as acts.

The Deacon's Tithe.

They had a new minister at Seabrook. Old Parson Thornleigh, who had kept the flock for forty years, had gone to his long home; and in his stead had come an honest, plain-spoken young divine, with an earnest, fearless eloquence of his own. The minister boarded, having no family, at Deacon Larrabee's.

"He's the least bit uncertain on some points," said the deacon, leaning on his hoe-handle and talking across the fence to his neighbor Gray, who leaned on his hoe-handle to listen—"a bit uncertain. But I like him—I do, no mistake; and I believe the Lord's going to bless us through him!"

"Amen!" was neighbor Gray's hearty response.

They hoed a dozen hills of corn in silence, their hoes keeping time to the merry song of a bird in the orchard. Then Mr. Gray paused to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"This hot weather's liable to make sickness," said he. "I suppose you've heard that one of the Widow Sperry's boys is down with a fever?"

"Sho! now you don't say so!" exclaimed the deacon, commiseratingly. "Make it hard for her, won't it?"

"Yes, particularly when she's so lately lost her cow. I've been saying that we'd all ought to take hold and make it up to her. If I'd more than one cow on my place I wouldn't stand to talk long, now, I tell you; but I lost my two best ones last spring. If I hadn't—"

It might have been unintentional, that sudden facing about as Mr. Gray threw his glance toward the hill pasture where his neighbor's herd of cows was quietly feeding. At all events, the deacon could scarcely help noticing the action. And he understood its purport. An uneasy flush mounted to his face as he struck vigorously into the next hill.

"She ought to have kept her cow out of the road. My cattle never get into the mill-pond and drown. If they should, I wouldn't expect anybody to make 'em up for me. She'd no more call, had the widow, to let her cow run, than I'd have to turn my whole drove out."

"It's a pretty hard case, nevertheless," said Mr. Gray.

And then the fragmentary conversation, tossed piece-meal back and forth across the fence as the neighbors went steadily on with their work, drifted into indifferent channels.

There had been an interested listener to the colloquy narrated above. On the shady side of the wall which separated Deacon Larrabee's orchard and cornfield sat, book in hand, the Rev. Mr. Weston. He arose, as the chat which floated to his hearing began to be of crops and haying, and walked slowly away along the orchard path with a thoughtful smile upon his face.

That night, when the deacon took the shining milk-pails from the dresser and proceeded to the farm-yard, the young clergyman followed him. He stood leaning against the bars, watch-

ing the yellow stars come out in the sky, and looking abroad over the deacon's possessions, shadowy now, but substantial enough by daylight.

"You are a prosperous man, deacon."

A smile of supreme satisfaction overspread the deacon's countenance as he stood for a moment patting the sleek neck of a favorite cow.

"Well, yes," said he; "but I've made myself. A pig and a pitchfork, sir, was all I had to begin with."

"How does your neighbor Gray get along?"

"Gray? well, truth to tell, he'll never be forehanded if he lives to the age of Methuselah. He's a hard-working man enough, but why 'tis I can't tell you; there's never a poor creature comes into our town that doesn't head direct for John Gray's. Must be instinct teaches 'em; for he gives to 'em all, deserving or not. I believe he'd take the coat off his back if 'twas needed. He's a good neighbor—a good neighbor; but he'll never get anything, to speak of, ahead."

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal," quoted the minister.

"Yes, yes; but, if I mind me right, the good Book says something too about providing first for one's own household—eh?"

Mr. Weston smiled. "I believe there is a passage to that effect," said he.

"And," went on the deacon, a little triumphantly, "if neighbor Gray would give a certain portion—"

"A tithe?" interpolated the minister.

"And not go beyond that," continued Deacon Larrabee, "he'd be better off in one respect, and no worse off in the other, to my thinking. I don't believe in—in indiscriminate giving."

"Nor do I," was the quiet rejoinder. Then there was silence while Deacon Larrabee filled another pail with snowy foam.

"How many cows have you, deacon?"

"Ten," answered the deacon, with a pardonable pride showing itself in voice and feature; "and it's the finest herd in our county. They're grade Jerseys."

"Yes," returned Mr. Weston, a little absently. Then, after a slight pause: "Deacon Larrabee, I overheard the conversation between you and your neighbor Gray this morning, relating to Mrs. Sperry and her misfortunes. Poor lady! she *does* need substantial sympathy. Can not you afford to lend a tithe of your cows to the Lord?"

"Which means that I give one of them to the widow," uttered the deacon with a wry face. "No, sir; I'm afraid I can't. She wanted to buy one the other day, but I told her I'd none to spare. It was all owing to carelessness that she lost her cow, and I don't believe in upholding providence. Get to going on that way, and we'd all be on the town farm before we knew it."

Mr. Weston wore a thoughtful countenance, yet a gleam of something like amusement lighted up his eyes.

"Will you sell me one of your cows?" he asked.

"I—I have no need of the money now," replied the deacon hesitatingly.

The minister continued: "I heard you say this morning that you would be glad to give a good man extra wages to help you through your haying, but that you were afraid it would be difficult to procure the needful assistance at

any price. Will you take me, and let me pay for the cow in that way?"

A twinkle, both genial and quizzical, dawned in the deacon's gray eyes. For a moment he studied the young minister attentively. He was not at all what his neighbors would have denominated free-handed, yet he had a just appreciation of the quality of beneficence in other people. The prosperity which had attended his every undertaking caused him to look upon the lack of it in a neighbor's affairs as an entirely unnecessary evil—one which prudence and forethought might overcome. Now he shook his petitioner's hand heartily.

"It's a bargain," said he. "When will you take the cow off my hands?"

"To-night, if you will lend me your assistance," was the ready response.

"Better take one of those I haven't milked," said the deacon with a smile, "and save me that trouble."

Accordingly, a little time later, the minister, accompanied by the deacon, led his recent acquisition down the farm-house lane, and away along the thoroughfare of the sleepy little hamlet to the tiny cottage where dwelt Mrs. Sperry and her brood. There they fastened the animal to a convenient post, rapped softly, and departed.

Next morning when the deacon, hoe on shoulder, was leaving his door-yard for his corn-field, he encountered Mrs. Sperry. Her eyes were red, as with long watching or weeping, and her thin lips trembled with the emotion which she vainly endeavored to conceal.

She put out both hands to him. "Deacon Larrabee," said she, "I have come to thank you, and to ask your forgiveness. Oh, I have had such hard thoughts of you!—how cruelly hard only God knows—and my own heart. Why, I almost came to pray that some dreadful misfortune might overtake you!—and all because you would not sell me the cow you meant to give me."

"I—really—I—" began the deacon. The situation was a most embarrassing one, and rendered doubly so by the knowledge that beside the open window of the room appropriated to his library the minister was sitting, no doubt enjoying the conversation in the fullest measure. "Really, Mrs. Sperry—I—"

"Now, don't try to deny it," laughed the widow a little nervously. "I know the cow, Deacon Larrabee; and—" she laughed again—"I am bowed down with contrition, to think of my unjust feelings towards you. But I shall always pray that you may prosper, hereafter, deacon; for I am sure you will have a good account of your stewardship for the Master."

The deacon mopped his scarlet face in sore perplexity. How could he confess that the gift was none of his? Yet there really seemed no other way of escape from the one-horned dilemma in which he found himself, unless—

Well, the widow's generous thanks were very pleasant to hear. He only wished that the happy thought had been his, the charity his own spontaneous deed.

"I am glad if the gift pleases you, Mrs. Sperry," said he, shaking her proffered hand; "and now, please say no more about it. Go into the house and see the woman. I'll warrant she has a glass of jelly for the sick boy."

To Mr. Weston later on he said with a laugh, and a jocular twinkle in his eye, "I've hired my man, and shall not need you; so we'll shake hands and call it square. I think that's what I meant to do all the while, though I wasn't really sensible of it. But I'll tell you one thing, Brother Weston, I don't believe the next tithe will come so hard."—S. S. T.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR Colored Mission at Meherrin, Va., is in a prosperous condition under the faithful care of Mr. F. Lankenau, a student of our Springfield Seminary. The congregation numbers 36 members, the day school is attended by 65 pupils, in the Sunday school there are 40 children. A class of 11 has been prepared for confirmation. May God continue to bless the self-denying labor of our young friend in our Virginia mission field.

—WHEN an aged minister was once urged to preach up the times, on the ground that all the brethren preached up the times he replied, "Well then, if all the brethren are preaching up the times, suffer one poor brother to preach up Jesus Christ." He had learned the lesson from the apostle Paul, who says, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

—TO-DAY there are 500,000 native Christians in India. Yet there was a time when a discouraged missionary said: "If I ever see one of these natives converted to Jesus Christ, I shall see something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything I have ever seen."

—"WE hab a little mo' dan two hundred members," said the colored brother, "but dey're not so many as dat when you go round wid de collection paper for de minister's salary."

—HOW CHINESE WOMEN PRAY.—These poor souls think they are heard for their much speaking, and so they repeat the same words thousands of times. They take a piece of paper in one hand and a needle in the other, and then again and again they say, "O great Buddha! O great Buddha!" every time piercing the paper with the needle. Each hole stands for a prayer, and when the paper is full another is taken; and after a while all these papers are burned, to make the women sure that Buddha is pleased with them.

—A BLIND MAN'S WORK.—The *Record of Scotland* contains a striking account of "Blind Chang," who came to Moukden, Manchuria, China, in 1886 seeking baptism. Unknown to the missionary and untested, he returned to the village greatly disappointed that he was not permitted to be baptized, but he took back some books which were read to him, and he instantly began to tell the story of the gospel. Four months later Rev. Mr. Webster went from Moukden to the village where Blind Chang lived, and found not this man alone, but the whole village ready to welcome him, where four months previous he would have found it difficult to find a place to lay his head. It seems that Blind Chang went from house to house, and then from village to village, telling the story of the gospel. At first everybody laughed at him and thought him crazy, but those who laughed soon began to listen, and Mr. Webster found the whole neighborhood "ringing with the name of Jesus," and over a score of men and women desiring

baptism, giving good evidence of a change of heart. Besides these there are others who are listening earnestly to the truth. In 1887 Blind Chang went to Peking and came under the care of Mr. Murray, whose labors for the blind in China have been frequently alluded to. It seems that in China blindness gives especial privileges; the blind are treated with greatest consideration, and although a blind man may be a beggar, he is addressed as a scholar and a gentleman would be, and doors ordinarily closed are open to him. And now Blind Chang, having a Bible in the raised characters, so that he can readily read it, is going from house to house as a privileged man, reading the Word of Life and commending the gospel with great ardor. The work he has done is described as wonderful.

—VEIT WINSHEIM, one of the Professors in the University of Wittenberg, had an aged mother living in France, devoted to, and zealous in the Romish faith, and though often urged by her son to renounce her errors, and accept the true faith of God's Word, as taught by the Lutheran Church, she persistently refused. After an absence of some years, the son again returned home on a visit to his mother, and learned that she had embraced the Lutheran faith with all her heart. Anxious to know what had produced such a change in her convictions, he inquired, and received the reply: That, in her latter days, the mother had been much around the sick and dying, and observed that those who died in the Romish faith seemed restless and doubtful, while those of the Lutheran faith, resting alone in the saving merits and pardoning mercy of Jesus Christ had calmly fallen asleep. This, said she, convinced me that the words of Paul (Rom. 5, 1), "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" were true; and this induced me to embrace the Lutheran faith, and I thank God for this great grace.

BOOK-TABLE.

THE LAST SUPPER. An excellent engraving after the great historical painting of Leonardo Da Vinci, representing the institution of the Lord's Supper, has been issued by the Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. The price of the engraving, which will be an ornament in every Christian home, is \$1.00.

Acknowledgments.

Received of Rev. N. J. Bakke for the Building Fund of the Ev.-Luth. Mt. Zion Church from the Mt. Zion Sunday School \$10.00, Mt. Zion Church Treasury 5.00, Pioneer 6.75. Subscriptions paid by the following members: Mr. Robert B. Johnson 2.75, Mr. James S. Hubbard .25, Mr. Samuel Tibbs .25, Mr. Stephen Perkins .20, Mr. James Harris .25, Mrs. Laura Hurler 1.25, Mrs. Am. Davis 1.15, Mrs. Caroline Hardy 1.50, Mrs. Wilh. Hosbond 1.50, Mrs. Sophie Page 1.50, Mrs. Mary Brown .25, Mrs. Lottie Daniels .25, Mrs. Virg. Eugene .50, Mrs. Felley Benjamin 1.00, Mrs. Henr. Anderson 1.00, Mrs. Louise Green 1.00, Mrs. Francis Austin .25, Mrs. Min. Perkins .15, Mrs. Eliz. Hubbard 1.50, Mrs. Rebecca Rowley .75, Mrs. Mary Ried .10, Mrs. Conr. Johnson .30, Mrs. Am. Williams .30, Mrs. Lucy Armstrong 1.50, Mrs. Hesther McClay .50, Mrs. S. Richardsen .50, Mr. Nelson Moseley .25, N. N. 1.00. Total, \$48.95. Previously acknowledged \$138.55.

New Orleans, La., March 18, 1890.

A. F. LEONHARDT, Local Treasurer.

Received of Rev. N. J. Bakke for the School Fund of the Ev. Luth. St. Paul Church, from: Mr. Victor Marchand \$.75, Mr. Jules Fredrick .75, Mr. Cas. Guidrey .25, Mr. Em. Burthlong 1.25, Mr. Moses Thomas .25, Mr. Edw. Williams, Jr., .25, Mr. Edw. Williams, Sr., 1.60, Mr. Edw. Bonfon .50, Mr. Joseph Venoull .50, Mr. Gilbert Peters .25, Mr. John White .50, Mr. Wm. Thomas .10, Mr. Joseph Nicholas 1.00, Mr. Ernest Joseph .75, Mr. Wm. Jean .25, Mr. Chas. Robinson .75, Mr. Louis Thomas .60, Mrs. Octavie Thomas .20, Mrs. Josephine Menolos .50, Mrs. Alice Taylor .75, Mrs. Julia Williams .25, Mrs. Mary Robinson .75, Mrs. Sophie Bonfon .10, Mrs. Mary Thomas .50, Mrs. Cecilia Zuitan .25, Miss Sylvana Joseph 1.00, Miss Georg. Thomas .25, Miss Selina Thomas .25, Miss Amelia Burthlong .50, Miss Josephine Siegel .25, Miss Gen. Johnsen .75, Miss Louisa Joseph .50, Miss Martha Burthlong .50, Miss Alice Mitchell .25. Total, \$17.85. Previously acknowledged \$57.55.

New Orleans, La., March 18, 1890.

A. F. LEONHARDT, Local Treasurer.

Received for the Bethlehem Chapel Building Fund from Mr. B. H. Succop, Sr., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$1.00, Mrs. Marg. Durand (½ of subscription) 4.00, Mr. Edward W. Benjamin (¼ of subscription) 1.00, Mr. John Brown (¼ of subscription) \$1.00.

New Orleans, La., March 17, 1890.

AUG. BURGDORF.

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.

Divine services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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No. 5.

Ascension.

Thou art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest!

Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with grief and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

Thou art gone up on high,
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

Ascended into Heaven.

Jesus ascended into heaven forty days after He arose from the grave. During these forty days He showed Himself alive to His disciples at different times and spoke to them about the Kingdom of God. On the fortieth day after His resurrection He led them out to the Mount of Olives. He there told them that they should stay at Jerusalem and wait for the promise of the Father, the descent of the Holy Ghost. After this baptism with the Holy Ghost they should become His witnesses unto the uttermost part of the earth by preaching the Gospel to every creature. And when He had spoken these things, He was taken up into heaven and sat at the right hand of God. The disciples saw Him rising, until a cloud received Him out of their sight. And whilst they behold and wonder, two angels appear and tell them that Jesus will come again to the earth in a visible manner, as they have just seen Him go into heaven.

This is the glorious event at which Christians rejoice on Ascension Day. This day is to them a day of glad tidings. Beholding this day with

the eye of faith in the far future, David joyfully exclaimed: "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises," Ps. 47. And St. Paul reminds us of the benefits which are ours by the ascension of Christ. He says, "When He ascended on high, He led captivity captive." This captivity is the captivity of sin, death, devil, and hell. In this captivity all men are held by nature. They are the slaves of sin and the captives of Satan. From this slavery and captivity no man can deliver himself. Many have tried and tried and failed. There is only one Deliverer from this bondage. It is Jesus. He in our place was thrown into prison by our enemies. But, behold! they could not hold Him captive. He, the powerful God-Man, broke the prison. Rising from the grave He came forth the Conqueror over all our enemies; and ascending into heaven He led our captivity captive, that is, He made our enemies captives and slaves. Our enemies were put under His feet. Through Him deliverance is now procured for all sinners, and therefore the Gospel proclaims liberty to every captive sinner. The prison doors are thrown wide open, and sinners are told to come out of their captivity, they are told that they are free. Many do not believe the Gospel; they find it more pleasant to remain in their dark prison cell; they do not want to enjoy the bright light and the fresh air of Gospel liberty; they go on in sin and remain the slaves and the captives of Satan. But they who accept the Gospel and truly believe in Christ, enjoy the deliverance from all their enemies, they enjoy the Gospel liberty. They are no longer captives, but masters over sin, death, devil, and hell. They are made lords and kings.

Sing praises unto our God, sing praises!
Ascension Day is a day of rejoicing.

POVERTY is the load of some and wealth is the load of others, perhaps the greater load of the two. It may weigh them to perdition. Bear the load of thy neighbor's poverty, and let him bear with thee the load of thy wealth. Thou lightenest thy load by lightening his.—
Augustine.

Bought with his Blood.

Some Africans are terribly blood-thirsty and cruel. A chief one day ordered a slave to be killed for a very small offence. An Englishman who overheard the order at once went to the chief and offered him many costly things if only he would spare the poor man's life. But the chief turned to him and said, "I don't want ivory, or slaves, or gold; I can go against yonder tribe and capture their stores and their villages. I want no favors from the white man. All I want is blood." Then he ordered one of his men to pull his bow-string and discharge an arrow at the heart of the poor slave. The Englishman instinctively threw himself in front and held up his arm, and the next moment the arrow was quivering in the white man's flesh. The black men were astonished. Then, as the Englishman pulled the arrow from his arm, he said to the chief: "Here is blood; I give my blood for this poor slave, and I claim his life." The chief had never seen such love before, and he was completely overcome by it. He gave the slave to the white man, saying, "Yes, white man, you have bought him with your blood, and he shall be yours." In a moment the poor slave threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and with tears flowing down his face, exclaimed, "O, white man, you have bought me with your blood; I will be your slave forever." The Englishman could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the rescued man was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too hopeless for the grateful slave to do for his deliverer. If the heart of a poor heathen can thus be won by the wound on a stranger's arm, shall not we, who are "redeemed by the precious blood of Christ," give our whole lives also to His service?

MANY a man put in the seed who never saw the harvest, just as many another brought home ripe sheaves on which he bestowed no labor save that of the sickle. The worker for Christ, therefore, is to work in faith, expecting the Divine hand to secure the result. He has abundant reason to believe that good is done of which he has no knowledge, and will have none until the great day.

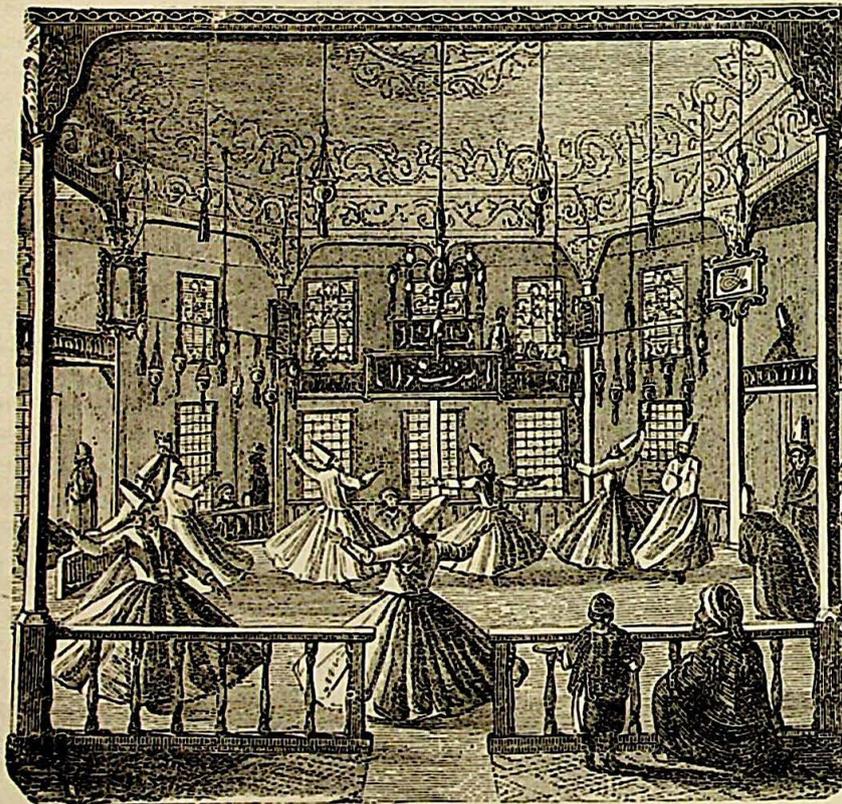
The howling Dervishes.

Those are queer people that you see in our picture. They are a Mohammedan sect and are called Dervishes. They are gathered into communities like monks. A writer in the *Church Messenger* says of them:

According to one who was an eye-witness, their service begins with recitations of their common prayers, a chapter of the Koran, the praises of the false prophet Mohammed and of former saints of the Order. After this more formal part of the service the singing and dancing begin. A number of Dervishes stand up in line and the dancing and howling begin. The songs used are love and drinking songs, all of which are mystically interpreted, the former of the love of the soul to their god, the latter of spiritual ecstasy. The louder the songs and the wilder the dancing and howling, the more profound is their love and the more exalted their ecstasy. While these songs are being sung, the line of Dervishes keep on repeating, without regard to order, the words, "There is no god but God," accompanying the words with contortions of the body, swaying to and fro, and stamping with their feet. Their motions and utterances keep on increasing in rapidity and loudness, until the wildest confusion prevails. The robes are thrown off, the number of dancers increases, and they dance and howl as long as they can hold out. As some drop out of the line from utter exhaustion, others take their places, so that with the excitement the number of performers increases. After the dancers have become sufficiently excited, at a given signal, the limping, swaying movement ceases, and all begin to bob very violently up and down, without quite lifting their bare feet from the floor, flinging their heads wildly from side to side, often with hideous contortions of the countenances and ecstatic grimaces, at the same time wildly uttering something which is incomprehensible except to the initiated. These wild cries are hallelujahs, the name of god, ejaculatory prayers and expressions of a similar nature. And this is ecstasy. This is the time when the participants seem most happy.

Who, that has ever attended camp-meetings, revival meetings, or meetings of a similar character, does not recognize these things as a part of the performance of some so-called Christians? Almost the same form of excitement, called religious ecstasy, can be seen at these meetings, the contortions of the body, the swaying motion, the jumping and the wild and often inarticulate

cries of prayers, hallelujahs and the name of the Lord. The writer speaks of this not from mere hear-say, but from personal observation. He has been present at revivals and camp-meetings, where scenes were enacted quite similar to those related in this article, and where all this excitement was called religious ecstasy and the only means which God had given for man's salvation. The Dervishes are not Christians, and their performances can be partly excused on the ground of their ignorance and superstition; but the others, referred to in this article, want to be called Christians, set themselves up as the highest type of Christians, and call their performances the worship of God. They can not be excused on the plea of ignorance, since the Word of God, which they profess to



know and believe, clearly teaches quite a different form of worship. They purposely get up these excitements, in order to convert, as they say, the unconverted, by which they mean the members of the various churches. And a good many church members are duped into thinking that this is the way to conversion and is serving God. Lutherans ought to know better, and would know better, if they would more faithfully study their Bibles and Catechisms. The purpose in view, in the presentation of this subject, is to show how heathenish and irreligious some things are that go by the name of the service of God, and are done under the garb of religion.

"THE life of Christianity," said Luther, "consists in possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is a Saviour;" it is quite another to say, "He is MY Saviour and MY Lord." The devil can say the first; the true Christian alone can say the second.

Progress in Japan.

I suppose our friends have read all about the new Constitution in Japan, and the great rejoicing of the people over its promulgation; and of the riding of the empress by the side of the emperor in the state carriage, a thing unknown before in the history of the country.

Have they considered what a very little time it is since Japan was one of the hermit-countries? Only thirty-five years since Commodore Perry stood in the Bay of Yeddo with his fleet, demanding admittance for Western nations. How quickly the changes have followed each other in these thirty-five years! Schools, printing presses, rail-roads, all modern improvements welcomed; and now the emperor, who received almost divine honors from his people, and whose august title was "The Son of Heaven," renounces cheerfully this supreme authority, and guarantees to his people all rights of person, and conscience, and speech.

How is it that Japan has obtained all this so easily, while other nations have had to win the blessing of civil and religious liberty by the sword? It is due simply to the progress of the Gospel of Christ. This is the power which is changing society, and giving to men their rights. Christian missions have been preparing Japan for this great change. Surely we are all glad that we have some part in them.

Church Messenger.

The singing Prisoners.

In the year 1884, three young disciples in Spain were thrown into prison for not worshipping the host as it was borne past. Like Paul and Silas they prayed and sang praises even in jail, and one passing by in the street sent them five francs for their sweet singing. When the ten days of their sentence had expired, the judge demanded the fine of fifty francs. They had not money to pay it, and he sent them back to prison for another ten days. Two days later he set them free; for the priest had complained that his parishioners stood morning and evening before the prison, listening to the hymns they sang, and they were exciting so much interest that he was afraid many more would become Protestants.

In the deepest night of sorrow God gives us so much to be thankful for that we need never cease our singing. With all our wisdom and foresight, we can take a lesson in gladness and gratitude from the happy bird that sings all night as if the day were not long enough to tell its joy.

For Christ's Sake.

In one of my early journeys, writes Dr. Mofatt, I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had traveled far, and were very hungry, thirsty and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk; but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight came on a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionally entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied:

"I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I can not speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place."

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament which she had received from a missionary some years before; "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn."

I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father.

The Infidel and the Farmer.

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

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

spirits, always ready to raise laughter and mirth, and as jolly a fellow as any one of you! Think you not, if God really existed, He would in some way show His disapprobation of my actions, and put a stop to my work?"

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

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

A youthful Martyr.

In the first ages of the Church of Christ, in the city of Antioch, a believer was carried forth to die as a martyr. "Ask any little child," said he, "whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who is able to save us, or to worship the many false gods whom the heathen serve?"

Now, it was so that a Christian mother had come to the spot, holding in her hand a little son, of about nine or ten years old, named Cyril. The heathen judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eyes rested on the child, and he desired the question to be put to him.

The question was asked: and, to the surprise of those who heard it, the boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The judge was filled with rage. "Oh, base Christian!" he cried, "thou hast taught that child to answer thus." Then turning to the boy, he said more mildly, "Tell me, child, how did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly in his mother's face, and replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and she taught it to me."

"Let us now see what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and at a

sign from him, the officers who stood ready with their wooden rods, of the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy. Gladly would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the cost of her own life, but she could not do so; yet she did whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to speak the truth.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply. And again they smote the child.

"What can the love of Christ do for him?" And tears fell even from the eyes of the heathen, as that mother, as much tortured as her son, answered, "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

The boy watched his mother's eyes as they rose up to heaven for him; and when his tormentors asked whether he would not now acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still said, "No; there is no other God but one; and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love Him for His love."

The poor boy now fainted beneath the repeated strokes, and they cast the bruised body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now!"

As the mother pressed her child gently to her own crushed heart, she answered, "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the rest of heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

The mother said, "Already, dearest, thou hast tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace which Christ gives to His little ones. Thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. May He grant thy poor mother grace to follow in the bright path!"

The little martyr faintly raised his eyes, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent;" and so saying he gave up his life.—*Golden Sayings for the Young.*

How God uses little Things.

A nut once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay in his castle through the day. Before going to bed the count drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice. That night the murderer entered the bed-room, but stepped on the nut, which, breaking, cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled. Who would say that all this was mere accident? In God's providence the man might have stepped just beside that nut, or the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what it was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR missionary at New Orleans sends us the following welcome item: On Easter-Sunday a very handsome set of pulpit-chairs, purchased by the Bethlehem congregation and several generous well-wishers of the church, was placed in our chapel at New Orleans. The promptness with which all contributors made the donations promised deserves special mention. The pastor in charge who was surprised by this valuable donation to the church expressed his appreciation of the gift to us in the warmest possible language.—By the untiring efforts of Mr. Rischow and the kind assistance of some of the church-members a choir has been organized which added to the beauty of the Easter-service by rendering Burhenn's "Hallelujah." Both the choir and the soloists acquitted themselves in a manner that reflects much credit on the members.—The house of worship had been beautifully decorated with a variety of large and small plants and an abundance of cut flowers, for the arrangement of which the congregation is chiefly indebted to Mr. Wm. Campbell.

—DR. VON DALCKE of Detroit, a native Icelander, has addressed a memorial to Congress, advising that steps be taken to colonize the entire population of Iceland, who are all Lutherans, about 115,000, in Alaska. He states that, on account of the constant increase of the severity of the climate of Iceland, it will soon be impossible for its population to maintain an existence.

—About \$35,000 have been spent during the past year by the American Seamen's Friend Society in missionary work, publications, loan libraries, and other aids. Altogether 9221 new libraries have been given out to vessels; over 10,000 have been reshipped, making 500,000 books which have been put within reach of about 350,000 men.

—A POOR BLIND GIRL in England brought \$7.50 to her pastor for the cause of missions. He said to her, "You are a poor blind girl and can not afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give this amount better, perhaps, than you suppose. I am by trade a basket maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. During the last winter it must have cost the other girls making baskets who have eyes, more than \$7.50 for candles to work by, which I have saved; and, therefore, hope you will take it for the missionaries."

—HOW GIRLS IN INDIA STUDY.—Mrs. Andrews, the returned missionary from India, in her reference to the mission schools there, said in Buffalo recently that a stranger on approaching one of these schools would imagine from the racket that they were disorderly. But this is not the case. It is due to the fact that a girl in India when studying screams at the top of her voice and rocks back and forth, and the more interested she becomes in her lesson the louder she screams and the harder she rocks.

—THE conversion to Protestantism of the prominent Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic, the Spanish Father Raphael de Zufa Menendez, has created considerable excitement. He was at one time professor at Bordeaux, apostolic missionary in Africa, and had for years been missionary preacher in Barcelona and Madrid.

—AN exchange publishes an account of the conversion of Leo Taxil who has been one of the chief spirits in organizing atheistic societies in France, a famous freethinker and author of many anti-Christian works. Recently he renounced his infidel sentiments, and announced his belief in God and his purpose to follow Christ. His former followers, instead of according to him the privilege of independent thinking, summoned him to appear before the Free Thought Societies, and proceeded to denounce him as a traitor and a coward, and to expel him from their organization with clamorous and passionate and vindictive reproaches. Free thought is not to be indulged by free-thinkers, except in the direction of atheism.

—A MISSIONARY FAMILY.—Out of nine hundred foreign missionaries at present in India, representing various lands and peoples, the oldest is an American, the Rev. John Newton (of the Presbyterian church), the veteran missionary of Lahore, who at the age of 78 is still a happy worker in his chosen field. Mr. Newton landed in Calcutta in February, 1835, almost fifty-five years ago; he has labored since in connection with the well known Lodiana Mission. Four sons born here and educated in America returned to this country as missionaries; one of these, Dr. J. Newton, died in India after twenty-two years' service; the others are still in the ranks; the five laborers have given 125 years of service to India. A daughter returned to India as a missionary, and afterward married the Rev. Dr. Forman, of Lahore, whose two sons and daughter have recently returned to India as missionaries, the first representatives of the third generation in this grand missionary family.

—A GENTLEMAN states that, when a boy, he was one day in the office of his grandfather, who held a position under the Federal government, and wishing to write, he was about taking a sheet of letter-paper from the desk. "What are you about there?" said the old gentleman. "Getting a sheet of paper only," said he. "Put it back, sir, put it back," exclaimed the strictly honest official, "That paper belongs to the government of the United States!"

Luke 16, 10. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

—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.

—IN India, where the elephant is treated by his mahout almost as one of the family, the grateful animal makes a return for the kindness shown it by voluntarily taking care of the baby. It will patiently permit itself to be mauled by its little charge, and will show great solicitude when the child cries. Sometimes the elephant will become so much attached to its baby friend as to insist upon its constant presence. Such a case is known where the elephant went so far as to refuse to eat except in the presence of its little friend. Its attachment was so genuine that the child's parents would not hesitate to leave the baby in the elephant's care, knowing that it could have no more faithful nurse. And the kindly monster never belied the trust reposed in him.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

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

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

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

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

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

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.
Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGENDORF, MISSIONARY.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

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

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

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,

Springfield, Ills.

Divine services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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The last Hymn.

The dear Lord's day was ending
In a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction
Touched the people tenderly.
And they rose to face the sunset
In the glowing lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings
For God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters,
And a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them,
The wild spirit of the air,
And it lashed and shook and tore them,
Till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas! for any vessel
In their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people
On that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawn of coming morrows
Should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion
And should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims,
As it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her,
A brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows
A large vessel fall and rise;
Oh, it did not need a prophet
To tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety
Near the shore on such a sea.

Then pitying people hurried
From their homes, and thronged the beach,
Oh, for power to cross the water,
And the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow,
Tender hands grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest,
To the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle!
Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Oh! is heaven
Far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white shocked faces
Looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure
On the spars was seen to be.

And near the trembling watchers
Came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated,
Though no power on earth could save.

"Could we send him a short message?"
"Here's a trumpet—Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it,
And he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon,
Firstly—secondly—ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter
In the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet,
"Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer
O'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened; He is singing,
"Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo,
"While the nearer waters roll,"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him,
"Till the storm of life was passed,"
Singing bravely from the waters,
"Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge,
"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,"
"Leave, ah, leave me not"—The singer
Dropped at last into the sea;
And the watchers, looking homeward
Through their eyes, with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus,
In the singing of that hymn."

Cleansed from Sin.

A Hindoo, being anxious about his salvation, asked his priest, how he might be cleansed from sin. The priest said, "You must drive a number of iron spikes through your sandals, and on these sandals you must place your naked feet, and walk to the holy station, about four hundred miles. If, through loss of blood or weakness of body, you are unable to go on, you must halt and wait for healing and strength. When you have thus reached the station, you may hope, that your soul will be cleansed."

The poor Hindoo was in earnest to save his soul, and set out on his painful journey. At length he could go no further and sat down beneath the inviting shade of a wide-spreading tree. It happened that a Christian missionary lived near the spot; and at this very tree he was wont to take his stand, and to preach the words of life to all that would gather to hear. The poor foot-sore Hindoo had not been here

long before the missionary came to his usual labor. He cried aloud: "*The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin*" (1 John 1, 7). He began to show what sin was in the sight of God. He pressed guilt home upon his hearers and showed the utter hopelessness of man saving himself by his own doings or sufferings. He went on to show God's way of salvation through the blood-shedding of His own well-beloved Son.

These glad sounds fell upon the ears of the poor Hindoo like rain on the thirsty soil. He drank in every word, and, at length, plucking off his torturing sandals, he sprang up and cried out with joy: "*This is what I want! This is the thing for me!*" He followed the missionary home; gladly received the word and believed it; and became a lively witness that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from sin. It had cleansed him.

The same Gospel is still preached to sinners in order to cleanse them from their sin. To you, as to the poor heathen, comes the blessed message—"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," from all sin, from ALL! That blood which made atonement for sin, has been shed once for all, and now, by its cleansing power, it cleanses and saves all who trust in it. It does not need anything of yours to be added to it. Christ alone is the Saviour, and He will not share the glory of His finished work with you. You must be saved like the poor Hindoo. He threw away his sandals when he found Jesus as his Saviour; in like manner do you throw away whatever you find in your own sinful self, and cling only to Jesus.

Yea, His dear blood and righteousness
My jewels are, my glorious dress,
Wherein before my God I'll stand,
When I shall reach the heavenly land.

ONCE in beautiful weather in May, Luther said, "What a picture of the Resurrection! See how the trees are dressed for their bridal! How delightfully all is growing green! What a precious May! Ah, that we would only trust God! What will it be in the life beyond, if God can show us such great delights in this pilgrimage and this troubled life!"

Slave Trade in Africa.

The April *Century* contains a paper on "The Slave Trade in the Congo Basin" by one of Stanley's pioneer officers. We take the following from a full and graphic description of the people and country: "The heart of Africa is being rapidly depopulated in consequence of the enormous death-roll caused by the barbarous slave trade. I found trading somewhat difficult, as the standard of value in many places was human life—human flesh. I have been asked on several occasions to barter a man for a tusk of ivory, and in one village the neighbors urged me to leave one of my boat's crew in exchange for a goat. Upon the death of a chief a number of his slaves are selected to be sacrificed, that their spirits may accompany him to the next world. When a woman is to be sacrificed she is adorned with bright metal bangs, her toilet is carefully attended to, her hair neatly plaited, and bright colored cloths are wrapped around her. Hands are pinioned and her neck is passed through a noose of cord to await the pleasure of the executioner. It often happens that a little child becomes a victim by being placed in the grave alive, as a pillow for the dead chief. These executions are perpetrated in all the villages of the Upper Congo. The small, unprotected villages are constantly attacked by the powerful roving tribes, who kill all the men who resist, and capture the rest to be sold as slaves. These slaves are then taken to the slave markets, and are treated with the utmost cruelty, many of them dying of pure starvation. A chief's ambition is to secure as many slaves as possible. The slave trade of to-day is almost entirely confined to Africa. The slaves are caught and disposed of in that continent, and the number shipped to Turkey and other parts are few compared with the enormous traffic carried on in the interior. Stanley and Livingstone have testified to the iniquity existing in the Eastern portion of Equatorial Africa. In India we have an example of what can be accomplished to put an end to these inhuman and cruel practices; the inhuman ceremonies of the suttee, car of Juggernaut, infanticide and the secret society of the Thugs have all been suppressed. The opportunities for reaching the center of Africa are yearly improving. The work for Africa's welfare so determinedly pursued by Livingstone has been most nobly carried on by Stanley." The good work of the missionaries of all denominations has wrought a change in many sections that was thought impossible a few years ago. The day is coming when "Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God. Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth; O sing praises unto the Lord."

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

Despise not humble Beginnings.

The fathers of the "Missouri Synod" of our church landed in Missouri in the early days of 1839. They were strangers in a land where everything was strange. They settled in the wilderness. They felled forests and lived on browned corn-grains while they did so. Many of them died of disease brought on by hard work and a climate filled with malaria.

Their pastors also went into the forests, and with their own hands felled trees and with them built their "log college." They had been educated in the gymnasia (colleges) and the universities of Europe. They and their successors traveled through forests and over prairies, in towns and in country places, to preach the Word to their countrymen. Their pay, at first, generally was free lodging; although quite often they had to provide even this for themselves. In Chicago, in 1847, they united in organizing the German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States.

To-day this Synod consists of thirteen district Synods, and is spread over all parts of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. For 1889 it reported nearly 1100 pastors, 1500 congregations, and a communicant membership of 280,000.

It has two theological seminaries, two colleges, four pro-gymnasia, a teachers' seminary, and at least two high-schools or academies. In these institutions there are 52 professors and 1200 students. It has over 1100 parochial schools, and in them it instructs about 100,000 pupils each year. It has ten Orphans' homes, and one institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It has two hospitals for the care of the sick and wounded, and two homes for the Aged and Infirm. It has about 500 Home Missions, and carries on mission work among the negroes in Illinois, Louisiana and Virginia, and among the Jews. It publishes and supports eight church papers, and has a publication house that does a business of about \$125,000 a year.

The Young Lutheran.

The Power of Littles in Giving.

It is a great mistake, a wrong, not to give to the cause of Christ, because one can only give a little. It means one of two things, either that the one appealed to is indifferent, or else that the pride of the heart is more worthy of consideration than the cause of Christ is worthy of help. How long will it be until God's dear children will learn that Christian giving is to be a thing of principle, of love, of obedience to God's word, and not a thing of quantity! As God has blessed us is the rule. If God has so blessed you that you can only give a little, is it not a solemn, should it not be a glad duty to give that little? Do men refuse to give to the world, to the gratification of the flesh when only a little is required? Why deny God's

good and needy cause because you can only give a little? If all in the Church who refuse to give because they can only give a little, would give that little, there would not be an empty treasury in the Church, and the Gospel would go where it can not now be sent for lack of means. There is a wonderful power in the littles, especially when laid on God's altar.

Let me illustrate. A minister sent out 237 envelopes for a noble cause. Of these, 100 containing a noble offering were returned. Suppose that each of the 137 not returned had come back with an average of ten cents in each, this would have added \$13.70; more than a little in the aggregate. Who, however much pressed, could not have given the ten cents, especially when it was asked for Him who gave all for us? But a number to whom these envelopes were sent were able to give dollars instead of cents. Put the average at 25 cents and the total swells to \$34.50; put it at 50 cents and we have \$69.00. Would this not have been worth while? Realize the same result from ten congregations and ten times ten would provide the opportunity, and we have the splendid aggregate of \$690.00. Oh, for the time when Christians will give from principle, because they love Christ and His cause and will no longer refuse to give because they love the world more, or because they can only give a little.—*Selected.*

Search the Scriptures.

How many of us faithfully follow the injunction, "Search the Scriptures"? Most of us read them occasionally, some of us read them daily; but how few really search them! Some truths lie upon the surface, so that he who runs may read; but many are not apparent at first sight that come out in a very clear light on more careful study. How often we hear the remark, "I have read that passage a score of times, but I never saw it in this light before." He who would get the most out of God's Word, must search for it; and he who searches diligently and deeply will always be rewarded. There are here inexhaustible mines of ore yet to be revealed. You and I will never get our share, unless we search for it.

How Chinese Women pray.

These poor souls think they are heard for their much speaking, and so they repeat the same words thousands of times. They take a piece of paper in one hand and a needle in the other, and then again and again they say, "O great Buddha! O great Buddha!" every time piercing the paper with the needle. Each hole stands for a prayer, and when the paper is full another is taken; and after a while all these papers are burned, to make the women sure that Buddha is pleased with them.

A Story to our Picture.

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

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

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

"Now, grandma, where shall I read?"

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

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

"What time was that, grandma?"

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

"Jesus went unto them walking on the sea."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, well, that is different!"



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why?" said grandma. "It makes me smile to see how like Peter you are; he had dreadful little faith, you know. To think of the times and times that Jesus has spoken to you. Why you couldn't begin to count them."

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

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

George's Prayer.

A poor widow was once anxious about her rent. She had no money to pay.

While she was one day sitting thinking what was to be done, she heard a low voice coming from the next room. She went to the door to listen. Lo, it was her dear little son George.

He was engaged in prayer. He loved Jesus. He spoke to God about his mother. He thanked God for giving him such a dear, good mother. Then he told the Lord how much his mother was troubled because she had no money to pay her rent; then he finished his prayer in this simple way:—"O Lord, pay mother's rent. Please do for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This prayer touched his mother. She went away and said nothing. The prayer was heard in heaven. The next day a lady came, who had heard of her troubles, and gave her enough money to pay the rent. God hears prayer.

Children should be diligent in prayer.

Olive Leaf.

How Girls in India study.

Mrs. Andrews, the returned missionary from India, in her reference to the mission schools there, said in Buffalo recently that a stranger on approaching one of these schools would imagine from the racket that they were disorderly. But this is not the case. It is due to the fact that a girl in India when studying screams at the top of her voice and rocks back and forth, and the more interested she becomes in her lesson the louder she screams and the harder she rocks.

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

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE loss of manuscript in the mail is the cause of the late appearance of this number of the PIONEER.

—A GERMAN paper reports a shocking case of cruelty practiced by the nuns of the Franciscan Convent at Schoenbrun. A girl of sixteen was placed by her mother in the school as a boarder. The child, though not absolutely silly, was rather weak-minded, and her parents hoped that intercourse with other children of her own age might improve her mental faculties. No sooner was the unfortunate girl left unprotected than the nuns began a brutal and systematic course of ill treatment. For the slightest fault she was strapped down on a bed and whipped unmercifully with a riding-whip till the blood flowed. Another favorite mode of punishment was to dash jugs of icewater over the unfortunate victim whenever she cried to go home or expressed a desire for other food than the hard crusts and pieces left from the sisters' table that were thrust at her. When the mother arrived at Schoenbrun to take the girl away for her holidays, she was horrified at the change in the child's appearance; five months ago she had been the picture of health, and now she was reduced to a walking skeleton covered with bruises. A doctor at Munich, after an examination, declared that she must have been half starved and beaten with some blunt instrument, there being hardly a square inch of the girl's body that was not bruised black and blue. The case has just been brought before the police court at Munich and has created great excitement in that city.

—IN Rome there are several thousand priests who make their living solely by reading mass. Especially in the 323 churches of the Eternal City an almost endless number of masses are ordered from all the ends of the globe. The regular pay for each mass has been 2.50 francs. Now the General Vicar of Rome has ordered, that the priest reading the mass shall receive only 1.20 francs and must hand over the rest to the treasury of the Church. Of course the lower clergy are more than dissatisfied with this innovation. In a number of papers bitter complaints are being made about the lamentable condition of these priests. A priest recently published in the *Tribuna* an article that attracted a good deal of attention. He stated that there are in Rome no less than 500 prelates and monsignori who do nothing but draw a monthly salary of 1000 to 1500 francs, and five hundred ecclesiastics of the higher orders doing nothing, who draw from 700 to 1000 francs a month.

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

—IN Egypt along the valley of the Nile are 70 mission stations and 70 Sunday schools, numbering 4017 scholars. Last year 6651 Bibles were sold in that district.

—IN heathen countries Protestants occupy 500 separate mission fields, containing 20,000 mission stations, supplied by 40,000 missionaries. In these 20,000 mission stations there are 500,000 Sunday-school-scholars.

—ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago there were only 4,000,000 copies of the Bible extant, now there are upwards of 200,000,000 copies in circulation throughout the world.

—THE Lutherans of Norway are very active in the work of foreign missions. The whole kingdom is divided into eight collection districts; 900 collectors are regularly gathering contributions, and 3000 societies are praying and working for the cause. The country gave last year \$50,000. The Norwegians have 10 stations and 32 churches among the Zulus in South Africa; and 300 churches with 16,000 adult members in Madagascar.

—A RELIGIOUS newspaper printed in China has the following: "At Peking there is a pious lady, the wife of a foreign merchant, who spends her time in doing good. One day she went on a visit to the home of a Manchu lady of high rank. She took copies of the Holy Scriptures. A young lady was present who took great interest in the conversation. She heard the old story of the gospel of Jesus, who died for a world of sinners. The young lady bent forward to catch every word, and when the Christian visitor had concluded she said, 'I am glad you have come to tell me this. Some day I will have a place built where people can meet to worship this God, and hear this gospel preached.' This young lady is now the Empress of China."

—THE German Emperor and his family are building a Lutheran church at Schreiberhahn, Silesia, in the midst of a bigoted Roman Catholic population.

—A BRAHMIN in Calcutta told a missionary that he had read through the New Testament eighty-three times and the Old Testament twenty-seven times.

—PROGRESS IN JAPAN.—The *Hochi Shimbun*, the organ of the Liberal party in Japan, has the following: "Although Christianity has not made rapid strides, yet from the beginning there has been advance. Slowly and steadily, step by step, progress has been made, and to this onward movement there has been no stop. If Christianity has secured one inch of advantage in the forward movement, that one inch has been held; if she has taken one step in advance, that step has been guarded; if any progress has been made, that advanced position has been strongly held. Truly, no advantage gained has been lost, and little by little the Christian estate is enlarging her borders, her strength is increasing, and we must admit that the progress of Christianity has been strong, deep-rooted and sure."

—A TOUCHING appeal comes from the native Christians of Canton to the churches of Great Britain, entreating them to exert themselves to procure the abolition of the opium traffic, that the Chinese may be released from this

yoke of bondage and the obstacles be removed which it places in the way of the gospel.

—IN Canton, China, with its 1,500,000 inhabitants, are fifteen Christian chapels, where missionaries and the native ministers preach the Gospel, not on Sunday only, but daily, and from two to four hours each day, to audiences varying from fifty to several hundred. After the sermon these evangelists continue the services. Free conversations and discussions follow; rooms are at hand for private conferences, and Christian books and tracts are kept in readiness, and disposed of in large numbers. The preaching halls are thronged during the hottest months—July, August and September—and from noon till 3 o'clock—the hottest part of the day. Tens of thousands of visitors to the cities have heard the Gospel in these chapels and halls, and have carried it hundreds of miles into the interior. The dialect used by most of the missionaries in preaching is the Punti, or pure Cantonese, by which they have access to 20,000,000 of people.

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. BURODORF, 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, Ill.

Divine services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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No. 7.

The Day of Satisfaction.

When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child embrace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy stores of grace,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those whom I have loved,
Clasp in my arms the long-removed,
And find how faithful Thou hast proved,
I shall be satisfied.

When this vile body shall arise again,
Purged by Thy power from every taint and stain,
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,
And praise Him in the everlasting hymn,
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall call to mind the long, long past,
With clouds and storms and shadows overcast,
And know that I am saved and blest at last,
I shall be satisfied.

When every enemy shall disappear,
The unbelief, the darkness, and the fear;
When Thou shalt smooth the brow and wipe the tear,
I shall be satisfied.

When every vanity shall pass away,
And all be real, all without decay,
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day,
I shall be satisfied.

H. B.

"None other Name."

As we were traveling to a distant city some time ago, an old soldier boarded the train at one of the many "saw-mill stations" that line the road. The conductor came around to take the tickets, but the veteran had no ticket and was told that he would have to leave the train at the next station. He grew rather angry and said that he had fought for his country on many a battlefield and that he thought an old soldier ought to have a free ride on the train. The conductor simply told him that his fighting for his country may entitle him to a pension, but it surely would not entitle him to a

free ride on the railroad. And so the "hero of many a battlefield" was put off the train at the next station, and as he left, the passengers in the train could hear him grumble about an ungrateful Republic.

We were reminded of this incident on reading the speech of a "Protestant minister" delivered on Decoration day. The speaker said to the old soldiers, that had assembled to decorate the graves of their fallen comrades: "All those heroes that fell on the bloody battlefield have entered the fields of everlasting glory and heavenly rest. They now answer to the roll-call of heaven." Well, fighting for one's country may entitle a man to a pension, but it surely will not entitle him to a seat in heaven. The Bible plainly tells us that they who believe in Jesus will be saved, and they who believe not will be condemned, no matter whether they die on the battlefield or at any other place.

Again we recently read a speech delivered by a Superintendent of public schools on Commencement day. The speaker told the graduating class of the High School to live an upright and virtuous life and thereby gain heaven as their reward. This is bosh. If it were true that man can gain heaven by an upright and virtuous life, then the Bible would be a book of lies and the sufferings of Christ a farce. But the Bible is not a book of lies; it is the eternal truth of God. And the suffering of Christ is not a farce; it is our only comfort, the only ground of our hope in life and in the hour of death. Because all men are sinners and can never gain heaven by their own doings, therefore Christ became the Saviour of sinners and by His sufferings and death opened heaven for us. We are saved through Jesus alone, because He is the "propitiation for our sins and for the sins of the whole world." "He that believeth in 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. Patriotism is not our saviour; our virtuous life is not our saviour. No! Jesus alone is our Saviour. "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.

"Out of the Mouth of Babes."

Very often in life we are permitted to see the little child's faith taking firm hold of God's love. I was forcibly reminded of this not long since on being told of the words spoken by a little child whom I knew. Only five summers had passed over her young head.

At the end of last year this little one fell ill, and was very weak and suffering. One day, when her father was sitting by her in her illness, she said to him, "God knows what is best for little children."

What simple faith, what unquestioning trust of the little child in weakness, suffering and pain! She had grasped by a simple faith the glorious truth, "God knows what is best." And shall we not learn of the little child, and ask for the childlike faith to trust as she trusted?

"God knows." Oh, to grasp that truth! He knows; He who loves us; He who can tell the end from the beginning; He who will lead us and guide us to the end. One of old said, "He knoweth the way that I take;" and then not only "He knows," but "He knows what is best." How that thought grasped by faith would calm and quiet these restless hearts of ours, which are so often full of unrest and disquiet, instead of calmly resting, as He wills we should, on His perfect love!

And then one other thought. This little one grasped the truth, "God knows what is best," not when she was full of life and health, but when she was weak and suffering, she so calmly rested on the thought, "God knows what is best for little children."

What sweet, unquestioning faith! May God, by the power of His Spirit, carry it home to many a tempest-tossed soul, weary with suffering, unrest and conflict. And in that blessed assurance that "God knows what is best," may we each go forward, leaning on His arm of strength, knowing that He does all things well and will lead onward day by day those who trust Him until they reach the haven where they would be.

To ask God for a promised blessing and not expect to receive it, is either to doubt His faithfulness or His power.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Hannah's Fidelity to the Lutheran Church.

Hannah was one of the first ones to connect herself with the Ev. Luth. Mt. Zion Church in this city. Though an elderly lady, crippled by sickness and hard work, she was always a regular attendant of the services and according to her means a liberal contributor. Like the early Christians she "continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, in fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in prayer."

About a year ago her son who resided in one of the western cities sent for the old mother. It was with a heavy heart and tearful eyes that she parted from her church and its members with whom she had borne the heat and the burden of the pioneer life of our church, but which had served to unite the members the more closely in brotherly and sisterly love. Arriving at the western city, instead of following the directions given by her pastor, or having lost the address, she landed in a Lutheran church in connection with the General Synod. Her experience in that church is best told in the words of Bro. G. of our Synod who now administers to the wants of sister Hannah. He writes: "Some time last fall the pastor of the English Lutheran church of this city, belonging to the General Synod, called on me and . . . stated the fact that a colored lady from New Orleans, professing to be a Lutheran, had attended services and Sunday School at his church, and had expressed her wish to become a member of his congregation. This, however, his people objected to, some even intimating that, if the colored lady would persist in visiting the church, they would withdraw. Hereupon our minister of the General Synod notified a colored Baptist minister of the situation and requested him to persuade Mrs. H. to join the colored Baptist Church!!! The Baptists made the attempt, of course, but failed, Mrs. — declaring that she would remain true to the Lutheran Church. And this she did much to the annoyance of the General Synodists.

"Then it was that their pastor called on me, relating the circumstances, and asking me what was to be done. He thought that God might open a door to Mrs. — in some way; he had heard that I preached in English occasionally; he presumed that the Colored Mission in New Orleans had some connection with our Synod. His object was evident to me. I forthwith expressed my willingness and intention to look to the spiritual wants of the lady in question. . . . Thus it was that the door of the General Synodical church was closed, and our door was opened to Mrs. —. She has proved herself a steadfast and faithful Lutheran and has assured me, that she did not feel at home in the Church of the General Synod. A commentary on the behavior of this church and its pastor is superfluous. . . . I am sorry to say that she is in bad health. But she does not complain. Her comfort is Jesus, her Friend and Saviour, and she rejoices in His love and kindness. She reads

her Testament, sings her hymns, thinking of the services she has attended and of the friends she left behind her in the city of New Orleans."

May God richly reward the Brother and his congregation for the services they have rendered and still are rendering to "one of these little ones that believe in Him," and may He continue to comfort, and strengthen, and preserve old Hannah in grace and in faith unto her end.
New Orleans, La. N. J. B.

Little Luella.

Luella was a little Indian girl of whose beautiful death the missionary gives following account:

To-day in our village died one of the little girls who had attended our school more regularly than any other girl in the village. Her English name, Luella, seemed to please her very much, and though so timid that it was hard to make her speak to a stranger, yet with a pleasant smile she always responded to her name at roll-call.

Luella showed great patience when suffering. She was an orphan and lived with her mother's relatives. Her grandfather and grandmother are both very old and wholly blind. Hers was a sad and lonely life. Last spring she learned to know and love the Saviour, and almost alone among heathen relatives she stood firmly to the end. She died of consumption, and through all her suffering, though often all night awake and coughing, with no candle to light, often hungry, with no food to eat, yet she was happy in her love to the Saviour and longed to be with Him in heaven.

Her old grandmother is a medicine woman, and used all her arts to draw Luella away from Christ, but in vain. The other day, when I was about to say good-bye to her, I asked her to select a hymn to sing. She looked up with her great lustrous black eyes and said, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." I wish you might have seen the strength, the power of soul expressed in that look. In darkness, hunger, pain, surrounded by heathen relatives, all the old customs and superstitions urged upon her, threatened with dire disease and death if she left the old Dakota customs; yet through all, she, the little shrinking, timid Indian girl, could say with such triumph of soul, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and could mingle her dying tones with ours, as we sang that grand old battle song of the Christian Church. How sweet it sounded in the liquid flowing words of the Dakota language! And at the last moment wishing that she might again hear the missionary pray, she passed away.

Luella is gone, gone home to God—one more sheaf gathered in from the wintry storms of life and laid at the Master's feet. Dear, sweet, patient Luella, clothed in His robe of righteousness; safe, safe at home with the Heavenly Father; no longer an orphan, homeless and friendless; rich in God's abounding love. She asked to be laid away on the hill near the school

house. To-night she is sleeping there, not in a heathen's grave, but as one of Christ's little ones—one of the redeemed. O, let the light pour into these darkened lives! Pray, those who believe in prayer, pray for the coming of Christ's kingdom into these sad and bewildered hearts.

Don't hang it too high.

One golden glorious day in June, 1884, the writer of these lines spent a half day with ex-Governor Horatio Seymour at his country residence in Deerfield, N. Y. After an interesting talk on free trade, free canals and their influence on freight rates and foreign trade, and various other topics then before the public, he said: "Now, you are a young man and a clergyman. Will you take a little counsel from an old man?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I will give it. Never use big words. People understand short words better. They have greater force." He then quoted the speech of an Indian chief as an illustration and continued: "My practice in all my public speeches has been to use short words. I have spent many hours in trying to make speeches in words of one syllable. You will find it a good practice. Not only do the folks learn your meaning better, but you will find that when you try to put your thoughts into words of one syllable, you must get the idea very clearly in mind, or you can not do it. Studying how to put your thoughts into short words will bring truth up in many new relations to your mind."

Young Lutheran.

A Child's Faith.

Some years ago there was a very hot and dry summer. In a neighborhood in England some Christian farmers were asked by their pastor to meet him at a certain time and they would pray for rain. The pastor was among the first present, and stood in the yard talking over the poor prospects of having a crop. While thus engaged he was surprised to see one of the Sunday-school girls lugging into the church a huge family umbrella. "Why, Mary, my child," he said, "what made you bring that great umbrella on such a beautiful morning as this?" The dear child looked up in his face, seemingly much surprised that he should ask such a question, and said: "Why, sir, as we are going to pray to God for rain, and God has promised to hear and answer His people when they pray, I thought I'd be sure to want the umbrella."

The minister felt reproved by the child's simple faith. The meeting was then opened and earnest prayers were offered. Before the meeting was over the wind arose, and a thunder storm soon burst upon the country. There was a heavy rain, and little Mary's umbrella came in quite handy.

Safe in the Lord's Protection.

Some years ago there lived a forester and his family in the mountains of Prussia. He was an officer of the king, and his duty was to take care of the great woods. His wife and his mother who lived with him, were Christian women, but he laughed about religion.

However, he was a faithful officer. The forests had been infested by a band of robbers, and he had succeeded in capturing all of them but the leader. This leader was a strong and cunning and very wicked man. He had vowed that he would have revenge on the forester.

One stormy evening the officer failed to reach home at his usual time. His wife and mother became uneasy, not only for his welfare, but for their own. They feared the leader of the robber-band might come that very evening, and they would be unable to protect themselves. So they waited for the absent one with anxiety.

At last the mother said it would not do for them to give way to fear. She thought they ought to put their trust in the Lord. Then the Bible was opened and the wife read the seventy-first psalm. Here is one verse she read: "Deliver me, O my God, out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel man." After reading this psalm the family sang a hymn, and a fervent prayer for God's protection was offered.

Scarcely had they finished their worship when the well-known steps of the forester were heard. He had reached home in safety. The wife then told him of how anxious they had been all evening, fearing lest the robber would come, and how that they had just been praying. He smiled, and said she was a foolish woman. As for himself he preferred to trust to his good weapons and his faithful dogs.

Then he locked the doors and windows, unchained his dogs, and loaded his firearms, and retired, supposing himself to be perfectly safe.

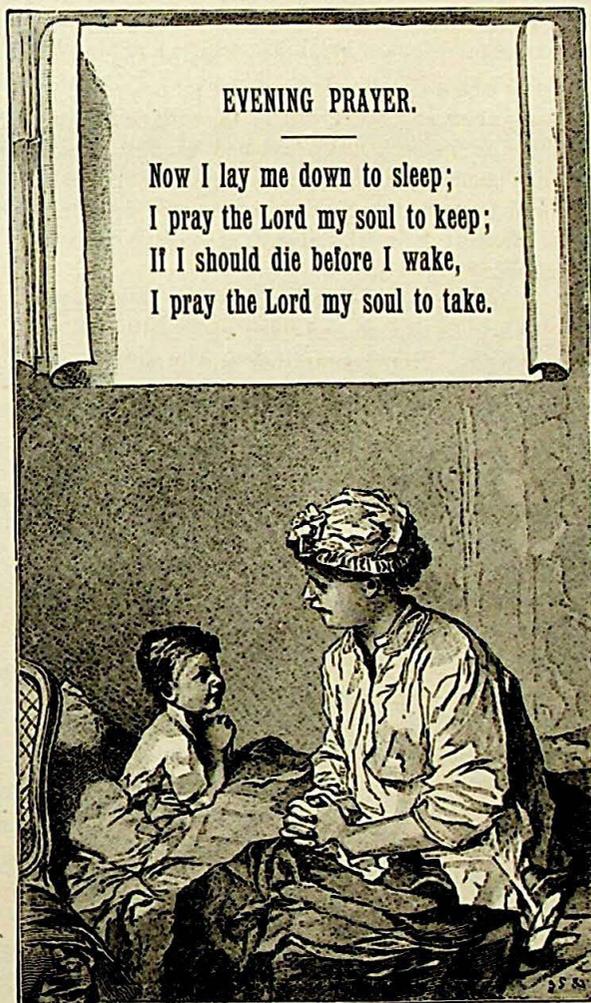
An hour or two later himself and family are sound asleep. But there is one in the house who is not asleep. From under a bench in the sitting room a man stealthily crawls. It is no other than the leader of the robber-band. He had secreted himself there about sun-down and had heard the entire conversation of the evening. He had heard the psalm that had been read and the prayer that had been offered. He had come to murder these people while they slept. In his hand is a large, sharp knife. He lays it upon the table and takes up the Bible which lies opened at the seventy-first psalm. He tries to read these wonderful words by the light of the moon. Two or three times he lays down the book and takes up his knife. But somehow he can not do the bloody work he had intended to do. After a while he raises

the window, seizes the Bible, and leaving his knife behind, leaps out and disappears.

In the morning the forester and family are much surprised to find the window open, a sharp knife on the table, and the Bible missing. Afterwards it was all made plain, and the forester no longer laughed at his wife for trusting in the Lord.

"Oh! if I had listened!"

In the gloomy cell of an Indian jail a number of prisoners were attentively listening to a gentleman who was earnestly entreating them



to study the Scriptures. Wishing to ascertain if they possessed the precious volume, he put the question, "Have any of you a Bible?"

"No," was the reply.

"Have any of you ever possessed the Bible?"

After a considerable pause, a soldier, who was under sentence of death for murdering a black man, broke the silence, and amidst sobs and tears confessed that he once had a Bible. "But oh!" said he, "I sold it for a drink! It was the companion of my youth. I brought it with me from the native land. Oh! if I had listened to my Bible, I should not have been here!"

Friend, have you a Bible? How often do you read it? Use it aright and it will guide you to glory. Neglect it, and it will condemn you at the last day.—*Luth. Child's Paper.*

Thou shalt not bear false Witness against thy Neighbor.

Eusebius relates that at one time there lived a bishop in Jerusalem called Narcissus. This same bishop being accused, there appeared against him three false witnesses who in the most lying and malicious manner slandered the pious man.

The first of them swore that if his testimony was not true, fire should consume him. The second said that if he did not speak the truth, a horrible disease might befall him. The third swore that blindness should afflict him lest what he said was so. As they desired so it came to pass. The first was burned to death in his own house, which was destroyed by fire. The second fell a prey to a most loathsome disease which, after much great suffering, caused his death. The third, having witnessed the terrible punishment of his wicked associates, was seized by remorse, weeping so much that he eventually turned blind.

What a terrible warning this is to all who are in the habit of lying and swearing; and especially to those who, by oath, bear false witness against their neighbor! True, God does not always punish the liar, the swearer, and the perjurer right away, but they shall certainly receive the reward of their wicked deeds, for "the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

The Irish Boy and the Romish Priest.

An Irish boy asked his priest: "Will the Virgin Mary take care of me?"

"Yes, my son, if you are true to the requirements of the holy Catholic Church, she will take care of you."

"Are you sure she will take care of me?"

"Quite sure, if you do as I have commanded you."

"Will she keep my soul and take me to heaven when I die?"

"Yes, if you die in the bosom of the Church."

"You are very sure, sir?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Well, sir, I am not sure, for I read that once in going from Jerusalem, she lost her own child; and if she could lose him, she might lose me. But Jesus will take care of me. He will not lose me. He knows His sheep and He says: 'They shall not perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.'"

SANCTIFIED afflictions drive us from the world to God, teach us to live by faith, warm the spirit in prayer, and urge prayer into supplication, as they did in Moses. We usually send up faint prayers in time of prosperity, but in stormy times we fly to our Rock, and mourn sore like doves in the cleft of the mountains.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—WITH great zeal and self-denial the Rev. F. Kroeger has been laboring in our English mission field in Pendleton Co., W. Va., during the past 18 months. He is at present serving six stations, at some of which over 200 persons assemble regularly to hear the preaching of the Gospel. 20 persons have been confirmed and 51 baptized. Among the latter there were seven adults. At present there are 40 persons being instructed and prepared for confirmation.

—THE VINDICATOR—this is the name of a new lively little monthly published at Pittsburgh, Pa., in the interest of our English Lutheran mission work. Speaking of the aim of the paper, the editor says: "We believe that if our dear Lutheran church is to continue in its growth in this country it will be absolutely necessary to establish English Lutheran churches wherever an opportunity offers. To call attention to the necessity of this work as well as to the wants and needs of it, to acquaint our readers with its progress, and to create and strengthen interest in it, shall be the main object always kept in view." The price of the monthly is 35 cents. Address Rev. C. Spanuth, Lock Box 284, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—THE Moravians number 98,227, and yet we are told that they have sent out, during the century, twenty five thousand missionaries, and three hundred thousand dollars yearly. They have nine mission ships. Recently they have projected a mission on the Victoria Nyanza, but have been unable to establish it by the lack of funds. Just before the opening of their general synod this year, news was brought that a legacy of between \$25,000 and \$30,000 had fallen to the Church, and it is probable that the work will speedily be carried forward, as the men are ready.

—"ON Livingstone's return to England, in 1856, after sixteen years of self-inflicted banishment in the heart of the lost continent, he said: I have opened the door, and I leave it with you to see that no one closes it after me."

—A VERY interesting anecdote was told a few weeks ago by Sir Harry Verney at a conference of workers at the Bible House, London. He said: "I was sitting a few days ago next to Mr. Stanley, the great African traveler, and in conversation he told me that just before he started for Africa, Sir W. Mackinnon said to him, 'Now I want to give you something, but I should like you to choose for yourself. I shall have the utmost pleasure in presenting you with anything you like. Never mind the expense. Just say what you would like?' Mr. Stanley replied, 'Give me a Bible.' The desired gift was soon in his possession. 'Just the Bible I wanted,' added Mr. Stanley to Sir H. Verney; 'and during my absence in Africa I have read that Bible through three times.'"

—It is asserted by the Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, that ten of the largest and strongest churches of that city last year spent

\$19,000 for church music, and gave \$6000 for foreign missions. On which state of things Dr. Gordon makes the comment that "the church has come to be valued by many simply for the amount of enjoyment it can afford to its members, not for the amount of sacrifice and service it can move them to put forth."

—A GREEDY farmer, being pressed with work, and desiring to get all the good possible out of his hired hands, began to omit the family worship. He would hurry off to the field in the morning and work until his wife would call for breakfast. Then hastily eating, would again go to the field. But one morning his wife did not call for breakfast. Enraged at the delay the farmer came to the house, and was surprised to see no signs of breakfast, and to find his wife knitting. "What does this mean?" he said. "Do you think we can live without eating?" She answered: "We can live without eating as well as without praying." The farmer took the rebuke, and said: "Well, get us some breakfast, and after this we will have worship as before."

—BE sure that the children understand what they learn by rote in school. One little fellow innocently asked his teacher who Nora was, having been accustomed to repeat the Tenth Commandment as if it read, "Nora's ox, Nora's ass." Similar blunders are made sometimes by older people. The *Cornhill Magazine* tells an amusing story of an ignorant Yorkshire man who persisted in using a positively harmful quack medicine. The rector appealed to the man's wife to exercise her influence, saying that her husband was surely killing himself. To which she tearfully replied: "I know it, and many's a time I've prayed against it in the church-service," referring to a passage in the litany which she had always rendered, "From all false doctoring, good Lord, deliver us!"

—ABYSSINIA.—The veteran missionary Flad, of Kornthal, Wuerttemberg, who nearly forty years ago established Christian missions among the Falashas, or Black Jews of Abyssinia, and after laboring for twelve and a half years among them with great success, was for almost five years imprisoned by King Theodorus, and only released by the British expedition under the lately deceased Lord Napier, returned to Abyssinia early this year in the hopes that the accession of Menelik of Shva would result in the reopening of Abyssinia to the representatives of Evangelical Christianity. In this he was disappointed. Recently he returned to Europe and reported that on the borders of Abyssinia he had a conference with the native leaders of his former congregations, some of whom had come the distance of fifty and sixty days' journeys to consult with their old spiritual father. The conference lasted sixteen days and the object was to re-establish the Falasha missions. Flad reports that a terrible condition of affairs prevails in Abyssinia. The wars and rebellions of recent years have ruined the whole country. Poverty and distress prevail everywhere. In addition to this the eastern portion,

especially the province of Tigre, has suffered from destructive locust swarms and nothing of last years' crops was saved; the western sections, the Derwishes, are constantly engaged in plundering and murdering expeditions. The Christian Falashas, who during all these years have managed from time to time to correspond with Flad, have remained true to their faith, and have been much strengthened by this conference. The native Abyssinian church represents a corrupt and stagnant form of Oriental Christianity, merely the hull of a Christian church with the kernel decayed. For fifty and more years constant efforts have been made to introduce new life and Gospel Christianity, but the attempts have not been very successful. Yet Abyssinia is the only even nominal Christian nation on the Dark Continent. This fact alone shows how great is yet the work which Christian missions must perform before the Gospel has been established at all the ends of the earth.

**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.
Divine services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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The Service.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

I can not do great things for Him
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Lord Jesus, unto Thee.
Faithful in very little things,
O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee;
And always—every day—
There are some little loving words,
Which I, for Thee, may say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear;
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share,
And little bits of work for Thee—
I may do everywhere.

So I ask Thee, Lord, to give me grace—
My little place to fill;
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will,
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

A well spent Life.

Martin Boos is said to have been led into the light of the Gospel in a strange way. He was a sincere man, striving to merit heaven by good works, when he visited one day a dying woman noted for her piety. He said to her that she must find great comfort in looking back upon a well spent life, "I do," she replied, "very great comfort that robs death of its sting. Not, however, in looking back upon my well spent life, for that has been full of failure; but in looking back upon the well spent life of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." It gave the young man a new thought and power, and ever after he spent his life in making known the grace of Him who spent His life in doing the will of God and suffered death upon the cross for the sins of the world.

There has never been but one perfectly well spent life on earth. Jesus, the God-Man, is the

only One of whom it can be truthfully said that He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." All others must cry with the psalmist, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified," Psalm 143, 2.

All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and it is wonderful that Christians at least do not leap for joy to know that they can even now stand in the spotless righteousness of Christ before the throne of God. The less we think of self and the more we think of Him who died upon the cross, the more acceptable we will be to the Father, who twice broke the silence of heaven to say of Jesus, "This is my beloved Son."

Conformity to the World.

The Bible warns all Christians against conformity to this world. It says, "Be not conformed to this world," Rom. 12, 2. The world consists of those who are unregenerated; and we are not to have their aims, nor to adopt their principles, nor to imitate their ways, nor to follow their customs, nor to admire their tastes, nor to engage in their pleasures. The maxim of the Christian is, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world," Gal. 6, 14. It is serious business to disregard this confession. "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God," James 4, 4. There are thousands who sneer at this as out of date; nevertheless the word of the Lord abideth forever, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John 2, 15.

"Be not weary in well-doing."

These words we find in 2 Thess. 3, 13. Sometimes we are ready to faint, because we see so little fruit of our honest efforts to do good; but we must remember that the Lord Jesus

never tells us to be successful, but faithful, and He cares nothing for success that is purchased at the expense of faithfulness. Noah toiled a hundred and twenty years in vain, as men say, but he has been reaping a rich reward for four thousand years. Moses and Elijah had a sorrowful time of it in their service down here, but their hearts ached no more when they appeared in glory upon the mount of transfiguration. It is our part to see to it that whatever we do springs from faith in Christ and out of sincere and steadfast desire to honor Him, and we calmly rest upon His own word, "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto eternal life; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together," John 4, 36. So the Holy Ghost cheers the heart of the tired with the word, "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," Gal. 6, 9.

The Judge.

Paul saw in the cross a vindication of divine justice. Where else can the justice of God be seen so clearly as in the death of God Himself, in the person of His dear Son? If the Lord Himself suffers on account of broken law, then is the majesty of the law honored to the full. Some time ago a judge was called upon to try a prisoner who had been his companion in his early youth. It was a crime for which the penalty was a fine, more or less heavy. The judge did not diminish the fine; the case was clearly a bad one and he fined the prisoner to the full. Some who knew his former relation to the offender thought him somewhat unkind thus to carry out the law, while others admired his impartiality. All were surprised when the judge quitted the bench and himself paid every farthing of the penalty. He had both shown his respect for the law and his good will to the man who had broken it; he exacted the penalty, but he paid it himself. So God hath done in the Person of His dear Son. He has not remitted the punishment, but He has Himself endured it. His own Son, who is none other than God Himself, has paid the debt which was incurred by human sin.—C. S.

Report of our Mission Board submitted to the Synods of the Synodical Conference.

Our Colored Mission, which is carried on by the Synodical Conference, was begun in 1877. Two papers, the *Missionstaube*, which has 13,000 subscribers, and the *PIONEER*, which has 5000 subscribers, are published in its interest. There are four missionary stations. The first station was organized in Little Rock, Ark., where Rev. Allenbach has charge of church and school. The congregation numbers 63 souls, 21 of whom are communicant members. There are 75 pupils in the day-school and 34 in the Sunday school. This station has a church and school-house.

The station last organized is in Springfield, Ill. It has a church and school. Rev. Knabenschuh is the missionary. Although the station is not quite three years old, it numbers 75 souls, of whom 30 are communicant members, 55 children attend the week-day school and 60 the Sunday school. The church property carries a debt of \$1500.

Meherrin, Virginia, our third station, has, for the last two years, been cared for by students of our Springfield Seminary. It numbers 66 souls, 34 being communicant members, 50 children in the day-school and 50 in the Sunday school.

Our fourth, largest and most important station is in New Orleans, La. The missionaries Bakke and Burgdorf are faithfully laboring there in four congregations with four school-teachers: Vix, Rischow, Scheffler and Moser. They have four churches; but as there is but one school-house three churches are used for school purposes. This is a great disadvantage and even the single school-house is most unsatisfactory with regard to size and arrangement. This station numbers 372 souls, 182 of whom are communicant members. 411 pupils attend the day school, and 432 the Sunday school. So many colored children apply for admission to the day school, that children must be turned away almost daily for want of room. The schools number 96, 97 and 98 pupils respectively.

Altogether the four stations number 576 souls, 268 communicants, 591 day school pupils and 576 children in the Sunday schools, 5 missionaries, 4 teachers, 7 churches, and 3 school-houses. The receipts for the year 1889 amounted to \$7516.50; \$575 are regularly required every month for salaries. The receipts for the months January to May amount to \$2077. This is \$800 less than the current expenses for the same time.

The most pressing needs of our Colored Mission are, above all, three school-houses in New Orleans. They should be built in the course of the summer, each building containing two class rooms. Of course, this would require two more teachers. Meherrin must have a missionary of its own, and its church which proves to be too small for the growing number of church-goers should at least be enlarged.

Now while this necessity compels us to ask our Christians for larger gifts for our work, our courage to do so almost fails us in view of the unsatisfactory state of our treasury and of the fact that contributions have decreased. Yet we hope that God will give us the spirit of love and cheerfulness for this work, if we but become fully conscious how glorious the mission work among the colored people of this country is, which the Lord has entrusted to us, and with what abundant fruit of our labor He has already blessed us.

Whoever has followed the reports of our missionaries must joyfully confess that the true God is with us and that He has given our faithful laborers victory upon victory. Not only are they often permitted to witness the converting power exercised by the divine word over deeply sunken slaves of vice among colored people, but the regular attendance of strangers at our divine services is increasing. Our schools, however, are experiencing special blessings. Their reputation among the colored people of New Orleans is so good, that they are not only filled, but that hundreds of children must be turned away every year for want of room and teachers. What blessings go forth from these schools to hundreds of colored children who would grow up in the streets as heathen without them! What blessings do these pupils of our schools bring to their homes when they study their catechism and Bible history aloud, sing their Lutheran hymns and by their conduct show their parents the result of a training in a Christian school! The sects are already becoming aware of the great influence of our schools and intend to erect schools in the interest of their missions. If Synod would resolve to carry on our Colored Mission on a larger scale, not only to cover New Orleans with a net of Lutheran schools, but also to begin to labor in the country districts in which sheer heathenism almost reigns among the colored people—our Lutheran Colored Mission would become a power by means of which an effective colored mission might be carried into Africa. The work the Lord has called us to do is great, glorious, and hopeful. May He grant us the spirit of faith and love to become faithful laborers and may He crown our labor in this field with His divine blessing. —r.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Encouraging.

Again we have had occasion to hear the parable of the great supper spoken of in our churches. We all know how it runs: A certain man arranged a grand supper and bade many. But when he sent his servants to tell them: Come, for all is ready — they all had excuses. Their minds were too much wrapped up in the affairs of this world, and for this reason they had no time to follow the divine message: "Come!" — Then the master commanded his servants to go out on the streets and lanes and call the poor and low. — We all know the

meaning of this parable, too, and need, therefore, not go into its details.

"Come, for all is ready," this is the divine invitation which every true Christian is expected to carry to those not yet under the influence of the gospel, and preeminently so is this our work among the colored people. Have we been, are we successful? Ay, but that not of ourselves. Thanks to our heavenly Father who has deemed us fit to be instruments in His hands toward the salvation of some.

If we were to say that our work has been slow, we would not give God the credit due Him; on the contrary, our friends say that Bethlehem is in a very prosperous condition. And, what is more, we see that our members have come to understand their duties as priests of God Almighty. Almost every one of them is a home missionary, working for the extension of His church here on earth, and also toward the external prosperity of the congregation. Only a few months ago the adult members, their number being 24 at that time, collected nearly 30 dollars for a set of pulpit-chairs; and only a few weeks ago the little flock raised another purse of twenty-two dollars to be appropriated for a clerical robe. Besides one of the lady-members placed two bouquets of artificial flowers on the altar.

135 dollars have been deposited up to this date, by the congregation and Sunday School for a new building.

During the last month thirteen souls were added to the church, and among them were five of my pupils. Only five, but they are true little Lutherans. May our heavenly Father pour out his richest blessings upon these young warriors and induce many to follow their example! Five ladies and one old gentleman constituted the remainder.

The old gentleman, though almost a nonagenarian, had never by baptism been transplanted into the kingdom of God, and now when he, kindly assisted, staggered to the altar, when his aged, trembling form was bent over the font to receive the sacrament of holy baptism, a deeper silence than usual pervaded the sanctuary. It was a truly touching sight; the very dregs of life's cup he offered up to his God at this moment, still there is a chance as long as life lasts.

Our School was said to be in a very fine condition, and I think it was, but it affords me pleasure to state that the present rate percent. of attendance compares very favorably with that of the same month of the last session. But let me ask you one question: Do you, co-workers in the church of Christ, desire me to tell pupils applying for admission next year "that there is no room"? Consider, you can not help finding the correct solution of this important question and means to alleviate the difficulty.

"Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!

Let the Amen
Sound from His people again,
Gladly for aye we adore Him!"

E. R.

"What is the next Station?"

This was the question, writes a pastor, which I asked of the station master, as I sat waiting for the train. I had gone some miles into the country to visit an aged lady who was very sick and whose house was close by the railway station; and, having finished my call, I was sitting in the waiting room until the returning train should arrive.

I found myself alone with the depot master — an aged man with white hair and a face which told of care and hard work.

"What is the next station?" I inquired, being unacquainted with the road.

"The next station is the last," he answered. "It is the end of the line. You passed a good many stopping places coming out, sir; but there is only one more as you go on."

There was a pause for a moment in the conversation; then, evidently understanding my errand, he asked:

"How is the old lady, sir?"

"She is fast nearing the last station," I replied. "She is very sick; and besides she is seventy years old and has reached the end of life as laid down in the Book; for you know the Bible says that 'the days of our years are three score years and ten'—seventy years—that is, seventy stations."

There was quite a pause in the conversation again, during which the old man seemed to be thinking. Then he said:

"According to that, I suppose, I may be pretty near the end of my route, since I am just turning seventy. Well, I am not sorry. I have worked hard, and have seen a good deal of trouble, and I shall not feel badly to get through."

"What is the next station?" I asked abruptly. "You say you are nearing the end of your journey of life, and that you have passed seventy stations already. What is the next station?"

"Ah, nobody knows about that!" he answered. "We know about the past, but what is going to be hereafter no one can tell. I only hope that I shall be better off in the next world than I have been in this; but I can not say certainly, for no one has ever come back from that world to tell us anything about it."

"Ah, but you are mistaken there!" I interrupted. "There is One who has come back and told us about the future life. Do you not know that Jesus Christ rose again from the dead, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel?"

"Who are you?" the old man asked abruptly. "I thought you were a doctor who had come out to visit the old lady. I guess I am mistaken, sir?"

"Yes," I answered; "you are not quite correct. I am a minister of the Gospel, rather, and my calling is very much like yours. I am trying to help men on their journey through life, to answer their questions about the route,

and especially to persuade them to believe on the Son of God, that they may have eternal life and land at last in glory."

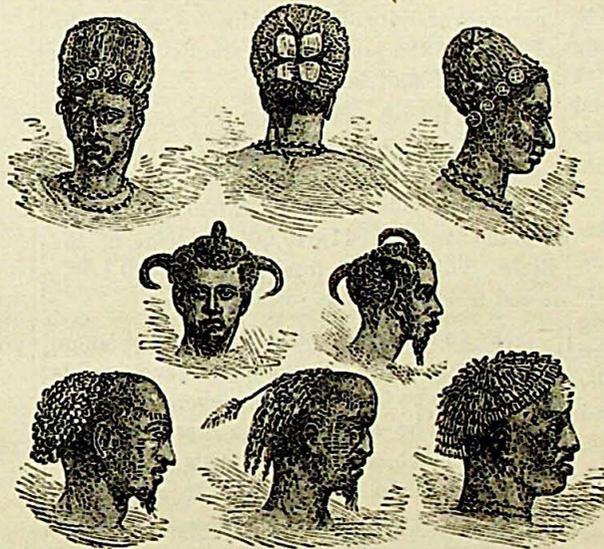
"Well, there may be a better world beyond the grave, and there may not be. We don't know," he continued.

"Don't know!" I said, pressing the point with all earnestness on his heart. "We do know. How could I preach the Gospel and urge men to seek for glory and immortality, unless I knew certainly that there is a world of life and blessedness hereafter? Why, sir, what will people think of you if, in reply to their question, 'What is the next station?' you should say, 'I don't know. Nobody knows?' And so I could not preach the Gospel and urge men to seek for heaven and eternal blessedness, unless I was perfectly sure of this reality. Paul, the great preacher of the Gos-

"To depart and be with Christ," is one answer to the question — with the Lord in Paradise. There are multitudes who are just as certain of that destination, when their time comes, as they are of the truth of God's Word. And they are ready at any moment for the change.

"Forever with the Lord!" The cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh," and then, "caught up to meet the Lord in the air" — this is the sure and certain hope of thousands who are waiting for their King.

There are others to whom death is only a step in the dark, and the coming of the Lord only a strange, mysterious terror. Young men, to whom the summons may come very suddenly and unexpectedly to disembark, are you sure where you will be when life is ended? Old man, to whom the end must certainly be very near, are you certain what shall be your destiny beyond the grave? Put to yourselves these serious questions and let conscience answer, if you are without God and without hope in the world. If you have a true faith in Jesus Christ, then let Scripture answer, with a hope sure and steadfast. Be careful that you know what the next station is!



Heads of the Waughha and other Tribes in Africa.

Story about a Bible.

There was a little boy who wanted a Bible very much indeed—wanted it more than anything else he could think of. But he was a poor boy and could not afford to buy one, for he lived a good many years ago when Bibles cost more than they do now.

One day two strange gentlemen came to his house and asked his mother for something to eat. Although she had only plain food, she gave them a welcome to what she had. As they ate, they saw that the little boy looked sad. They asked him what he wanted and he told them, a Bible.

His mother said, "Never mind. Don't fret about that. I'll take you to see General Washington next week."

"But I'd rather have a Bible than to go to see General Washington," the boy said.

One of the gentlemen seemed much pleased with this and told him he hoped he would always be as fond of the Bible.

The next day the little boy received a beautiful Bible, and on the fly-leaf was written, "From George Washington."

The little boy did not know it, but he had been talking to General Washington himself the day before.— *Our Little People.*

PEOPLE who study their troubles all the time will always be troubled. Looking at the miseries they grow worse and worse, and in proportion as pains are noticed and nursed will they increase and deepen. If we would have peace, we must look away from ourselves to Jesus and cast all our care upon Him.

pel, knew what the next station was: 'We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' This is his answer to the great question, 'What shall be hereafter?' And if you will believe in Jesus Christ, and take His Gospel as your guide book, you can know just as well as Paul what the next station beyond the tomb shall be for you."

Just then the whistle of the approaching train sounded, and the old man hastened about his work. As I stepped upon the platform of the car, he stood at the crossing waving his signal flag, his white hair floating in the wind, and I said, as the train moved out, "Be sure you find out what the next station is before you reach the end." And I heard the reply falling rather hesitatingly on my ear, "I will try, sir."

Reader, what answer have you to make to this question? In the hurrying train of life you are moving swiftly on. Ever and anon there is a pause, and some passenger steps off and disappears. The next stopping place may be yours; where will it land you?

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE Missouri Synod, at its recent session in Milwaukee, resolved to advocate at the coming meeting of the Synodical Conference the erection of three new school houses for our colored Mission in New Orleans. Let us all help to hasten the day of dedication; for that day will indeed be a day of rejoicing to our hard working missionaries and teachers in that important mission field.

—A LARGE number of young men graduated this year in our seminaries and have already accepted calls to work in the Lord's vineyard. In colleges and seminaries they have been well equipped for their work in the church. But their learning alone will never make preachers and teachers of them in the New Testament sense. May they feel that they are ruined sinners saved by grace, and with the love of Jesus burning in their hearts, and with "eternity stamped upon their eyeballs" point dying men to the cross, and live in the intimacy of personal fellowship with Him who suffered there. Thus they will find joy in all their labors and be a blessing to many immortal souls.

—THE Salt Lake *Tribune* says: "The Scandinavians leave the Mormon community in large numbers. During the last two years Scandinavian Lutherans have been working there, since which time more Scandinavians have returned to their old Church than the Elders can gain abroad. The Mormons had great success among the Lutheran Swedes, Norwegians and Danes; but now the Lutheran Church makes great efforts to bring these misguided people back again into the old mother church."

—A SHARP American has patented an electric contribution box for church use. Whenever a button or piece of tin is deposited in the box an electric bell rings and informs the congregation of the fact.

—SIERRA LEONE, on the Western coast of Africa, at the beginning of this century, was one of the most degraded places on the surface of the globe. Ship-loads of slaves were turned adrift, the place reeked with every kind of abomination, and no less than fifty-three missionaries and their wives died in twenty years. Now, under the presidency of a native, Bishop Crowther—once a slave boy, sold for a horse, returned as a bad bargain, sold twice for rum and tobacco, then converted, liberated, ordained—the colony is full of Christian places of worship.

—MISSION work in Madagascar has since 1874 accomplished so much that the children are now trained in the schools of the missionary societies, while there are hundreds of church members and 800 native pastors.

—In 1854 a Japanese nobleman picked up a Testament he found floating in the Bay of Yeddo, became interested, had it translated, read it, and with two others became converted.

Now there are 60 congregations worshipping, some of them in churches made of the wood of ruined temples.

—NOT fifty years ago in China, Dr. Morrison, hiding in a cellar, was engaged in translating the Bible into Chinese and in locked rooms was preaching to the few who cared to listen. Now the Bible can be read in the various Chinese languages, and there are 100,000 Christians.

—In Fiji, where fifty years ago the natives were cannibals, it was stated by the Governor in 1879, that out of 120,000 inhabitants 102,000 had accepted the Christian faith, prayers were offered in their families, and there were 800 good churches. And all this in less than a lifetime.

—THE number of homeless and vicious tramps in Central Germany has decreased 40 per cent. within the last ten years in consequence of the increased activity of Home Missions, a specialty of which is the providing of tramps with work and shelter and the Gospel.

—THE British and Foreign Bible Society has, during the eighty-one years of its existence, issued from its London house alone 29,000,000 of complete Bibles, nearly 32,000,000 of New Testaments, and 11,845,000 portions of the Bible. This makes a total of 72,500,000 books issued from the London headquarters.

—In an ordination sermon, delivered before colored students, a colored divine gave forcible admonitions to the young preachers. Among other things he told his young brethren not to spend too much time before the glass, trying to make themselves look pretty. It was not at all likely that they would be successful, but it was a shame even to try to turn an example of God's noblest work into a dude, and very likely a poor dude at that. "When you are preaching," he said, "don't start out in a sleepy sort of way, and drone away until you are half through the sermon, and then start in to make a 'home run.' Preach right out from the beginning, and when you are through stop right there. Don't jump around in your pulpit, and stamp and snort, and bang your Bible, and pull your hair to get up the 'power.' That won't do it, brethren. You may get your congregation to shouting, and stir the women up, but it will all be false excitement. If the good Lord wants to make Himself felt, He'll do it without your making a lot of monkeys of yourselves. You just preach the Word and He'll send the 'power' without your assistance."

—A COLORED Baptist minister recently showed his ignorance when trying to give the meaning of the word "Baptism". "Baptism," he said, "comes from the word baptizo, and the reason that it is called baptizo is, that that is just the sound made by a plank thrown into the water. As the plank goes down, you hear the sound 'bap,' and when it comes up, you get the sound 'tizo.'" Well, we—close our window.

While the Day lasts.

It will not last long. Your day, my day, the world's day, the day of opportunity, the day of salvation, all days are swiftly passing away, and the great day, the last day, will surely and speedily come. Now there is opportunity for us to work, by and by the time will be past. While it is day we may work the work of God and do what He has commanded us. But if we idle this present opportunity away it will never return, and the neglect of to-day may never be repaired. To-morrow will bring the work for to-morrow, and every day and every year will bring its appropriate duties. Let the work of to-day be done to-day, and then we may calmly await the coming of the morrow, if the morrow shall ever come.

The Christian.

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. BURGDOFF, MISSIONARY.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

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

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,

Springfield, Ills.
Divine services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock p. m.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, MISSIONARY.

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No. 9.

"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.

Yes, Jesus, Saviour, Thou hast died for me,
From sin and judgment Thou hast set me free;
For, blessed Saviour, who believes on Thee
Hath now eternal life.

God laid my sins on Jesus long ago,
And it is written, so that I may know,
"He that believeth," yes, *the Word* says so,
"Hath everlasting life."

Come, then, poor sinner! Jesus wants you to,
How can you treat His loving message so!
Accept the Saviour, and you'll surely know
You have eternal life.

Naught can you bring Him but a sinful heart;
But if you do, He'll surely take your part,
And in return, *I know* He will impart,
Now, everlasting life.

God says, "Believe," and "I will" surely "give;"
God says, "I love," and therefore "will I save."
Sinner, just look to Jesus and receive,
Now, everlasting life. *Selected.*

What must I do?

An aged Christian, worn out by sickness, was travelling to the sea coast with the hope of regaining his health. Behind him in the car sat an elderly lady and her daughter. The mother, observing the pale face of the man, expressed her concern for him in language he could overhear, and then said she would like to know if the man was a Christian.

She was for a moment confused, when he turned and thanked her for her sympathy and at once confessed that he felt the deepest interest in his soul's eternal welfare. "Since you have been so kind," he said, "to speak of the subject, will you be kind enough also to tell me what I must do to be saved?" "Oh, yes," was her reply, "I will gladly tell you: you must pray to God." "But," he asked, "how long must I pray, before God will be merciful to me, and how can I know when I am forgiven?" She seemed to be a little perplexed, and then said, "Well, you must become a better man." "Again allow me to ask," he gently answered, "how good must I

become before God will have pity on me?" Of course she was silent.

After a pause he said, "Have you no book that can show a poor man, drawing near to the grave, how he can be saved?" She at once drew from her bag a tract which she placed in his hands. It was carefully read, and he turned once more with the remark, "This does not contain one word about the way of salvation for a lost sinner; have you no Bible?" She had none, and he drew forth his own precious Bible, and handed it to her with the earnest inquiry, "Will you be so good as to show me where we are told to pray and to become better in order to be saved?" She took the book of God and having turned over the leaves for a while, she impatiently said, "I can not find the place now, but when you reach — call on the Rev. Dr. — and he will tell you where to find it."

"No," he solemnly replied, "the Rev. Dr. — can not tell me, nor can any other Rev. Dr. — tell me, for there is no such place in the Bible. But this I find, '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); 'To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever BELIEVETH in him shall receive remission of sins (Acts 10, 43); 'By him all that BELIEVE ARE justified from ALL things' (Acts 13, 39); '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).

Many other passages were read, and with a joyful heart the lady listened to the aged Christian, as he unfolded to her the blessed truth of salvation through faith alone.

"Either,"—"Or."

Dear reader, these two words are charged with an emphasis of momentous truth for you. You are either with Christ, or against Christ, Matt. 12, 30.

Either on the Lord's side, or on the devil's side, 1 John 5, 19.

Either a child of God or a child of the wicked one, 1 John 3, 10.

Either a soldier of the cross of Christ, or an enemy of the cross of Christ, 2 Tim. 2, 3; Philip. 3, 18.

Either a subject of divine grace, or the slave of self and sin, Rom. 6, 19.

Either in the kingdom of God's dear Son, or under the dominion and "power of darkness," Col. 1, 13.

Either in Christ, and "Christ in you, the hope of glory," or "without Christ, having no hope," Col. 1, 27; Eph. 2, 12.

Either "alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord," or "dead in trespasses and sin," Rom. 7, 11; Eph. 2, 1.

Either in the narrow way, which "leadeth unto life," or in the broad way, which "leadeth to destruction," Matt. 7, 13, 14.

The Precious Promises.

Does your spirit faint? They are a drooping honeycomb, better than Jonathan's. Dip your pilgrim staff into their richness, and put your hand to your mouth, like him, and your faintness shall pass away. Are you thirsty? They are the flowing stream of the Water of Life, of which you may drink by the way, and lift up your head. Are you overcome by the sultry burden of the day? They are as the shadow of a cloud to bring down the heat; as the cool shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Have your steps well nigh slipped? They are a staff in your hand, on top of which, betimes, like Jacob, you may lean, and worship God. Are you sad? There are no such songs to beguile the road, and to bear you on with gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord. Put but a promise under your head by night, and were your pillow a stone like that at Bethel, you shall have Jacob's vision. The thirstiest wilderness will become Elim, with palm trees and wells of water.—C. G.

If Christians realized the danger of the unconverted, they would be more earnest in prayer and labor. "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."

Why Men do not believe.

A young reader of the PIONEER asks us whether the bad conduct of so many professed Christians is not the main reason why many men do not believe. Well, it is true, those that profess to be Christians have a great responsibility resting upon them. Woe to them if they give offense by their bad conduct. Christians are therefore told to "walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time" (Col. 4, 5). But the bad conduct of professed Christians furnishes no excuse to the unbeliever. And we would not say that the bad conduct of professed Christians is the main reason why men do not believe. The main reason lies in the human heart. The root of all infidelity is to be found in that corrupt nature with which we are born into the world, and of which it is said in the Word of God, "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be" (Rom. 8, 7). The human heart hates God, not the God the human heart loves to invent and who has no existence outside of the human imagination; but the God of the Bible, God in Christ, awakens the enmity and calls out the opposition of the unregenerate sinner. We are all naturally infidels and remain infidels until born again by the Spirit of God.

Springing out of this utterly bad and God-hating nature, another reason why men do not believe is to be found in the desire of men to gratify their lusts, unhindered by the fear of the holy Being revealed in the Scriptures. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil" (John 3, 19). Such is the solemn statement of the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom it is said, "He knew what was in man" (John 2, 25); and who declares that "out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness" (Mark 7, 21, 22). Many reject the Bible because it so sternly condemns such things.

Another reason why men do not believe is found in the self-conceit of many men, however feeble in intellect. They think themselves so very smart, but the Holy Ghost says they "became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened: professing themselves to be wise they became fools," (Rom. 1, 21, 22). Many a two-legged ass regards it as a mark of superior intelligence to ridicule the Word of God, and to blaspheme the Son of God. "But these as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not; and shall utterly perish in their own corruption" (2 Pet. 2, 12); "for it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent" (1 Cor. 1, 19). We hear many a man, who can not

tell for his life how a blade of grass grows, nor how he moves his finger, speak in a blasphemous way on the mysteries of the Bible. But this need not surprise us, when we remember that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. 2, 14).

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Discouraging.

For a year and a half appeals for more room at "Bethlehem" have been addressed to our fellow-Christians in general as well as to the Hon. Board of Missions in particular. Time and again the latter has admitted the urgency of the case and replied: We know that your claims are just, but regret to say that we have not the means to come to your assistance. Thus the progress of our work has been continually hampered, and then some of our friends throw up their hands in holy horror, that the mission is not making any more headway. To tell the truth, friends, we have all become very much discouraged, and if matters are to continue at this rate, why—several thoughts flashed through our mind that would serve to finish the sentence, but let every one supply, what he pleases. But what is worth being done at all, is worth being done well, and if our work is to prosper, we *must* be given *more room and assistance*, for we sadly need it. May the Lord who shed His own precious blood to save a perishing world from sin, death, and Satan fill the hearts of all who realize that their immortal souls have been purchased to be Christ's at so tremendous an expense, may he fill them with an ardent zeal and stir them up to ever greater activity in this noble cause and add His blessings to our efforts to His own everlasting glory. H. B.

(Our worthy missionary will, we hope, be encouraged since the Synodical Conference has resolved to erect new school-buildings for our Colored Mission in New Orleans and to call more laborers into the mission field.—EDITOR.)

Those Missourians.

The total income of the Missouri Synod in 1889 for general beneficence, amounted to \$160,000. The great majority of these Lutherans came a few days ago from Germany, strangers, and in humble circumstances, settling, for the most part, in the wilderness, and enduring indescribable hardships and privations, but they were earnest Christians, holding firmly to the old faith of the Church, and they had earnest and faithful shepherds who shrank from no sacrifice, that they might preach the Gospel to their countrymen and build up in America the Lutheran Church. Less than fifty years ago this Synod was organized, and in 1889 it reported 1100 pastors, 1500 congregations, and almost 300,000 communicants. Their two theological seminaries have 350 candidates for the

ministry, and their half dozen colleges have at least 500 in course of preparation. It maintains 1100 parochial schools, with 100,000 children: The secret of this unparalleled and astounding success it becomes all Lutherans to study and to ponder.

There is no "dumb Dutch" characteristic about our Missouri Lutherans. With \$60,000 profit annually from their Publication House, they must be selling quite a number of books and circulating an immense issue of their papers. And this means that they are a reading people. They may be largely made up of foreigners, whatever of good or evil is implied in that, but if we should candidly and kindly study their ways and their marvelous doings, we might occasionally learn a thing or two. \$60,000 profits a year! Brethren, that means more than money!—*Lutheran Evangelist*.

A sad Disease.

There are many very bad diseases, and some of them have very strange symptoms. Some of the sick are worse in the night—some are worse in the day time, some are worse on particular days, and some are quite sure to be ill when work drives, and when it is very important that they should be well.

Zion's Herald tells of a parsonage in Vermont, where little Eddie and Georgie heard their mamma say one cold Sunday morning:

"I do not feel very well this morning. I have a very hard cold, and my lungs feel so bad and sore I think I shall not be able to go to church to-day. I shall be very sorry to stay at home."

The two little boys heard what their mamma said, and remained in bed after she went down stairs, talking together. After a little time Georgie, the younger, appeared at the foot of the stairs and said:

"Mamma, I don't feel very well to-day! And Eddie don't feel very well; need he go to church to-day? He's got the head-ache, and the neck-ache, a-n-d the back-ache, a-n-d stomach-ache, and a-n-d leg-ache, a-n-d a-n-d"—calling to Eddie up-stairs, "What is it, Eddie?" Eddie replies, "Hand-ache!"—"Oh, yes, *hand-ache*; that's all! Need Eddie and I go to church to-day?"

Poor children! What a dreadful thing to have all these diseases come on so suddenly Sunday morning! And we are afraid poor George will have a touch of tongue-ache and heart-ache if he tells such stories as that.

We hope none of our readers will ever have an attack of this disease. The true name of it, we believe, is—Sunday sickness. Watch against the first symptoms.

OUR Church assumes the name Evangelical, because it revived the knowledge of the Gospel; and it does not reject the appellation Lutheran, because it would not be ungrateful to the man who first dissipated the clouds which obscured the Gospel.

The old Nurse.

At H—— there was a large company assembled in the house of the merchant Braunthal, celebrating his return. The unusual joyfulness prevailing among the guests showed that it was not a return from a mere pleasure trip, but rather from a long journey. The return of Braunthal was like the coming back of one given up to be lost.

Braunthal was the son of a rich merchant. In his youth his father and mother were called to their heavenly home, and the son fell heir to the entire estate. He continued in his father's business, at first with great caution. Soon, however, he began to depart from the exacting principles of his father, and made ventures and speculations as his youthful heart suggested.

At the time of his highest prosperity he married Emilie, a young lady whom he had known from childhood. They were happy, and tried to make others happy. Braunthal gave alms liberally, and tried to do good among all classes. Ere long his name was known and esteemed in the huts of the poor as well as in the palaces of the rich.

The wants he was trying to supply for others soon found their way to himself. A financial disaster threatened him. He set to work with utmost sagacity to avoid it, but all in vain. He could not prevent a failure without resorting to wrong-doing, and that he would not do. He kept the trouble to himself as long as he could. At last, after a painful and wakeful night he dares to reveal it all to his wife. He suggests that with what little of their possessions remain they emigrate to America, where his father had many out-standing debts, some of which might yet be collected. It was a sudden and startling shock to his Emilie, but she stood by him as a faithful wife, and had no word of complaint to offer.

The matter of settling up his business was at once attended to. It was soon discovered that his financial condition was even worse than he supposed. After all his debts were paid he had nothing left, not even enough to pay the passage to America.

The morning after having balanced his accounts and dismissed his servants he sat mutely staring into space in the room that no longer was his. Emilie entered and kneeling before him smiled into his face. He embraced her and broke out into sobbing. "Karl, we are not as poor as you think," said his loving wife, at the same time putting a well filled pocket-book into his hand. Braunthal looked with

astonishment upon his wife who was vainly trying to hide her tears with smiles. "Emilie, where did you get this money?" he asked. She soon explained that it was the price of some jewelry and fine clothes of which she had disposed, yielding her nearly one thousand dollars, and added: "This, Karl, will be enough for us."

At this moment some one rapped at the door. It was the old nurse Catharine, one of the servants whom he had dismissed the day before. "I want to take leave of my young master," she said, and grasping his hand kissed

"I know your self-will; you are now richer than I."

The aged woman blessed the couple and took her leave. She had hardly left when the mailman brought a letter containing two thousand dollars, with a note reading thus: "To his benefactor this is sent with many blessings by a grateful heart."

Karl and Emilie were greatly astonished. He said: "I would have an ungrateful heart not to accept both your money and this. It must bring good fruit, being planted with such blessings."



THE DELUGE.

it, continuing, "The Lord will be with you. Just think, yesterday it was fifty years since I entered into your father's service. I certainly expected to die in this house, but His will be done. Karl, when all is right again you will surely think of Catharine."

Nothing had made Braunthal feel his misfortune so keenly as the parting with this old, faithful woman who had been a mother to him. "Catharine," said he, taking her by the hand, "where do you want to go?" Mechanically he reached for the pocket-book. "Oh," replied the aged servant, "it matters little where I go; there can certainly be found some corner to die in. I thank you for the wages, master Karl, which your cashier paid me yesterday in full." Braunthal blushed and withdrew his hand from the pocket-book, saying smilingly:

dollars—all her earnings, and for our sakes died a beggar."

Counterfeit Doctrine.

As he is a traitor to his prince who taketh upon him to coin money out of a base metal, yea, although in the stamp be putteth for a show the image of the prince; so he that shall teach any doctrine that cometh not from God, whatsoever he say for it, what gloss soever he set on it, is a traitor unto God, yea, a cursed traitor, though he were an angel from heaven.

"I WAS GLAD," said a saint of old, "when they said to me, 'let us go into the house of the Lord.'" How many modern saints are smitten this way?

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

— A DISTINGUISHED scholar is reported to have said of his pastor: "I have sat under his ministry for thirty years, and in all that time he has never once touched my heart." That pastor can not have been a preacher of the Gospel. Or, perhaps, the fault may have been in the hearer; he may have been so pre-occupied with his learning that he failed to respond to his pastor's appeals.

— ALL missions at work among the Santals in India report numerous accessions and rapid development. At the present rate of progress, in a few years Santalistan will be as thoroughly christianized as Tinnevely now is. The Norwegian Lutheran Mission has a membership of 5272 at 14 stations. More than 400 were baptized last year. Mr. Campbell, of the Scotch Free Church, reports very hopefully of his section of the field; he can not provide teachers fast enough to instruct the people, who are anxious to embrace the Christian faith.

— THE *Congregationalist* packs a sermon into this paragraph: Said a traveling man in our hearing the other day: "I've covered six thousand miles within the last year, and have been asked to drink, probably, more than that number of times, but nobody has once asked me to go to church, or seemed to think I have a soul." "But have you been where Christian people were?" "Yes," was the rejoinder, "I've boarded with them a good deal of the time." We wish we could believe that this is an altogether exceptional case.

— AT a conference of the missionaries of China recently held at Shanghai the subject of Bible translation had an important place. Three mixed translations were decided upon, into the old classical, modern classical, and Mandarin languages, each to be made by twelve members selected from the British, American, and German Protestant missionary bodies. A fourth committee is to superintend and make arrangements for the publication of translations into various dialects, and a fifth to prepare an annotated edition of the Bible specially for Chinese.

— A CONVERTED Chinaman on the Pacific coast sold himself to work as a coolie in New Guinea for the sake of working among his own countrymen, and before he died he personally led to Christ 200 of his companions. How many of such heroic lives have no written annals, save in God's "book of remembrance"!

— CHRISTIANS in Greenland very seldom, if ever, absent themselves from public worship on account of the weather. When it is so cold that their breath freezes and forms icicles on their faces, they go long distances, through snow, and ice, and storm, to the house of prayer. Men, women and children go. Through much greater sacrifice than the Christians of more favored lands, do the poor Greenlanders obey the injunction: "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is."

— A GENTLEMAN in Montreal, while having some excavations made in his cellar recently, came upon a small wooden box, which on opening was found to contain a bible. The work is said to be in a good state of preservation and to be a Lutheran Bible, published in Amsterdam in 1669 by S. Des Marets, professor of theology in one of the universities of Holland, and his son. It is a French version and is illustrated, and was no doubt owned and secreted by one of the early Huguenot settlers. It has been deposited with the Savings Bank in Montreal by its owner for safe keeping.

— A MISSIONARY, laboring at Stanley Pool, Central Africa, among a race called the Batekers, describes their habits and his own trials to a friend in London: "They are very wild and given to fighting. They always go about with their knives and spears, ready to kill anyone. In fact, one has to be very careful in walking among this people. I am on the best terms with all the natives. The people buy slaves, and fatten and kill and eat them. This is an awful land to live in. During my stay here I have had nine fevers."

— A LABORER among the Indians in Rupert's Land gives a striking illustration of heathen unrest. A young Indian of the Rainy River tribe was of considerable promise and much liked by all the Indians. A little before he died, when surrounded by a large band of singers and the whole Indian faculty of medicine, who had exhausted their arts in the vain effort to restore him to health, he asked to be heard, and gathering all his strength, he uttered these words: "I am dying; I am miserable! You have kept me from the light, and now I do not see which way I am going! Your way is all darkness; I can not go in it. You have led me the wrong way. You are all blind; I do not want you any longer!"

— A GENTLE and kindly old minister had rather an alarming way of checking the conversation when it touched personality. "Of course," he would say when a parishioner told him, "in confidence," some tale which detracted from the reputation of another, "of course, I shall feel at liberty to tell him exactly what you say. He ought to know, for his own good." And after that depressing threat, the talebearer was usually very willing to hold his peace.

— ANOTHER "boy preacher," age 14, is to the front in Tennessee and Georgia. "To say that he has preached would be to indulge in a reckless misuse of terms." "Let him go home and attend school," is the homely counsel of the *Nashville Christian Advocate*.

— ANOTHER instance of the spread of the Gospel through the agency of native preachers, says the *Missionary Outlook*, is the formation of a missionary society among the pupils of the Huguenot Seminary, at Wellington, South Africa. It proposes to send from its ranks missionaries to labor among the heathen of Africa.

Books Received.

SYNODAL-BERICHT der evang.-luth. Synode von Missouri, Ohio und anderen Staaten, versammelt als Sechste Delegatensynode im Jahr 1890. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 20 cts.

From the Publishing House of the Martin Luther Orphan Asylum, West Roxbury, Mass., we received the following two pamphlets which we heartily recommend to all our readers that understand the German language:

1. BLUETEN AUS DEM KIRCHLICHEN LEBEN, dargeboten vom "Lutherischen Anzeiger." Price 10 cts. per copy; \$1.00 per dozen.
2. ORDNUNGS-REGELN FUER GEMEINDE-VERSAMMLUNGEN, gesammelt von A. H. W. Kirchhoff. Price 5 cts. per copy; 50 cts. per dozen; \$3.00 per hundred.

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. BURGENDORF, MISSIONARY.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

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

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,

Springfield, Ills.
Divine services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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Battle Song of the Church.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
His Gideon shall for you arise,
Uphold you and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us; we are His own;
Our victory can not fail.

Gustavus Adolphus.

Reformation Day.

The last day of October is called Reformation Day. It is a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing in the Lutheran church. On that day, in the year 1517, Dr. Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five theses against the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg. That was the beginning of the Reformation. God's set time for the deliverance of His people had come. For ages the darkness of popery had reigned and the Gospel of Christ had been buried under the rubbish of soul-destroying doctrines taught by the pope and his priests. The people were pointed to other saviours than the Lord Jesus Christ. Luther himself, anxious to be saved, went the way which was pointed out to him. He became a monk and a priest of Rome and tried hard to find peace for his poor troubled soul in all the false services of the Romish sect. But he found no peace until God opened to him the Bible. From this Holy Book he learned that Jesus is the only Saviour of sinners. In the Gospel of Jesus he found peace and rest. By the Light of that Gospel he saw the wicked errors and the soul-destroying doctrines of Rome. God had chosen and prepared him as the Reformer of His Church, who was to bring back to mankind the pure Gospel truth as it had been taught by the prophets and apostles of

old. He was God's messenger of whom it is written in the fourteenth chapter of the Book of Revelation: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." The everlasting Gospel, whose saving power Luther had experienced in his own heart, he made known for the salvation of sinners, and boldly defended it against all his enemies. By this Gospel God Himself carried out the work of the Reformation. Luther says, "I did nothing but teach and preach the pure doctrine of Christ and translate the Gospels, and then laid me down and slept and rose again. The Holy Spirit did the rest through the Gospel." Thus the victory was won. We still enjoy its fruits and its blessings. They who prize the blessings of a pure Gospel will rejoice and give thanks to God on Reformation Day. They will also be moved to work for the spread of this Gospel throughout our land. The Lutheran church is a mission church. The everlasting Gospel which she proclaims must be preached "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." It must also be preached to the colored people of our land. As true children of the Reformation let us devote our prayers and our money to the support and to the spread of the Gospel in all our mission work.

Luther's Heroic Faith.

One day the news came to Wittenberg that Luther was expelled by the pope and laid under the ban of the empire. His friends were in great anxiety, whilst Luther went out into the garden singing joyfully. A friend said to him, "Well, Doctor, have you not heard the news?" "It does not concern me," said the Doctor, "but our Lord Christ. If He will allow Himself to be thrown from the right hand of His Father, and His Church to be overcome, then He may see to it. I am far too weak to defend Him and His cause against the prince of this world and his associates.

The Book of Comfort.

Luther says: "Let all books be introduced, and see whether they have so much virtue and power as to comfort one soul in the least tribulation. It is not possible, indeed, to comfort a soul, unless it hear the word of God. But where is the word of God in any book, except the Bible? What, then, do we accomplish by reading other books and omitting this? They may murder and slay us, indeed, but no book, except the Holy Bible, can comfort us. It alone has the title which St. Paul gives it; namely the Book of Comfort, which can support the soul in all tribulations, so that the soul may not despair but maintain hope; for here the soul lays hold on the word of God, in which it learns the will of God, to which it cleaves and continues firm in life and death."

Luther's Argument with Satan.

Luther says: "Once upon a time the devil said to me, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!' 'Stop! stop!' said I; 'one thing at a time; I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?' 'Therefore you will be damned.' 'That is not good reasoning. It is true I am a great sinner, but it is written, Jesus Christ came to save sinners; therefore I shall be saved! Now go your way.' So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

Luther's Brief Confession of Faith.

In the year 1537 Luther was taken very sick in the city of Smalcald. He thought his end had come, and on leaving the city for home, he commended himself to the prayers of the Church and made this brief confession of his faith: "I cling to the Lord Jesus and His word, and in my heart know of no other righteousness than the precious blood of Christ; which graciously cleanses me, and all who believe, from every sin, as this is freely confessed in my books and in the Augsburg Confession."

Our Virginia Letter.

On Friday, the 5th of September, I was somewhat surprised. A carriage drove up before my door and a gentleman of fine appearance alighted, thus showing that he meant to come in. But not alone; he reached into the carriage door to help some one out, which appeared somewhat difficult. I was thus moved to go to his aid; and it was necessary; for it was his wife with a broken leg.

Oh! yes; I had heard of them, and that they were to come this way. It was candidate H. D. Schoof, called by the colored mission board as missionary at the station Meherrin, Va., and whom I was to ordain and install. He, some six weeks ago, had started from his home in Wisconsin, with his spouse of two days, to come to Virginia, his field of labor, but was hindered, while yet in hearing of the farewells at home, by the upsetting of a coach, which caused a sad rupture of their journey by the still more sad rupture of his wife's leg.

But soon the zeal of the young brother caused him to push on, and so he came, bearing his burden, all the way from Wisconsin to Virginia; for the broken limb was still more of a burden than of use.

On the following Sunday, the 14th after Trin., he was duly ordained in the Bethlehem Evang. Luth. Church, at Richmond, Va. It was an edifying service for our people, and they were moved to thank God for the spread of His kingdom among the colored race of our beloved country, and to entreat His blessing on the work of our missionaries.

On the Wednesday following the introduction and installation took place among his people at Meherrin, Va. Although a week-day, yet the little church was filled and all the members whose work had not called them too far from home were present. Joy beamed on every countenance, and with the most devotional attention they listened to every word of the sermon. The text was 1 Thess. 5, 12, 13, from which was set forth to them the grace of God, in giving them a pastor of their own, and the duties which pastor and congregation owe to each other.

May God strengthen and comfort the brother and his afflicted wife; may He bless and build up the congregation of His people in that waste place of the world; and to this end bless the relation of pastor and people to His glory and the salvation of many souls.

C. J. OEHLSCHEGER,
Richmond, Va.

A Warning.

At the time of the Reformation a Romish priest in Saxony, Urban Nicolai by name, came to a knowledge of the truth of the Lutheran doctrine, and publicly confessed it. Not very long afterward, hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, he fell away from what he knew to be the truth, and denied the Lutheran faith.

On Trinity Sunday, in the year 1537, he in his sermon declared that *if Luther's doctrine were true, thunder and lightning should kill him.* The same evening a tremendous thunder storm arose. Flash of lightning followed flash, and like a thousand voices of divine wrath the thunders rolled along. Calling to mind his bold challenge of divine justice, he ordered the ringing of all the bells, hastened to church and threw himself before the altar, with trembling and in prayer. But a flash of lightning struck him and rendered him insensible. The citizens of the place came and carried him away. A second flash then struck him and killed him on the spot. The bearers of his body, although themselves unharmed, ran away in great fright. This terrible judgment of God made so deep an impression that thousands became Lutherans and the mouths of many blasphemers were stopped.—*From the German.*

A Tricky Priest.

A curious case, showing the spirit of the Roman Catholic priesthood, occurred at Ventry in 1827. The Rev. John Gregg went there to preach the first Irish Protestant sermon ever heard in the place. The room was crowded. As soon as Mr. Gregg began to speak a thundering noise came from the cellar. The people thought it was St. Patrick warning them not to listen; but the delight of hearing their mother tongue spoken by the preacher was enough to keep them, and the duel went on between the preacher, waxing ever warmer and warmer, and the powers of the lower regions growing weaker and weaker. The preacher conquered, and three days after had the pleasure of giving an Irish Bible to a young man who confessed to having been sent by his priest to break up the meeting. He had been scraping a stick against the leg of a table, but, when too tired to go on with it, had heard enough of the sermon to make him want to know more. This young man afterward became a zealous Protestant clergyman, and for years worked among the people of Cleena, a rocky peninsula on the western coast, where he built a church and established mission schools.

A Witness for Luther's Doctrine.

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

The Two Bibles.

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

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

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

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

This true story shows the spirit of the Romish church. As long as her poor souls can be kept ignorant they will believe her errors. The Bible would give them light and truth and the truth would make them free. How very grateful we should be, that since the days of Luther and the Reformation we have an open Bible.

Luther's Faithfulness.

In 1516 the plague prevailed in the city of Wittenberg, and Luther was advised to flee. He answered: "Where shall I go to? I hope the world will not crumble to ruin if brother Martin leave it. When the pestilence increases I will scatter the brethren in all directions, but I am placed here and dare not flee. I do not say this because I have no fear of death, for I am not the apostle Paul, but only his interpreter; nevertheless I hope that God will deliver me from all my fears."

Luther did not leave the city during the pestilence, but visited the sick and comforted the dying. God in His mercy protected him against all danger.

A Good Answer.

A young lady who recently renounced Romanism, being told that as she was born in the "catholic" church she ought to die in it, promptly replied, "I was born in sin, but I made up my mind not to die in it."

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

Luther at the Diet of Worms.

In our picture you see Luther at the Diet of Worms. Do you know what a Diet is? It is a convention of princes and others held for the purpose of discussing the affairs of the empire. Emperor Charles V. held his first Diet in the city of Worms, in the year 1521. Luther was ordered to appear at this Diet. His friends tried to keep him from going there, fearing that his enemies would put him to death as they had put others to death who had preached the Gospel. Luther, however, put his trust in God and said he would go and appear in the name of the Lord, even "if his enemies built a fire which should extend from Wittenberg to Worms and reach to the heavens." And when, near the city of Worms, a letter from one of his friends was handed him, in which that friend earnestly warned him not to enter the city, he boldly said, "If there were at Worms as many devils as there are tiles on the roofs, yet I would go in." And he did go in.

After having received the Emperor's order to appear before the Diet at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of April, Luther, in a long and fervent prayer, sought the help of God, whose truth he was to confess. He was then led into the hall where the Diet was assembled. There sat the mighty Emperor, and the princes, and the dukes, and the pope's messenger, and others of high rank. There Luther stood, the miner's son, the poor monk, calm and full of peace, mighty in the Lord, the messenger of God's eternal truth. About five thousand people were gathered in front of the hall and at the windows. The scene is called by a well known English writer "the greatest scene in modern European History." "The world's pomp and power sits there, on this hand; on that, stands up for God's truth, one man, the poor miner Hans Luther's son."

Luther was first asked whether the books, which lay near by, had been written by him. After the titles of the books had been read, he said the books were his. On being asked whether he would retract what he had written, he desired time to consider the question, since it was a question of faith involving his own salvation and the authority of God's word. Time was granted him until the next day.

On the following day Luther was again brought before the Diet to give answer to the question whether he would retract what he had written. In a speech, which lasted two hours, he set forth the doctrines contained in his books. He then with great firmness gave this answer: "Unless I am convinced by the testimony of the word of God, or by clear and overpowering reasons, as I can not submit my faith to the pope nor to the councils, which have often erred and contradicted themselves, and as I am bound in conscience by God's word, I can not and will not retract anything, for it is neither safe nor right to do anything against conscience." And then, with great force, he added those memorable words: "HERE I

STAND; I CAN NOT DO OTHERWISE; GOD HELP ME! AMEN."

The powerful speech, so full of faith, made a deep impression, and many were gained for the truth. With thanks to God for His assistance Luther entered upon his way home.

Luther's Great Prayer.

Before Luther entered the Diet at Worms he sought God's help in a fervent prayer. This prayer of God's messenger before he took his noble stand is one for which the history of Christianity probably shows no parallel. Not in polished sentences, but broken up into short ejaculations his appeals ascend on high. Would you not like to read that prayer? Here it is:

"O Almighty and Everlasting God! How terrible is this world! Behold! it openeth its



mouth to swallow me up, and I have so little trust in Thee! How weak is the flesh, and Satan how strong! If it is only in the strength of this world that I must put my trust, all is over! My last hour is come, my condemnation has been pronounced! O God! O God! O God! do Thou help me against all the wisdom of the world! Do this; Thou shouldst do this—Thou alone—for this is not my work but Thine. I have nothing to do here, nothing to contend for with these great ones of the world! I should desire to see my days flow on peaceful and happy. But the cause is Thine, and it is a righteous and eternal cause. O Lord! help me! Faithful and unchangeable God! In no man do I place my trust. It would be in vain! All that is of man is uncertain; all that cometh of man fails—O God! my God! hearest Thou me not? My God! art Thou dead? No! Thou canst not die! Thou hidest Thyself only! Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it well!—Act, then, O God!—stand at my side, for the sake of Thy well-beloved Jesus Christ, who is my defense, my shield, and my strong tower.

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

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

What The Romish Priest Could Not Burn.

A Romish priest in Ireland one day met a little boy coming across a field from the Protestant parish school with a Bible in his hand. "Do you go to that place?" asked the priest, pointing to the Protestant school.

"Yes, your reverence," replied the boy.

"I thought so," said the priest, "by the book you have in your hand. It is a bad book; give it to me."

"That book is God's Word," said the boy, "and it teaches us the way to get to heaven when we die."

"Come home with me," said the priest.

The boy did so, and on entering his study the priest took the poor boy's Bible and threw it on the fire.

"You shall never read that book again," said the priest; "it is a bad book; and, mind, I shall not suffer you to go to that school again."

The Bible was soon in flames, and the poor boy at first looked very sad; but as the priest grew more and more angry, and told him there was an end of it all now, the boy began to smile.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the priest.

"I can't help it," said the boy.

"I insist upon your telling me why you laugh!" said the priest.

"I can't help laughing," replied the boy, "for I was thinking your reverence couldn't burn those ten chapters I've got by heart."

Happy boy! He could say with king David, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

Luther and the General.

As Luther was journeying to Worms, he met the great General Frundsberg at an inn. "Are you the man," said the General, "who has undertaken to reform the papacy? how will, how can you accomplish that?" "Yes," said Luther, "I am the man, and I rely upon Almighty God, whose vocation and word I have with me." This terrified Frundsberg, and beholding Luther with affection, he said: "Dear friend, there is something in what you say. I am a servant of the great lord, the Emperor Charles, and at his command have made many heavy marches. But you have a greater Master than the Emperor Charles is; He also will help you and stand by you."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

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

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

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

—MANY parents may learn a lesson from the colored mother who led her toddling baby to the table in the church, and lifted him up that he might drop his penny into the basket from his own fingers. "Have patience, brudder," she said to a scowling deacon; "I went to bring him up to it." Children must be brought up to give to the support and spread of the Gospel, that they may carry on the work when their parents have gone to their reward.

—AN exchange had a hard question put to it, thus: "A brother wants to know what he ought to do with a member who owns 200 acres of fine land and has several thousand dollars in the bank, and yet could only be induced to give 25 cents for missions?"

—THE inhabitants of the island Heligoland are Lutherans. They elect their own pastors, the youngest of whom must also teach the higher classes in the schools. The clergy are paid by the State. A high-school is maintained called the Nicholaus School, established by the wealthy merchant of Bremerhaven, Rickmers. The language of school and church is the German, while the official court language has been English. One of the peculiarities of the Sunday in Heligoland is, that it begins on Saturday evening already. The services on the Lord's Day are always well attended. The seats in the church are peculiar and are painted in different colors, some brown, some black, some yellow, etc. All bear the names of the holders. Several miniature ships hang from the ceiling. The ceremony of infant baptism is unique. While a hymn is being sung a procession of small boys and girls enter the side portals of the church and pass by the altar. Each child carries a small dish of water, which it empties into the font. These children are all relatives and kin to the child that is to be baptized.

—THE first Protestant missionary landed in

Japan in 1854; the first baptism took place in 1865; the first church was organized in 1872.

Now there are 28 missionary societies at work, with a force of 443, male and female foreign missionaries, 142 native ordained missionaries, 252 native helpers, 8 colporteurs and 70 Bible women. There are 396 stations and out-stations, 92 of the churches are self-supporting, and 157 partly so, with a total membership of 25,514, whose gifts, for all purposes, in 1888, amounted to \$48,340.93. The Sunday-schools number 295, with 16,634 scholars in attendance. There are 14 theological schools, with 287 students, and 9,698 have been gathered into the missionary day-schools. The translation of the New Testament was not completed until 1880, and the whole Bible at the beginning of 1888. A few months later one society had distributed over 100,000 copies of the complete Bible, and, previously, more than twice that number of the various parts.

—ALTHOUGH the Roman church has had her missions in China for about 300 years, she has never given the Bible to the Chinese people.

—AS MANY remember, the Modoc Indians were a savage heathen tribe only twelve years ago. Their murdering and cruelty were dreadful. Now they are a community of industrious farmers, with half their number professing Christians. It is wonderful what the Gospel can do even for the lowest classes of men.

—A MISSIONARY LADY in Chili wrote: "As we were riding in the street cars we saw on the other side of the street, at the base of a large tree, several candles burning. We asked what it meant, and were told that a few days before an old fruit-woman had been killed near there, and these candles were there to light her soul through purgatory." Do not these people need the blessed Gospel?

Worth far more than it costs.

It is an easy thing in the early stages of missionary work in any field, to cavil at the large outlay of money, as compared with the small results. But the same thing may be done in any important enterprise. The first steel rail made in America was rolled in Chicago in 1865. It cost those who made it, in experiments and outlay, over \$500,000. When only four rails had been made, each one had cost the manufacturers over \$125,000. To-day the cost of a ton of steel rails is only \$40.

It is so in mission work. It was not until the missionaries in Madagascar had worked ten years that the first convert was baptized. It would have been easy to say that that convert had cost so many thousands of dollars. But four years after that there were 200 converts. The cost was much diminished. Now there are 75,000 Christians in Madagascar, and the church among the Hovas, in the bloody and relentless persecution through which it passed, gave to the world one of the noblest examples of Christian heroism and devotion that the world has ever seen.—*Lutheran S. S. Herald.*

A Quaint Lutheran Church.

On the outskirts of Wilmington, Delaware, stands the "Old Swedes' Church," with the figures "1698" made of iron, fastened in the west gable. It is, probably, the oldest church in America that stands to-day just about as it left the hands of its builders. It is surrounded by graves, and stands a mile west of Delaware.

The building is of gray stone, sixty feet wide and twenty high. The walls are six feet thick at the base, and three at the windows. Inscriptions in iron letters are set into walls on all sides. Dutch Peter, the battle-scarred veteran, once was sexton of the church, and hauled live coals from the "cannon stove" upon the brick floor to warm it.

WELCOME the cross of Christ and bear it triumphantly; but see that it be indeed Christ's cross, and not thine own.

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, Ill.

Divine services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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No. 11.

Waiting.

I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord,
I'm waiting for Thee,
For Thy coming again.
Thou 'rt gone over there, Lord,
A place to prepare, Lord,
Thy home I shall share
At Thy coming again.

'Mid danger and fear, Lord,
I'm often weary here, Lord;
The day must be near
Of Thy coming again.
'Tis all sunshine there, Lord,
No sighing nor care, Lord,
But glory so fair
At Thy coming again.

Whilst Thou art away, Lord,
I stumble and stray, Lord;
Oh, hasten the day
Of Thy coming again!
This is not my rest, Lord;
A pilgrim confess'd, Lord,
I wait to be blest
At Thy coming again.

E'en now let my ways, Lord,
Be bright with Thy praise, Lord,
For brief are the days
Ere Thy coming again.
I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thy beauty to see, Lord;
No triumph for me
Like Thy coming again!

Our loved ones before, Lord,
Their troubles are o'er, Lord,
I'll meet them once more
At Thy coming again.
The blood was the sign, Lord,
That mark'd them as Thine, Lord,
And brightly they'll shine
At Thy coming again.

Selected.

Advent.

Do you know what the word Advent means? It means coming. The Advent season is a time of joy; for it tells us of the coming of Christ. It prepares us for the happy Christmas time, in which we hear that Christ has come into the world to save sinners. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that

we might receive the adoption of sons," (Gal. 4, 4, 5). A Saviour had been promised to the saints of old, and they believed in Him who was to come to bear the sins of the world. The Advent season, pointing us to the happy Christmas time, reminds us of the joyous fact that the Saviour has come. The Son of God became man and took the sinner's place. He was made under the law and in our stead fulfilled all the demands of the law. He suffered and died upon the cross and procured redemption for all. But this redemption must be brought to us. The Saviour with all His blessings must become our own. He comes to us in the means of grace.

The Advent season tells us that Christ is still coming. He comes to us in the Gospel and in the Sacraments. The Gospel is not a mere sound of words. It is, as St. Paul says, "a power of God unto salvation to all that believe." The sacraments are not mere signs and ceremonies. The Gospel promise is connected with them, and therefore they are means of grace by which Christ and all His blessings are offered to us. Whenever we read or hear the Gospel, and whenever the sacraments are administered, Christ Himself comes to the hearts of sinners and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," (Rev. 3, 20). Not in wrath does He come in the means of grace, but in mercy, with the fullness of blessing and salvation. He comes to set up His kingdom in the hearts of sinners. He comes to enter their hearts and to rule there as their merciful King in grace and in peace. Happy are they who receive Him into their hearts as their King and their Saviour. He supplies every want of their souls and leads them to the beautiful mansions in His Father's house. He will come again to take them home.

The Advent season tells us that Christ will come. He will come on the day of judgment "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory," (Matth. 24, 30). That coming of Christ will bring terror to all unbelievers. They will be sent into eternal woe. But it will bring joy to all the children of God. They will be taken

to their eternal home to be forever with the Lord. "And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming," (1 John 2, 28).

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

Look to Christ.

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

Safe in Christ.

In the days of Noah there was but one place of safety, and that was the ark; so there is but one place of safety for sinners, and that is Christ. There was safety in the ark for whoever was in it; and there is salvation in Jesus, that "through His name *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins," Acts 10, 43. None could perish who were in the ark, for the Lord had shut them in; so those who are in Christ by faith shall not perish. Being in Jesus, the only place of safety, they can daily look with joy to the coming of their Lord, which every setting sun brings nearer.

The Empty Flour Barrel.

"God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the flour barrel." So said the child of a poor widow to his mother, one morning after she had prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread." God always hears the prayers of His children, and He knows when to answer.

The Water of Baptism.

By DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

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

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

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

We must, therefore, be exceedingly careful not to separate in Holy Baptism the Word from the water with which we baptize, but we must confess and believe that God so instituted this ordinance that, for Christ's sake, we are hereby, through the Holy Ghost, cleansed from our sins and rescued from eternal death. Or why else should the Holy Trinity be present with it? If we then firmly believe that our little children are born in sin, let us be quick to baptize them, that God may accomplish His work in them, according to His declaration that we must be born again of water and the Spirit, and that he who believes and is baptized shall be saved. If we know our infants to be under the dominion of death, let us not be slow to wash them according to the command of Christ, in this bath of Baptism, that death may be overcome.

And thou, my hearer, who art baptized, remember well that thy baptism is unto thee a seal and guarantee of the forgiveness of thy sins and of the promise of eternal life through Christ. Yea, baptism has a divine power to destroy death and to purify from sin; wherefore we are baptized with such hope into the death of Christ.

Baptism with its blessings and promises remains efficacious, though we may have fallen into sin and guilt, if we return from our error and do not continue in our wickedness. It will never do to seek forgiveness of sins and yet persistently to abide in them; we must re-

pent and in true faith say: My Lord God has assured me of all mercy, when I was baptized in the Baptism of His Son, and now I will turn back to this grace of God, being convinced that my sins are removed, not, indeed, for my own sake or that of any other creature, but solely for Christ's sake, who has instituted and ordained Baptism, and who was Himself baptized, as though He had been a sinner.

The Precious Volume.

When traveling on the banks of the Orange River, between Namaqualand and the Griqua country, in South Africa, the Rev. R. Moffat, the well-known African missionary, came to a heathen village where an incident occurred which he describes thus:

"We had traveled far, and were hungry, thirsty and fatigued. From the fear of being

a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. The solitary tear stole down her sable cheek when she replied, "I love Him whose servants ye are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I can not speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place." On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch Testament which she had received from Mr. Helm, when in his school some years previous, before she had been compelled by her connections to retire to her present seclusion; "This," she said, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn!" I looked upon the precious relic, and the reader may conceive how we felt when we met with this disciple and mingled our sympathies and prayers together at the throne of our heavenly Father."

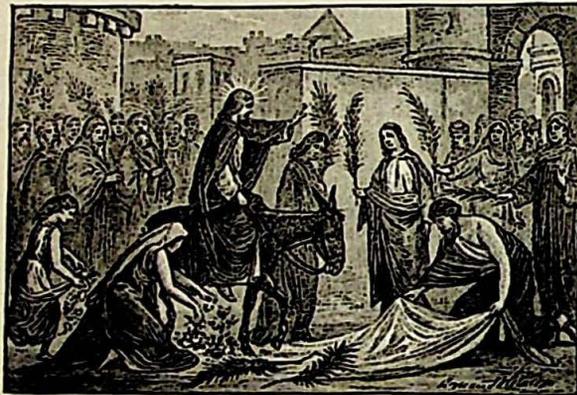
Let Your Light Shine!

Some years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the sea-shore. All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous, and many a time was her heart melted at the sight of wrecked fishing boats and other vessels, and the cries of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making loneliness more lonely, and the widow was thinking of what the next morning's light might let her see, a happy thought came to her. Her cottage stood on a high spot, and her window looked out upon the sea; might she not place a lamp by that window, that it might be a light to warn some poor fisherman or sailor off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp; many a crew were saved from perishing.

That widow woman "did what she could;" and if all believers kept their light burning as brightly and steadily, might not many a soul be warned to flee from the wrath to come? If Christians would live as lights in this world, they would do much for the salvation of sinners.

Let your light shine!

THE promises of God are so many bonds wherein He stands bound to us; and these bonds may be put in suit, and His people have liberty and confidence to ask what He hath promised them. It is a mighty argument in prayer, when we can plead, that we ask no more, than God hath promised.



Advent.

My Hosannas do receive
And victorious palms, dear Saviour!
Thanks and honor I will pay
Thee, as best I can, forever,
And by faith I will embrace,
Lord, Thy merit through Thy grace.

Hail! Hosanna! David's Son,
Help, Lord, hear our supplication!
Let Thy sceptre, realm, and crown
Bring us blessing and salvation,
That forever we may sing:
Hail! Hosanna! Lord, our King!

exposed to lions, we preferred remaining at the village to proceeding during the night. The people rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance; we asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons which still remained on my jacket for a little milk; this also was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. It was difficult to reconcile ourselves to our lot, for, in addition to repeated rebuffs, the manner of the villagers excited suspicion.

"When twilight drew on, a woman approached; she bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand; the latter (without opening her lips) she handed to us, laid down the wood and returned to the village. A second time she approached with

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother!

In the north of Europe is a mountainous country called Sweden. Its winters are long, snowy and cold. Its summers are short, but very lovely and sweet-aired, especially in the valleys between the high mountains.

The inhabitants of that country are noted for their industry, virtue and contentment. One morning, a long time ago, a certain king of Sweden, called Gustavus the Third, was riding through a village in one of the beautiful valleys, not far from Stockholm, the capital city. As he passed along, he saw a young girl filling a pitcher with water that gushed from the cool rocks which overshadowed the roadside. He stopped at the fountain and asked the girl for a drink. She knew not the stranger, but gracefully stepped forward and lifted the pitcher to his lips as he sat upon his horse. She was evidently very poor, but her kindness, so tenderly expressed upon her countenance, together with her artless politeness, at once attracted the king's attention, and touched his heart. Judging by her appearance that she was a child of poverty, he told her, that if she would go to the city with him, he would find her a pleasant home.

"Ah! good sir," answered the girl, "Providence placed me here, and, I am not anxious to change my position in life. I am content, and if I were not content, it would be impossible for me to accept your kind offer."

"Indeed! Why not!" said the king in some surprise.

"Because my mother is poor and sickly," she replied.

"And you remain at home to take care of her?"

"I am her only help and companion," said the girl, looking upon the ground with a genuine modesty that won the sympathies of her royal auditor. "I am happy in my lot, and am thankful that I can take care of and comfort the one so dear to me. No offer however tempting, could induce me to leave my mother."

"Where is your mother?" inquired the king, becoming more and more interested in the noble girl.

"In yon little hut, by the side of the road," said she, pointing toward the humble dwelling. It was a low, thatched building, covered with moss and vines, very neat and clean, but so old and weatherworn that it afforded but a poor shelter in time of cold and storms.

Gustavus alighted from his horse, and followed the girl into the hut, to see her mother. He found her sick and suffering, lying upon a bed of straw—a pale, thin woman—sinking under her infirmities, and looking forward to the grave only as a bed of rest. The king was almost overcome at the pitiable sight, and said, while tears came into his eyes—ah, yes, and those tears were more beautifully radiant and glorious than the brightest dazzles that ever glanced from his crown of diamonds—

"I feel sorry, mother, to find you so destitute and afflicted."

"Yes, yes, my dear sir," said the lady, in a feeble voice; "but I am so glad that God has given me an affectionate daughter. She is always trying to relieve me, and is my constant comforter. May God in His love remember her and bless her—my dear child!" and her voice was choked by sobs, and her face was covered with tears.

The good king wept with the poor widow. What a sight! The monarch never received such a blessing on his throne in the palace, as there in the lone hut by the wayside! He handed the daughter a purse of gold, and directed her to a better house, where she and her mother might be comfortable, saying, as he departed:—

"Go on, my young friend, in your way of dutiful love and care, and you shall lack for nothing while I have means to help you. I am your king.—Farewell!"

Gustavus ever remembered the poor family, and made provision to have a sum of money regularly sent to the woman for her support; and at the mother's death, he presented the daughter with a handsome fortune.

Young readers, for your parents' sake and Christ's sake, but also for your own sake, remember the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

The Blood of Christ.

An old shepherd in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again—I never heard it before."

She read it again: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

So she took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that the old man withdrew his hands, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

Babies in Japan.

Japanese babies are the most comical little mortals imaginable. Hundreds of them are to be seen in the streets of Japan carried on the backs of their child-nurses, some of whom do not appear much larger than the babies, so that the effect is of one child with two heads. These babies, if they are very small, are fastened in the garments of their nurses in such a way as to leave only the heads exposed, but if they are large enough to make free use of their hands desirable the arms are left free. The little heads are shaved with the exception of small patches of hair, and are often covered with loathsome sores.

The nurses play ball or battledore with apparent unconcern as to the fate of the babies. It is seldom that any accident occurs, but occasionally a child will roll off from the back of its nurse. Then is plainly demonstrated the fact that a Japanese baby can cry as lustily as our American babies.

Yet the Japanese babies have good care taken of them. They are amused by toys when awake, and are protected from insects by mosquito-nets when asleep.

A young Japanese mother once showed her baby's wardrobe to a missionary. Its best robes were of crape and silk, all of large figures. For ordinary wear there were short dresses made of bright red and yellow cloth. For ornaments there were square patches of green, red or yellow cloth sewed upon the backs of the dresses.

When the Japanese little ones are old enough to toddle around they have bells fastened to them, so that the mothers may know where they are.

They Do Not All Pray.

An aged Christian one day took dinner at a house where he found himself in the company of a number of young and jovial people. When sitting down at the table, he silently offered up prayer to God.

One of the guests, intending to have some fun with him, said: "I suppose at your house all pray, do they not?"

"No, not that I know of," was the reply.

"What, do not all pray there?"

"No, I have two hogs in my pen—they never pray when they are fed."

The young man was silenced.

In short, the Word of God does every good thing; it alone makes a man truly wise, intelligent, prudent, cautious, pious, kind, patient, faithful, orderly, chaste, etc.—*Luther*.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE Lutherans of Norway are very active in the work of foreign missions. The whole kingdom is divided into eight collection districts; 900 collectors are regularly gathering contributions, and 3000 societies are praying and working for the cause. The country gave last year \$50,000. The Norwegians have 10 stations and 32 churches among the Zulus in South Africa; and 300 churches with 19,000 adult members in Madagascar.

—A NEWSPAPER tells us that there is a little church at Benita, Africa, where, on Sunday morning, a number of boys and girls are to be seen with slates in their hands, taking notes of the sermon; and some of the older 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.

—SIERRA LEONE, on the Western coast of Africa, at the beginning of this century, was one of the most degraded places on the surface of the globe. Ship-loads of slaves were turned adrift, the place reeked with every kind of abomination, and no less than fifty-three missionaries and their wives died in twenty years. Now, under the presidency of a native, Bishop Crowther—once a slave boy, sold for a horse, returned as a bad bargain, sold twice for rum and tobacco, then converted, liberated, ordained—the colony is full of Christian places of worship.

—OVER 1000 Africans are now at work on the Congo railroad. On April 12th two miles of it had been completed; this portion begins at Matadi, which is at the western end of the road, ninety miles from the sea. The principal difficulties lie in the building of the first ten miles before the level plateau of the Congo hills is reached. Twenty-five Europeans superintend the work.

—ON the Congo, says the *Missionary Herald*, the missionaries of the English Baptist Society have been earnestly engaged in preparing a Christian literature for the people who live along the great river. It is reported from the Underhill Station that, with the help of two native compositors, 3860 books have been printed, with a total of 135,830 pages. These books are printed in three different languages: Kixi Kongo, the language of the Lower Congo, Kiteke, the language of Stanley Pool, and Kibangi, the language of Botobo, Sukulela and beyond.

—A MISSIONARY, laboring among the Indians in the West writes: "We are sorry to say many young men come out to the North-West, and when they come there you would never think they came from a Christian country, and the Indians inquire why these young men do not worship God."

—SOME persons complain that the missionary work advances so slowly, but God often shows that He can accomplish His ends rapidly. One of the latest instances of rapid progress is the change wrought in the moral and religious con-

dition of the inhabitants in Formosa, an island in the China Sea. The population here is mixed in character, being partly Chinese and partly wild tribes. Among the latter people the missionary began some fourteen years ago to labor. At that time idolatry held sway, and hatred was felt and expressed for the foreigners. The difficulties and obstacles in the way seemed almost insuperable, but the workers had faith and energy, and God was with them. They gradually found favor, and their labors proved successful. Now 12,000 conversions are reported, and churches are in full operation. Schools have also been started, a native ministry is being trained, and hospitals have been established. Christianity has thus gained a strong footing. The next fourteen years should, with such a wonderful foundation, manifest most remarkable gains in this island, and its complete domination by Christ may be expected in the near future. God has His own way of working; but whether it be by slow or by speedy process, let us not despair of the power of His Gospel.

—RECENT trustworthy calculations of the population of the Chinese Empire, by Russian authorities, reckon it at 382,000,000, and the annual increase at 4,000,000. Not one in 10,000 ever heard of the religion of Jesus Christ.

—MR. C. F. STUDD, one of the China Inland missionaries, had a fortune of some £100,000. On determining to consecrate himself wholly to the Lord, he placed this whole sum in the hands of trustees, the interest to go to the mission, while he himself went to China to engage in the work, sharing the common lot of the other missionaries.

—IN one of the villages in China a successful evangelical work is carried on which is largely dependent upon the labors of one woman; all the people in the place are very poor, and work hard during the day to provide food for themselves, yet some of them sit up half the night to spin thread in order to earn money to build a little chapel. Their united labors have resulted in the collection of only fifteen dollars, but they are working on in hope.

Good Will toward Men.

The power of the Gospel is beautifully shown in the change wrought in the South Sea Islands by the introduction of Christianity. The love of peace, said the missionaries in 1822, among the natives, seems to exceed their former delight in war; and their desires to perpetuate it are continually strengthened. Their feelings in regard to it are expressed in terms like the following: "Let our hands forget how to lift the club or throw the spear. Let our guns decay with rust, we do not want them. Though we have been pierced with balls or spears, if we pierce each other now, let it be with the word of God. How happy are we now! We sleep not with our cartridges under our heads,

our muskets by our side, and our hearts palpitating with alarm. We have the Bible, we know the Saviour; and if all knew Him, if all obeyed Him, there would be no more war." Their weapons, at the period referred to, were either destroyed, or converted into implements of husbandry; or, if suffered to retain their former shape, it was only as a relic of former days. *South Sea Missions.*

BOOK-TABLE.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1891. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cents.

This well-known German Lutheran Almanac has made its appearance in its usual form and with a variety of instructive and timely reading matter, bringing also an excellent portrait of the Rev. Prof. A. Craemer, whose praise as a self-denying and successful laborer in the Lord's vineyard is in all the churches. The Almanac also contains accurate statistics and information concerning the Synodical Conference.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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St. Louis, Mo., December, 1890.

No. 12.

The Sweetest Story.

"See, we are not sleepy, mother;
Look how wide-awake we seem;
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream.

"Tell the very sweetest story
That you ever heard or read,
And you'll see that we remember
Every single word you've said."

Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago
When the sky was full of angels,
And from every shining row,

In a voice of heavenly music,
Came a lovely message, given
For the sake of one sweet baby
That had come that night from heaven:

That was born so poor, so lowly
In a stable far away,
And was laid into a manger
On a bed of straw and hay:

That had come to be the Saviour
Of all sinners here below,
To redeem them all from sorrow
And from hell's eternal woe.

Four blue eyes and two sweet voices
Waited till my tale was done—
Then they cried, "Why that was Jesus!
Christmas, Christmas time is come!"

The Christmas Tidings.

They are wonderful tidings. They make known the birth of a child that had been promised for 4000 years and that had been longed for by a multitude of believing hearts during the time of the Old Testament. At the birth of this child angels' hearts were filled with joy and angels' voices sang the hymn of praise on the fields of Bethlehem. This child was indeed no ordinary child. The angel calls Him "Christ the Lord." The child that had so lowly a birth, whose mother "wrapped Him in swaddling-clothes and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn," was the Lord of all, the great Jehovah. Wonderful tidings! How wonderful that He who is "the Mighty God" became a feeble child, taking upon Himself our human nature. How wonderful that He who is the Maker and Upholder and Ruler of all things should lie in

a manger wrapped in swaddling-clothes. How wonderful that He who is the Lord of the heavenly hosts and who dwells amid the praises of Cherubim and Seraphim should become a child of poverty and sorrows. Such a birth there never has been before, and such a birth can never again be. No wonder that when the angel had proclaimed these wonderful tidings, there "suddenly was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The Christmas tidings are joyful tidings. The angel said to the shepherds, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." "Unto you is born a Saviour"—joyful tidings! They concern us lost sinners and make known to us the Saviour from sin and all our woe. All men are sinners and have deserved God's wrath and eternal punishment; for "the wages of sin is death." No creature in heaven or on earth could rescue us from our awful doom. But God came to the rescue. He "so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Son of God became man and took the sinners' place, and did in our stead what the law requires, and took upon Himself the punishment of our transgressions. Thus He became our Saviour. And the birth of this Saviour is made known to us in the tidings of Christmas. "Unto you is born a Saviour," said the angel. Joyful tidings! It is our Saviour that is born; it is to us that salvation now has come. The tidings are for us and for all people. The greatest sinner, if he accepts the joyful Christmas tidings, may rejoice in the happy Christmas time; for by faith in these tidings he has forgiveness of all sins and life everlasting. The believer who lives a life of poverty and want in the most lowly cabin may rejoice in the happy Christmas time, for the joyful Christmas tidings bring Him the richest of all gifts—the Saviour, who for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be rich. The believer who is cast down with sorrow and affliction and who mourns over the

loss of some loved one may rejoice in the happy Christmas time, for the joyful Christmas tidings bring him the true Christmas joy—joy in the Saviour, who is the Comfort of all the sorrowing and the Consolation of all the weeping. May we all welcome with glad and believing hearts the holy Christmas day, with its wonderful and joyful tidings of our Saviour's birth.

Christmas and our Missionary Work.

Christmas should arouse us to new zeal in our missionary work. The angel plainly said of the great Christmas joy that it "shall be to all people." How is this great joy brought to all people? Simply by bringing them the good tidings. At the Saviour's birth these good tidings were brought to men by an angel from heaven, but it is not our Lord's will that angels should make known these tidings for all time. He says to His Christians, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Christians are to make known what is said in the Gospel concerning this child Jesus. Christians are to bring the glad Gospel tidings to all people that all may come to faith and joy in their Saviour.

We know that there are some who think the tidings of great joy will not be accepted by those to whom they are brought. Well, now, let God take care of that. Our duty is simply to obey the command of God and to bring the tidings of great joy to those who know them not. This labor has not been in vain and never will be in vain. Our missionaries are laboring faithfully and successfully among the colored people in the South. The only trouble is that they are not supported in their work as they ought to be. They have laid before the churches the great need of school houses in New Orleans. The Synodical Conference has resolved to build those school houses. But school houses are not built by resolutions. No. Money is needed to build a school house. If every Christian in the Synodical Conference would devote but a small sum of money as a Christmas gift to our mission work, the school houses would soon be built. Let us not forget our missionary treasury in our distribution of Christmas gifts.

The Christmas Tree—Its Scriptural Signification.

In this country, where the Christmas tree has been but recently introduced, its Scriptural signification is not so well known as in Protestant Germany, where the custom is very ancient. Here Christmas, at least with the great majority of our people, is as yet not observed as a religious festival, but rather as a day of feasting and merry-making, or an occasion of giving and receiving presents. In Germany, on the contrary, it is strictly observed as a church festival, and in Christian families all the customs connected with it have a Scriptural signification, and are designed not only to afford innocent pleasure, more especially to the young members of the family, but also to instruct and edify both young and old. And the writer of these lines, who though past the meridian of life, still goes back, year after year, in memory to the Christmas scenes of his childhood, assures the reader that there can scarcely be anything more instructive or more edifying, or productive of purer, holier pleasure, than the celebration of Christmas in a truly German Christian family. The good impressions then and there made, many will carry with them to their grave; and the recollections that cluster around that tree, long since withered and mingled with the dust, are among the sweetest and most precious relics of the past.

The Christmas tree in Germany is, or was in our boyhood, exclusively a family institution, and makes its appearance in the family circle most generally on Christmas eve. The tree used is a fir; its branches are illuminated with miniature wax tapers, trimmed with gilded nuts, apples, candy, toys, etc. The brilliant glare emitted from these many lighted tapers, at the darkest and gloomiest season in mid-winter, symbolize the joy that is felt in consequence of Christ being the true light, that lighteth every one that cometh into the world

(John 1, 9), and that hath shined into our hearts (2 Cor. 4, 6). Its design is to exhibit to the sense of sight how our Heavenly Father has delivered us from the power of darkness, and made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light (Col. 1, 12, 13).

In some localities the tree is lit up on Christmas morning after public divine service. This is done in order to remind us that Christ, as

The gilded nuts, apples, candy, toys, etc., with which the tree is trimmed, are emblematical of the rich treasures of spiritual gifts which are conferred upon us by Christ, who for our sakes became poor (2 Cor. 8, 9), and blessed us with all spiritual blessings (Eph. 1, 3). They are especially to remind us of the exceeding great and precious promises (2 Peter 1, 4) that have come to us, through Christ. Nay, the

Christmas tree, with its lights and varied fruits represents the tree of life in Paradise, lost by man's first disobedience, but restored to us and all mankind by Christ's obedience.

The presents distributed on this occasion are more especially intended for our children. The surprise which the sudden sight of the brilliant lights and the beautiful appearance of the tree creates, together with the delight the unwonted spectacle calls forth, are designed to foreshadow to them the unspeakably greater joy which, through the birth of Christ, has come to all people (Luke 2, 10), and which, under the blessed influence of Christian instruction, they, in riper years, will learn to appreciate more fully. And the emotions of love and gratitude called forth by these presents in their hearts, toward their parents, are to lead them to exercise love and gratitude to their Father in Heaven, from whom, as the source of every blessing, every good and perfect gift cometh (James 1, 17). Their minds are to be directed from the gift to the Giver, that thus they may become eager to know more of



“Unto Us A Child Is Born.”

the day-spring from on high, hath visited us (Luke 1, 59), and that He is the day-star that is to rise in our hearts (2 Peter 1, 19).

The fir tree, being an evergreen, preserving its color and freshness in winter as well as in summer, typifies the unchanging love of Christ, the incorruptible inheritance of the saints (1 Peter 1, 3, 4), the imperishable crown of glory with which shall be crowned those who run well the race that is set before them (1 Cor. 9, 25), and the abiding graces, faith, hope and charity,

the child born to us (Isa. 9, 6), and be taught how through Him alone we are made the children of God.

Such, in our boyhood, was the interpretation given by Christian fathers in Germany to the Christmas tree and its adjuncts. And we are of the opinion that a similar course pursued by Christian fathers in this country might be productive of good, not only to their children, but equally so to themselves. We have the Christmas tree; let us also have the solemn service and the hymns of praise always associated with it among those from whom the custom has been derived.—*Exchange*.

Jessie's Two Christmas Days.

I.

I went through Bow street one Christmas morning. The snow had fallen thickly during the night. The sky was clear, but the wind was very cold, making me feel thankful to God for warm clothing and good food. As I walked along, my eyes rested on a little girl about nine years old. She was a scholar of a ragged school where I had the honor of being a teacher. She was standing by the police court and looking down the street. I stopped and said to the child: "Well, Jessie, dear, what are you doing here, standing alone in this place, your little face almost blue with cold?"

"Please, teacher," said Jessie, "I'm a-watching for the big wagon what brings 'em up here of a morning."

"Brings whom, Jessie?"

"Them prisoners, teacher, what's took up by the policemen in the streets of a night."

"But who is it you expect to see in the prisoners' wagon, my child?"

"It's mother," said Jessie, looking grave and sad.

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that, dear Jessie. How did your mother get there?"

"Taint the first time, teacher. Last night when I left school I was so happy, it was so nice. I was a-thinking of that sweet Christmas story you told us from the Bible of the love of God's Son, who came from heaven to be our Saviour and was born in Bethlehem as a little child and was laid in a hard manger and took all our sins upon Himself; and of the many angels that sung to the shepherds on the field that sweet Christmas song about glory to God and peace on earth and good will to all men. Oh, it was nice, teacher. 'I'll tell mother about it,' I thought. When I got home I ran up stairs, but the door was locked, and mother wasn't there. I knew then, that she had gone out to get drunk. I sat up all of a heap across our door, thinkin' if I got to sleep and mother came home she would be sure to tumble over me and see that I was there. And I soon dreamt of the angels that sang in the Christmas night, and I dreamt of mother too. Mother ain't unkind, teacher; but after father died she took to drinkin'. I loves her and I pray to Jesus to take that wicked drink away from her."

"That's right, Jessie; I am glad you pray to Jesus. Tell Him everything. Did your mother come home at last?"

"No, teacher, she didn't. When it got daylight I went out of the house and went about the market and picked up bits of orange peel to eat. I didn't have no supper last night, and no breakfast this morning. I'm so hungry and so cold."

I went over to a shop and came back with something to eat. "Here, Jessie, here is a little Christmas gift for you." A smile crossed her little white face as she said thanks and began to eat, whilst her eyes were still eagerly

looking down the street. Suddenly she cried out to me, "'Tis a-comin', teacher, 'tis a-comin'." She was right. The prisoners' wagon drove up and stopped close by where we were standing. The last that came out of the wagon was a most wretched looking woman. Jessie pushed through the crowd and cried out, "Mother, mother, look at me; I am here, your little girl!" The mother looked confused at seeing her child there.

Jessie went into the court, and I went on my way, thinking of the dreadful account which many parents must give unto God for their children and of little Jessie's sad Christmas day and how happy she still was by faith in her dear Saviour, and I prayed to Jesus to take care of little Jessie in her early sorrows.

II.

Four years have passed by. It is Christmas day again—a cold winter afternoon. The day is fine, and the sun is peeping out for a little while, just to cheer the ward in the infirmary, where many poor women and children are lying very ill. In a corner of the room by the window, on a little hard bed, is a young girl. She looks about thirteen years of age. Her face, though thin, is very sweet and pretty. I pass on softly by each bed, giving a nod and a smile to the suffering. The nurse came up to me and said—

"Your Jessie is dying, ma'am."

"Hush, hush, nurse!" I said; "don't speak so loud; the child will hear you."

"My Jessie" did hear the remark, and said to me: "Never mind, teacher; it's all right. I am very, very happy."

"My darling, if I had a home, I would take you to it; you should not die here."

"Come closer to me, teacher dear; my eyes are getting so dim. I can't see you, but I know your voice so well. I know 'tis you. I want to tell you something. There are lots of women here, and they are very ill, but they don't love Jesus. They swear, and it frightens me. I have talked to them when I could, and told them about the loving Saviour, who came into the world to save all sinners—you know that sweet Christmas story, teacher, I told them all about it, and that I believed in that Saviour, and that He had taken away all my sins and that I was going to heaven to be with Jesus forever. Dear teacher, I don't fret that I am here. There was no room for the little Jesus in the inn, and He was laid in a hard manger in a stable. You won't leave me?"

"No, darling," I said, "I will not leave you."

She seemed to be dozing a little. And as I looked at her, my thoughts ran back to that snowy Christmas morning four years before, when I had found little Jessie shivering in the cold, watching for the prisoners' wagon in Bow street.

She soon opened her eyes and said—

"'Tis a-comin', teacher, 'tis a-comin'!"

"What, dear?"

"A beautiful gold carriage, Jesus is sendin'

for His little Jessie. My Jesus, here am I—lots of angels that sang at Bethlehem—I see—teacher, kiss me. Tell Polly Bruce my favorite text for a keepsake. There—remaineth—therefore—a rest—to the people—of God. Jesus lay in a manger—and I—shall lie on His bosom—and wear—a crown of gold."

She ceased to speak. I thought she was sleeping. The daylight had gone away; the room was dark; but when they had lit up the gas, I saw that my Jessie's happy spirit had left her suffering body. Oh! I gladly would have gone with my dear Jessie on that Christmas day to the eternal joys of heaven. "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." Yes, it was a happy, a happy Christmas day for my dear little Jessie.

On Christmas Day,

in the year 1538, Doctor Martin Luther was very joyous, and all his sayings, songs, and thoughts were about the birth of Christ our Saviour. And he said, with a deep sigh, "Ah! we poor human creatures, how coldly and tamely we greet this joy which has come to bless us! This is the great act of love which far excels all works of creation. And shall we so feebly believe it, when it has been announced to us, preached, and sung by the angels? Heavenly theologians and preachers, indeed! And they have rejoiced on our account and their song is verily a glorious song, wherein is briefly enfolded the sum of the whole Christian religion. For the 'Glory to God in the highest' is the highest worship, and this they bring to us in this Christ.

Accept the Tidings!

The Christmas tidings, says Luther, require faith which accepts them as true, and firmly holds against all doubts, that the Saviour is surely born. This faith quiets the heart, so that thou wilt not charge God with falsehood through thy unbelief, as they do who refuse to believe and thus lose their Saviour. Where this faith is wanting, Christ, as the Son of God, is denied by those who will not confess their sins, nor acknowledge Him as their Saviour, as well as by those who feel their condemnation and confess their guilt, but do not faithfully receive the consolation, that Christ is their Saviour.

Unto You a Saviour is Born.

That is, God's wrath, damnation, and eternal death shall no longer threaten you, but rather, through the obedience of the Son of God who is born for you, there is prepared for you reconciliation with God, forgiveness of sins, and everlasting salvation and freedom from all that oppresses and saddens your heart.—Luther.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—ANOTHER volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER is brought to a close with this number, and the next issue will begin a new volume. The paper has gone on its way through another year, and we can close the year with thanksgivings to God, who graciously leads us on our way. We would again remind our readers that the beginning of a new volume is the best time of the year to obtain new subscribers. It would be encouraging all around, if we could begin the next volume with an increased subscription list. Our friends will not forget that any profits arising from our paper are devoted to our mission work, and that circulating the paper is accordingly a twofold benefit.

—ONE Christmas evening a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto with no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit stand, "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into a store he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" said the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarce daring to speak, when the little one added: "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you anyhow."

—A FRIEND of ours informs us that the 14th of October, was a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving to our brethren of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod. On that day their new College building was dedicated at Decorah, Iowa. The new building is larger and more beautiful than the old one, which was destroyed by fire a year ago. Thousands of friends of Luther College from far and near assembled in Decorah on the day of dedication to rejoice and give thanks to the Lord, who so graciously has blessed His people. May God continue to bless Luther College!

—FROM a circular, presenting the statistics of all the churches that bear the Lutheran name, we learn that in the United States the Lutheran church is doing work in twelve different languages, and has 4692 ministers, 7948 churches, and 1,100,000 communicant members, 24 theological seminaries, 25 colleges, 48 seminaries and academies, 57 orphans' homes and hospitals, and 140 church papers, of which 48 are English, 51 German, 16 Swedish, 15 Norwegian, four Danish, three Finnish, two Icelandic and two French.

—THERE are many pulpits where the word "hell" is never used, but it is in the Bible. One of the justices of our Supreme Court of the United States said that in his judgment the chief reason for the alarming increase of crime was, there was little of the preaching of hell and judgment in the pulpit to-day. We just let that down easy and men go and live a life

of indulgence and refuse to submit themselves to the will of God.

—THE three reasons which a good woman presented for objecting to a preacher were striking ones. She said that, in the first place, he read his sermon; in the second, he did not read it well; and in the third place, it was not worth reading.

—A CERTAIN fault-finder, who was constantly talking about the shortcomings of Christians, entering a blacksmith's place one day, engaged in his usual talk. "Did you ever read the Bible?" the smith asked. "Certainly," said the man, with a tinge of contempt in his tone. "Ever read the story of the rich man and Lazarus?" "Why, of course," was the answer. "Well," said the smith, "you remind of those dogs in that parable." "How so?" "Why, they did nothing but lick the sores of Lazarus; and seems to me you are doing the same thing, licking the sores of all the good people you know."

—THE women in Rhineland, Holland, have signed a petition to the burgomaster, praying that "the police officers may visit the inns, to prevent our husbands and sons from staying there far into the night. Further, we are of opinion that the money squandered there could be more advantageously spent at home."

—A MOTHER, with her three children, was clinging to the wreck of the steamer Bohemia, when the mother said she must let go and be drowned. Her little girl replied, "Hold on a little longer, mother. Jesus walked upon the water and saved Peter, and perhaps he will save us." The little girl's word so strengthened her mother that she held on a few moments more, when a boat was sent to their rescue.

—A CHILD's logic is not to be sneered at. His mind is keen enough to see the folly of much of the reasoning of his seniors. A little fellow in Connecticut asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion, in response, "you'd better take me now; for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

The Sun of Righteousness.

A heathen in India made many journeys over different parts of his country and visited many temples with a view to find rest for his soul. Failing to find what he sought so eagerly, he, at length, was so happy to hear the Gospel of the Saviour born at Bethlehem—the glad tidings for all poor sinners who labor and are heavy-laden. In Jesus he found rest and peace. After some time he was asked why his fasting, prayers, and pilgrimages could not drive the darkness from his mind. To this he replied: Of a night the full moon shone, and all the stars of the sky gave their light, and the burning mountains cast forth their flames of fire—yet it remained night. But when the sun rose, the moon, and the stars, and the burning

mountains lost their splendor, and it became day. Thus it was with me. In spite of all my wisdom, my exercises of penance, pilgrimages, and mortifications, the gloomiest night reigned in my soul, until Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, arose—the night was changed into day.

BOOK-TABLE.

DR. C. F. W. WALTHER. Lebensbild, entworfen von M. Guenther. Mit 11 Bildern. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00.

This well written Biography deserves to be widely circulated among the Lutherans of this country. From letters and other documents Prof. Guenther presents in simple and attractive style the life of the sainted Dr. Walther. Among the testimonies borne to the greatness of Walther by those outside the Synodical Conference, we miss only that of Count Erbach, published in his "Reisebriefe aus Amerika." Christmas is a season for gifts, and we hope the beautiful book will find its way as a Christmas present into many of our German Lutheran homes.

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