

Concordia Seminary - Saint Louis

Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary

The Lutheran Pioneer

Print Publications

1-1-1891

The Lutheran Pioneer 1891

R. A. Bischoff (Editor)

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



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

Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1891" (1891). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 13.
https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran_pioneer/13

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

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1891.

No. 1.

Another Year.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast;
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

F. R. H.

The Time is Short.

Another year passes away, and the bells that ring in the new year tell us that the time of our lives is short. Yes, the time of life is short. It is therefore likened to the wind that rushes by, to the eagle hastening to its prey, to the ship that swiftly passes by, to a flower of the field that flourishes, and the wind passes over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. It is likened to a tale that is told, to foam upon the waters that is scarcely seen ere it is gone, to the grass which flourishes and grows up in the morning, and is cut down in the evening and withers. "Go to now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," Jas. 4, 13, 14.

The time is short, then, for winning Christ. To win Christ is the greatest gain. St. Paul

says, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do cast them to the dogs, that I may win Christ," Phil. 3, 7, 8. The man who wins Christ wins all that he needs for this world, and that which is to come, for He of God "is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," 1 Cor. 1, 30. The most important question, therefore, for every man at the beginning of the year is, whether he has won Christ, for "he that hath the Son, HATH life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life," 1 John 5, 12. The time is short, and the years are swiftly passing by, and we are all coming nearer the grave and that great day when an account must be rendered of the deeds done in the body. May it not be to us a dreadful day, when our sins shall rise up as witnesses against us and, having rejected or neglected the great salvation which is in Christ Jesus, every refuge fails us! The time is short! "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

The time is short for winning souls. "He that winneth souls is wise," says the Bible. It is to Christians, the Lord Jesus has given this work to do. And a great work it is indeed. Compared with it other things of this life are but trifling. They will in a little while pass away forever, but the soul must continue to exist for weal or for woe, while eternity endures. "Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," Jas. 5, 20. The time is short! Let us be up and doing, for "the night cometh when no man can work." Would to God that all of us could lay more to heart the solemn words of the Bible, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." God has spared us another year that we might live under Him and serve Him in the winning of souls and in the spreading of His kingdom. May He make us more zealous in our mission-work in the year upon which we enter.

Minnie's New Year's Gift.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"This is God's letter to you, my love. Like the man who folded away his talent in a napkin, you have folded up your precious Bible. Hereafter, my child, use it as God wants you to. It was given to us to be read and studied."

A Boy's Faith.

Two little boys were talking together about the Bible story of Elijah's going to heaven in a chariot of fire, which their mamma had lately told them.

"I say, Charlie," said George, "but wouldn't you be afraid to ride on a chariot of fire?"

"Why no," said Charlie, "I shouldn't be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving it."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Our New School.

While it was not a little gratifying, that the erection of several new school-houses was resolved by the Synodical Conference last summer, it was still more encouraging that something more tangible than resolutions was soon forthcoming, which enabled the Board of Mission to have the resolutions carried out.

A new building for our Bethlehem School in New Orleans is in course of construction. It will be a neat two-story frame-structure affording accommodations for two hundred pupils, and be ready for occupation, we hope, by the 15th inst. The school now has an attendance of more than one hundred children, and at the rate that the new applications are coming in at present, the new school will be filled from end to end at its very opening.

Mr. Schaefer, formerly of Los Angeles, Cal., who has been called to take charge of one of the classes, has already arrived, and is laboring in another field until the new building shall be finished.

Anybody having his pockets overburdened with those valuable little gold- and silver-cakes turned out in our mints, or those peculiar green paper-scrap, which worry some so much, may prevent the danger of having a hole worn into his pockets and save himself all annoyance on that account, by sending a portion of them to the Board of Mission, whose members will never hesitate to receive them. Nor are they particular about the denomination. Whether the coin bears the stamp "One Dollar" on its face or whether it has a few ciphers annexed to that figure, those reverend gentlemen will prove equal to the emergency and find no trouble in disposing of the donations tendered them. In all seriousness, every worker in the mission trusts that his Lutheran fellow-Christians will continue to respond generously to the appeals made to them for the sake of that blessed manger-cradled Infant which entered this gloomy, cheerless world to remove the tremendous curse pending over it on account of its guilt and restore it to God's favor.

How happy you are to hear your children lisp the prayer:

"O dearest Jesus, holy child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee."

Is it not a fact, that your hearts are transported with joy when you behold your little ones, these precious loans of your heavenly Father, thus devoutly kneeling by the side of their cribs and pouring out their souls before their God and Saviour? Remembering, then, that by your gifts hundreds of little colored children are learning to do the same, you will certainly feel constrained to exclaim: O blessed privilege! I have availed myself of it in a slight degree; in future, dear Lord, help me to do so in a much greater measure. AUG.

"It Is I."

In our picture we see Christ walking towards His disciples on the sea. They did not know Him as He drew near to them with His footsteps planted on the waves. They who had so recently witnessed His miraculous feeding of the five thousand, were filled with terror as He came to them walking upon the sea, and they said, "It is a spirit." And He said unto them: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

We may wonder at the disciples' not knowing their Lord, but do not we ourselves often make a similar mistake? How often when trial and sufferings come upon us, we call it "evil." Like the disciples of old, we are troubled and cry out for fear, until our gracious Lord whispers with His still, small voice, "It is I, be not afraid," and we find that what we had dreaded as a great calamity proves to be a manifestation of Christ Himself.

Little did the disciples expect to hear the Sav-

**"IT IS I."**

our's voice from what they deemed "a spirit." And has not that blessed "It is I," often greeted us when we least thought of it? All Christians surely know by experience that events which seemed all darkness at first have at last brought them nearer to the light, nearer to God. The cloud of affliction has proved to be only a veil under which God hides His mighty power. His gracious "It is I" has greeted them in the darkness, and He has turned what we thought to be a curse into a blessing. Can we then not trust Him in the darkness as well as in the light, knowing that He can bring calm out of storm, and that He often chooses the darkness and the cloud as a special means by which to reveal Himself?

Clouds may darken our path in the coming year. There may be sickness, or the loss of some loved One, or the struggles with poverty, or the weary toiling day after day without seeing much result, or the anxiety for those we love, their misfortunes, unkindness or waywardness, while we watch their course in the downward path, although year after year we are praying for their return. But when tempted to grow restless under the trials of this life, let us think of the many instances in which Christ has revealed Himself most unexpectedly; and this should strengthen our faith. No pathway

is too dark or steep for Christ, no calamity so great but that He can reveal Himself through it. May our ears be ever open to catch the first sound of His "It is I," the first appearance of blessing coming out of evil. So shall we be able to meet all the trials of the new year with the confidence which says, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

The Happy New Year.

How lonely it looks, as it hangs upon the wall, that last leaf of the calendar! If it could speak, how much it would have to say to us all! When we hung it up on Jan. 1st of the then New Year that had just dawned upon us, how long it seemed until the last page of that thick package of leaves should be reached! But to-day, in looking back, we exclaim: "Can it be possible that another year is almost gone?" One by one the leaves have been torn from the calendar, and scattered about like the fading leaves in the Autumn time. They have been thrown into the waste-basket or consigned to the flames, and perchance some of them have been gathered from the alleys, like waifs and strays, and been carried away in the rag-picker's bag.

There were certain dates that marked events which we shall never forget. The figures are stamped upon our hearts. There was the day that some great and unlooked for happiness came to us—we marked it as a red letter day in our lives. Then there are dates we could not remember without utter crushing of spirit, were it not that the glory of the Lord shone about them, and the strength that enables us to look up and say: "Thy will be done," was given us.

But though the leaves of the calendar have been lost to our vision, the record of them all has been kept in heaven. And what a precious thought it is, that there is One that is ever making intercession for us there! "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are but dust." He knows our infirmities and weaknesses: for "He was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin."

Some one has said, "We are forever taking leave of something that will never come back again." And now those of us who live to see the dawning of the morning of 1891 will wish a loving, heartfelt "Happy New Year" to each and every one of our friends. In our homes let us endeavor to make this new year the brightest and happiest of our lives, as far as we may, with God's help, be enabled to do so. All that is required of us is to do our work each day as it comes to us, in the very best manner we are capable of, with the talents the Lord has given us. No matter how lowly that work may be, if it is faithfully performed, we shall receive the commendation "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of our Lord." We can "enter into the joy of our Lord" every day that we live, even before we reach the city where we shall look upon His face.—S. F. P.

The Wrong Turning.

On the last evening of the year, old uncle Brown sat with some friends, speaking about the rapid flight of time and about the importance of keeping on the straight road to heaven and avoiding every wrong turning. This reminds me of a story, said uncle Brown. When I was a boy—but that is a long time ago, for many a crop of corn has been gathered into the garner and many a fall of snow has covered the hills and valleys since then; ay, and many a friend and companion has been carried to the cold grave—but, as I said, when I was boy my father sent me to a farm-house a few miles in the country. "You must go," said he, "straight along the turn-pike road till you come to the second milestone, and then, passing the big house with the rookery in the elmtrees, you must take the first turning to the right, which will lead you to farmer Gilbert's house; but mind, whatever you do, be sure that you do not take the *wrong turning*."

Boy-like, I was so pleased with the prospect of a pleasant walk into the country, that I did not attend so carefully as I ought to have done to the directions which my father gave me, so that when I passed the second milestone and passed the big house with the rookery in the elmtrees, I could not at all remember whether I was to take the first turn to the right hand or to the left. After puzzling for some time I made up my mind to go to the left. I did so, and thereby took the wrong turning.

Well, on I went, as I thought, for farmer Gilbert's till the lane got very narrow and the road very dirty. At one part there was a gate across it, and in getting over the gate I did not see that the bottom hinge was off it; no sooner had I mounted the gate than it swung on one side and flung me into the mud, and a fine dirty state I was in. A dog came growling out of a cottage by the roadside; to get rid of the dog I climbed over a hedge, and in my haste almost tore off the skirt of my jacket. With the intention of defending myself from the dog when I should return, I pulled out my pocket-knife to cut a stick; but in doing this I cut my finger, and dropped my knife into the ditch, and could not find it again. After all my misfortunes no farmer Gilbert could I find. At last I asked a man who was working in a field to tell me the nearest way to farmer Gilbert's, mentioning at the same time which way I had come. "I do not wonder," said the man, "at your being puzzled; why, my lad, you have taken the *wrong turning*."

I soon set off back again, blaming myself for not having paid more attention to the directions of my father. I found no further difficulty in my way to farmer Gilbert's, and having done my errand, I returned home, heartily repenting my error in taking the *wrong turning*.

No sooner did my father see me than he began thus: "Why, Robert, where have you been? You have been long enough to do the errand twice over; what a pickle your shoes

and stockings are in; and the skirt of your jacket is almost off! What have you been about?"

I then told my father the whole of my mis-haps just as they had occurred to me; how the gate had flung me into the mud; how the dog had attacked me; and how I tore my jacket, cut my finger, and lost my pocket knife; and I acknowledged that all had been brought about by my foolishly taking the *wrong turning*.

"Ah! my lad," said my father, "you are not the first by a great many who suffered by neglecting their father's directions, and by taking the *wrong turning*."

All of us who live in the world, said uncle Brown, are travelers to eternity. Our heavenly Father wants us to reach heaven by faith in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. In the Bible He has given us the plainest directions that we may not lose our road. Those who attend to these directions find their way; but woe be to them who neglect them. When traveling heavenward it is a sad thing to take a wrong turning.

The Stepping-Stones.

A little girl was sent on an errand one day to the neighboring village. Her path lay through beautiful fields. On her way she had to cross a wide but shallow stream. The bridge was a long way off, but there were firm, tried stepping-stones all the way over.

"Oh, I'm afraid!" said the child to a lady who was passing.

"But you see the stones, my child; they go all the way across."

"The water is so wide!" she said tearfully, looking across the stream.

"Yes; but it is very shallow. See how easily I can cross it." So carefully picking her way, she went quite over and then returned.

Very timidly the little girl began to cross. "Just one step at a time is all you have to take," said her kind guide.

So one step followed another—the first few were the hardest to take—and soon she was safe on the other shore, smiling at her fears.

"It is not so hard, after all," she said, looking back on the watery way. "Just one step at a time brought us over."

"Remember this walk, dear, when you have other hard things to do. Go forward and the way will look easier and easier. When troubles come—as they are almost sure to do in this world—don't look at the waters before you, but at the stepping-stones Jesus' places for your feet. The thing that we feared very often does not come upon us, or if it does, Jesus sends such comfort as we never could have imagined. Here is a strong, firm stepping-stone that has often saved me from sinking: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

There came many times in her after life when Mary remembered that day's lesson, and it brought cheer and peace to her soul.

Juvenile Instructor.

God's Care.

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious peasant, by the name of Dobry. Without any fault of his own he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dobry knelt down in their midst and they sang that sweet old Lutheran hymn:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
And shall prepare thy way."

Just as they came to the lines,

"When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
When all Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?"

there was a knock at the door. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest, and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window: the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring, set with precious stones.

Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would take and show it to his minister, and the minister, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to the king and told him the story. The king sent for Dobry and rewarded him so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a new house and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house-door there is an iron tablet, and on the tablet is engraved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the following lines from that sweet hymn:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light!"

Thy Will be Done.

"What would you do, if I in the coming year would become blind?" cried grandmother, rubbing her eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do, grandmother," said Jessie, jumping up from her Christmas play-things.

"What?" asked grandma.

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

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

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

THE Bible speaks to man in every condition and walk in life, from the holiest saint to the most hardened sinner.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM the short letter of one of our missionaries in New Orleans our readers will learn that another laborer has entered that important mission field. Mr. Schaefer, formerly of Los Angeles, Cal., has accepted the call of our Mission Board as teacher in one of our colored schools. May God's richest blessings rest upon his labors among the little colored folks.

—TWO of the school buildings which are to be erected for our mission work in New Orleans are being built, and it is expected that they will be ready for dedication in January. Let us not forget that money is still needed for the building of these school houses.

—OUR mission in Meherrin, Va., is reported to be in a prosperous condition. The old dilapidated log house is too small for the large number that assemble to hear the Gospel, and for the many children that come to be instructed in the way of life. It has been decided to erect a new building. The colored people will furnish all the means they can, so that only \$400 will be needed to finish the building.

—ACCORDING to "Brobst Kalender" for 1891 the Lutheran church in this country numbered, on October 31st, 4819 ministers, 8183 churches, and 1,153,212 communicant members.

—TEN years ago Ingersoll, the infidel lecturer, made the following prediction: "Ten years from this time two theatres will be built for one church." Since the time is now up, and the Lutherans alone are averaging more than one dedication for each and every day in the year, the great infidel is called upon to please venture upon another prediction for the year 1900.

—AN active and efficient colporteur drives a handsome wagon filled with Bibles through all parts of Italy. He is carrying God's Word into every city and village of that benighted country. There was great excitement when he arrived in Rome, and sold his precious wares there. The wagon was surrounded by crowds of curious people. Priests and renegade Protestants caused the colporteur much trouble, and the pope's paper was pleased to warn good Roman Catholics not to buy of him.

—AFRICA has now within her borders ten American, twelve British and thirteen continental missionary societies. There are more than seven hundred ordained missionaries and more than seven thousand native preachers. It is estimated that there are, both white and native, about 175,000 communicants and 800,000 adherents.

—REV. JOHN MCKIM, missionary from this country, writes from his station at Osaka, Japan: "The Church at home may be assured of this—that the religion of Christ is firmly rooted in Japan. No opposition or persecution can pluck it up. Although the total number of converts is not greater than 100,000, Christianity is already a power whose influence is felt all over the empire."

—ONE hundred thousand dollars was con-

tributed in England last year to sustain missionary operations on the North Sea among English deep-sea fishermen. Ten fully equipped evangelizing vessels, three of which are hospital ships, are employed in the work.

—IN the early stages of any mission work, the progress is slow and the expenses large. This should not discourage us. Missionaries labored 10 years in Madagascar before they were enabled to baptize their first convert. In four years more, however, they had 200 baptized members. Now there are 75,000 Christians in Madagascar.

—PROF. SWENSSON, of Lindsborg, Kansas, visited Sweden during the Summer. He remarks on the inappropriateness of classifying that country with heathen lands, as the Methodists and Baptists do in their reports on foreign missions. Sweden became Lutheran in 1527. The first Swedish Bible was printed in 1541. The Swedes were also the first to send missionaries to the heathen, and the first to labor for the conversion of the North American Indians. Every child in Sweden is taught the Word of God at school. Yet those sectarians send "missionaries" there to proselyte the people, under the pretense of maintaining "foreign missions."

—ZULU Christians in Africa have built a substantial church of brick, with stone foundation, at Umtwalume, capable of seating six hundred people. The natives assumed the entire responsibility of the enterprise, and with much self-denial contributed nearly one thousand dollars. At one of the stations of the Zulu mission a new two story building for a school for the women was erected. The Zulu girls aided in every possible way, carrying stones for the foundation, and water for the mortar from a stream a half mile away. The school in which these girls were trained enrolled seventy pupils; an industrial department was added in connection with the usual school studies. During one of the first years in which they undertook cultivation, they raised one third enough food for between fifty and sixty girls. They also made a small trial on silk worms that produced 4600 cocoons. These girls learn to cut and make their own dresses, to cook, wash and iron, and do fancy work. Last year between three and four hundred articles were made including their own garments. The lazy, indolent kraal girl, who came with only a scrap of cloth, or a bit of blanket about her waist, becomes the awakened, bright, energetic young woman, with a knowledge of how to make her own home neat and comfortable by the exercise of her deft fingers. Some of them teach in the kraal and station schools, and it is said of one that her first request during vacation was for a Sunday school class to teach.

BOOK-TABLE.

DR. MARTIN LUTHERS SAEMMTLICHE SCHRIFTEN. Band XX. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$5.00; postage 58 cts.

The new edition of Luther's Works, issued by the Concordia Publishing House in St. Louis, has se-

cured the attention and praise of Lutherans in all countries. This new volume also has been prepared with great care and skill by Prof. Hoppe, the learned editor. The principal contents of this volume are the powerful writings of Luther in defence of the Bible doctrine of the Lord's supper against its enemies. With the Word of God Luther sweeps away all human reasonings, so that the true doctrine of the Sacrament stands forth in all its comforting purity and beauty. We hope this volume will find many, many readers.

DER LUTHERISCHE KALENDER fuer 1891. T. H. Diehl, Allentown, Pa. Price 10 cts.

This Almanac brings good reading matter and also several illustrations. Its full and reliable statistics of all the synods in our country that bear the Lutheran name make it valuable for reference.

Acknowledgements.

Received from the following members of Bethlehem Chapel, specially for the Building Fund: Mrs. Mary Thompson \$1.00, Mr. Oliver Hager \$1.00, Mrs. Amelia Hager \$1.00, Mrs. Leah Smith \$1.00, Miss Hannah Horton \$1.00, Mrs. Odella Wilson \$1.00, Mrs. Elizabeth Massey \$1.00, Mrs. Catherine Williams \$1.00.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 16, 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 Sts.

Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.

N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.

CARROLLTON.

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

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

AUG. BURGDORF, MISSIONARY.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

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

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

G. ALLENBACH, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church,

Springfield, Ills.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1891.

No. 2.

Hymn for the Dying.

When my last hour is close at hand,
And I must hence betake me,
Lord Jesus Christ, beside me stand,
Nor let Thy help forsake me.
To Thee my soul I now commit,
And safely wilt Thou cherish it,
Until again Thou wake me.

Conscience may sting my memory sore,
And guilt my heart encumber;
But, though like sands upon the shore,
My sins may be in number,
I will not quail, but think of Thee,
Thy death, Thy sorrows, borne for me,
And sink in peace to slumber.

I have been grafted in the Vine,
And thence my comfort borrow;
For surely Thou wilt keep me Thine
Through utmost pain and sorrow;
Yea, though I die, I die in Thee,
Who, through Thy death, hast won for me
Heaven's bright eternal morrow.

Since Thou from death didst rise again
In death Thou wilt not leave me;
Thy life declares my fears are vain,
And doubts no more shall grieve me,
For Thou wilt have me where Thou art,
And so with joy I can depart,
And know Thou wilt receive me.

And so I stretch mine arms to Thee,
Now, O dear Jesus, take me;
Peaceful and calm my sleep shall be,
No human voice shall wake me;
But Thou wilt ope the heavenly door
To life and joy forevermore,
Thou who dost ne'er forsake me.

Nicholas Hermann.

"Not of Works."

"I do the best I can," or, "I hope to do better," are expressions which a pastor often hears when speaking to persons about their souls. It is the natural thought of a proud heart to do something for salvation. Many are so very ignorant that they think though some of their works are bad, others are good, and that God will put the bad works into one scale and the good ones into the other scale, and that if there are more good works, they will be saved, but if there are more bad works, they will be lost. Of course, such persons always

flatter themselves, that their good works will outweigh the bad, and are thus deceived.

Many also compare themselves with their neighbors, and think that they stand as good a chance as most, and a better chance than some; therefore they find no cause for fear.

Again, there are not a few to be found in Christian congregations, who diligently attend to religious exercises and to various forms of Christian worship, and put their trust in these doings, and think that heaven is thereby insured to them.

But all such false refuges are swept away by one sentence of Scripture, that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast," Eph. 2, 9. It is clear that if a person could be saved by his own doings, those who think they have got the required amount of good works might reasonably boast over those who have not. But the apostle Paul asks, "Where is boasting? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay; but by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law," Rom. 3, 27, 28.

It is a delusion, then, to trust to works of any kind for salvation; and, as we have seen, it is utterly condemned by the Word of God. Besides, it is clear that if man could have done one thing that God could accept at his hands, he could do more, and Christ need not have come into the world to save. Man could be his own saviour, and the sufferings of Christ would not be needed. Therefore we find the apostle Paul saying, that "if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain," Gal. 2, 21. If man can save himself, then there is nothing in that mysterious incarnation of the Son of God, nothing in that life of poverty and want, nothing in that great agony in the garden of Gethsemane, nothing in that precious blood which flowed from the cross on Calvary's hill.

Alas! what a fatal mistake some are making. How often we are met by those who appear to be living proudly on their works! It was well said by an old Christian, that the "natural man's good works are only splendid sins." The fact is, that "a corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit." A man must be born again before he can render to God acceptable service. Until he has eternal life through faith in our Lord

Jesus Christ, he brings forth only fruit unto death.

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast," Eph. 2, 8, 9.

"I haven't felt my Sins enough!"

"I hear people say what an awful load their sins were, and what misery they were in for a long time before they got peace, and I haven't felt all that."

"What, then? do you suppose that helped to save them?"

"Perhaps, not; but I always thought we must feel like that about our sins before we could be saved."

"It is quite true that we must know that we are lost sinners before we can believe in Jesus as our own Saviour, for He is the Saviour of sinners and not of righteous persons; but that is a very different thing from supposing that we must undergo a certain amount of misery about our sins before He can save us. Suppose you and I were asleep in two different rooms in a burning house. You wake up, and finding out your terrible position, you throw up the window and shriek for help, but none seems near. Every moment your anguish increases and only when you are almost frantic with despair, the fire-escape appears, and you are rescued. I am still sleeping on, and the first I know of my danger is from the firemen getting into my window and calling on me to descend by the 'escape.' Is it necessary for me to wait till I have gone through a like period of agony to yours? No, of course not. I must believe in the reality of the danger, or I will not leave my room; but, if I believe that, and trust myself to the fireman's care, I shall be just as safe as though I had in imagination passed through all the torture of being burned alive. Just so, friend, if you are convinced that you are a lost sinner, you may at once trust in the Lord Jesus, who died for sinners; for years of misery you might feel could not add to His power to save you."

MEN of prayer are men of power.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

"Bethlehem" Rejoicing.

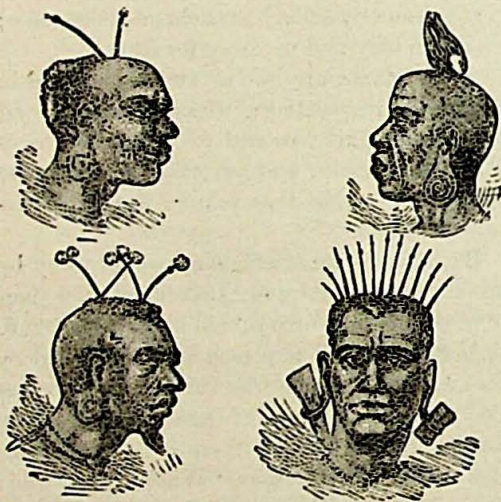
Bethlehem School is finished! Filled with joy over this fact the teacher had run a flag up on the bell-tower. For the first time the stars and stripes, so dear to us, fluttered in the brisk breeze that was blowing from the gulf. But our teacher had performed another, more arduous task than that of hoisting a flag. Besides having arranged the necessary seats, he had tastefully decorated the interior of the new school-house with garlands, wreaths and flowers, as well as various-sized flags and bunting. Indeed, the place appeared very attractive! And the occasion was deserving of the teacher's exertions to present the newly erected temple of learning in such handsome attire! No doubt, the reader has already divined what it was,—the solemn consecration of the new building. That's it.

The exercises were held on the second Sunday after Epiphany at three o'clock in the afternoon. From their deepest hearts the participants sang: "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation!" As all things are sanctified by the Word of God and prayer, a Scripture-lesson was read and a prayer offered up to the Throne of Grace. Following the order in Rev. Lochner's "Liturgical Monthly," the clergyman officiating continued: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, this school-house, to be known as the Ev. Luth. Bethlehem School, and to serve as a nursery of Zion as well as a source of blessing to our glorious Union, is now opened. In accordance with the words of the psalmist: 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments,' the children entrusted to us are to be instructed both in the saving knowledge of God's Word and in those branches which will tend to promote their temporal interest. Pursuing this course, we shall be successful, we trust, in training up a generation of men and women who will as zealously labor for the glory of God, the extension of their Redeemer's Kingdom and their own salvation as they will faithfully and unselfishly devote themselves to the service of their fellow-men and the prosperity of their native country." The congregation having sung: "Let me be Thine forever, Thou faithful God and Lord," Rev. Mr. Bakke delivered an impressive sermon on the subject: "Why should our Christian schools be dear and precious to us?" The conclusion of the service was the same as usual. It was too bad that many of our friends and brethren did not appear until the service was half over. Let them kindly remember on the next occasion that a service announced to begin at three o'clock will not be postponed for half an hour or longer.

Our merciful Saviour who has so graciously prospered our school in the past, has accepted, we trust, both the praise and the petitions offered up to Him. May He in the future also bless our school and pour out His grace, that there may not be room to receive it. AUG.

The Dedication of the English Evang. Luth. Grace Church of St. Louis, Mo.

Sunday, Dec. 14, was a day of great rejoicing for the English Lutheran Grace Church of St. Louis; for on this day her beautiful church was dedicated to the Triune God. The weather could not have been more favorable. At 10 o'clock the celebration began. At this hour the doors were opened by the Pastor and the large number of people that had assembled for this occasion flocked into the edifice, led by the Rev. C. L. Janzow and Rev. J. Johansen, of Olaf, Wright Co., Ia. In a few minutes all the seats were occupied and the aisles crowded. After a prelude by Prof. J. H. Backhus the dedication-lesson and -prayer were read, to which the choir responded with the Lord's Prayer, which was delightful. Hymn 326 was then sung by choir and congregation, after which followed



Heads of the Wagogo in Africa.

the Gospel-lesson. The choir then rendered very admirably "God loves the Gates of Zion," which was followed by hymn 174. During the last verse Rev. C. L. Janzow entered the pulpit. After offering thanksgiving unto the Lord in a sweet prayer and asking Him for blessing and assistance in future, he announced for his text v. 4. 5. of Psalm 27 and preached an able sermon which was listened to with great interest by all. The choir again sang a charming selection bearing the title, "Great and Glorious." Rev. J. Johansen, who in 1880 and the following years, as long as he had charge of the Danish-Norwegian church in this city, also conducted English services with the view of establishing an English Lutheran Church, but was called to another place in the Lord's vineyard before success had crowned his effort, stepped in the pulpit and addressed the congregation in very timely and appropriate remarks, based on the 3d verse of Jude. Hymn 151 was then sung, after which the pastor baptized a child. The Benediction being pronounced, the services concluded with the Doxology.

The evening service was better attended than the morning. Many failed to gain admission.

It began at 8 o'clock by the choir repeating "Our Father." Hymn 311 was sung by choir and congregation. Prayer was said and a Psalm read. The choir rendered "We praise Thee, O God" most creditably. Hymn 140 was then sung by both. A discourse followed by the Pastor, his text being Psalm 117. The song from the choir, "O come, let us sing," was sung, and hymn 147 followed it. Prayer, Benediction, and Doxology concluded the services. The collections amounted to \$191.

The building is situated on the corner of St. Louis and Garrison Aves., fronting on the latter. It is built of a dark red brick and stone, being 65 ft. long and 35 ft. wide with a steeple 60 ft. high. It conveniently seats over 300, is well light by day as well as at night, and is heated with hot air. The floor is carpeted and the inside is finished in walnut, giving the whole a very attractive and becoming appearance. The cost of the building, the furnishing, and the site is a little less than \$12,000. May God be with Grace Church in the future, as He has been in the past. F. W. ADAMS.

Remarkable Progress.

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 condition 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 given 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.

A PROFANE coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a traveler:

"That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him."

"Yes," replied the traveler, "and so does his Maker!"

Remember, boys, God hears every time you swear.

What Katie thought about Missions.

The children, coming home from a meeting of their mission band, ran right to mamma's room, where she and Aunt Fanny were sitting.

"Mamma," exclaimed Charlie, rushing in, "I took up the collection! As soon as we got there, Miss Howard asked me if I would do it, and I said I would and I did."

"And I said my little verses, and put in my two pennies," said little Will.

"And you, darling," said his mamma, taking him on her lap and kissing him, "did you say the verses nicely?"

Will, nodding his curly head, said, "Yeth, ma'am."

"What did you do, Katie?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"I said the poetry you taught me, about 'Tell it out among the heathen.'"

"What else was done?" asked mamma.

"Some of the big girls said a dialogue, and we had items—" Katie began.

"And Carrie Rich read a story about a little girl that had a missionary meeting at home all by herself," Charlie broke in, "and we sang, and Miss Howard told us ever so much about the children in Japan, and gave us questions to answer the next time. Then I took up the collection."

"It was a good meetin'," said Katie.

"Aunt Fanny, do you have missionary meetings in Philadelphia, where you live?" Charlie asked.

"O yes, we have a good many," replied Aunt Fanny.

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed Katie, "of course they have them there."

"Oh, yes!" said Charlie. "Do they have them away out in the country?"

"In many parts of the country they do," said Aunt Fanny, "and sometimes people go a long way to attend them. Don't you remember, Mary," she said to the children's mother, "hearing about that woman who traveled twenty miles on horseback, carrying her baby and fording a river, to go to a missionary meeting?"

"That was very different from leaving the baby at home with Sarah, and only going two squares," said Katie.

"'Tis wonderful to think of the missionary meetings in the different parts of the world," said mamma.

"Oh, tell us about them!" cried all the children.

"Well, just think for a moment of the ones in our own country. Some are held in large cities, some in small towns, and some away out in country places. Sometimes they are in a big church or hall, where there are hundreds of people present, and sometimes they are in a little room, where there are only two or three people. And now-a-days we hear about missionary meetings in lands which not long ago were heathen lands. What was that you read me the other day about the Sandwich Islands, Fanny?"

"A missionary lady in Tunchow, China, said that she had just received the second payment of five dollars from a young ladies' missionary society in Honolulu, and that it seems strange to think of missionary societies in the Sandwich Islands, when it is not a great many years since the first missionaries went there."

"Some of the first missionary money sent to Japan came from those Islands, didn't it?"

"Yes."

"Mamma," asked Katie, "where's that society where the children brought money to the very first meeting, and the teacher was surprised? You read it to me you know."

"That's in South America. The children had just learned about Jesus, and they wanted to give money to send missionaries and Bibles to other children who hadn't heard the Gospel."

"Where's Madagascar? Is it a heathen town?" inquired Charlie.

"It is a large island near Africa. It was heathen not many years ago, but is Christian now."

"Papa read something the other day about the people there giving missionary money."

"Yes," said Aunt Fanny, "I heard him read it. It was that the native Christians of Madagascar have given more than a million dollars in the past ten years for the spread of the Gospel."

"And to think of those poor half-naked Fijians bringing their yearly missionary offering?" said mamma.

"Carrying it in their mouths, too," said Aunt Fanny, laughing.

"What do they do that for?" Charlie asked.

"Well, in the first place, they had no pocket-books, and no pockets to put them in if they had them; then they generally have clubs or something else in their hands; so they carry the money in their mouths, to keep it safe."

"What are the clubs for?"

"They use them in their games. You see they have a great many games, dances and things of that kind. In the old heathen times, when they killed and ate people—"

"Ate people!" exclaimed Katie in horror.

"Oh, yes. They used to be fearful. They ate people or buried them alive, and did dreadful, horrible things, but the missionaries going there and telling them about Jesus has changed all that. Most of the people on the islands are Christians. They have hundreds of churches and schools, they keep Sunday, and have prayers every morning and evening."

"And missionary societies," suggested Katie.

"Yes. The missionaries encourage them to keep up all their innocent, harmless games, and it is when they are having one of these great celebrations that they hold their missionary meetings. The missionary or one of the native preachers sits under a tree, with a mat beside him, and the people, dressed in native cloths, with garlands of leaves and fringes of long grass, the girls carrying banana leaves for parasols, come up in a procession and put the money out of their mouths on the mat."

"I don't think that's a very nice way to take up a collection," said Charlie in a disgusted tone.

"But I think it is very nice that as soon as people stop being heathen they want to begin to give missionary money," said Katie. "Isn't it mamma?"—*Children's Work for Children.*

A Martyr's Confession.

In the year 1552, Dionysius Peloquin was imprisoned on account of his religion. When asked what he would call the Holy Scriptures, he answered:

"They are the infallible, certain and perfect truth of God contained in the Old and New Testaments, to which no man shall add to, nor take away from, for nothing is omitted that is necessary to our salvation. Therefore I hold them to be the only rule of the Christian religion." Thereupon his questioner became very angry and asked, Who told you they were the Holy Scriptures, and how can you know it if the Church has not assured you of it? Peloquin knew very well that he meant the Romish Church and for this reason replied: "No church need assure me of this; the Holy Spirit alone assures me of this, and bears witness to my heart and conscience, that the Scriptures are the eternal truth, to which I am obedient, and by which I desire to live and die. The Scriptures do not need the testimony of the church, for the church is founded on the doctrine of the Prophets and Apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, as St. Paul testifies in his letter to the Ephesians." Inasmuch as Peloquin continued in this noble confession, he was burned alive September 4, 1553, but did not, to his last breath, cease to implore God's mercy.

What is the Tongue for?

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

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

"To sing with," said another.

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

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

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

WHERE the spirit of God dwells, there the fruits of the Spirit, as opposed to those of the flesh, will make their appearance.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE *Workman* of Pittsburgh says of our English mission work: The necessity for English Lutheran churches is happily coming to a general recognition in the German Synod of Missouri. In Baltimore, South Pittsburgh, New Orleans, St. Louis, and other places, congregations have been organized, and in most of them new churches have been erected. The latest of these is in St. Louis, where Grace English Lutheran church, a neat structure, 35x65 feet, and costing, with the ground, \$12,000, has just been dedicated. The erection of this edifice is largely owing to the enlightened zeal of the Rev. Pastor Janzow, of the Bethlehem German church. The Rev. F. Adams, of the Theological Seminary at St. Louis, is the pastor, and the prospects for a strong congregation in the future are very encouraging.

—ABOUT 90 years ago a teacher in a school in New York city talked to his pupils about the heathen. A little girl eight years old, who heard him, made up her mind that she would become a missionary, if it was God's will. Home duties kept her from fulfilling her resolution until she was 30 years old. She then went to the island Ceylon as a missionary. She labored there for 43 years without once returning to America. When people asked her, "Why do you not take a vacation?" she replied, "I am too busy." The name of this woman was Eliza Agnew.

—CHINA MISSIONS.—Two years ago a China missionary society was organized in Sweden and Norway. They have now 17 men in the field, and 34 more have offered their services to the central committee in Christiania. In June, 1890, the Norwegians in America organized a similar society. Rev. O. M. Ostby is their Treasurer; he proposes that each Lutheran pastor in America contribute one dollar. This, he believes, will be enough to sent out more than a dozen missionaries. There is no scarcity of men for this work, but the means of support are wanting.

—A MINISTER was told of a Mr. K., who lived in a town where he had been pastor a few years before: "Mr. K. thinks the world of you, and that there is no one whom he ever heard whose preaching he liked so well." And he answered: "I wish he had said so while I was pastor. It would have made my work easier and my life brighter."

—A LADY missionary writes from China: "I can not forget what one dear woman said to me when I was at Kwang-feng. She came in every day and always listened so attentively. She had such a sad face, and she told me how her son, a young man of twenty-five, had died a few months ago. He was a very dutiful son, and they were rebuilding their house so that he might open up a carpenter's shop, when he was taken ill and died in a few days. After she had told me, with tears in her eyes, she held my hand and said, 'Oh, if you had only come sooner you could have prayed for him,

and he might have recovered; at least, he would have heard of Jesus.'"

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

—THE Moravians have a mission in the most inaccessible region of Thibet. The mission premises lie about 9400 feet above sea level, and 1000 feet above the narrow ravine, down which the foaming torrent of the Sutlej rushes. The village of Poo is the largest in that remote district, but the high passes leading to it are very difficult at all times, and impassable for a good part of the year. Here live and labor a missionary pair, occupying a post about as isolated as any mission field on the face of the earth. Their nearest post-office is fourteen days distant over Himalayan mountain paths. Ten years or more may pass without their receiving a single visit from a European. But for thirty-two years this outpost has been faithfully held as a center for evangelistic labors.

—A MISSIONARY says: "When I arrived at the Fiji group, my first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet and heads of eighty victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see those very cannibals, who had taken part in that inhuman feast, gathered about the Lord's table."

—HERE is a pleasant little glimpse of South Sea life, in a letter recently received by the British and Foreign Bible Society from Rarotonga: "The Bible is still the book of Rarotongans. Passing along the road one sometimes sees the old people sitting outside their cottages, enjoying the warmth of the setting sun and reading diligently the sacred Word. Many of them read the daily chapter in connection with the Bible and Prayer Union. As regards the older church members, our experience is that they would sooner part with houses or land than be deprived of their Bible. They can truly say, 'O how I love Thy law! it is my meditation all the day.'"

—GREENLAND is located far up in the Arctic regions. It is very cold, yet there are a number of warm-hearted Lutherans in that country—about 10,000.

—ICELAND is also a cold country, and, like Greenland, the home of a number of Lutheran Christians. As soon as a child can hold a book its parents teach it to read. The Bible, catechism, and the hymn-book are their school books. One of the most earnest pastors in Iceland is the venerable Rev. Pyetur Pyetursson (Peter Peterson), who is now past 80 years old.

Acknowledgments.

Received from the following members of Bethlehem Chapel, specially for the Building Fund: Mr. Oliver Hager \$1.00, Mrs. Amelia Hager \$1.00, Mrs. Minty Edwards \$4.00.

New Orleans, La., January 19, 1891.

AUG. BURGDORF.

BOOK-TABLE.

GNADENJAHR. Predigten ueber die Evangelien des Kirchenjahrs von Dr. C. F. W. Walther. Aus seinem schriftlichen Nachlass gesammelt. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.25.

This precious volume contains sixty-five sermons on the Gospel lessons of the church-year. In all these sermons the Gospel way of salvation is made plain in Dr. Walther's eloquent and masterly style. The late Dr. Walther's praise as a highly gifted preacher is in all the churches, and we doubt not that this new volume of his sermons will find a wide sale.

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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1891.

No. 3.

Who Loved Me.

Galatians 2, 20.

Three little sunbeams, gilding all I see;
Three little chords, each full of melody;
Three little leaves, balm for my agony.

"WHO"

He loved me, the Father's only Son.
He gave Himself, the precious, spotless One.
He shed His blood, and thus the work was done.

"LOVED"

He loved—not merely pitted. Here I rest,
Sorrow may come—I to His heart am pressed.
What should I fear while sheltered in His breast?

"ME."

Wonder of wonders! Jesus loved me.
A wretch, lost, ruined, sunk in misery,
He sought me, found me, raised me, set me free.

My soul, the order of the words approve,
Christ first, me last, nothing between but LOVE,
Lord, keep me always down, THYSELF above.

Trusting to Thee, not struggling restlessly,
So shall I gain the victory.

"I—yet not I"—but Christ—"Who loved me."

Selected.

Our Suffering Saviour.

In the time of Lent we behold our suffering Saviour on His way of sorrows. We behold Him in Gethsemane, where "being in agony He prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." One of His disciples betrayed Him; another denied that he had ever known Him; they all forsook Him and fled. He was dragged to the bar of the high-priest, where, after a hurried trial, He was condemned to death, and spit upon, and buffeted, and treated most shamefully. He was taken to Pilate, the Roman governor, who, though finding no fault in Him, confirmed the sentence of death, the people crying, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" He had been severely scourged and a crown of thorns was pressed upon His head. A cross was laid upon His shoulders, and He was led away to be crucified. With faint and weary step He walked beneath His heavy burden, until unable to carry it longer. At length

Calvary is reached. He is nailed to the cross. There He hangs on that fatal wood between two thieves. He is mocked, He is scorned, He is laughed at. In His thirst they give Him vinegar to drink. God's wrath is poured out upon Him, and in His deep agony of soul that piercing cry breaks forth from His lips: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And again He "cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost." "And when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man."

Now, why did this Righteous One endure such great sufferings of body and agony of soul? There was no fault in Him. Pilate, the judge, before whom He had been brought, said again and again, "I find no fault in Him." No fault in Him? No! 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). Of Him the Father had said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," (Matth. 3, 17). Why then did this beloved Son of God, in whom there was no fault, suffer and die upon the cross? Is it not written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree?" Why then was He cursed in whom there was no sin?

Let the Bible tell you. "He was wounded for our transgression, He was bruised for our iniquities," Isa. 53. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," Rom. 5, 8. "Christ died for our sins," 1 Cor. 15, 3. Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, Gal. 3, 13. "He hath made Him to be a sin for us, who knew no sin," 2 Cor. 5, 21. He "bare our sins in His own body on the tree," 1 Pet. 2, 24.

The same Bible that tells us that we as sinners are under the curse and doom of eternal death, tells us also that Christ suffered in our place, that He as our substitute took all our sins and the curse and wrath of God upon Himself and satisfied the claims of divine justice. Thus He became our Saviour and finished the work of our redemption.

If you would enjoy this finished work of redemption, you must see in the suffering Christ your Saviour; you must believe in your heart that He suffered and died for you, the poor, lost

and condemned sinner, and that by His sufferings and death you are saved. By this faith you will enter into the gladness of knowing that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1.

God is Love.

BY DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

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

The Gospel.

I have tried the Gospel, I have put it to the proof. I know what it is and what it can do. Tell me that food does not strengthen the weak; tell me that water does not refresh the weary; tell me that light does not cheer the disconsolate, and then you may tell me that the Gospel does not help when all other help fails; and then you may tell me that the Gospel is not the thing above all other things with which men can afford to part. Men might better give up the sun than quench that light which was brought from heaven, that light which cheers the home and dispels the darkness of the tomb.

Stanley.

A Japanese Snow-storm.

There are many parts of Japan in which a snow-storm is no rarity, but in the region of Kobe and Osaka snow seldom falls to the depth of more than an inch or two. This morning, however, an early outlook from the window gave me the impression of a general whiteness over all the landscape. As daylight grew stronger I saw that the snowy covering was fully seven inches thick. This seems very little to one accustomed to the heavy snow-falls of Minnesota or even the lighter ones of Ohio, but here it occasioned quite an excitement. I had a meeting for women in the afternoon, and the walk of two miles from our house to the place of meeting was a very interesting one. Busy hands and artistic skill had transformed the white material into a variety of shapes which would have done credit to a sculptor's studio or a hall of art in any country. There were snow-white or white snow rabbits peering out of shopdoor-ways; little lapdogs in attitudes of play and at rest; cats, from the large reclining one, two or three feet in length, on a back street, to the more frisky little kittens in the shops. Foxes stood on all-fours, with ears and tail erect, one holding a small flag in its mouth. Old men and women of snow, with black woolly eyebrows and charcoal eyes, stood gazing upon the passers-by. An elephant, with five-foot-long proboscis, reclined next door to an "yebisu," one of the gods of good luck. This god was six or seven feet in height, and the fish which he had just caught, and which still hung to the hook, was about two feet long. In one shop was a small boat with masts, the hull being made of snow. On a street-corner a white bear sat on its haunches. Its mate I saw nearly two miles away as I returned home after the meeting. On another corner and various other places were imitations of the stone lanterns seen in every Japanese garden and on temple-grounds. One of these was the only unfinished piece of work I saw; a man was still carving its sides with a broad-bladed knife. An immense frog sat in one street, just ready to spring through the door in front of him in case any one should open it. This frog was about four feet long, and not far away was a turtle about the same size.

A rat, larger by several sizes than any that gnaw their way into our storerooms, was climbing a snowy cliff; rugged mountain-scenery was represented in many of the streets; and in various places were two pinnacles near together,

with a rope of straw stretched from one end to the other, and strips of white paper suspended from the rope, such as may be seen anywhere in Japan wherever there is a sacred place among the mountains.

In many stores were represented in snow the two round cakes of "mochi," made of rice-flour, one on the top of the other, and surrounded by an orange with green leaves, such as the idol-worshippers always offer to the gods on New



CHRIST ON HIS WAY TO CALVARY.

Year's. In one store was a fire-bowl with a tea-kettle set on as if to boil water for tea, but all of snow. Out on heaps of snow in the middle of one street were several flowerpots that looked like marble, with real plants growing in them. I suppose these were made by covering the earthen pots with snow.

The salutations of the afternoon as the women came together were not "Good afternoon" or "How do you do?" but "How much of the cold thing has fallen?"—*Mission Dayspring*.

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

Why Not Sooner?

Rev. W. W. Gill reports that at a meeting of native Christians in the South Sea Islands an old man rose and said: "There is one thing I want to ask: Can it be that the Christian people in England have had this Gospel of peace for many long years and have never sent it to us until now? Oh, that they had sent it sooner! Had they sent it sooner I should not to-day be solitary, sad-hearted, mourning my murdered wife and children. Oh, that they had sent it sooner!"

When Kapiolani, Queen of the Hawaiian Islands, was told by an old priest how a little boy had been offered in sacrifice, she hid her face with her hands, and weeping, said: "Oh! why did not Christians come sooner and teach us better things?"

When Miss West spoke to an Armenian converted woman at Harpoot about returning to America, "Oh, don't go; stay longer and teach us!" she exclaimed, and added: "Why didn't the missionaries come before? If they had only come when I was young, I too might have worked for Christ!"

We all can understand such language. Most of us are touched by it for the time being. Some are moved to tears. How many are moved to work? How many are incited to more extensive reading, and more liberal giving, and more earnest praying? While we are hesitating and putting off from day to day and year to year what we know to be our Christian duty and noblest privilege, the heathen are languishing in misery and woe and perishing at a stupendous rate. A thousand millions of the human race have not heard of Christ. How many of us realize the meaning of such figures?

They're crowding down the slopes of death,
A thousand millions strong:
A soul is lost, at every breath,
Of that benighted throng.
They're groping 'mid sin's hopeless ways,
A thousand millions, blind;
On them have dawned no Gospel rays,
No path of peace they find.
O Christians! these have never heard
Of Jesus' precious name,
Have never read His holy Word,
Know not to die He came.
"Go, preach my Gospel!" Christ has said;
"Go, all my famished feed—
To every creature give Life's bread,
O'er earth my message speed!"

Missionary.

"He Died For Me."

In the cemetery at Nashville, says a Southern paper, a stranger was seen planting a flower over a soldier's grave. When asked, "Was your son buried here?" "No," was the answer. "A relative?" "No." After a moment the stranger laid down a small board which he held in his hand, and said: "Well, I will tell you. When the war broke out, I was a farmer in Illinois. I was poor and had a wife and seven children. I was drafted and had no money to hire a substitute. Then there came a young man to me and said: 'You have a large family which your wife can not take care of. I will go for you.' He did go in my place and, at the battle of Chickamauga, he was wounded and taken to Nashville Hospital, but, after a long sickness, he died and was buried here. Ever since I have wanted to come and see his grave, and so I saved up all the spare money I could, and yesterday I came on and to-day found my dear friend's grave."

With tears of gratitude running down his cheeks, he took a small board and pressed it down into the ground in the place of a tombstone. Under the soldier's name were written only these words: "HE DIED FOR ME." These words told the whole story.

Dear reader, there is One who in a far higher sense took your place and became your substitute. It is Jesus. He died for you. May you with tears of gratitude accept this Saviour who loved you and gave Himself for you.

God's Loving Care.

A pastor often visited an old saint eighty-seven years of age, who for fifteen years was bed-ridden and blind. She was usually very bright and cheerful, but on one occasion she told him that since his last visit she had been in terrible darkness. When he inquired how it came, she replied that she had been informed of the sudden death of a youthful and useful Christian lady, who was a near neighbor. She began to wonder why God spared her so long, when she was of no service to anyone, and then the thought darted into her mind that He had so many people to look after, He had forgotten her, and, "Oh, the horror that rolled over my soul at this!" she exclaimed. "But you are out of the darkness now; how did you get out?" he asked. "There is but one way," she answered, "and that is by going to the Word. I remembered that the Lord Jesus declares all the hairs of our heads are numbered, and although I once had children of my own, whom I loved, I suppose, as much as most mothers love their children, and although I washed their faces for them and brushed their hair many a time, I never thought enough of one of my children to count every hair on its head. Since my Father thinks enough of me to count every hair on my old gray head, I told the devil to go away and let me alone, and he has left me in peace."

"Rain From Heaven."

Once a little girl, who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her minister with some money for missions. He opened the paper and found eighteen shillings.

"Eighteen shillings, Mary!" How did you collect so much—is it all your own?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought, that Jesus had died for me, I wanted to do something for Him, and I heard that money was needed to send the good news to the heathen."

"Well, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I had no money of my own, and I wanted to earn some, and I thought a long time, and it came to me that there were many washerwomen that would buy soft water. So I got all the buckets and cans I could collect, and all the year I have been selling the soft water for a halfpenny the bucket: that's how I got the money, sir."

The minister looked at the little girl who had been working so long and patiently for her Master, and his eyes glistened.

"My dear child," he said, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to do this work for Him; now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"O no, sir, not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I'd rather no one know but Him. If it must be put in, please to write, 'Rain from heaven.'"—And so little Mary went away.

A Widow's Gift.

A missionary in Persia tells of a poor widow with two little children to support, and a mother and an invalid sister who needed all the help that she could give them. And still she desired to help those who were in suffering and distress.

"One day," says the missionary, "she cut off the greater part of her beautiful hair and sold it, and brought me the money. She knelt down at my feet, and, with eyes full of tears, said, 'Take this money for the poor people; I want to give it to God. It is the price of my hair. I had nothing else to give.'"

It was not merely the value of the gift, but the willing mind that prompted it, which made it a sweet savor of love to the weary missionary, working among the poor and the distressed. The poor woman, like the widow of old, cast in her mite. Her choicest treasure was bestowed upon the poor.

How many Christian women there are who waste in personal adornment much that might be given to relieve distress, to enlighten darkness, to comfort those that mourn, and send the light of the knowledge of the Lord among those who sit in lands of darkness, beneath the shadow of death! Could not such learn a lesson from this poor Persian widow?

"He Spared Not His Own Son."

A lady whose health was shattered, and whose husband had lost his money, complained one day to her pastor that God was harsh in His dealings with her. While they were talking her sleeping baby awoke, and she took it up to quiet its cries. A bright fire was blazing in the grate, and the pastor suddenly inquired, "What enemy is so dear to you, or what interest is so great to you, that in order to serve the one, or to secure the other, you would put your babe into that fire?" She looked at him a moment with an expression of surprise and indignation, and replied, "You know perfectly well that I would not cast my child into the fire for any consideration whatever."

"And yet," the pastor said, "God cast His only-begotten and well beloved Son into the fire. God spared Him not, though He saw His deep humiliation, though He beheld Him weltering in bloody sweat in Gethsemane, though He witnessed His frightful agonies on Calvary, and still you doubt His goodness." Surely the greater gift includes the less, and he who really believes that God's love for him was so great that He gave His Son to the death of the cross, can easily believe that God's love for him is infinite, even when calling him to listen to the voice of the rod.

"If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Rom. 8, 32.

The Glorious Saviour.

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

Look Upward!

During the last illness of an aged Christian a friend said to him: "I am sorry to see you lying upon your back."

"Do you know why God puts us on our backs?" asked the smiling sufferer.

"No," was the answer.

"In order that we may look upward," said the dear child of God.

THE Church is an assembly of people that depends on things which do not appear, nor can be apprehended by the senses; namely, on the Word alone. This people believes what the Word says, and gives God the glory, trusting that what He promises us therein is true.

Luther.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.—On the roof of No. 203 South Fifth avenue, New York, two boys were rolling a baby-carriage with a two-year-old child in it. Suddenly the carriage broke away, ran towards the verge, bounded, and with its occupant disappeared. The house is five stories high. And the child would have been killed and mangled, if its angel had not guarded it. In the fall the carriage remained upright and fell on a bale of rags in the street, where it was shattered. The baby was bounced upwards, and was caught in the arms of a young man standing near. It was not injured.—This took place on the afternoon of Sept. 6, 1890.

—THAT HAPPY DAY.—Not long ago a South Sea Islander was dying. As he was talking about heaven, he said to the missionary who was standing near by: "When I get to heaven, I shall, first of all, praise and thank Jesus for having saved such a poor creature like me. Then I'll tell him about you; for it was you who first told me the way to heaven. Then I'll look about and see where the saints come in; and then I will sit and wait for you. When you come, oh, what a happy day that will be! Afterwards I will take you by the hand, and lead you to Jesus, and say to Him: 'Jesus, Jesus, this is the man that I told you about.'" That happy day!

—FOUND IT AT LAST.—A missionary was selling Bibles for the first time in a town in India. A Hindoo seeing the books rushed eagerly forward and said, "Have you a copy of the New Testament of Jesus Christ? How much must I pay? I will give you whatever you ask." The money being paid, and the book given to him, he said, "I have been looking for a copy of this book for years, and now, thank God, I have found it at last!" He did not stop, but went away, eagerly kissing the book on all sides as he went.

—SIMPLE PREACHING.—Many years ago some students of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching at a station some distance from that place. Among their habitual hearers was a sincere and humble, but uneducated Christian colored slave, called Uncle Sam, who, on his return home, would try to tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, but complained that the students were too deep and learned for him. One day, however, he came home in great good humor, saying that a poor unlearned old man, just like himself, had preached that day, who he supposed was hardly fit to preach to the white people; but he was glad he came, for his sake, for he could remember everything he had said. On inquiry it was found that Uncle Sam's "unlearned" old preacher was Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who, when he heard the criticism, said it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

—NOT FAR TO GO.—A clergyman informed his people, at the close of his sermon, that he intended in a few days to go on a mission to

the heathen. After the congregation was dismissed, a number of the members waited for their pastor, and, crowding around him, expressed their surprise at the new turn in his affairs, asking him where he was going, and how long he would be away. He said to them, "My good friends, don't be alarmed. I'm not going out of town."

—SUSAN'S JOY.—"What made your heart sing, Susan?" asked a missionary in Western Africa, of one of the people amongst whom he labored. "Ah! you see that poor thief you talk about; he no good at all; he be bad when they hang him on the cross. God teach; he show him bad heart! he make him pray to Jesus Christ, 'Lord, remember me.' Jesus no say, 'Me no want you; you be too bad; thief too much.' No, he no say so, but take and tell him, 'To-day thou shalt be with me in heaven.' I see Christ take poor sinner, made me glad too much. He take poor thief; He take me—me the same."

—NATIVE CHINESE PREACHERS.—At a missionary meeting a missionary from China was asked many questions concerning the progress of Christ's work in that interesting country. One of the questions touched upon the preparation made by the Chinese converts, who are called into the ministry of the Gospel, and the missionary stated that their study was confined almost wholly to the Bible. With this, however, he said they are wonderfully familiar, many of them having committed to memory the entire New Testament, and quoting it with an accuracy and readiness humiliating to most of the English and American missionaries, holding the sacred book in their hand while they preach, and appealing to it as the supreme authority.

—A DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.—The little daughter of a native judge, in one of the mountain towns of Japan, whose wife had become a Christian, loved to hear her mother read the New Testament, and was particularly fond of Luke's Gospel. She listened eagerly to the story of Jesus' birth in the manger and all the wonders of his life and death, and was eager to tell her heathen playmates the news of his love and mercy. But she was taken sick with diphtheria, and soon lay at the very door of death. While her mother, who had loved her just as mothers in Christian lands love their children, sat weeping beside her, she opened her eyes and said: "Mother, please put your Gospel of Luke under my head for a pillow, for it is so beautiful." It was done according to her wish, and while she thus rested on her loved Saviour's Word He called her away.

Acknowledgments.

Received from following members of Bethlehem Chapel, specially for the Building Fund: Mrs. Jullan Henderson \$1.00, Mr. John Brown \$2.00, Mrs. Mary Thompson \$1.00, Miss Pinkey McClinton \$1.00.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 17, 1891.

AUG. BURGDORF.

BOOK-TABLE.

"GOD BLESS OUR PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS." Oration delivered on the occasion of the Semi-Centennial of the German Ev. Luth. St. Paul Church at New Orleans, La., by N. J. Bakke, Ev. Luth. missionary, and published by request of the Ev. Luth. Pastoral Conference of New Orleans.

This excellent English oration treats of "the burning question." It is a eulogy on our Lutheran Parochial Schools, and sets forth in a clear and eloquent style the many inestimable blessings that accrue from our schools to our homes, our church, and our country. We hope the pamphlet will find many readers. All profits derived from its sale will be devoted to our Colored Mission at New Orleans. Price, 5 cts. Address, Rev. N. J. Bakke, 473 Josephine St., New Orleans, La.

WIDERLEGUNG einer uebel gerathenen Apologie des General Council. By Prof. A. L. Graebner. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 15 cts.

DIE FIGUREN UND TROPEN. By Prof. A. Crull. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cts.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny

Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening. Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

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

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.

CARROLLTON.

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

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday evening. Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

AUG. 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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1891.

No. 4.

We Remember.

Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of Thy soul,
When, through Thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er Thee roll.
Baptized in death's dark waters,
For us Thy blood was shed;
For us Thou, Lord of glory,
Wast numbered with the dead.

O Lord, Thou now art risen,
Thy travail all is o'er;
For sin Thou once hast suffered—
Thou liv'st to die no more.
Sin, death and hell are vanquished
By Thee, the Church's Head;
And, lo! we share Thy triumphs,
Thou first-born from the dead.

Into Thy death baptized,
We own with Thee we died;
With Thee, our life, we're risen,
And shall be glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by Thy blood,
And here would walk as strangers
Alive with Thee to God.

Things I Know.

I know that I am a sinner, for the Word of God says, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," Rom. 3, 23. I, as an individual, am among the "all" of that verse. Consequently I am a sinner, and guilty, and take my place as such.

I know that God loved poor sinners, and that Jesus, the Son of God, came to die for such; for the Scripture says, "Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," 1 Pet. 3, 18. And again, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. 1, 15.

I know that He died for me, an individual sinner; for since I am a sinner, and He died for such, He must have died for me. My name is not there; it would not avail me aught if it were, since there might be many of my name; but He, blessed be His name, died for sinners, so He died for me.

I know I am saved; for the Word of God says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and

thou shalt be saved," Acts 16, 31. Again, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved," Rom. 10, 8-13. I do, as a poor sinner that feels his deep need, believe on the Lord Jesus who died for me, and rose again for my justification, and I do confess Him to be Lord over all, and upon the sole authority of God's Word, *I know I am saved*. It is not presumption to believe what God has said; no, it is simple faith—just to believe it and rejoice in it, because He has said so.

Yes, and is it not a wonderful thought, that it is possible for the believer to know he is saved? God's Word says he is, and surely he should know it. Though Satan and man may object, it is the blessed privilege of the believer to know that he is saved.

Dear reader, are you saved? Do you say you are believing in Jesus? Then it is your blessed privilege to know and enjoy the fact that you are saved. I will leave you one more Scripture: "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand."

"Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

The frame-work of a large building had been erected, and the carpenters were pushing their work to completion, when a bystander observed that one of the heavy timbers was not plumb. Calling the attention of his neighbor to the fact, the matter was freely discussed; but, as neither of them felt like meddling with other men's work, the warning was not given. The defect could not be detected from the position occupied by the workmen; so the hammering went on, until there was a sudden swaying of the heavy beam, a loud crash of falling timbers, and then three men lay crushed and bleeding beneath the wreck. At the coroner's inquest, the men who had observed the danger, and yet failed to give the alarm, were severely censured.

So great was the indignation, that the case was brought before the grand jury, and the men barely escaped indictment for manslaughter.

If, in the eyes of the law, we are accountable for a brother's life when we fail to warn him of his danger, will God hold us less responsible when we allow immortal souls to perish without an earnest effort to lead them to Jesus? We may stand aside now, and protest that the salvation of souls is no business of ours, that we do not intend to assume the work that belongs to the minister; but, when we stand before the judgment seat, this excuse will not avail. Then we shall realize that the blood of our brother will be required at our hands. The life that we live should be so Christ-like as to recommend Christ.

"Be ye also ready," said an old woman to a young man as they stood by the coffin of a common friend. The arrow struck home, and the youth went from the house of mourning troubled in spirit. Those solemn words, uttered in the presence of death, proved to be the voice of God. It was the word of a poor, illiterate woman, and not the eloquent appeal of the gifted preacher, that God chose to use as the instrument in this young man's conversion.

B. V. C.

The Power of God's Word.

The Word of God has converting power not only where it is preached, but also where it is read. Christians should read the Bible daily and do all in their power to bring it to others for their conversion and edification. This blessed Book has exerted its divine power at all times. A Testament was left in an Armenian village some ten years ago. The missionary was driven away, but that Testament remained there as a faithful missionary, doing its silent work. Not long ago another missionary came to that place, whence his fellow laborer had fled for his life. He says that he found thirty houses or three-eighths of the inhabitants now Protestants. A whole population of a village in Southern Africa have left their idols. They learned to know the true God and the way of salvation from the study of a single Gospel and a few tracts, which were left among them by a merchant.

Our Church.

There are many things about her that we love with all the strength of our souls. She has doctrines which have been tested by the fires of persecution, and tried by the wise of the world, but they rest upon the Rock of Ages, and hence they can not be refuted by the Scriptures, no matter what blind reason may say, or human learning may conclude. Our Church, too, has a history which will pass down into the years to come, and pages yet to be written with a halo of grace and sweetness not surpassed in the chronicles of time. She holds and teaches a faith whose wellspring is Christ, and whose foundation is the doctrines of Prophets and Apostles, Jesus Himself being the Chief Corner-Stone.

As Lutherans we are sure that the doctrines of our Church are in perfect accord with that which God has revealed to us in His most Holy Word. We know that by grace are men saved through faith, and that not of themselves, it is the gift of God (Eph. 2, 8); and it is a source of unspeakable comfort to us to be assured that He who knew no sin, was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him, (2 Cor. 5, 21), and that "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," (Is. 53, 6). We are glad, we are grateful to Almighty God, that in our dear Church His

Word is the highest authority, and salvation alone through Jesus' merits, appropriated by faith, the only salvation taught or known. Her creed and her confession give forth no uncertain sound, and in all her pure literature God's way of saving and sanctifying man by the right use of the means of grace, the Word and Sacraments, is everywhere emphasized. For all this we devoutly thank God, and we know that we can not go astray if these holy truths are really lodged in our hearts. But this is just the point! Sometimes, it seems to us, altogether too frequently, these truths lodge in the head, and leave the heart unchanged,

unrenewed, un sanctified. It continues in its love of fleshly pleasure, attachment to the world, greed for gold, and unwillingness to labor and to sacrifice for Christ. Men and women can repeat their catechism, adduce Scriptural texts in proof of the truthfulness of its teachings, and argue right well for the historical continuity of their Church and its Scriptural basis. It appears to us, however, that *life* is more powerful and convincing than

it is He that worketh in His people, both to will and to do His own good pleasure. What we want in our Church is more devotion to her best interests, more consecration of heart and of hand to the spread of her truths and the enlargement of her borders. Let us study God's Word more; let us read our Church papers and Church literature more; let us pray more, and let us work more and *give* more, and then we can comfortingly expect the Lord to give to

our Zion beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness—(Is. 61, 3).

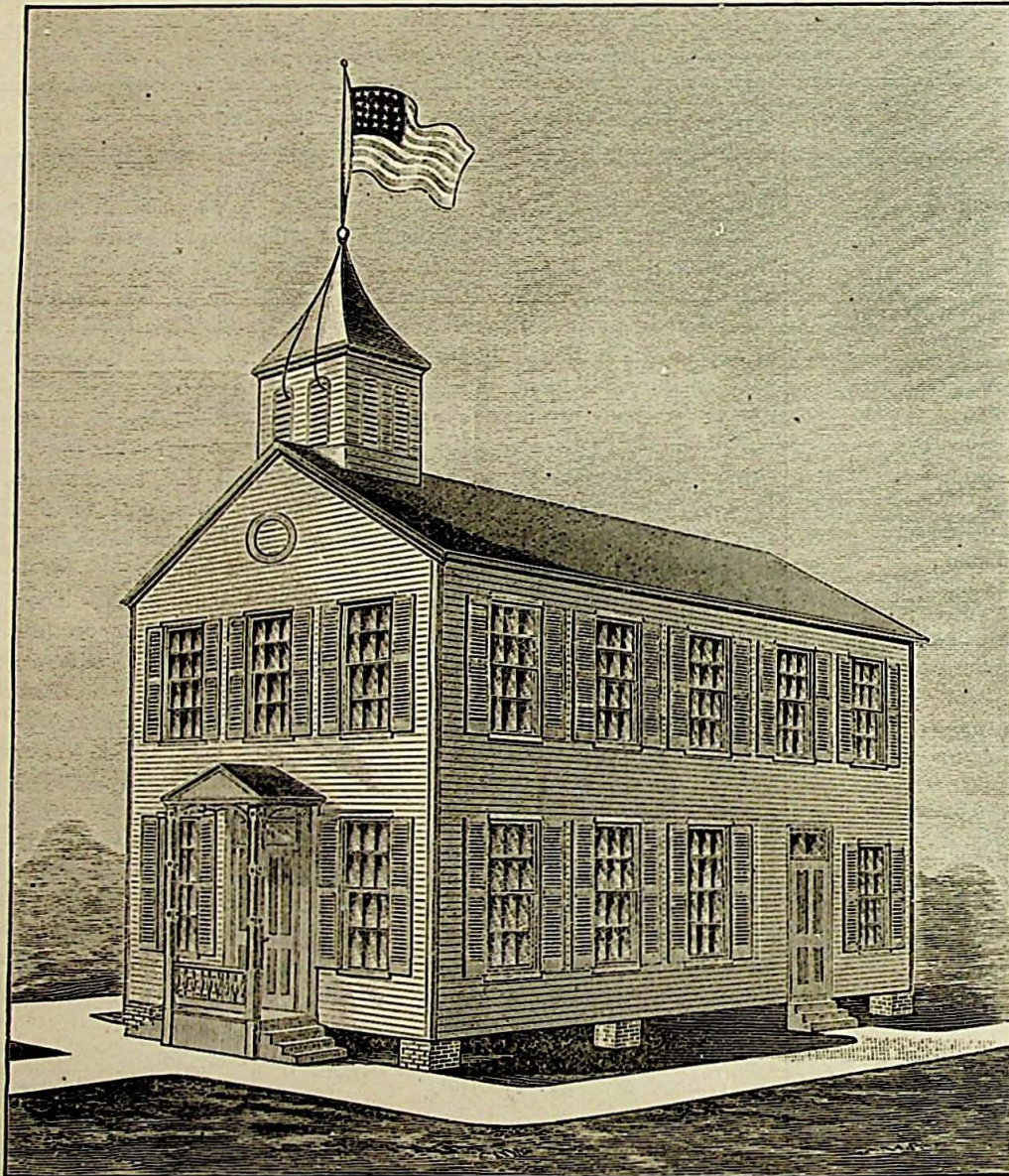
Church Messenger.

"His Workmanship."

An old Christian once said: "If a piece of iron could speak, what would it say? It would say, 'I am black, I am cold, I am hard.' Perfectly true. But put that piece of iron into the furnace and wait awhile, and what would it say? 'The blackness is gone, and the coldness is gone, and the hardness is gone'—it has passed into a new experience. But if that piece of iron could speak, surely it would not glory in itself, because the fire and iron are two distinct things that remain distinct to the last. If it could glory it would glory in the fire, and not in itself—in the fire that kept it a bright molten mass. So in myself. I am black, I am cold, and I am hard, but if the Lord takes possession of my soul, if I am filled with love, if

his Spirit fills my being, the blackness will go, and the coldness will go, and the hardness will go, and yet the glory does not belong to me but to the Lord who keeps me in a sense of his love."

SWEAR neither falsely nor unnecessarily. Luther says: "The oath should be used like the sword, which man does not draw merely to while away the time. He does not juggle with it as do children with a knife, but uses it either in defense of himself or of his fellowmen, when the government commands him to do so."



Colored Lutheran Mission School at New Orleans.

argument by words. If it be true that we love our Church, that love will, must become manifest. Christ asked Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" and though He received the most emphatic yes, He nevertheless told Peter to go and feed His sheep.

Just so with you and me, my dear reader, mere words do not prove to perishing souls, nor to the Lord who gave Himself for them, that we love "our Church," Christ's institution for the salvation of dying man. True love has life, and that life shows itself in deeds. It rests alone in Christ, but is fed by His grace, fired by His zeal, and kept active by His Spirit, for

Katy Ferguson and her Sunday-school.

It can do no harm, it may do some good, to recall the name and work of poor Katy Ferguson, a colored woman, who died of cholera, July 11, 1854. The account is taken from Benson Lossing's history of the woman, as published some years ago.

Katy was born a slave, on board a ship, during its passage from Norfolk, Va., to New York. At that time, 1779, slavery was legalized in New York. When Katy was eight years old she and her mother were sold into bondage. The mother soon died, leaving Katy without a known relative in the world. Her new mistress took her frequently to the elder Mason's church. At sixteen she became a member. About this time a benevolent lady, with the assistance of the late Dr. Bethune's father, bought Katy's freedom for the sum of \$200. Being now free and earning wages, she refunded one-half the amount.

At eighteen she married Mr. Ferguson, a colored man, and she became mother of two children. Her husband and children died, and thus again she was left alone in the world. She now turned her attention to baking and selling sweet cakes, in which she excelled, receiving the patronage of first-class citizens. Her place of business was near the City Hall in New York.

Katy being a child of sorrow, was thus trained by the Master for an important work. She saw around her poor and neglected children. These gathered on Sunday to her humble home on Warren street, and she taught them the way of life, giving each one a sweet-cake as a token of her love. This woman could not read. Her knowledge of the Bible was obtained chiefly from Dr. Mason and the sainted Isabella Graham.

When the younger Dr. John M. Mason was ministering in his new church, on Murray street, his attention was called to the work of this poor woman. The next Sunday he called on Katy while her school was in session. "What are you about here, Katy?" said the doctor, "Keeping school on Sunday?" Katy was alarmed at the question, taking it as a rebuke from her pastor for violating the Sunday. But the doctor did not leave her long in trouble. "This must not be, Katy. You must not be allowed to do all this work alone."

On the next Sunday Katy's school was moved to the basement of the Murray Street church, its work enlarged, and Mr. Lossing says it remains to-day as the first Sunday school in New York.

Many ministers and laymen traced their early religious impressions to the simple, earnest teaching of this colored woman, who was born a slave, who could not read, and who pursued a humble calling. She died July 11, 1854, about the age of seventy-five. Her last words were, "All's well." It is proper to add that in her declining years, and while suffering with that dreaded disease, Katy never lacked atten-

tion and the comforts of life. Masters of vessels on the ocean, merchants absorbed in business remembered Katy, and furnished the necessary means. Arthur Tappan, the merchant philanthropist, had her likeness taken, and kept it suspended in his office.

As I said, at the beginning, the above is condensed from Benson Lossing, the historian. It may be old to some, but it will be new to others. The argument is: If a poor, illiterate, colored woman, born a slave, could do much for Christ, should it not encourage others in better positions to imitate her example?

How God punished Sin.

Romming was the son of a farmer who lived in Northern Germany. From early childhood he showed a very cruel spirit. It always gave him the greatest pleasure to torture and torment innocent creatures. To catch young sparrows and to torture them slowly to death, to pull off the wings of bugs and flies, to cut worms in two, and to treat in like manner all harmless creatures that came within his reach, was his greatest delight.

He always kept his pockets full of stones so that whenever he came across a cow or a sheep or a horse or a dog, he might have the great fun to make them limp or run or howl. I imagine, too, that every creature in the neighborhood knew this cruel-hearted boy and would avoid him wherever they could. If he could catch a cat, that creature would be very fortunate if it escaped without having its ears or its feet or its tail cut off, or without having boiling water poured over its body. And the little birds, that sing so sweetly every morning, were sure to find in him their worst enemy. He would rob their nests and kill their young.

He was told again and again by his teachers that not a single sparrow ever fell to the ground without God's notice, and yet he kept up a constant war against God's creatures. He had no pity in his heart for the sufferings of any creature;—he rather took a savage delight in seeing suffering. The more the little birds struggled as he pulled out their feathers, the more the dogs and cats screamed and yelled as the cruel stones came flying, the greater seemed his pleasure. As Romming became older, he became less cruel—for he did not have as much time to torment God's creatures as when he was younger—but his cruel, unfeeling heart still remained unchanged.

He had engaged in the service of a Beer-brewer, and one day, as he was standing over a large tub or vat, filled with boiling beer, his hat fell in. In trying to catch it, he lost his balance and fell in; though by catching hold at the side with his hands, he managed to save all but his two legs from the boiling beer. He cried loudly and pitifully for help, and was soon taken out and carried to the house. Here he lay in the greatest pain and agony. All the neighbors could plainly hear

his pitiful cries and groaning. All at once those standing at his bedside noticed that he became quiet and appeared to be in a very thoughtful mood. After spending a half hour in quietness, he asked to see a minister of the Gospel. His desire was granted and when the pastor came, Romming began to cry out: "Oh, my sins! They are so great that I can not atone for them. Many thousand of God's creatures have I tortured to death, and now I feel in my own body what a cruel, hard-hearted man I have been! Oh, tell me, dear pastor, tell me how I can atone for my sins! Had I been a thief, or an incendiary, or a slanderer, I could perhaps make good the injury I had done. But how shall I ever be able to restore to life one of the many innocent creatures I have murdered. Oh, to whom shall I turn? To God I can not, for I have been fighting Him in that I have tortured to death the creatures He has made. They never harmed me and yet I took delight in seeing them suffer. I killed them and yet never derived any good from their death. Oh, how many of them might still be rejoicing in life had I not been so cruel!"

The minister left Romming a while longer in his anguish and showed him how wicked it was to make God's creatures suffer unnecessarily. While thus speaking with him, he noticed that Romming's two legs were turning black. A doctor was called and both legs had to be taken off in order to prevent death from gangrene.

Now his fear and anguish became still greater and he felt as if God intended to make him suffer for the evil he had done. Had it not been for the minister, who spoke words of forgiveness and comfort out of the Holy Book, he might have become insane by his anguish and remorse.

Romming became well again, but lived as a cripple for 25 years,—he lived as an example to others to show how God punishes sin. To every boy he met, he said: "Be merciful to God's creatures."—*Selected.*

A Holy Fear.

A king of Hungary, who was sad and pensive, was once rallied by his gay and courtier-like brother, who asked the cause of his "gloom." On replying that he felt himself a great sinner and unready to appear before God, his brother made a jest of it. The king made no reply; but in the dead of night (according to the custom in case of persons appointed to immediate death), he sent an executioner to sound a trumpet before his brother's door. On hearing it, and seeing the messenger of death, he sprang into the king's presence, imploring to be told wherein he had offended. "Alas! brother, you have never offended me. But if the sight of my executioner is so dreadful to you, shall not I, who have greatly offended Christ, fear to be brought before His judgment seat?"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE editor has been sick for several weeks and hopes that the readers will excuse the late appearance of the April number.

—IN this number of the PIONEER we give the readers a picture of one of the school houses recently erected for our Colored Mission at New Orleans. By the liberal contributions of our people our Mission Board was enabled to erect two new school houses, in which four hundred children can be easily seated.

—MR. J. KAUFFMANN has taken charge of one of the classes of St. Paul's Colored Lutheran school at New Orleans. May God abundantly bless the work of this new laborer in our Mission field.

—THE Finnish Lutherans of this country have a Bible Society, with headquarters in West Superior, Wis., which prints the Bible in the Finnish language. The Finnish Lutheran pastors are very active in opening new mission fields for the ten new ministers they expect from Finland the coming summer.

—THE census report reveals the fact that during 1890 Christianity gained in this country over one million adherents, and 4,867 preachers, and 8,494 churches.

—THE Christian life, among the converts from heathenism as among us older Christians, is a growth. Barbarous and sinful habits are only gradually subdued. Such was the experience of an African convert on the "gold coast" with whom the missionary remonstrated for beating his wife even after he had become a Christian. "If you only knew," replied the negro, "how bad my wife is, then you would see that I can not do otherwise." "Very well," said the missionary, "then beat your wife, but only under one condition. Whenever you are tempted to beat your wife, take your New Testament and read the 13th chapter of first Corinthians; then you may beat your wife." A few weeks later, when the missionary again visited his parishioner, the latter said: "Now I can not beat my wife any more; after reading those words I have no inclination to do so."

—IN Africa a mother was going through the streets with her little daughter by her side. A trader, before whose booth she had passed, offered her a string of glittering beads for her child whom he would like to have for a slave. The mother looked at the beads with longing eyes. The little one falls down before her and begs the mother to keep her and not give her to the strange man. But a stroke with the string over the face of her prostrate daughter is the mother's only answer. The trader keeps the weeping child. The miserable ornament is dearer to the mother than her daughter. This is a true and characteristic illustration of one of the darkest phases of heathenism. It is all dark, indeed, but some parts are blacker than others. Yet, under the power of the

Gospel of Christ, even such unnatural mothers without natural affection may be and have been lifted up and taught the worth not only of their children, but of their own immortal souls.

—THE circulation of the Holy Scriptures in Italy has greatly increased within a few years. The agents of the British and Scotch societies report sales for the past year as follows: Bibles, 4,586, New Testaments, 14,055, portions, chiefly gospels, 131,795—a total of 152,427. This is more than double what it was ten years ago, although the number of colporteurs is smaller. The sales of gospels is more by 20,000 than in 1889. It is only thirty years since the Madiari were imprisoned in Florence for having some Bibles in their possession, and it is less than that since the Grand Duke promulgated the penalty of death for conversion to Protestantism.

—A MISSIONARY named Letzen, with his wife, is certainly to be written with those who love their fellow-men. For thirty years he has been preaching and working at a station in the Thibetan mountains, without the sight of a European face, and with the postoffice fourteen days distant.

—STANLEY tells us that in the great forests of Africa live a race of people who are of fine form and of light coppery color. They pierce the upper lip and stick wooden pegs, iron rings, or shells in the hole thus made. In the same forests are found another and very different kind of people. He calls them pigmies. They are not much more than four feet high. They are filthy and uncivilized. They eat snails, mice, caterpillars, white ants, and many things that we would scarcely touch.

—CHRISTIAN life among islanders of the New Hebrides seems to be still vigorous. Rev. Mr. Lawrie reports that the native congregations on Aneityum have built a large hurricane-proof church to take the place of the one recently blown down, and that they have defrayed the cost of the whole by contributions of dry cocoanut and arrowroot. "The natives denied themselves all their little luxuries for six months in order that this might be accomplished." At the dedication service one native said that "by the raising of this new church we are raised indeed." And another said, "We are like thirsty travelers; to-day we have seen water, and we have drunk." It is now reported that the island of Tonga has come into the list of wholly Christian islands in the New Hebrides group. On five islands of the group, the scene of Mr. Milne's labors, no heathen are to be found. Yet we are told there are 5000 cannibals on the island of Tanna in the New Hebrides group, though it has been occupied by missionaries for over twenty-one years.

—THE Negroes of Brazil not only carry on their heads heavy burdens, like a piano, but when taking a letter to the post-office one will place it on top of his head and then place a stone on it to keep it in its place.

Heathen Goodness.

Two young Afghan orphans presented themselves at the Missionary Hospital at Amritsar, on English territory. They were asked about their circumstances.

"We are orphans," they answered.

"Have you no relatives who can take care of you?"

"We have an uncle who has been very good to us."

"Why does he not take you under his roof?"

"He has taken away all the property that our father left us."

"But in return he will doubtless feed and clothe you?"

"Oh, no! But he has been very good to us: he has not killed us."

They related further that, not knowing how long the "goodness" of their uncle would last, they had thought it prudent to put the frontier between themselves and him.—*The Missionary Herald*.

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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1891.

No. 5.

Panting for Heaven.

I am panting for heaven, the land of repose,
Where peace, like a river, eternally flows;
And when landed in glory, ah! then I shall prove,
'Tis Christ that makes heaven the heaven of love.

I long to depart to the land of the free,
And there with my Saviour forever to be,
To witness, engaged in its hallowed employ,
'Tis Christ that makes heaven the heaven of joy.

How happy! away from the world and its din,
All sorrow shut out, and all blessing shut in;
To know in its fulness, which never will cease,
'Tis Christ that makes heaven the heaven of peace.

From labor and turmoil forever away,
To bask in the light of a ne'er ending day,
Confessing while joining the song of the blest,
'Tis Christ that makes heaven the heaven of rest.

Ah, yes! 'twill be happy—so different from here!
His name and His image forever to bear
And own, through the ages which never will close,
'Tis Christ that makes heaven the home of repose!

Selected.

Heavenly Minded.

In one of the churches of Germany there is said to be a memorial tablet fastened against the wall, and put there in honor of the old Lutheran theologian, George Major.

The picture represents the ascension of Christ. The disciples are seen standing around the spot from which the Saviour has just ascended, and directing their eyes up to their Lord. But around the disciples a still wider circle of fifty-four persons is formed, all of them looking up to heaven and beholding the wonder of their Lord's ascension with anxious yet hopeful eyes. These fifty-four persons all belong to the family of Dr. Major.

It is a beautiful picture and it has a deep meaning. It teaches us what the condition of every Christian family should be. The eyes of all its members should be directed to Him who went to prepare a place for us in His Father's house, where there are many mansions. The hearts of all should be set upon things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

The natural man can not but be worldly-minded, seeking the joys, and honors, and riches of this world; but Christians are heav-

enly-minded. By faith in the ascended Saviour they are on the way to their eternal home. They pass through this world as pilgrims and strangers, their affections being set upon the treasures and beauties of heaven, and their hearts longing to be at home with the Lord.

Look up, dear Christian reader, look up to Jesus, our ascended Saviour! And teach your family to look up to the mansions in our Father's house.

Redemption Finished.

"God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law," says St. Paul.

From this we learn that our redemption was the work which Christ came to do. And He did not do part of the work, leaving the other part for us to do. No. He finished the work of our redemption. The apostle says, "Christ hath redeemed us," Gal. 3, 13. And the whole Bible sets forth the work of our redemption as a finished work in which sinners are simply to trust for salvation.

Jesus Himself cried out upon the cross: "It is finished!" God the Father, by raising Christ from the dead on the third day, made known to all sinners that the work of their redemption is finished. And when we on Ascension Day behold Christ ascending into heaven, we see the crowning proof of the fact that our redemption is finished. He ascended into heaven as the Conqueror over all our enemies, leading our captivity captive. He, therefore, told His disciples to go into the world and preach the Gospel to all creatures. For this the Holy Ghost was poured out upon them on the Day of Pentecost. The apostles were to become witnesses of the finished work of redemption to a sinful world. The Gospel which they preached is not a doctrine which tells sinners what they must do in order to redeem themselves and to earn salvation. No. The Gospel is the glad tidings of the finished work of our redemption. It tells sinners that they are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ from all sin, from death, and from the power of Satan.

False teachers will tell the anxious sinner to look to his own works, to his own holiness,

to his own struggles, to his own prayers and feelings for salvation. But this is not the Gospel. No. The Gospel does not tell us what we must do in order to redeem or save ourselves, but it tells us what Christ has done for us and that by His sufferings and death we were redeemed more than eighteen hundred years ago. The Gospel brings the full merits of Christ to sinners and works in their hearts that true faith with which they simply rest on the finished work of Christ in the full assurance of eternal salvation.

"IT IS FINISHED: yes, indeed—
Finished every jot.
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?"

"What a Saviour!"

Missing from her place in the house of God on a certain Sunday, one of those faithful ones never absent from the place of worship without urgent reasons, the pastor called at her house and found her on a sick-bed. After a little, she began to tell him of her experience that Sunday.

"As I lay here," she said, "there suddenly passed into my view a picture, it seemed to me, of all the sins I had ever committed. They were more than I could count,—sins of heart and sins of life; sins of shortcoming and sins of transgression; sins of thought and sins of tongue. And well I knew that every one of them deserved God's wrath and curse now and for ever!"

The pastor now expected nothing else than a dismal account of spiritual distress. But what was his joy to hear her confess her firm faith in the blood of Christ. He asked her, "Well, how did this view of your sins affect you?" "Why," she exclaimed, "glory to God for a Saviour whose blood cleanses from all sin."

DECORATION.—In the olden time, when a mother decorated her child on Sunday, she said: "As I have adorned thee outside, may God adorn thee inside!" If she placed a Sunday wreath in her daughter's hair, she said: "May Jesus Christ thus place the crown of eternal life upon thee in heaven!"

From the German.

Church of the Catacombs.

The people whom you see in our picture have met for divine worship. But it is a queer church in which they have assembled. They have met in one of the Catacombs near the city of Rome. Do you know what Catacombs are? They are underground passages excavated, like streets in a city, in many directions, and used by the early Christians for the burial of their dead. St. Jerome, one of the church fathers, tells us of his visits to the Catacombs when a school-boy at Rome, about the year 354. "When I was a boy," he writes, "receiving my education in Rome, I and my school-fellows used, on Sundays, to make the circuit of the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs. Many a time did we go down into the Catacombs. These are excavated deep in the earth, and contain, on each hand, as you enter, the bodies of the dead buried in the wall. It is all dark there. Only now and then is light let in to lessen the horror of the gloom, and then not so much through a window as through a hole. You take each step with caution, surrounded by deep night."

These dark underground passages were used by the early Christians as hiding-places during the many years of persecution. In them they would assemble to hear the Gospel read and to worship their God. And even there they were not always safe. They had to assemble with the constant fear of being found out and disturbed by their heathen persecutors.

Look at the picture again and thank God that we can assemble in our churches to hear the preaching of the Gospel without the fear of being put to death. Let us make good use of our privileges.

The people whom you see in our picture put to shame many Christians that are kept from church by a Sunday rain and the summer heat. Are you one of those? Let me tell you a story before I close this article.

Miss Susan was the best singer in the congregation. In fact, the congregation could hardly get along without her. But on a warm or rainy Sunday Miss Susan did not attend church. And the folks were sorry to miss her; for, as I said, she was the best singer they had. Well, on a cool Sunday evening Susan was present. The hymn was given out. Miss Susan threw back her head and sang away lustily:

"Through mighty floods and burning flames
I'll pass when Jesus leads."

After services old Uncle Brown, passing up the street with her, said, "I was glad to see you in church this evening, Miss Susan; we missed you badly Sunday before last."

"Well, Mr. Brown," said she, "you know it was such a rainy Sunday, I could not come."

"And last Sunday?" said old Uncle Brown.

"Last Sunday? Oh, yes. Last Sunday it was so hot, so very hot, Mr. Brown."

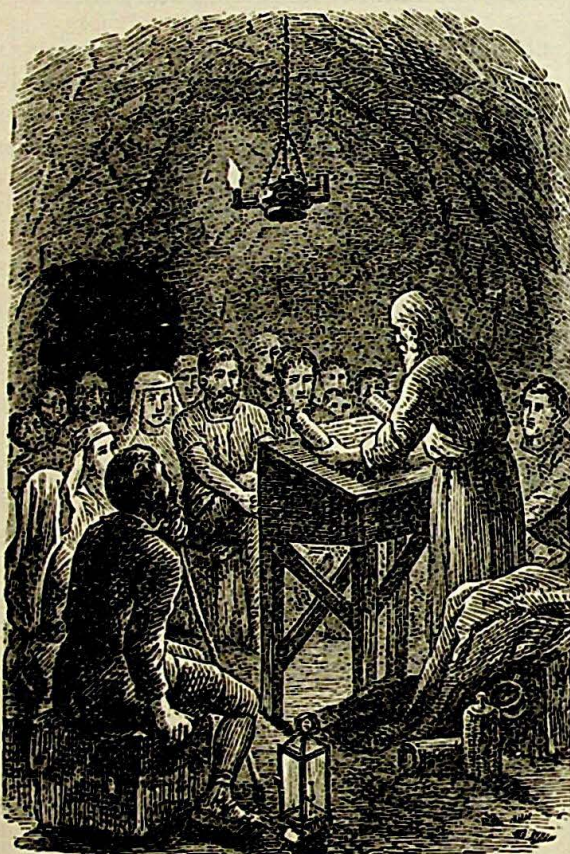
"Well, suppose there had been 'mighty floods' Sunday before last and 'burning flames' last Sun-

day, what then, Miss Susan, what then?" said the kind old Uncle as he slyly looked up at the young lady.

Miss Susan passed on silently, and next Sunday—it was a rainy Sunday—she was in her seat. Old Uncle Brown was glad to see her there. She had learned a lesson from what he had told her.

Church Festivals.

In the month of May we this year celebrate two Church Festivals. The one is Ascension Day, which we celebrate in commemoration of Christ's ascension to glory. The other is the Day of Pentecost, which we celebrate in com-



Church of the Catacombs.

memoration of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the apostles.

There surely cannot be any wrong in celebrating such festivals, as Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension and Pentecost. It must only be done without superstition and without the vain fancy of thereby meriting something in God's sight. With such vain fancy those festivals are celebrated in the Romish church. The pope's people set aside the Gospel and think that by celebrating these festivals they do God a great service and thereby merit His favor. Instead of finding salvation in the merits of Christ, they look for salvation in their own doings. Their own works are put in the place of the Saviour. Of such people the apostle Paul says, "Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain," Gal. 4, 10, 11. And again he says, "Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you

are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace," Gal. 5, 4. And to such people God says, "I hate, I despise your feast days," Amos 5, 21.

The Lutheran church does not celebrate those festivals with the vain fancy of thereby meriting God's favor. No. We Lutherans, in the exercise of our Christian liberty, celebrate those festivals for three reasons:

First, That the sacred history may be learned in regular order.

Second, That the great blessings which come to us through the events of which we are reminded on those festival days may be particularly considered. Every Church festival comes to us as a welcome witness, proclaiming some wonderful work of God which He has done for our salvation.

Third, That we may give due thanks to God especially for the benefits of which we are reminded on our festival days, and that we may apply them to His glory and to our salvation. We say with the Psalmist: "I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy work and talk of thy doings," Ps. 77, 11, 12. We celebrate our church festivals that we may "publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all the wondrous works of God," Ps. 26, 7.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.

BY DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

Neither you nor I could ever know anything of Christ, nor believe in Him and have Him for our Lord, except as it is offered to us, and granted to our hearts by the Holy Ghost through the preaching of the Gospel. The work is finished and accomplished; for Christ, by His suffering, death and resurrection has acquired and gained the treasure for us. But if the work remain concealed, so that no one knew of it, then it were in vain and lost. That this treasure, therefore, might not lie buried, but be appropriated and enjoyed, God has caused the Word to go forth and be proclaimed, in which He gives the Holy Ghost to bring this treasure home and apply it unto us.

Flee to Christ.

You may think to live very well without Christ, but you can not afford to die without Him. You may stand very securely at present, but death will shake your confidence. Your tree may be fair now, but when the wind comes, if it has not its roots in the Rock of Ages, down it must come. You may think your worldly pleasures good, but they will then turn bitter as worm-wood in your taste: worse than gall shall be the daintiest of your drinks, when you shall come to the bottom of your poisoned bowl.

A Brave Little Girl.

Many, many years ago, on a cold rainy evening, five persons stood together in a little room in one of the poorest streets in a German city. There were four men and a little girl. It was plain they were hiding, for chilly as it was, they dared not light a fire.

At last the bitter cold was more than they could bear, so they ventured to make a small fire. They had scarcely begun to warm themselves, when soldiers burst in and seized them all.

They were taken to prison and soon brought before the judges. Then it was found that their only crime was that they worshiped God, and would not pray to the virgin Mary or the saints. They were condemned to be burned to death, but a pardon was offered them, if they would forsake Christ. Three of the men said at once they could die, but they could not be unfaithful to their Lord. The fourth, named Robert, hesitated; he was the father of the little girl, Arlette, and her mother had not been dead many weeks. But soon he decided like the rest.

The judges coaxed and threatened Arlette. They told her, they could not save her from being burned alive, unless she promised to leave her father's religion. She told the pope's people steadily: "I can not forsake the faith."

In less than a week the five were led to the place of execution. The four men were tied each to a stake, and the fagots heaped around them. They placed Arlette against a stake, but did not tie her. Then they set fire to the fagots, and some kind-hearted man pulled the little girl away, and said he would save her from the dreadful death, and bring her up not to serve her father's God. "I can not forsake the faith," said Arlette again. And before they could stop her, she ran to her father and caught hold of his hand and stood by him in the flames. In a few moments Arlette and her father were in heaven together.

You and I may be thankful that we have not to bear a cross like little Arlette, but we can love the Saviour as well as she did, and be as firm as she was in refusing to do anything that will grieve Him.

Peace in Believing.

It is related that Mr. Patrick of Scotland once met with a woman, who had long and vainly struggled in the bondage of sin and doubt, and who as yet found no relief for all the anxieties of her burdened heart. Looking afar off for something not promised by the Lord, she had forgotten that God hath said, "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart." Trying to find peace in her own works and in her own feelings, she overlooked the simple method of peace in believing what God says.

Placing himself beside her, and looking her steadily in the face, Mr. Patrick said:

"Do you believe the Bible?"

"I do," she replied.

"Can you tell me who made the world?"

She smiled, and after a pause said, "It was God."

To which he replied, "How do you know? Were you there to see?"

"No, I was not there, but the Word of God says that He made it."

"Ah! well, you believe all the Bible says, do you?"

She said, "Yes."

"Ah! well, we'll see. 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.' Who said that?"

"The father."

"Well, will you do as the father bids you? He commands you to hear the Son."

She said, "Yes."

"Well, then, what does the Son say? He says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Again He says, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' He says that to every sinner, He says that to you. If you do not believe what He says, you do not believe Him. I tell you, you do not believe all the Bible."

The poor, doubting soul saw at once her sin in not believing what the Bible says concerning the grace and love of Christ. She accepted the promises of the Gospel, and found peace in believing.

The Indian Boy and his Bible.

A missionary among the Indians relates the following:

I found the Indian boy dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him, and an old blanket over him.

After recovering from my surprise, I said, "My poor boy, I am sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here." He replied, "It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore."

I spoke with him about his soul, and he told me that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he firmly believed in Him who hath taken away the sins of the world.

Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, "Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there."

Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held the Bible in his thin hand, while a smile played on his face, and slowly spoke in precisely the following words: "This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it to me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnepeg (about two hundred miles off), where I remained about two months. When I was half-way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by

myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have it buried with me; but I have thought since, I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

The Bell-Maker of St. Gall.

In the olden time, when church-bells were not so common as they are now, a monk of St. Gall, in France, succeeded in making one of so sweet and solemn a tone that it charmed every listener, and soon no service of the church was thought complete without the ringing of the bell.

The Emperor Charlemagne heard it, and sent the monk a quantity of silver to make a second bell, thinking that if finer metal were used in the making, it would have a still sweeter sound than the other. When the monk saw the silver he began to wish that he could keep it for himself; and, fancying that no one would know the difference, he determined to make the bell of inferior, mixed metal, and let it pass for silver. When the bell was finished and hung in position, the monk, wishing to see if it worked properly, got too near, and at the first stroke the heavy clapper swung against his head and killed him.

The fraud was soon discovered, and the people thought he had been justly punished. But suppose it had never been detected, and he had lived to enjoy his ill-gotten gains, would he have been any less wicked? No, and at last he would have had to answer for his sins just the same to God, who hates deceit of every kind. Sometimes people think it does not matter if they do cheat a little, so long as they are not found out; but they ought to remember that God knows all about it, even if no one else does, and though He may wait a long time, He will surely call them to account.—*Olive Leaf.*

"Who Cares for Me?"

A poor, lone woman sat one evening, thinking how sad was her condition. She was old and almost helpless, with little of this world's goods which she could call her own. "Who cares for me?" thought she. Suddenly this verse of the Bible came to her mind: "For we have not a High Priest, which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

It was like a flood of golden sunshine. Her doubts and fears were all gone. What need of earthly friends to cheer her declining years? Jesus knew the very care and sorrow, and He, "the Lord of glory," was touched with the feeling of her infirmities. How precious is the thought that we can all have such a friend in every hour of trial and distress! "I will not leave you comfortless," are the Saviour's gracious words. "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE first Protestant missionaries landed in Japan in 1859, and labored faithfully and patiently for five years before there was a single convert. The first convert was baptized in 1864, and at the end of 1871, when several of the missionaries had been in the country twelve years, there were only ten Japanese who had been bold enough, in the face of the government's opposition, to come out and declare themselves on the side of Christ by receiving Christian baptism. This was at the end of twelve years' work—only ten converts—but how was it at the end of the next twelve years? The converts of the previous years had grown into a Christian community of six thousand five hundred and ninety-eight.

—THERE are at present 396 missionary stations in Japan, 92 of the churches are self-supporting, 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 mission day-school.

—THE translation of the New Testament into the Japanese language was not complete till 1880, and the whole Bible till the beginning of 1888. A few months later one society had distributed over 100,000 copies of the complete Bible, and more than twice that number of the various parts.

—IN 1714 the heathen temples in Japan numbered nearly 400,000; in 1885 the number was reduced to 57,842. What a change this is!

—THE Japanese Christians are energetic and self-supporting. A missionary tells that his congregation, while he was away with his wife for his summer vacation, pulled down his church, which was a small building 50x25 feet, and without asking for a cent from him, enlarged the building, and when the missionary and his wife came back, they found a new church.

—THE *United Presbyterian* says: "The Missouri Synod, a branch of the Lutheran Church, which had its origin in Missouri some thirty odd years ago, has a very rapid growth, numbering now over 1,000 pastors, and more than 300,000 members. One special feature is the number in preparation for the ministry. Out of about 1,100 students in its higher institutions, more than 1,000 are preparing for the ministry. This great number is ascribed to the influence of the parochial schools. Other Churches should learn the lesson. How shall we increase the ministry? is the question asked on every hand. Increase the home schools under the care and influence of the Church, is the best answer."

—THE "Brotherhood on the Sea" is the name of a new society of two hundred Norwegian sea captains, who have pledged themselves to have regular religious services on board their ships, and to conduct everything there and on shore in the fear of God.

—ONE hundred thousand dollars were contributed in England last year to sustain missionary operations on the North Sea among English deep-sea fishermen. Ten fully equipped evangelizing vessels, three of which are hospital ships, are employed in the work.

—A GENTLEMAN gave his little boy some money. The boy had heard about the heathen in the Sunday-school, and said he wished he had some money to help send missionaries. Now that he had money his father said, "Charlie, what are you going to do with your money? Will you buy candy with it or give it to the heathen?" After a pause he replied, "Papa, I don't feel much acquainted with the heathen. I guess I'll buy some candy."—Are you acquainted with the heathen?

—A FACTORY girl, who worked hard every day, and had no influence but what came from a kind, loving, Christ-like heart, felt for a number of foundry boys who were graduating in the school of vice. She said, "I will win some of these boys for Christ, or I will try." She got the use of a room in the factory where she worked, and ere long gathered about forty lads, with ragged clothes and dirty faces, from back courts and smoking clubs, where they were wont to spend their Sundays in rude play and wild merriment. They engaged her time in the week evenings also, as she visited them in their lodgings and persevered in this work till many of them were brought to the feet of their Saviour, and lived to manifest the fact that they were savingly changed. Previously to coming under her influence, they seemed proof against all that parents or preachers could do for them; but they were won by the tender sympathy of this factory girl, and "Mary Anne's boys" became a familiar designation in the foundry.

Interesting Bible Statistics.

The books in the Old Testament, 39.
The chapters in the Old Testament, 929.
The verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.
The words in the Old Testament, 592,430.
The letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100.
The books in the New Testament, 27.
The chapters in the New Testament, 260.
The verses in the New Testament, 7959.
The words in the New Testament, 181,253.
The letters in the New Testament, 838,380.
The Apocrypha has chapters, 183.
The Apocrypha has verses, 7081.
The Apocrypha has words, 152,185.
The middle chapter and the least in the Bible is Psalm 117.
The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm 118.
The word "Jehovah" occurs in the Old Testament 6865 times.
The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.
The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job 29.
The middle verse of the Old Testament is 2 Chronicles, 22d chapter, 17th verse.

The least verse of the Old Testament is 1 Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse.

The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther, 8th chapter, 9th verse.

The middle book of the New Testament is 2 Thessalonians.

The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans 13 and 14.

The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts, 17th chapter, 17th verse.

The least verse in the New Testament is John, 11th chapter, 35th verse.

Verse 21, of chapter 7, of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet except "j."

Chapter 19 of 2 Kings, and chapter 37 of Isaiah are alike.

SOME one once went through the Bible to find the promises therein, and counting them, assured himself that there were thirty-one thousand of them. "Surely," he said, "here are enough to meet all the possible wants of man."

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. BAKER, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimble Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CARROLLTON.
Divine services at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and 7¼ 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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1891.

No. 6.

God so Loved the World.

John 3, 16.

God loved the world: God gave His Son.
What more than this could love have done
To save lost men!

See here the *height!* The only Son
From highest heaven. The Mighty One,
The Prince of Peace.

See here the *depth!* To sinful earth
The Lord came down, and here had birth,
And lived and died.

Behold the *length!* Life evermore
For dying souls, a boundless store—
Unending bliss!

Behold the *breadth!* Whoever will,
Of Mercy's draught may take his fill:
And without price.

Oh, precious Gift! Oh, wondrous love!
Join all below and all above
To sing His praise.

Selected.

Trust only in Christ's Righteousness.

Suppose it is needful for you to cross a river, over which two planks are laid. One of the planks is perfectly sound, and the other completely rotten. If you walk upon the rotten plank, you are sure to fall into the river. If you put one foot on the rotten plank and the other on the sound plank, it will be the same; you will certainly fall through and perish. So he that trusts partly in the righteousness of Christ, and partly in his own righteousness, will surely fail of eternal life. Christ is the only way to heaven. "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. It is not the work of Christ and something added that saves us, but the work of Christ alone, apart from anything and everything we can do or feel. The finished work of Christ is the only sound plank on which sinners can cross the dark river of death and enter eternal life. Don't try to walk at the same time on the rotten plank of your own righteousness, of your own good conduct, of your good feelings, or of anything you find in your own sinful self. In whatever you trust

outside of Christ's righteousness is a rotten plank. And if a man tries to walk on a sound and a rotten plank at the same time, he will as certainly fall into the water, as if neither were strong enough to bear his weight. Trust only in the righteousness of Christ and you shall be saved.

A minister was making a pastoral visit to an old Scotch woman, who for a long time had been *trying* to be saved, and who could find no peace and rest in all her efforts. Her cottage could be reached only by passing over a rapid brook that was bridged by a single plank. At first he feared to step upon the plank, but the woman seeing his hesitation hurried from the door with the cry, "Just trust it!" He did trust the plank and soon stood by her side. "Woman," he said, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin; just trust it." She did give up trying to walk on the rotten plank of her own righteousness. She simply trusted in the blood of Jesus and thus found peace, and rest, and salvation in the righteousness of Christ.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are—my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

"Since the Marriage-Day."

"How long have you been lying here, Mrs. B—?"

This question was addressed to a bed-ridden old woman, whose worn and troubled face told a tale of years of suffering.

"Oh! a long while now," she replied, wearily; "and I don't suppose I shall ever get about again."

"Are you a Christian?" returned the visitor.
"I'm trying to be one," she answered, almost hopelessly.

Her friend was silent for a moment, and then, as if a new thought struck him, he inquired, "Do you ever try to be Mrs. B—?"

"No!" she replied, "I am Mrs. B—," he pursued.

"Ever since the marriage-day," she answered, in some surprise.

"And have you no doubt about it?"

"None whatever," she returned, unhesitatingly; and, holding up her hand, added, "I have known I was Mrs. B— ever since that ring was put on my hand."

"That is just how it is with me," the visitor said. "I do not try to be a Christian, but I know I am one, and that I belong to the Lord Jesus Christ ever since I put out an empty hand, and received Him as my Saviour. It is by nothing that I have ever done, or ever could do, that I have gained everlasting life, but simply by believing God's record that 'while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us'—just receiving Jesus as my substitute, and believing that now, 'being justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him,'" Rom. 5, 8, 9.

It was a new light to the poor soul, who was struggling on in darkness and doubt, seeking by her own endeavors to earn that everlasting life which God will sell to no man, but which He bestows as a free gift upon "whosoever believeth."—*Selected.*

Come to Jesus.

How can a man trust in his own righteousness? It is like seeking shelter under one's own shadow. A man may stoop to the very ground, and the lower he bends he still finds that his shadow is beneath him. But if a man flee to the shadow of a great rock or of a wide-spreading tree, he will find shelter from the rays of the noon-day sun. So human merits can not give salvation, and Christ alone is able to save to the uttermost those who come unto God by Him.

OUR true knowledge is to know our own ignorance. Our true strength is to know our own weakness. Our true dignity is to confess that we have no dignity, and are nobody and nothing in ourselves, and to cast ourselves down before the dignity of God under the shadow of whose wings, and in the smile of whose countenance alone, is any created being safe. Let us cling to our Father in heaven, as a child, walking in the night, clings to his father's hand.

With the Lord.

The picture which you see in this number of the PIONEER is a picture of the late Prof. A. Craemer, who departed this life at Springfield, Ill., May 3, 1891. Our PIONEER is a missionary monthly, and we gladly comply with the request of some of our readers by presenting the picture of a man who has been a zealous laborer in the mission work of our Lutheran Church in America.

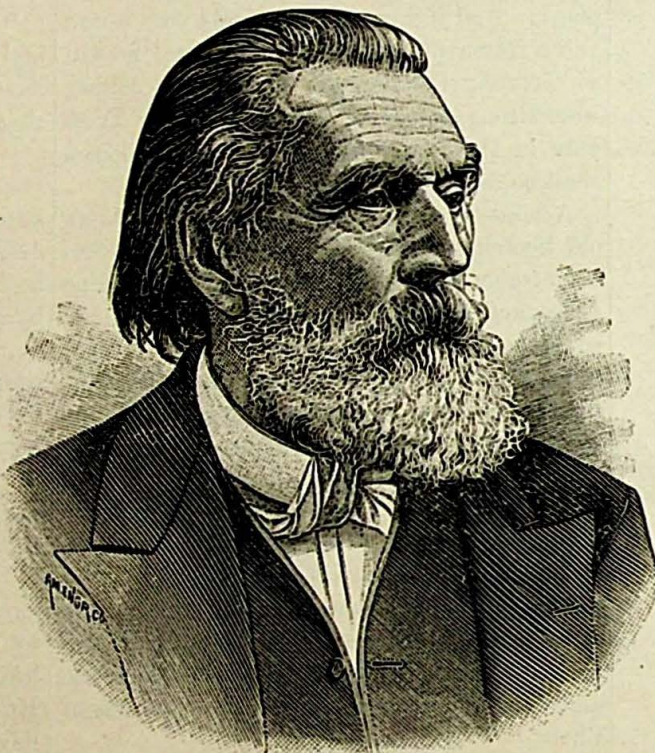
The Rev. A. Craemer came to this country in the year 1845 with a small colony of German Lutherans, to carry on mission work among the Indians. He settled in the northern part of Michigan and labored among the Chippewa tribe. One of the Indian chiefs was astonished that a man had come "from a far-off country to do good to the Indians." These soon learned to love the missionary, who spoke to them of the way of salvation and gathered their children in his cabin, where he daily instructed them in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and taught them Bible stories, the catechism, and Christian hymns. His heart rejoiced when his first Indian pupils had advanced so far as to be able to recite the principal parts of Luther's catechism and to sing the grand old Lutheran hymns. He labored under many difficulties, but with a joyful heart; for he loved the wild children of the wilderness. When he for the first time attended the sessions of synod and returned to his field of labor after an absence of a few weeks, his greatest joy was to see the Indian children, as he neared his dwelling, come rushing towards him with joyful faces and jubilant voices, welcoming their beloved missionary home.

He earnestly appealed to the churches for support of this important mission work, upon which the blessing of God was evidently resting. And when asked how a greater zeal for mission work might be awakened among the people, his reply was: Preach the Word, which is a power of God! Depict in living colors the deep misery of sin, so that the hearers become alarmed at their sinful state. Then preach also the Gospel in all its sweetness, pointing the people to Christ crucified, so that they come to a living faith in their Saviour. From the knowledge of their own misery of sin they will come to know the great spiritual misery of the Indian heathen, and by faith in their Saviour they will become cheerful and willing givers—givers who will not look upon their contributions as great sacrifices, but who will thank God that they are considered worthy to help in the spread of the Gospel by which they have been saved. Thus their gifts will be a blessing, not only to the heathen, but also to themselves.

In 1850 the Rev. Craemer received an urgent call as Professor in our Lutheran Practical Seminary. He accepted the call and for forty years faithfully labored for our Home Mission

field, preparing young men for the Gospel ministry. The many students that have sat at his feet are witnesses to his disinterested labors, his untiring zeal, his great faithfulness, his wonderful energy and self-denial. His aim at all times was to fill his students with the true missionary spirit, so that they in all their labors might say, "The love of Christ constraineth us." He would often say to them: If you must live in the most miserable hut, and have nothing else to eat than bread and salt, and nothing else to drink than water, you must not consider that a great sacrifice, but must thank God upon your knees that you are considered worthy to labor in His Church for the salvation of immortal souls:

In the true missionary spirit he himself labored faithfully. And now the Lord has



Prof. A. Craemer.

called His faithful servant home to his eternal rest. Trusting only in the grace of Jesus he fell asleep. His soul entered the eternal joys of heaven, and his body is resting in the grave until Jesus comes. And He will soon come. As the faithful witnesses, who "shine as lights in the world," are disappearing, those who know the word of God rejoice in the increasing evidence that the dawn of the resurrection morning is at hand; "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry," (Heb. 10, 37); "He which testifieth these things saith, surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus," (Rev. 22, 20).

A Hindoo Idea of Giving.

A Hindoo mother had two children who were twins, one a fine boy and the other a blind girl. To a missionary who called on her she complained bitterly that her god was angry at her, else he would give her two boys, instead of one

boy and a blind girl. Some days afterwards the missionary came again: this time the boy was gone and only the blind girl was there. "Where is your boy?" said he to the mother. "I have thrown him into the river Ganges," said the poor mother. "I did it to appease my god." The missionary heard the woman's answer with a shudder. "But," said he, "if you really must make an offering to your god, why did you not offer your blind girl?" "O," said the woman, "it would have only made my god more angry, if I had not given him the best." And then she cried out in the anguish of her heart again and again, "My dear sweet boy! My dear sweet boy!"

So the heathen think about giving. They must offer to an angry god the very best they have, to appease his anger and to make peace with him. But such is not the Christian's idea. He knows that God is not angry. God is love. No gifts are needed to pay for our sins or to appease His anger. The great price for our sins has been paid long ago. The blood of Jesus was payment enough. That paid the whole price. God asks no more. Nor could we with all our giving pay anything better. The payment has been made once for all, and we do not need to pay it again. If the poor Hindoo woman had only known that, she might have kept her boy. If she had only known the true God, and Jesus Christ whom His love has sent into the world, she would not have murdered her boy. But they know not that God is love. They know nothing of the great price that has been paid; and so they think they must pay it themselves.

Now Christians also know that it is their duty to give. But they do not give to appease the wrath of God. Their motive is something altogether different. They give for gratitude to God. The Christian's gift is his sacrifice of thanksgiving. "I believe that God has made me and all creatures; that He has given me my body and soul, eyes, ears and all my members, my reason and all my senses, and still preserves them;—and all this purely out of fatherly, divine goodness and mercy, without any merit or worthiness in me; for all which it is my duty to thank and praise, to serve and obey Him." No merit or worthiness in me can appease our God. Nothing that I give or do can repay Him. But what I give and what I do, I give and do out of gratitude to Him, "to thank and praise, to serve and obey Him."

Lutheran Child's Paper.

Ask not *how*, but trust Him still;
Ask not *why*, but wait His will;
Simply on His word rely;
God shall all your need supply.

As of old the manna fell
Day by day for Israel,
So to you shall grace be given,
Till you rise from earth to heaven.

Evening Prayer.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by Thine eye."

The Due-Bill.

Over the ocean in the kingdom of Prussia, in a small village at the foot of a mountain, lived a schoolmaster with his wife and eight children. Although he was a zealous worker and a good man, his salary was but \$150 a year. As his children grew older, it became more and more difficult for him to support his family on this small income. He succeeded only by the most rigid economy. And when his heart grew sad and heavy he would enter his closet and pour forth his troubles into the ear of his heavenly Father.

In 1847 harvest was almost a failure, and all kinds of provision were scarce and high in price. The bill at the shoemaker's had been allowed to grow until it was now \$25, for the money was needed to get something to eat. The shoemaker insisted on payment. The only hope the schoolmaster had of cancelling the debt was by selling his cow. But where then would they get milk for the children? In his great trouble he turned to Matth. 6, 25, 26., "Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" And his wife said: "Yes, dear husband, God still lives and knows our wants, He will not forsake us."

Then he sat down at his old piano, and together they sang:

"My heart, why art thou so distressed,
So fearful, so with grief oppressed,
So moved with anxious care!
Trust in thy God! He liveth ever,
And He forsakes His children never."

At last that memorable winter was over. In the spring news arrived that the king would pass through the village on a certain day at a given hour. The schoolmaster composed an appropriate hymn and trained the children of the school in singing it, and resolved to take them out to meet his majesty, and to greet him with song. All progressed nicely. But as the day approached the schoolmaster began to think about his worn and soiled clothes, his battered hat, and his almost soleless shoes. His wife applied her utmost skill and ingenuity, and at last got all the clothes into a passable shape but the boots. The shoemaker was out

of patience because of what was already due him. But the schoolmaster implored him to help him out this time yet by mending his boots, and, rather than keep him wait much longer, that he would sell his cow and cancel the debt. The boots were returned patched and soled, and with them the shoemaker's account:

Schoolmaster
To T. W. SHOEMAKER, DR.,
One pair boots repaired.....\$ 50
Back account..... 25.00
Total.....\$25.50

"These boots will be the last I shall mend unless the bill is paid. You can sell your cow. My patience is completely worn out; if you do not pay this time I shall be obliged to push you.

T. W. SHOEMAKER."

The schoolmaster with a sigh stuck the note in his pocket so his wife would not see it. In the same pocket he put a neatly written copy of the hymn he had composed with which to greet the king.

The next day he led the children out along the highway at the head of the procession, and, after hours of waiting saw the royal party draw near. The king ordered his carriage to stop as they approached the villagers, and the children, led by their teacher, sang the hymn of welcome in a whole-souled manner. The king was delighted, and, calling the teacher to him, expressed his thanks. He also said that he had never before heard that hymn, and would be glad to have a copy of it. The schoolmaster took the copy from his pocket and gave it to his majesty. The king also asked how long he had held the position of teacher in that village, the amount of his income, and other questions.

After proceeding on his way the monarch opened the paper containing the schoolmaster's hymn, and found with it the shoemaker's due-bill. The wise king readily understood how the two papers got together. At the next stopping-place he sent an officer back to the village, with instructions to pay the bill, get it receipted, and then return it to the schoolmaster. After retiring that night the schoolmaster and his family were aroused by the burgomaster of the village, who was bringing him the due-bill to which had just been added:

"Gratefully received in full,
T. W. SHOEMAKER."

It took a little thinking and guessing before the schoolmaster could satisfy himself how it had all come about, but finally rightly concluded that he must have given the bill to the king with the paper containing the hymn, and that the king had paid it.

The monarch made it his business to inquire about the schoolmaster, and hearing nothing but good reports of him, soon offered him the best position among the teachers of his kingdom, with a good salary, to which the queen herself added \$50 each year.

From the German.

How the Lord cared for four Orphans.

In a small village of Pomerania a pastor lay sick. He knew that he must soon die. His soul was at peace, yet he often felt sad. He had four small children to leave behind him, and their mother was in poor health. Soon he had to bid them all farewell, and commend them to God's keeping.

The mother and children turned away from the grave of their loved one with heavy hearts. It was with great difficulty that they eked out a living. In ten months the four children were standing beside a new-made grave. Mother had been called away to her heavenly home, and the little ones were orphans indeed.

What shall become of these poor orphans? A grandmother still lives, but she is poor and old. However she would do what she could. The children were taken to her humble home.

The time in which this occurred was the year 1866. Prussia had just gained a victory in its war with Austria. A pious and wealthy couple living in Hamburg were so happy over this victory that they felt like doing some work of charity. We will call them by the name Mayer. Mr. M. wrote to a minister whom he knew and told him that if he knew of any orphans made by the late war, especially children of some army officer who may have been killed, that he and Mrs. M. would adopt two such orphans as their own children.

The minister could find no such orphans. But before he had time to write to Mr. M. he received word of the death of the pastor's wife in Pomerania, and knew that thus four children were left helpless orphans. He wrote at once to the rich Mr. M. of Hamburg and told him that he could not get any soldier's orphans for him, but that he could secure him the orphan children of a pastor. Mr. M. and his wife agreed to take the two youngest of the pastor's children.

The minister wrote the grandmother the good news. But here was a new trouble. The grandmother had solemnly promised the mother that she would not separate the four orphans. This word was at once sent to Mr. and Mrs. M. But they did not feel like dropping the matter. So Mrs. M. went to Pomerania and hunted up the humble home of the grandmother. She came in upon the four orphans quite unexpectedly. When the youngest child saw her, he reached out his tiny arms to her and cried: Mamma, mamma. Mrs. M. could not restrain her tears. It was a fact, too, that there was a great resemblance between Mrs. M. and the departed mother. The heart of the wealthy lady was wonderfully drawn toward the children. She wrote to her husband and he replied, "Bring all four of the children." And this she did. This kind couple, having no children of their own, adopted these and gave them a Christian education. Thus did God care for these four orphans.

Lutheran Child's Paper.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE REV. C. L. JANZOW, member of the English Lutheran Mission Board of the Missouri Synod, recently visited the missionary stations in Virginia and Maryland and reports them to be in a flourishing condition.

—A NEW edition of our English Lutheran Hymn Book has become necessary and will soon be published.

—AT the recent meeting of our English Lutheran Conference in St. Louis the Rev. Dallmann of Baltimore was chosen editor of the *Lutheran Witness* and the Revs. Bartholomew, Spannuth, and Wagner sub-editors.

—THE Bible has now been translated into sixty-six of the languages and dialects of Africa.

—ON Tuesday, February 17th, the largest missionary party that has ever landed upon the shores of China, reached Shanghai from San Francisco. A band of no fewer than thirty-five men and women, to be followed the succeeding week by ten or fifteen others, constituted the company, which had been sent by the Scandinavian Churches of the United States, to labor in connection with the China Inland Mission.

—SINCE 1868, the year in which freedom of worship was guaranteed to Protestants, 12,000 citizens of Spain have left Rome for the Gospel. The Spanish Protestants have 120 houses of worship, 100 schools, with 160 teachers and 6000 pupils, 60 pastors and 40 evangelists, 6 church-papers, 3 orphanages and 2 hospitals. A large number of Protestant periodicals printed in Spain are sent regularly to Mexico, Chili and Argentine.

—SWEDEN.—The City Mission Society of Stockholm, during the last quarter of the past year, distributed 238 copies of the Bible, New Testament and Psalter, and 6333 copies of other books. 2787 visits were made in Hospitals and drinking places. Services have been held regularly in various parts of the city, and have been well attended. The managers regret that the lack of working forces makes them unable to extend their forces further.

—REV. DR. JOHNSTON, a Jamaica missionary, has been for some time training as missionaries a number of colored men belonging to his church in Jamaica, and is about to start a mission in Africa of colored men for their own race. This movement will be watched with interest, and, if successful, will greatly help to solve the question of reaching Africa's millions with the Gospel. The cry may some day be, "Africans for Africa."—In such a case our colored Lutheran schools and churches should furnish their full quota.

—A MISSIONARY, now at work in Japan, gives the following amusing account of "society calls," as made in that country. She says: "When a Japanese caller comes to see me we both kneel down on the floor, leaning back on our heels, and I say 'O-ka-ki-na-sai,' which, literally translated, means, 'Hang your honorable hips;' or, in our words, 'Please be

seated.' Then we each bow twice very low, so low that our foreheads nearly touch the floor. Then the Japanese says, 'Thank you,' and I say, 'No trouble at all;' and then we both touch our foreheads to the floor again, taking long-drawn breaths so that they can be distinctly heard. Then I say, 'O-ma-ri-ka-ka-ri-masu' which is, 'Let me hang on your honorable eyelids;' or, in good English, 'I am glad to see you.' Then, as I understand so little of the language, I have an interpreter called in, and after going through all those bows again, she does the rest of the talking. I get pretty tired sometimes, sitting on my heels, and when I go to see a Japanese I have to remove my shoes before entering the house, and then my feet get pretty cold. But it has to be done, for it is a great insult to the Japanese host to keep the shoes on."

—THE *United Presbyterian* has the following to say about the mission and work of our Church: "The Lutheran Church has grown to be the largest in this country. It is continually receiving an immense immigration from the lands in which the doctrines of Luther gained the ascendancy, a class of people as far removed as possible from the immigrants from southern Europe. They are industrious, quiet, and moral. They enter into the spirit of our institutions and quickly adapt themselves to the new circumstances. The Lutheran Church is preaching the Gospel in twelve different languages in the United States, a fact that shows the value of that Church to our country. It is doing a work from which many are practically excluded."

—DENMARK.—Among the laws passed by the recent Danish Parliament, is a law providing for the better observance of Sunday. All shops are to be closed on Sundays and holidays after 9 A. M., except on the Sundays before Christmas and New Year, when they may be opened after 4 P. M. In all factories work shall cease at 9 A. M. unless by special permission; yet all working people are to have at least half of the day to themselves. This law, which has already been signed by the King, goes into effect on June 3d.

—MEXICO.—Till 1873 Mexico was strictly Roman Catholic. No other denomination was tolerated. Since that time Protestantism has been growing. There are now 98 ordained ministers and 242 assistants in the field. There are 310 congregations, 63 churches, 247 preaching places, 16,407 members and 28,840 other regular attendants at service. They have 132 Sunday-schools with 5829 scholars, 79 parochial schools numbering 2819 scholars, 3 theological seminaries and 39 students of theology. There are also 10 printing houses from which 11 periodicals are issued.

"No man shall die in his sins, except him, who, through disbelief, thrusts from him the forgiveness of sin, which in the name of Jesus is offered to him."—*Luther*.

A Rich Gift.

The teacher of a girls' school in Africa wished her scholars to learn to give. She paid them, therefore, for doing some work for her, so that each girl might have something of her own to give away for Jesus' sake. Among them was a new scholar—such a wild and ignorant little heathen that the teacher did not try to explain to her what the other girls were doing.

The day came when the gifts were handed in. Each pupil brought her piece of money and laid it down, and the teacher thought all the offerings were given. But there stood the new scholar, hugging tightly in her arms a pitcher, the only thing she had in the world. She went to the table and put it among the other gifts, but before she turned away she kissed it.

There is One who watched and still watches people casting gifts into His treasury. Would He not say of this African girl, "She hath cast in more than they all"??

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 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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1891.

No. 7.

At the Mission-School.

"Teacher;" I turned to look, and there,
In well-worn cloak and hood,
A bundle in her arms held close,
A little maiden stood.

"I've brought," she said, with trembling lips,
"Our baby's shoes to you—
My mother thought it best I should—
And his white dresses too.

"One he was christened in, and one
He wore the night that we
Came here and found such lovely things
Upon the Christmas tree.

"These were his only pair of shoes
(He'd just begun to walk),
But he could sing like birdies sing,
And he could almost talk.

"And mother says, please, let the things
To some poor child be given,
For our dear baby needs them not,
He's gone away to Heaven."

The Sin of Unbelief.

Unbelief is a sin—a great sin. The Bible treats it as the greatest of all sins. It is the sin which leads to eternal damnation. When the Lord Jesus speaks of the world being convicted of SIN, it is BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE NOT ON HIM (John 16, 9). And, oh, solemn, awful word! they who believe not on Him, "shall be damned" (Mark 16, 16).

God's Word tells us that men are "dead in trespasses and sins." They are all guilty before God, and have deserved to be banished from His blessed and holy presence into the darkness of hell forever. But God provided a way of salvation for all sinners. He sent His only-begotten Son into the world to be the Saviour of sinners. This Saviour took upon Himself the sins of the world and made satisfaction for our sins by suffering the terrible punishment of God which our sins deserved. Thus God has made provision for the blotting out of all our guilt and sinfulness, through the sacrifice of His Son upon the cross. And now God in the Gospel invites all sinners to come and accept of a free pardon on the ground of what Christ has done for them. He in the Gospel offers them the righteousness of Christ and beseeches them to accept it. He tells them that

He "so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And what does the unbeliever do? He rejects the Gospel and treats it as a lie.

The Bible says, "He that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son" (1 John 5, 10). Oh, what a terrible thing is this unbelief! Not to believe the word of a holy and faithful God, but to treat Him as "a liar"! How awful it is to think that worms of the dust should thus insult the great God! This is, indeed, the greatest of all sins—the sin of not believing "the record which God gave of His Son." It is the damning sin—the sin which leads into eternal damnation.

There is only one way of salvation, but the unbeliever will not walk in it. There is only one fountain open for sin and for uncleanness, but the unbeliever will not wash in it and be clean. There is only one righteousness presented to sinners that will justify them from all guilt, but the unbeliever will not accept it, put it on, and wear it. There is only one name given among men whereby we must be saved, it is the name Jesus, but the unbeliever despises this name, he rejects the only Saviour and rushes into eternal damnation.

Beware of unbelief—the greatest of all sins!

A young man had become very unhappy about his sins, and could find no peace of mind. In his distress he went to a minister of the Gospel, to see if there could be any hope for one so bad as he. He showed the pastor a written list of his sins, as many as he could remember, classified according to the Ten Commandments. The pastor glanced his eye over the sad list, and then returned the paper, saying: "My young friend, you have forgotten to put down on this paper one great sin which I believe to be worse than all these."

"Pray, what is it?" asked the young man eagerly.

"It is," replied the pastor, "the sin of unbelief—the sin of not bringing all these sins to the Lord Jesus, and getting forgiveness for them."

The young man had not thought of that a sin.

Only Two.

1. Only TWO WAYS. One broad, the other narrow; one leads to destruction, the other to life; many go by the one, few by the other. Which is *your way*?

2. Only TWO SORTS OF PEOPLE. Many sorts in men's opinion, *only two* in God's sight: the righteous and the wicked, the wheat and the chaff, the living and the dead. Which are *you*?

3. Only TWO DEATHS: the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked. Which do you think *you* will die? Which would it be if you were to die this moment?

4. Only TWO SIDES at the day of judgment: the right hand and the left. Only these two. Those on the right will be *blessed*: "Come, ye blessed of my father." Those on the left will be *cursed*: "Depart, ye cursed." All must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to receive the things done in the body, whether good or bad. What words will be spoken to *you*?

5. Only TWO PLACES after death: HEAVEN and HELL. The one happy, the other miserable. In the one will be heard forever songs of joy and praise; in the other weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Which of these two will be *your place*? Which, if you were to die now?

Is it for you?

God feeds none but the hungry, pardons none but the guilty, gives rest to none but the heavy-laden, comforts none but the mourners, heals none but the sick, lifts up none but the fallen, exalts none but the lowly, strengthens none but the weak, gives sight to none but the blind, salvation to none but the lost, peace to none but the troubled, cleansing to none but the polluted, and life to none but the dead. They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Are *you* in need of Christ?

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

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

Wrestling With God.

The Bible story which our picture illustrates may be read in the 32d chapter of Genesis. Jacob, after having lived many years with his uncle Laban, resolved to return to the house of his father. On his way home he learned that his brother Esau was coming to meet him with four hundred men. At this Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed and fervently prayed to God to deliver him from the hands of his brother.

The following night, when Jacob was quite alone, something very strange occurred to him; for he wrestled with a man and the man could not overcome him, although the combat lasted till day-break; yet one of Jacob's hips was put out of joint as the man wrestled with him. And when morning dawned the man said to him, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." And Jacob said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And the man did bless him and also did change his name, saying, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Jacob then observed that he with whom he had wrestled was more than a man; therefore he exclaimed, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." Strengthened in his trust in God, he went to meet his brother Esau.

When we are in distress we are to wrestle with God in prayer. Relying upon His promises, we may be confident that He will be overcome by our faithful and constant prayer. When

our soul in prayer holds on to God and cries out, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," God will fulfill our prayer and give us His blessing. And like Jacob we shall experience the sweet truth that "what the Lord blesses, shall be blessed forever."

"I Don't Care."

"I don't care!" How often we hear young people say this! My young friend, you ought to care—aye, you will care, perhaps, when it is too late. "Don't care" has ruined thousands. It has filled jails and almshouses, and murderers' graves; it has wrung the hearts of parents, and has brought deep blushes to a sister's cheek; it has broken down many a young man who has started out in life with the brightest prospects of success, but who has too often said, "I don't care."

Be careful how you allow yourself to utter these words. Some years ago there was a bright talented boy coming late out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street, a friend of his—a noble man, and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: "I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late." The boy replied in a careless way: "I don't care."

Now, remember, that I was intimately acquainted with this boy. I knew his father and mother. They were excellent people. The boy was talented—no one in school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to; but he didn't care.

This spirit of "I don't care" grew upon him,



Jacob Wrestling With God.

and, at last, his father took him out of school and put him into a store. But he failed there, for he didn't care whether he pleased his employers or not. After remaining in the store a short time, he was dismissed. He didn't care, but father, and mother, and sister cared, for they shed many tears.

Some time after this I saw him driving a dirt cart, in trowsers, and shirt, and barefoot; but he didn't care.

For several years I did not hear anything from him. One day I learned that he had shipped as a common sailor, for a foreign port; but on shipboard, as everywhere else, he didn't care, and when the vessel reached her harbor, the captain kicked him off the ship. After wandering about a few months on a foreign shore, he died of a fever, and was buried thousands of miles from home.

W. H.

What has it Cost You?

The *Missionary Herald* tells of a Scotch woman whose practice it was to give a penny for missions, to whom a visitor gave a sixpence to procure some meat, on learning that she had not lately enjoyed that luxury. She thought to herself, I have long done very well on my porridge; so I will give the sixpence also to God. This fact came to the knowledge of a missionary secretary, who narrated it at a missionary breakfast. The host and his guests were profoundly impressed by it, the host himself saying that he had never denied himself a chop for the cause of God. He therefore instantly subscribed twenty-five hundred dollars additional, and others of the party followed his example,

till the sum of eleven thousand dollars were raised before they separated. This good woman's sixpence was larger in the sight of God than the thousands contributed by these rich people; for she gave of her poverty and they out of their abundance. This is a good illustration of the power of example. There is nothing so fruitful as self-sacrifice.

A Widow's Gift.

A missionary in Persia tells of a poor widow with two little children to support, and a mother and an invalid sister who needed all the help that she could give them. And still she desired to help those who were in suffering and distress.

"One day," says the missionary, "she cut off the greater part of her beautiful hair and sold it, and brought me the money. She knelt down at my feet, and, with eyes full of tears, said, 'Take this money for the poor people; I want to give it to God. It is the price of my hair. I had nothing else to give.'"

It was not merely the value of the gift, but the willing mind that prompted it, which made it a sweet savor of love to the weary missionary, working among the poor and the distressed. The poor woman, like the widow of old, cast in her mite. Her choicest treasure was bestowed upon the poor.

How many Christian women there are who waste in personal adornment much that might be given to relieve distress, to enlighten darkness, to comfort those that mourn, and send the light of the knowledge of the Lord among those who sit in lands of darkness, beneath the shadow of death! Could not such learn a lesson from this poor Persian widow?—*Little Missionary.*

"Thou, God, Seest Me."

Cora and Jim were talking earnestly about something; no one could tell just what.

"Are you sure, Cora?" Jim asked.

"Yes, I am sure," said Cora, decidedly.

"But how are you sure, Cora?"

"Why, just as sure as I am alive," said Cora. But even this did not satisfy Jim.

"What are you so puzzled over?" asked Cousin Ray.

"Cora says there isn't a spot anywhere where we can hide from God. Mind, Cousin Ray, we are not talking about a spot in this world, but anywhere! Now it seems to me if we could just get far away, off from the world, you know, there might be a place where one could be quite alone."

"Alone, without God, Jim? What does David say in that beautiful Psalm?"

Jim was not sure he could say the Psalm.

"Do you mean the one where David speaks of going away, and flying to the uttermost parts of the earth?" he asked.

"Yes," said Cousin Ray. "If you like, I will repeat two or three verses, it is so beautiful. 'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee!' It is the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, children. Read it this evening for your evening chapter."

"I am so glad it is that way," said Cora. "It would be dreadful to be in a place where God is not!"

"Yes, but when one has done wrong one feels like running away to hide," said Jim, thoughtfully.

"That only makes the wrong worse," said Cousin Ray. "Do you not know a better way?"

"Yes," said Jim. "We should go to our heavenly Father and confess our sins; He will forgive us for Jesus' sake."

"But even if we do not think of God's eye when we sin, we are quite sure to hear a voice telling of our wrong deeds."

"A voice?" said Cora.

"Yes, the voice of conscience; and conscience seems to tell other folks, too; at least it seems to us as though many people knew just the naughty things we have done. In old times there lived a man named Bessus. He was rich, and among other things owned a large number of birds. They sang in every corner of his grounds; but the music almost set Bessus crazy. He stood it as long as possible, and then killed every bird."

"What harm had the birds done?" asked one.

"Ah!" said Bessus, "they were telling me all the time that I had killed my father. I could not go to a corner of the grounds that I did not hear the same story!"

"True enough, Bessus had killed his father! His conscience troubled him so much, and he was so full of terror lest some one should suspect him, that he thought the birds knew his secret, and were telling it to the world. No, dear children, we can not hide from God nor from conscience."

We should think of this whenever we are tempted to do wrong. God sees us at all times and at all places. But if we as true believers in our Saviour walk in the way of God's commandments, then we can be glad in the truth, "Thou, God, seest me."

God Seen in All His Works.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old itself.

About ninety years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we will call Baron —. The Baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the castle, who began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the Baron reproved him saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "Whoever drew that picture knows very well how to use his pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so happy that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son."

"How do you know I have so good a son?" "Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever if he has done all that you have showed me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No. But I know him very well, because I judge him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and this is the way I judge of the character of our heavenly Father. I know from His works that He is a being of infinite wisdom, power and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron any more by his remarks.—*From the German.*

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.—*C. M.*

A Righteous Judgment.

Two German farmers had a difference about a piece of meadow which they could not settle. One day Franz came to Casper and said:

"I have got the judges to meet here to-morrow, and decide between us. Be ready to go before them with me, and present your side of the case."

"Well, Franz," said Casper, "I have mowed all this hay you see. I must get it in to-morrow. I can not possibly leave it. You go before the judge to-morrow, and tell them both your reasons and mine, and then there'll be no need of my going."

Franz actually did so, and pleaded faithfully both for himself and against himself—and lost his case. Returning to Casper, he said:

"The meadow is yours. I am glad the affair is finished." And the two men were friends ever afterwards.—*From the German.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM New Orleans we received the sad news of the death of one of our laborers in the Colored mission-field. J. Kauffmann departed this life on the 19th of May. On the 22d of February he had been installed as teacher in our St. Paul's Colored Lutheran school. His faithful labors were but for a short time. The Lord soon called him home to his eternal rest. May He comfort the bereaved, and may He also supply the great want of laborers in our mission-field! "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few: Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

—THE 31st of May was a day of rejoicing among the Lutherans at Springfield, Ill. On that day the new building for our Lutheran Seminary was dedicated with appropriate services. The structure is 100 feet long, 60 feet deep, and has three stories. It contains two large lecture rooms, a chapel, and dormitory room for 100 students. More than 7000 people attended the festival services on dedication-day.

—THE *Missionary Review* says that the chief religions of the world may be classified according to the number of adherents, as follows: Christianity, 450,000,000; Confucianism, 390,000,000; Hindooism, 190,000,000; Mohammedanism, 180,000,000; Fetichism, 150,000,000; Buddhism, 100,000,000; Spirit Worship, 50,000,000; Shintoism, 22,000,000; Jews, 8,000,000; Parsees, 1,000,000. Total, 1,449,000,000.

—SINCE Protestantism entered Mexico, about twenty-five years ago, sixty-six Protestants have given their lives for their faith.

—THIRTEEN years ago there were 13,515 Protestant communicants in all China. Now there are 37,287. There are now 1300 missionaries at work in this far-off heathen land, 520 organized congregations and 61 hospitals.

—IT is stated that when Stanley started upon his search for Livingstone he took, for his personal use, a collection of books weighing about two hundred pounds. Each was carefully selected, each highly prized. As he advanced, his baggage had to be lightened. Reluctantly he dropped out one book after another, so that when he was three hundred miles from the coast only the Bible, Shakespeare and three other books were left. When at last he reached Livingstone, Stanley's library was reduced to one book, and that was *the book*—the Bible.

—THE Bible is steadily finding its way into "Darkest Africa." At the request of arch-deacon Jones-Bateman a supply of 1000 copies of the new edition of the Book of Joshua and 1000 of the new edition of Judges, in the Swahili language, is being sent to the Universities mission at Zanzibar. This is but a single example and limited to one locality of the influx of the stream of sacred literature.

—SUSI, the colored servant of Dr. Livingstone, the explorer, recently died in Zanzibar. He and another servant carried Dr. Living-

stone's dead body 1500 miles through hostile country and restored it to his friends in England, where the body lies in Westminster Abbey to-day. Susi was thanked by vote of Parliament, and received a handsome and substantial recognition from the Queen and British Government for his faithfulness and devotion to Livingstone.

—DR. CROSS, of the Free Church of Scotland Missions on Lake Nyassa, Africa, has upon the roll of his school the names of 300 children rescued from slavery.

—ISLANDS OF THE SEA.—At a recent meeting of native Christians at Port Moresby, New Guinea, the collection taken for the missionary cause consisted of \$37 cash, 320 spears, 65 shell armlets, 92 bows and 180 arrows, besides shields, drums, shell necklaces, feathers, and other ornaments. Most of the people have no money.

—THE colporteurs of the American Tract Society during the past year visited 113,683 families. Of these, 5719 had no Bible, and 13,588 were destitute of all religious books but the Bible. This shows that the Bible still holds its preëminence over all other religious books among the destitute classes of our country.

—AMONG the fifty millions who speak the Spanish language there are comparatively very few who know the Gospel in its purity and who have the holy Scriptures in their homes. The language brought in 1492 by Columbus and his Spanish companions to America was soon learned in the beautiful lands that Spanish warriors conquered, and the people of Mexico, Central and South America are now counted among the millions that from Jerusalem to the uttermost parts of the earth speak that tongue. There are sixteen republics in the Western Hemisphere where people speak the Spanish language. Copies of the Holy Scriptures, translated into Spanish, have been sent by English speaking Christians to homes in Spain, Mexico, Central and South America, Cuba and Porto Rico, and the humble poor have gladly received the glad tidings from those who have studied the Scriptures thus obtained and imparted in the loved language of old Spain.

—AFRICA.—There are now thirty-three steamers on the Upper Congo.—The number of missionary stations in Africa now exceeds five hundred.—The country of Uganda, Central Africa, is represented as having become almost a desert through the dissensions of the people, which have continued a long time.—A native Christian in Uganda will work three months for a copy of the New Testament in Swahili.—Only a limited edition has been published.—One whole tribe of Zulus, in South-east Africa, is likely to be exterminated by the ravages of rum furnished by the white men.—The government of the Congo Free State has granted a large concession to a commercial company covering nearly all of the southeastern part of its territory. This will probably lead to the opening of the country sooner than if it were left to the government to effect. The company is called "The Company of Katanga."

—A new line of monthly steamers to the Congo has been started, which will run from Antwerp direct to Matadi in twenty days.—The first locomotive on the Congo Railway is now at work.

"God is not Mocked."

A tanner, while washing his hides at a river, was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower. Springing to his feet in anger, and raising his fist towards heaven, he cried: "Thou up there! Must Thou always let it rain when man least needs it?" A crash of thunder and a stroke of lightning was the reply. The uplifted arm was struck and lamed, but otherwise the blasphemer was uninjured. The time for the Almighty to take his soul had not yet come. His arm, however, was lame during all the remainder of his life, serving him as a constant reminder that, "Whosoever curses his God shall bear his sin."

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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1891.

No. 8.

God provideth for the Morrow.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Matth. 6, 34.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily;
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall;
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

Selected.

Made Under The Law.

Christ was made under the law in our stead. All men are under the demands of God's holy law, the sum of which is given in these words of Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The law demands of every man that he, with a perfectly pure and undefiled heart, love God above all things and his neighbor as himself. And because no man has fulfilled these demands, therefore all men are under the curse of the law. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of law to do them," (Gal. 3, 10). All men are under this terrible curse, for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," (Rom. 3, 23); "there is none righteous, no, not one," (Rom. 3, 10). The law pertains, not only to the outward conduct, but to the heart of man. Take

for example the fifth commandment. It says, "Thou shalt not kill." From the Bible we learn that we transgress this commandment without taking human life; for "whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer," (1 John 3, 15). The commandment is transgressed by the sinful thoughts and desires of the heart. And so it is with all the commandments of God's law. Every commandment, therefore, declares man to be guilty, and man's own conscience tells him that he is guilty, and the law of God thunders forth its curse and condemns man into eternal damnation.

Is there no help? Yes, thanks be to God! Christ was made under the law. He was made under the demands of the law. "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," (Gal. 4, 4, 5). The demands of the law must be fulfilled, and since we could not do this, the Son of God took our place. He, in His great love to sinners, became man and was made under the law, in order to fulfill all its demands in our stead. In the book of Psalms the promised Messiah says, "Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea thy law is within my heart," (Ps. 40, 7, 8). And when He had come He said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill," (Matth. 5, 17). Christ was free from sin in His nature and was not subject to the law of God, but He took our place under the law and perfectly fulfilled its demands for all sinners.

Not only the demands of the law must be fulfilled, but its curse must be borne if sinners are to be saved. Christ was, therefore, made under the curse of the law. He took that curse upon Himself and, in the stead of all sinners, bore it in His sufferings and in His death. "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," (Gal. 3, 13). "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities," (Isa. 53). Thus He took away the curse and perfectly satisfied the eternal justice of God.

And now, mark well, dear reader, Christ's perfect obedience to the demands of the law

and His redemption from the curse of the law are freely offered to every sinner in the gospel. Blessed are they that accept this Gospel with true faith. There is "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," (Rom. 8, 1). "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," (Rom. 10, 4).

The Gospel for every Creature.

"Go ye," Christ said, "into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—go to the gallows, and preach it to the man with a rope on his neck and his feet on the drop—go to the jail, and preach it to the scum of the city—go to the dens of iniquity, and preach it as freely and fully as in her highest and holiest congregation. Divine, saving, gentle mercy, turns no more aside from the foulest wretch, than the wind which kisses her faded cheek, or the sunbeam that visits as brightly a murderer's cell as a minister's study. Nay—though His the holiest of all kingdoms—while the Pharisee stands astonished to be shut out, mark how when the poor harlot approaches who, weeping, trembling, dares hardly to lift her hand to knock, the door flies open; and she enters to be kindly welcomed—washed, and robed, and forgiven.

Our Danger.

Our danger is spiritual sleep. The air of this world is drowsy. It is well known that those who travel in the frosts and snows of winter often feel it difficult to keep awake: the blood is driven to the brain and vital organs, which become overloaded and oppressed. But should they lie down to sleep in such an atmosphere, they close their eyes to open them in this world no more; they sleep the sleep of death. The moral atmosphere of worldly society is not less chilling and benumbing to the soul than are the frosts and snows of winter to the body. Our safety depends upon obedience to the exhortation, "Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."—*Selected.*

A Letter from India.

This letter is in answer to some questions, asked me, about the home life and customs of the natives. You might be interested to know in what kind of houses our native Christians live. They are sometimes built of brick plastered over, oftener of mud. They have sloping roofs high in the centre and rather low at the sides. There are, at most, only two rooms in the house, many contain but one; in these they sleep, cook and eat. They usually have a front and back door, but no windows. A very primitive fire place, built of mud, is in one corner of the room, here the cooking is done, the smoke finds its way out of the doors, or through the roof, which is thatched, or in better houses made of tiles. If the family is large, the room is screened off at night, forming several smaller sections, for the use of different members of the family. The furniture consists of a sufficient number of cots, which are wooden frames, raised a foot from the floor, with heavy girdling laced across. Mattresses or bed clothing are not used. In the cool season they often feel the want of covering, and put a fire under their beds, accidents have often occurred from this unsafe custom. The cots are usually put outside during the day, and in the hot season the people sleep out on little porches, or even in the street, their houses, without windows, being too warm.

Some families have a large box in which their clothing is kept, but in most houses you find the clothes thrown over a rope, which is stretched across the room. Most of them have several chairs, which are offered to the Missionaries, but not often used by themselves. In several houses I have seen pictures on the walls. Their food consists of rice and curry, eaten three times a day, bread is never used by them, it would be too expensive. The food for one person costs 3 Rupees a month, or 30 cents a week.

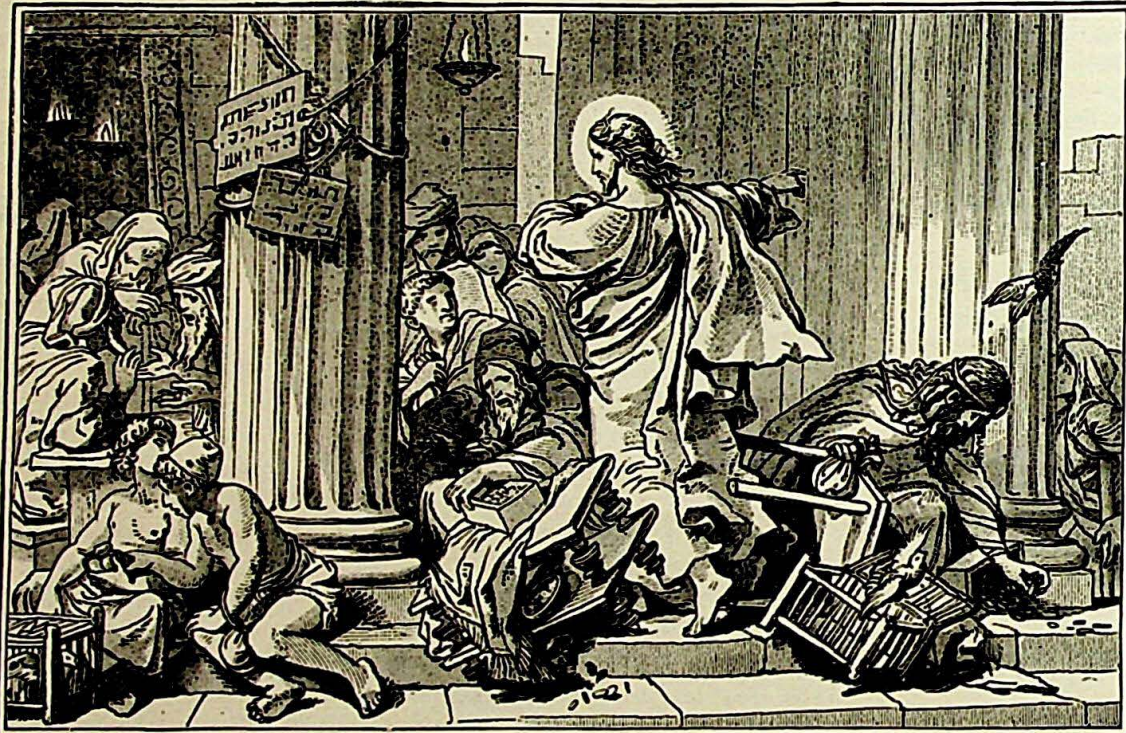
The women do not have much housework to do; of course some keep their houses in a more cleanly condition than others. The carrying of water, however, is entirely done by them, they often go some distance for it, either to a tank or the river. It is carried in earthen or brass pots, balanced on the head. The preparation of the curry takes some time. I think

I hear you ask what is curry? I will try to answer. Either mutton, native vegetable or dried prawns, like shrimps used at home, are the basis. Ghee (melted butter) is heated, in which a few onions are fried, then the curry powder, which is made of a number of kinds of spices, the tamarind water, cocoanut milk, meat, fish or vegetables are added, and slowly cooked for a long time.

This is eaten with the rice. The curry eaten by the natives is much hotter with red pepper and spices than that prepared for Europeans. Our curry as prepared by Jacob, the man Mr. Schmidt has had, since he first came to India twenty years ago, is very carefully made. We have learned to enjoy eating it very much. The rice as first harvested is called "paddy,"

it hangs in loose folds, covering the limbs to the ankles, and looks very well. Most of our Christians wear a jacket, very much like the loose coats worn at home, then the upper cloth is thrown loosely around them. If the jacket is not used, the body is covered with the cloth, with an end thrown over the left shoulder. Their costume is completed with a turban of either red or white material; it is often 8 yards long, wound in a mysterious way around the head. It is almost the universal custom for both sexes to go barefooted, a few men wear loose sandals, which are always removed before entering the house.

KATE S. SADTLER in *Foreign Missionary*.



"And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves," Matth. 21, 12, 13.

and must be pounded to remove the husk. This work is always done by women, and even here as bought by natives in the bazaar, although thought ready for use, must be pounded to entirely remove the husk and clean it properly. And how do the men and women dress? The women wear a cloth from 7 to 9 yards long, which is fastened around the waist in such a way as to form a full skirt; no sewing or pins are necessary; it is crossed over the right shoulder, then covering the back is drawn up over the head. The cloth is often thin white material, with a gilt border woven across the end and drawn over the head, or it may be bright red or yellow. A small jacket is always worn, the arms are bare from above the elbow and the neck very low. Necklaces, bangles, earrings, nose jewels and silver anklets are worn. All natives have a weakness for jewelry, some of it is expensive, while some is poor imitation. The men wear a lower cloth of thin material,

how frightened he was afterward for fear he would be found out! But he was not. And so the next time he had a chance he stole again, and kept on growing worse, until at last, with some other boys, he broke into a house. People do little wrong things—so little that they say, "O, that's nothing. There's no harm in that." But the little things grow, and grow into big things, and then people see harm in them. Dear children, there are no little sins in God's sight. All are truly large and very black.—*Lutheran Herald*.

"NO SOONER has Christ come out of the waters of baptism, than He comes into the fire of temptation. No sooner does the Spirit come in the form of a dove, than He is led by the Spirit into the wilderness. No sooner does God say, 'This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased,' than Satan darts the suggestion of doubt, 'If Thou be the Son of God.'"

Little Sins.

Little sins grow. They are not like spiders or wasps, which we can put our foot on and crush, if need be; but like little lions, which seem as harmless as kittens at first, but grow into fierce roaring wild beasts. There is a lad about fifteen years old in the State prison, put in for five years for stealing. He says he remembers well the first time he stole. It was a ten-cent piece, which was lying on the mantel in a lady's house where he was doing some work. When no one was looking he slipped it into his pocket; and, oh,

how frightened he was afterward for fear he would be found out! But he was not. And so the next time he had a chance he stole again, and kept on growing worse, until at last, with some other boys, he broke into a house. People do little wrong things—so little that they say, "O, that's nothing. There's no harm in that." But the little things grow, and grow into big things, and then people see harm in them. Dear children, there are no little sins in God's sight. All are truly large and very black.—*Lutheran Herald*.

"NO SOONER has Christ come out of the waters of baptism, than He comes into the fire of temptation. No sooner does the Spirit come in the form of a dove, than He is led by the Spirit into the wilderness. No sooner does God say, 'This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased,' than Satan darts the suggestion of doubt, 'If Thou be the Son of God.'"

Tried and Proved.

An aged widow was thinking of the faithfulness and love of God, with her Bible open before her. It was an old Bible—a very old one—which bore the marks of much handling; but it was a very precious one to its owner, not only because it had been her mother's Bible, but because in it she had, for many years, found the comfort which she could find nowhere else. So this one holy book was dear to her heart, and a treasure in her home. And so well did she know her Bible that she could easily find almost any passage she desired.

Throughout her Bible there were many words and marks, which she had written with her pencil, the most numerous of which were "T." and "P."

While the widow was thus thinking of God's love, a friend came in, who, seeing the open Bible before her, said something about the sweetness of that book; and in turning over some of its leaves in order to find a passage, saw "T." and "P." written in several places upon the margin, and, therefore, took the liberty of asking what it meant.

The widow's reply was simple and beautiful. "That means *Tried and Proved*. For many years past I have come to this Bible for instruction and comfort, and have always found what I sought. It has never failed me. It was in its blessed pages that, through the Holy Spirit's help, I found myself to be a lost and ruined creature; a sinner by nature and practice; exposed to the wrath of God without being able to save myself; and here I also learned that Jesus is mighty to save. I read His own sweet words of invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I believe that He meant what He said. I cast my helpless soul upon Him, and found salvation, found the rest He had promised, and proved His faithfulness; and at the side of that invitation and promise I wrote my first 'T.' and 'P.'

"He promised His disciples that if they asked they should receive. I have asked Him for blessings, and He did not let me ask in vain. I became a widow and my children were fatherless. My heart was full of bitterness and sorrow. I read these blessed words: 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' 'A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.' Trusting myself and my children to His care, I found God was faithful; and here in both cases you see I have written 'T.' and 'P.'

"I have had troubles and sorrows, yet, in the midst of all, I have never been left without comfort. I have trusted in God's promise and have ever found it fulfilled. I have based my faith upon the Bible, and have never found it fail me; therefore my T's and P's are my testimonies to the faithfulness of my father in heaven. And the book whose promises have been so richly fulfilled in my experience in this

life will be as worthy of my trust in respect to all the future life, on which it has made my soul to hope, and therefore this holy Bible is precious to my soul."

Happy old saint! Such faith as hers has ever been honored and ever will be.

Reader! you, too, doubtless have a Bible. Have you tried and proved for yourself the faithfulness of God to the soul that trusts in that Bible?

The Bible has the same truths and promises for you it had for this aged widow. It speaks to you for the same purpose as it spoke to her. It says that Christ Jesus, the Son of God, is the Saviour of all sinners. That "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," (John 3, 16).

The Bible tells you that God hears and answers prayer. That He is a present help in trouble. That He is the Father of mercies and the God of comfort. Do you know this in your own soul's history and experience?

Have you *not* proved these things? Then it is because you have not tried them. Seek in the Bible, the Word of God, for the truth that maketh wise unto salvation. Trust in that Bible! You will find God faithful to His promises and faithful to you; peace and joy and hope will fill your soul with gladness, and you, too, will be able to write on the margin of that book which brings you God's promises,

"TRIED AND PROVED."

The Forgotten Testament.

A young man, the son of a wealthy Jew living in Amsterdam, was walking one day with a friend through the streets of the town, when he saw a man earnestly speaking to a group of people, while he held in his hand a book, from which every now and then he read some sentence. "What is that man talking about?" asked the young Jew. "Oh! I've heard him," replied his friend, "he is trying to make good Jews into bad Christians, and he sells some books which tell you about his religion. I have one of them at home; you can have it if you like." So the New Testament exchanged owners, and the young Jew took it home, but only to throw it on one side (as his friend had done) and forget all about it.

One day he was seeking for a lost volume in his bookcase, and knocked down the long-forgotten Testament, sending up a cloud of dust. He opened it and read, "As saith the Prophet Isaiah." His curiosity was roused, and taking his own Hebrew Bible, he began to compare the passages quoted in the New Testament with those in his own Bible. Two hours passed in this way, and that night he could not rest, and determined that before another day passed he would find the man who sold the book and ask his help. He did so, and after some weeks of careful study he became convinced of the truth as it is in Christ,

and was baptized a Christian. Directly this was known at home, his father was very angry. "Go," he said, "you are no longer my son; leave the house and return no more." His mother and sisters dared not speak, and turned away, lest their looks should betray them, for the father's word was law.

So alone, and almost penniless, he found himself standing in the street. He had "put his hand to the plow," and would not look back. There were rich merchants in the city, men at whose houses he had spent pleasant evenings; he could easily get employment in any of their offices, he had but to ask. So the next morning he called upon an old friend, and told his want.

"You astonish me," said the merchant, "surely your father's son need not ask me for work!"

For a moment the young man was silent, then he looked the questioner in the face and said, "I have become a Christian." It was enough. The merchant waved his hand toward the door, and coldly turned away.

It was the same elsewhere, even the (so-called) Christians spoke of him as a "turncoat," and at last he felt obliged to leave his native land and seek employment amongst strangers. In London he is now earning his living by working as a carpenter, and is content that it should be so, "for the disciple must be as his Master." It is counted by him a privilege to walk some distance when his day's work is done, to tell his own countrymen about the Pearl of great price which he has found by searching the Scriptures.

"That's Me."

A poor Hottentot in Southern Africa lived with a man who had family prayers every day. One day he read: "Two men went up into the Temple to pray."

The poor savage looked earnestly at the reader, and whispered:

"Now I'll learn how to pray."

The man read on: "God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men."

"No, I am not; but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot.

Again the man read: "I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all I possess."

"I don't do that; I don't pray in that way. What shall I do?" said the distressed savage.

The man read on, until he came to the publican, who "would not so much as lift his eyes unto Heaven."

"That's me!" said his hearer.

"Stood afar off," read the other.

"That's where I am," said the Hottentot. "But smote upon his breast, saying, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner.'"

"That's me! that's my prayer!" cried the poor creature; and, smiting on his dark breast, he prayed, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house, a saved and happy man.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM our German mission paper we learn the glad news that God has opened a new field in North Carolina to our missionaries among the colored people in the South. Three colored pastors with five congregations have applied for admission to the Synodical Conference and have asked us to aid them in their work among the colored people of North Carolina. Our missionaries have visited the brethren in that state and report the field to be a very promising one. May God bless our work in this new field of labor.

—AN aged Christian woman had been in the habit of selling the milk from their one cow which the family did not require. She saved the money she got from this source from year to year, and requested on dying that it might be devoted to foreign missions. When the widow's mite was handed in to the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Society it amounted to \$300.

—A LITTLE GIRL had a friend who gave her a hen the first of the year. She named the hen "Missionary," and sold enough eggs to amount to \$1.00, and gave the money to missions when the missionary collection was taken up in Sunday school. The hen now has twelve little chickens and the little girl says they are all missionary.

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

—ALONG the West African coast there are now 200 churches, 35,000 converts, 100,000 adherents, 275 schools, and 30,000 pupils. Thirty-five languages or dialects have been mastered, into which portions of the Scripture and religious books and tracts have been translated and printed, and some knowledge of the Gospel has reached about 8,000,000 of benighted Africans.

—A MISSIONARY, in writing from Uganda, Africa, uses the following language: "How shall I find language to describe the wonderful work of God's grace which has been going on in the land? Truly, the half was not told me. Exaggeration about the eagerness of the people here to be taught there has been none. No words can describe the emotion which filled my heart as on Sunday, December 28th, I stood up to speak to fully 1000 men and women, who crowded the church of Uganda. It was a wonderful sight! There, close beside me, was the Katikiro—the second man in the kingdom. There, on every hand, were chiefs of various degrees, all Christian men, and all in their demeanor devout and earnest to a degree. The responses, in their heartiness, were beyond anything I have heard, even in Africa. There was a second service in the afternoon, at which

there must have been fully 800 present. The same earnest attention was apparent, and the same spirit of devotion. I can never be sufficiently thankful to God for the glorious privilege of being permitted to preach to these dear members of Christ's flock."

—THE contrast between the foreign missionary situation of threescore years ago and that of to-day in reference to the opportunities for labor is most striking. Formerly the question was, Where shall good openings for laborers be found? Now the question is, Where shall enough men be found to fill the most promising of the openings? A recent number of *The Indian Witness* well says: "The foreign missions of united Christendom are beginning to present the appearance of a youth who has not only outgrown his clothes but looks half starved, because all he eats goes to growth and none to fatness. The churches of Europe and America are steadily increasing their appropriations to foreign missions, but the work is increasing at a far more rapid rate. There must be an immense increase in the missionary zeal and liberality of the churches."

—DESPATCHES from Shanghai announce that fresh attacks are continually being made upon the Christian missions in the interior. In one case troops sent by the Chinese government to quell the disturbances joined the rioters.

—THE first section of the little railroad which is to connect Jaffa with Jerusalem has been completed, and tourists are now able to travel by rail from Jaffa to Ramleh, about one third the distance. It will not be long before pilgrims to the Holy Land will be whisked in an hour from the sea to Jerusalem, to the great disgust of camel owners and stage proprietors.

—THE work done among the Chinese on the Pacific Coast is now beginning to bear fruit of a very hopeful kind. Here are two illustrations: One thousand Chinamen, members of the Christian Church in California and Oregon, have sent two missionaries to their native land, organized a foreign missionary society, with one thousand dollars to start with, and have also contributed twenty-two hundred dollars to home missions. Lun Foon, a member of a Mission Church in San Francisco, gave up a good business and returned to China to do missionary work at his own charge. He has built a mission property in foreign style of architecture, with preaching hall and school rooms.

—REV. W. G. LAWES, at the late anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, said that at a missionary meeting in New Guinea, held a few months ago, one of the speakers picked up a spear and said, "This used to be our constant companion; we dared not go to our gardens without it; we took it in our canoes; we carried it on our journeys; we slept with it by our side, and we took our meals with it close at hand; but," said he, holding up a copy of the Gospel, "we can now sleep safely because of this; this book has brought to us peace and protection, and we no longer require the spear."

BOOK-TABLE.

HYMNS, FOR THE USE OF ENGLISH LUTHERAN MISSIONS. Compiled by Rev. J. G. Gochringer by order of the Ev. Luth. Conference of Arkansas and Tennessee. Price 5 cents per copy, 50 cents per doz., 100 for \$3.00. Address Rev. J. A. Friedrich, Chattanooga, Tenn.

This collection of hymns is to supply the want of our traveling missionaries who can not carry any large number of hymn books with them as they go from one station to the other. It is a very good selection and will prove very convenient and useful in our mission work.

TWO LECTURES on the questions: What is the Ev. Lutheran Church? and Why do we Lutherans of the Synodical Conference establish and maintain Parochial Schools? By Rev. R. Eirich, Hamlin, N. Y. Price 15 cents per copy; \$1.50 per dozen.

This excellent pamphlet deserves a wide circulation. The second lecture especially, treating of our Parochial Schools, will do much good among our countrymen, many of whom are prejudiced against our Parochial School system.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

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

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

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

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

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

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., September, 1891.

No. 9.

Be Thou Not Weary.

BE THOU not weary in thy Master's cause,
Let not thy courage fail nor hope grow dim;
He worketh hitherto without a pause,
Rejoice in fellowship of toil with Him.

Be thou not weary, for the work is great,
And time is short, the laborers are few;
Soon, soon to all will close the vineyard gate,
Do well and truly what thou hast to do.

Be thou not weary, slacken not thy zeal,
Sow broadcast, for the harvest comes at length;
E'en now thy Master doth Himself reveal,
Look thou to Him for all the needed strength.

Be thou not weary, the reward is sure,
Great is the recompense, if great the strife;
And he that doth unto the end endure,
Shall from the Lord receive the crown of life.

Help me, Lord Jesus, still to labor on,
And never in Thy service weary be,
Nor faint, nor waver till my work is done,
When I shall rest for evermore with Thee.

Selected.

Only Two Classes.

In regard to wealth, social standing and other particulars there are many different classes of men; but it is a solemn thought that in the most important respect there are but two classes. These are the saved and the lost. Moreover, the question of salvation turns entirely upon man's relation to Jesus Christ, for the Bible says, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," (Acts 4, 12).

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

Of the other class it is written in language no less plain: "He that believeth not is condemned already," (John 3, 18); "He that

believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," (John 3, 36); "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life," (John 5, 40); clearly implying that no man has life, spiritual life, eternal life, until he comes to Christ to receive it.

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

As there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, no matter what they have been in the past, it is equally true that there is nothing but condemnation to them who are out of Christ Jesus, whatever their rank, their wealth, or their boasted morality. The Cross marks the dividing line between the two great classes into which the whole human family is separated. Reader, to which class do you belong? To the saved or to the lost?

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," (Acts 16, 31).

Come Just As You Are.

Many years ago a little boy was stolen from his mother in London. Years passed by, and the poor mother constantly prayed for her lost boy. But all seemed to be in vain. Still the mother did not give up her hopes.

One day a little chimney-sweeper was sent into the house next to the mother's to clean the chimney. When he had finished his work, he, by mistake, went down the wrong chimney, which belonged to the next house. He came out at the fire-place of the sitting room. He looked around and the room seemed familiar to him. The scenes of the past days of his childhood came back to his mind. A woman entered the room, and now all was clear to the boy. He cried out: "O my dear mother!" Did that mother shrink back at the sight of the ragged, sooty clothes of the boy? Do you think she threw him out of the house and told him to wash himself first, before he could dare to come back? No! She took that boy into her arms and wept tears of joy.

So we must come to Jesus just as we are. He will take us into his loving arms; He will wash us from all our sins. His love to sinners is far greater than a love of a mother to her only child. Come then to Jesus just as you are!

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

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine; yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come."

The Half-way Man.

Abraham is the half-way man. His name is found in Genesis 12.; and from this many think he must have lived soon after Adam. But this is a plain mistake, as any one may see after a little thought. From Adam to Abraham is almost two thousand years, and from Abraham to Christ is two thousand. Abraham, then, lived just half-way between the first Adam and the second.

"To him give all the prophets witness." They lived in ages distant from each other, in times as diverse as it is possible to be, in personal traits of character and circumstances of life they were far apart, and they all gave the same testimony. Their witness was the same, for they spake by the same Spirit, the Spirit of God. What they said was no cunningly devised fable, but the sure Word of God.

The Early Lutheran Missionaries in India.

India is one of the largest fields, as well as the oldest entered by Protestant missionaries. It is not as large as China, yet one sixth of the human race live there. It is thought by some writers that it was the scene of St. Thomas's labors and martyrdom. Queen Elizabeth granted the charter of the East India Company in 1600. Soon after that the English people began settling along the coast. But their avaricious, ambitious, selfish, sordid corruption strengthened heathenism and weakened Christian missions. They went in without any sense of their responsibility or a thought of using their power aright. There were a few English Chaplains taken in with the company to look after the spiritual welfare of the people. But they were a drinking, sporting, easeloving people, who did not worry themselves over the souls of other people, feeling that they themselves were safe.

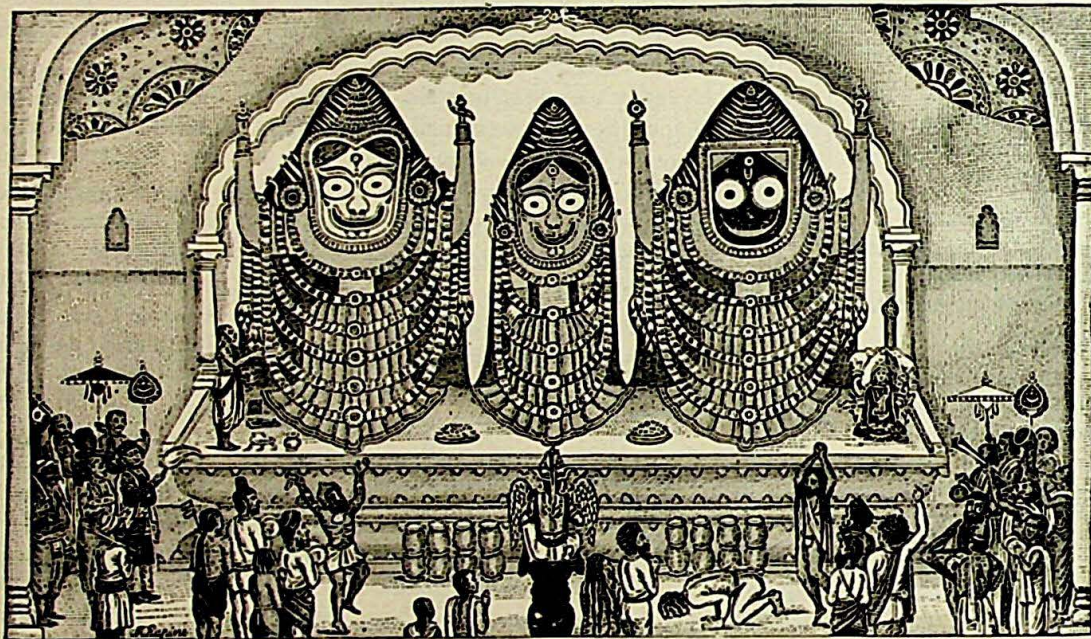
The Roman Catholics went into India in the early part of the sixteenth century. They passed themselves as white Brahmins, assuming the native caste. Many of the natives were led to accept the faith and were baptized into the Roman Church. The first Protestants who went into the country were the Lutheran ministers Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Pluetschaut out by Frederick IV.

of Denmark. They were students of Halle at the time they were chosen. In November 29, 1705, the missionaries set sail from Copenhagen and reached Tranquebar July 7, 1706. The only language known to them was High German, therefore it was impossible to reach these people through the tongue as the people of India have more than one hundred and fifty languages and dialects. The language had not only to be learned, but had to be fashioned and clothed in the form of written speech. Even the tools with which they had to work were to be invented and made. The difficulties connected with the language were trivial in comparison with others met every day. The East India Company were opposed to missionaries coming into their territory, and did much to annoy them. And when the missionaries would try to talk to the natives about their becoming Christians, they would say in broken English: "Christian's religion, devil's religion, Christians much drunk, Christians much wrong, Christians much 'buse, much beat others." Mr. Ziegenbalg began the study of the Tamil language

and made a grammar and dictionary, the first in the country; the latter contains 20,000 words, which has been regarded as of great value by Oriental scholars. These young men were the first to formulate into a printed language the incoherent jargon of the natives. The first writing had to be done on dry palm leaves. They first tried to reach them by the Oriental manner of preaching, but failed to gain even their attention. They then resorted to social conference, with conversational teaching. This being so successful, schools were at once founded, schools necessitated books, the translation of the Bible was the next task undertaken. The New Testament and a part of the Old with a great quantity of tracts and selections were scattered abroad. The printing press used to do this work was furnished by English Christians. A paper manufactory was erected, which, with a cotton

to India the next year after his death. In 1725 he completed the translation of the Old Testament which was left at Ruth by Ziegenbalg.

At first the Raja of Tanjore was hostile to the missionaries, but afterward became friendly and allowed them to preach anywhere in his territory. The trial did not come singly; by persecutions from the Romanists, with the unkindness of the English settlers, by stirring up the natives against them. Then at a fire in one of the settlements, all the houses of the Christians were burned; then a tornado. King George I. favored them. But, notwithstanding all their trials, at the end of twenty years they had 678 persons to accept Christianity. At that time Benjamin Schultz took charge of the work, he labored incessantly, preaching, translating the Scriptures, and establishing schools. In 1729 he baptized 140 converts. In 1730 and



Worshipping Idols in India.

factory, furnished employment for the converts who were outcasts with no means of support from the time they professed Christianity.

After schools were established they were able to get a stronger hold upon the children, and through them often reach the parents. Then followed itinerant evangelistic work into remote sections and villages. In the first seven years there were over 200 converts, among them a native prince, a native poet and pundit. It cost something to be a Christian among those natives. This prince renounced his position and everything for God. The poet and pundit came into the knowledge of the Gospel by assisting the missionaries in the translation of the Word. Ziegenbalg was the master spirit of the work. But in 1719, after 13 years of service, the Lord took him to Himself when only 36 years of age. The next year Pluetschau left India. These events threw a cloud over the work. The mantle of Ziegenbalg fell upon a succession of young men singularly able and devoted to the work. Benj. Schultz was the immediate successor of Ziegenbalg; he came

1732, respectively, two medical missionaries entered the field. From 1730 the growth of the work was firm and steady. New laborers came, new fields were established along the Coromandel coast. Native pastors were set to work. There was a real Christian zeal and love among the converts. In 1750 the converts in Tranquebar and neighboring districts numbered 8000, and along the Coromandel coast, 1000. It was at this time that one of the greatest missionaries arrived in Tranquebar, Christian Frederick Schwartz,

and other students from Halle, in 1750. During the first year's work 400 were added to the Tamil congregation. The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the mission came July 6th, 1756, six years after Schwartz entered the work. At that time eight missionaries were in the field and 11,000 persons had abandoned idolatry. God be praised for what can be done by a few.—*The Mid Continent.*

In Indian File.

I am told by men, who have been in the Indian country, that very often you will find a trail over a mountain, and you will find only one foot-print, as if but one man had trod the path; and I am told that the chief goes on and the tribe follows, and they put their feet into his foot-prints. Our Chief has gone on before us and left us an example. We are to follow in His foot-steps; and we would have continual blessing if we did not go out of the path. The trouble with most of us is, that we think our way is better than His, and we are not willing to follow in His foot-steps.

The Highland Soldier.

Writing from Cairo, an American lady relates the following touching incident. She was allowed to visit the military hospital soon after some wounded men had been brought in from a skirmish:

The three hours we could stay were full of work for heart and hand. One young soldier from a Highland regiment especially excited my interest. He had lost a limb, and could not, the doctor said, live through the night. I stopped at his side to see if there was anything I could do for him. He lay with closed eyes, murmuring, "Mother, mother." I dipped my handkerchief in a basin of ice water and bathed his forehead where the fever flushes burned. "Oh, that is good!" he said, opening his eyes. Seeing me bending over him, he caught my hand and kissed it. "Thank you, lady," he said, and smiled; "it minds me o' my mother."

"Can I write to your mother?" I asked.

"No," he said, "the surgeon promised to write;" but could I, would I sing to him?

I hesitated a moment and looked around. The gleam of the sun on the yellow water of the Nile, as the western rays slanted down, caught my eye, and suggested the river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. I began to sing in a low voice the hymn, "Shall we gather at the river?" Eager heads were raised around us to listen more intently, while bass and tenor voices, weak and tremulous, came in on the chorus—

"Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God!"

When the song was ended, I looked into the face of the boy—for he was not over twenty—and said,

"Shall you be there?"

"Yes, I'll be there, through what the Lord Jesus has done for me," he answered, with his blue eyes shining, while the light that never was on land or sea irradiated his face.

The tears gathered in my eyes as I thought of the mother, in her far-off Scottish home, watching and waiting for tidings of her soldier boy, who was breathing away his life in an Egyptian hospital; and I sang—

"In the sweet, by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore!"

then stooped and kissed his forehead.

"Come again, lady, come again;" I heard on all sides as we left the barracks. I shall go, but I shall not find my Scottish laddie, for by to-morrow's reveille he will have crossed the river.

HALF service for Christ is whole service of Satan. There are only two kingdoms in this world. Each man is the subject of one or the other. The earliest step in becoming a Christian is in renouncing the devil.

"As the Fool Dieth."

The San Francisco papers contain the particulars of the recent death of a "miser," named Prof. Herman Kottinger, widely known as a writer of prose and poetry among the Germans on the Pacific coast. Although he was possessed of a fortune of upwards of a hundred thousand, he lived in a wretched hut and denied himself the common necessities of life. The poor old man had reached the age of 90 years, but was reduced to a skeleton of forty pounds, by a parsimony which grudged himself the food absolutely necessary to life. As death approached, he was visited by his son; but the father, mistaking his object, uttered a frightful scream and clutching a bag of gold which was concealed in his bed, tore it open and filling his hands with the glittering coin, fell back a corpse! What a lesson to all who make gold their God! A man of learning, an eminent scholar, a former professor in the University of Heidelberg, dies from starvation in the midst of abounding wealth! Neither literature nor learning nor philosophy could do aught to give him reason or sense. What wonder that Jesus said of such a one: "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be which thou possessest?" A man of culture and means deliberately reducing himself to a skeleton, sooner than part with the gold which he has made his trust, and which he must soon leave to others, is an awful illustration of the power of Mammon on a human soul. Men can not serve God and Mammon.—*Workman.*

Kindness Rewarded.

One day a lady, who was riding in a coach, saw a lad on the road barefoot and seemingly very foot-sore. She asked the coachman to take him up, and said she would pay for him. When the coach reached the end of its journey, the kind lady found that the poor lad was bound for the nearest seaport, to offer himself as a sailor.

Twenty years afterwards, on the same road, a sea-captain who was on a coach saw an old lady walking wearily along, and he made the coachman pull up his horses. He put the old lady inside, saying, "I will pay for her."

When they next changed horses the old lady thanked the captain; "For," said she, "I am too poor to pay for a ride now."

The captain told her that he always felt for those who had to walk as she had been doing; and said, "I remember, twenty years ago, near this very place, I was a poor lad walking along the road, and a kind lady paid for me to ride."

"Ah," said she, "I am that lady! but things have changed, and I am now a poor woman."

"Well," said the captain, "God has blessed my labor so that I can live well and help others

beside. I will allow you twenty-five pounds a year as long as you live."

The old lady burst into tears, and gratefully accepted the sailors offer.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Let me explain these words. In the land of Egypt the river Nile overflows its banks once a year. When the fields on the river sides are covered with water, the people cast their seed on it, and the seed sinks down into the soft mud. When the water disappears, the seed takes root, and "after many days" comes the harvest, and rich crops of grain are reaped.

The lady had cast her bread upon the waters. She had done a kind act to a poor boy; and, "after many days," he in return was able to do her a great kindness. And he did do her a great kindness.

The Duke's Lesson.

There was a duke once who disguised himself, and placed a great rock in the middle of the road near his palace.

Next morning a peasant came that way with his ox-cart. "O, these lazy people!" said he; "there is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and no one will take the trouble to put it out of the way." And so Hans went on scolding about the laziness of the people.

Next came a gay soldier along. His head was held back so far that he didn't notice the stone, so he stumbled over it. He began to storm at the country people for leaving a huge rock in the road, then went on.

Next came a company of merchants. They filed by the rock and one of them said: "Did you ever see the like of that big stone lying here all the morning, and no one stopping to take it away?"

It lay there for three weeks, and no one tried to move it. Then the duke sent word for his people to meet on a certain day near where the rock was.

The day came, and a great crowd gathered. Old Hans, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants. A horn was heard, and a splendid cavalcade came galloping up. The duke got down from his horse, and began to speak to the people.

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here three weeks ago. Every passer-by has left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not taking it out of the way."

He stooped down and lifted up the stone. Directly under it was a hollow in which lay a small leathern bag. The duke held it up. On it were the words, "For him who lifts up the stone." He untied the bag and took from it a beautiful gold ring and twenty large, golden coins.

So they all lost the price because each wanted his neighbor to do what he might have easily done himself.

THERE is not a moment without some duty.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—MR. STANLEY has recently said: "At the present time there are over 1000 officials administering the laws of civilization in the Congo State, where twenty-three years ago there was but one white man. Thirty steamers now ply the waters of the Congo, and innumerable steam launches now cleave the waters of the great lakes. This year a navy will be placed upon the lakes; railways are now being constructed by the Belgian and German governments, and an English road has already been completed for a distance of forty miles. Over fifty missionary stations have been established, that precept and example may not be wanting for the regeneration of Africa. The old continent will never become what the new is, but the new state of Congo will become the nursery of the dark nations." And he speaks of the time when he wrote a letter urging that missionaries be sent, which was published in the *London Telegram*, and nearly 400,000 copies of the paper containing the letter were sold, and in a very short time money was subscribed toward equipping the first missionary station in Central Africa. Now there are scores of stations and over six thousand converts after years of ignorance and darkness.

—THERE is nothing more significant, says the *Missionary Link*, than the steady diffusion among Indian people of the Scriptures, and the increase in their supply. The Bible Society has six auxiliaries, including Ceylon. From the Calcutta centre alone the circulation in 1889 was over 100,000 copies, and this was 27,000 less than those issued by the latest return from Madras. Lahore follows with about 47,000; Bombay reports 40,000 for 1889, and Bangalore 14,000. As these numbers represent almost entirely genuine sales, they have all the more meaning for the future. Over 7000 copies last year were circulated in the zenanas by the agency of Bible women—a fact in itself of immense significance.

—A BLIND Indian who had become a Christian went to a missionary and said: "I want a bell and a hymn-book and a God-book." When asked why he wished them he said: "I live far away in a heathen village. If I can show the books to my friends they will, perhaps, believe what I tell them they contain and I will ring the bell for them to listen to me." He went away, and after a while the message came from his village asking for a missionary. The blind Christian was dead, but as long as he lived—a year and a half from the time of his visit—he kept tally of the Sundays, and when they came he would go through the village ringing his bell and singing his hymns and telling the "old, old story" as well as he could. Some of the hearers believed, and they wished to know more of Jesus.

—A CHINESE Christian lady gave her jewels to build an opium refuge, saying, "I have taken Christ for my adornment, and surely that is enough for any Christian woman."

—IRELAND.—The *British Weekly* gives the following figures on the population of Ireland from a religious standpoint: "Census 1881—Protestants, 1,212,943; Roman Catholics, 3,960,891; total, 5,173,834. Census 1891—Protestants, 1,156,306; Roman Catholics, 3,549,856; total, 4,706,162. Although the decrease of the population is to be regretted, it is pleasing to find that in the decade Protestants have gained 1½ per cent. over the Roman Catholics.

—THE London Missionary Society has a Polynesian mission with 20 English missionaries, 347 native ordained ministers, and 216 native preachers, 13,663 church members, 40,651 adherents, 13,445 in Sunday schools, and as many in day schools. The principle work is done in the Heroey, Samoan and Loyalty groups, and in New Guinea. In Rarotonga a training institution was established as far back as 1839, and in it hundreds of natives have been fitted for preaching and pastoral toil, and from thence have gone out through all the vast region of the South Pacific.

—ON the island of St. Thomas, there is a Lutheran congregation of 400 members, mostly negroes. An English translation of the Danish liturgy is used at the services. The congregation is usually served by a Danish Lutheran pastor.

—SWEDISH Lapmark, which comprises an eighth of Sweden, is inhabited by 6400 Laplanders, who lead a wandering life, and are very difficult to reach by the missionaries. The old, the sick and destitute are supported by the State; which has also contributed 2000 crowns to the Lapland mission.

—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 in 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."

—"I KNOW," said a Bengalee woman to a missionary, "that it is wrong to pray to idols of mud and wood; but if I stopped doing so, what will other people say?"

—MISSIONARY Horberg (Lutheran), in Persia, writes that the pupils of his Bible class, on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays visit the neighboring villages, and speak to the people upon religious matters. About twenty villages have been visited. The missionary recently visited the leper village near Tebris, and preached to the unfortunate people, who begged him to come again.

—THE owl is considered in India a bird of ill-omen. If it is heard to hoot at night, it is believed to be a harbinger of death. The Hindu believes that the bird waits and watches to do him evil. A child's name is never mentioned at night, lest an owl should hear it, and

the hateful bird repeat it every night, causing the child to pine away and die.

—IN Japan there is an idol that is almost covered with little bits of chewed-up paper. People with sores and pains chew up paper and then spit it at that part of the image where their own pain lies. If it strikes and adheres they believe they will be healed.

BOOK-TABLE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND CONVENTION OF THE ENGLISH EV. LUTHERAN SYNOD of Missouri and other States, held at St. Louis, Mo., May 20—26, 1891. Price, 15 cts. Address Mr. J. L. Singewald, 1408 W. Baltimore Str., Baltimore, Md.

This interesting Report of our English Lutheran Synod contains the President's Opening Address, Doctrinal Discussions on Theses concerning the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, Reports on business matters, and the Constitution of Synod. The pamphlet deserves a wide circulation and will, we doubt not, awaken greater interest in our English Lutheran Mission work.

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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1891.

No. 10.

Just A Little While.

When a sudden sorrow
Comes like cloud at night,
Wait for God's to-morrow;
All then will be bright.
Only wait and trust Him
Just a little while;
After evening teardrops
Shall come the morning smile.

F. R. H.

Luther, the Reformer of the Church.

There is but one Reformer of the Church—Dr. Martin Luther. God himself chose him and prepared him for the great work of the Reformation.

In early youth Luther learned the wisdom of the wise men of this world, but he found nothing in it, that could satisfy the yearnings of his soul. Anxious for his salvation, he entered the cloister. He got acquainted with the rottenness of the Romish system, which he in after years was to assail. He became a monk and a priest, and tried hard to find peace and rest by praying to the saints, by fasting, and by his own good works. But all in vain! There was no peace to be found in the way which was pointed out by the Romish church. And when Luther was near despair, God opened to him the Bible, which had been hidden from the people for centuries during the long reign of popery. From the Bible Luther learned the great difference between the true doctrine of God's Word and the false doctrines of the Romish church. He learned that the sinner is justified and saved, not by the deeds of the law, but by faith in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. Henceforth he took his stand on the Bible alone. And having himself found peace and salvation in the Gospel of Jesus, this Gospel became dear to his heart, and he loudly proclaimed it for the salvation of others, and defended it against all its enemies. He himself says, "In my heart reigns, and shall ever reign, this one article alone—faith in my dear Lord Jesus Christ, which is the beginning, middle and end of all my religious thoughts, by day and by night."

God himself also led Luther into the work of the Reformation. When Tetzel, the pope's agent, travelled through Germany, selling forgiveness of sins for money, and thus cheating the people out of their souls' salvation, Luther, on the 31st of October, 1517, nailed his 95 Theses against the church-door at Wittenberg. This was the beginning of the Reformation. But the thought of beginning the Reformation did not at that time enter Luther's mind. He himself says, "Who was I, a miserable and despised brother, looking then more like a corpse than a man, that I should set myself against the majesty of the pope, who was a terror not only to the kings of the earth and to the whole world, but also to heaven and hell, if I may so speak, and whose nod all must obey." Luther simply felt it his duty as Doctor of the Holy Scriptures and pastor of the church at Wittenberg, to lift up his voice against the scandalous doings of Tetzel. He even hoped that the pope would side with him and put a stop to the doings of his agent in Germany. But the pope and his men opposed the true Bible teachings, and Luther was forced step by step to defend the old Bible doctrines and to proclaim louder and louder the glad Gospel tidings of free grace in Jesus. Luther says, "I, Doctor Martin Luther, was called and forced to become a Doctor from mere obedience, without any choice of mine. I was forced to swear loyalty to my beloved Holy Scriptures, and to vow that I would preach them faithfully and purely. While doing this, popery obstructed my path and desired to stop me; but you see what has happened to it, and worse still will befall it; it shall not hinder me."

God also protected Luther against all his enemies. In the year 1520 Luther was expelled from the pope's sect. The emperor and the princes were commanded by the pope to deliver Luther up at Rome, or to put him to death themselves. A year later, after the Diet of Worms, the ban of the empire was pronounced against him. "No one was allowed to give him food or protection; every man was ordered to arrest him and to deliver him up to the emperor." Luther writes: "According to human laws, my enemies around me are authorized to kill me at sight. If Jesus Christ, under whose feet

the father has put all things, wills my death, His will be done. But if this is not His will, who then can murder me?" Again he writes: "I, poor brother as I am, have now started a new fire; I have made a large hole in the pope's pocket, and what is to become of me? Where will they get brimstone, and pitch, and fire, and wood enough, to burn the 'heretic' to ashes? Kill him, kill him, kill him! is their cry. But my time is not yet, my hour is not yet come. I have to stir up the generation of vipers yet more deeply." Luther did not fear his enemies; for he knew that his cause was God's cause, and that God could and would protect him against all dangers. And God did protect him. Witnesses of the truth had in former times been put to death by the pope, but Luther could not be harmed. God's time for the reformation of His Church had come. And Luther was God's chosen servant to carry out this reformation.

The Weary.

How many there are who are wearied in body, wearied in mind, wearied in head and in hand, simply because they are weary at heart. They have sought in vain for peace and rest; they are weary and worn, and the outward weariness is but an index of that inward unrest, which makes them "like the troubled sea," which casteth up mire and dirt. Oh, if they but knew the meaning of those words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," how soon they might change this anxious restlessness—for the deep-abiding, abounding "peace of God which passeth all understanding."

ONE evening when Luther saw a little bird perched on a tree, to roost there for the night, he said: "This little bird has had its supper, and now it is getting ready to go to sleep here, quite secure and content, never troubling itself what its food will be or where its lodging on the morrow. Like David it 'abides under the shadow of the Almighty.' It sits on its little twig content, and lets God take care."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Church and School Dedication at Meherrin, Va.

Sunday, the 6th of September, was a red-letter day for the colored mission at Meherrin, Va.; both for pastor and people. The pastor, Rev. D. H. Schooff, under whose faithful labor of nearly a year buildings for church and school purposes had been erected, could now rejoice at the completion of this kind of work, and the people could rejoice in the benefits thus assured to them. Their church and school were dedicated to the service of God, which means their spiritual and eternal salvation.

For the pastor especially there was, however, one sad feature about it. His efforts to procure an assistant in the dedication service proved in vain. At the dedication proper he was alone. After working so hard with the rude aid of the colored members, to build the church and school, he alone must preach the dedication sermon. No wonder the wearied heart sought the solitude of the surrounding forest, there to find relief in prayer and tears, before he ascended the pulpit to dedicate the buildings, to the completion of which he even on that morning had put the finishing stroke. But he was gratified with the sweetest gratification of a missionary—a good audience.

The undersigned would gladly have been with him. But duties in his own church in Richmond would not permit. As soon as they did, he took the afternoon train and arrived in time to preach in the evening at 8 o'clock. Again a good audience of colored people, and some white, was present to hear the word of God.

The sermon was on the text: Gen. 28, 16, 17. The Church, the house of God. What makes it such? God's presence; not in general, as He is everywhere present, but in especial, as with the operations of His grace by His Spirit in the Word and Sacraments—in the Gospel—Jacob's Ladder. And what the church is as such, namely, as the house of God: a "dreadful"—holy place; a delightful, blessed place—"the gate of heaven." This is an outline of the sermon in the evening, to which the audience listened with joyous attention.

And indeed they had and still have reason to be full of joy. The church and school are not only in every respect adequate, but an ornament to that Virginia village and the surrounding country. The two buildings are built together in the form of a cross. The top-piece of the cross, 12×16, forms the altar-niche. The broad cross-piece, 26×38, forms the church-room. The lower, long end of the cross, the school-room, 26×32, is built against the side of the church, leaving the latter to project 6 feet on either side, thus completing the cross.

The school-room is separated from the church-room by sliding doors, in pannels of six feet, which can all be rolled to one side into the six feet of offset between the school and the church; thus making, whenever you please, out of the

two one large, convenient and beautiful audience-room.

The whole inside is covered with wainscoting, and paneled. The ceilings are square arches, that of the church bending one way, and that of the school, another, making a most agreeable impression on the eye and lending ease to the voice.

The altar and pulpit are in good old Lutheran style.

The whole, outside and inside, is of wood; and all the wood is so-called old-field pine which only began its growth since the war, and which less than a year ago was humming to the breezes of the woods. Now the spot is cleared and its lumber is used to serve a higher sound and a clearer tone—the sound of the Gospel and the tone of truth.

In the angle of the cross, between the church and school, a steeple 8×8 rises to the height of 42 feet and is mounted with a wooden cross. It holds a bell weighing 900 lbs., a gift from Pastor Felton's church of Sheboygan, Wis. Entrance to both church and school is made through this steeple which also forms a vestibule to both. The whole cost the mission the modest sum of \$600.00, the work of the faithful missionary and members, of course, not counted. God make them a blessing unto many.

Richmond, Va. C. J. OEHLSCHLAEGER.

She Trusted Him.

One wet, foggy, muddy day a little girl was standing on one side of the street, in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet and mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansoms, omnibuses and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a Babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by. Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste; and she did not find the one she sought until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered timidly "Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street; and when he afterward told the story he said: "That little girl's trust was one of the greatest compliments I ever had in my life."

That man was the great Lord Shaftsbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received the honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.—*Exchange.*

A Grim Performance.

Indian papers describe a recent performance by which the leading Europeans of the station, one of them being the Governor of Madras, and another the Commander-in-Chief, sought to amuse themselves.

A local paper thus describes the affair:

"The great feature of a ball given at Ootacmund the other evening by Sir James Dormer, the Madras Commander-in-Chief, was a set of Lancers, danced by eight men attired as devils in black coats, knee breeches, black stockings, shoes, and black gauze wings, with long black tails and horns. When the first discordant crash of fiendish music was heard (the introduction to the 'Bogie Man Lancers') each devil seized a reluctant angel and dragged her to a place in the set. The angels were most becomingly attired in loose flowing robes of white, with silver girdles, and stars in their hair, flowing wing sleeves, and a big spray of lilies in their hands. . . . The devils danced with the most wonderful fiendish grace and agility, dragging their partners, whirling them round and pirouetting round them. They finished up with a wild, rapid waltz, ended by giving yells of triumph and truly unearthly shrieks."

Is it any wonder that the Christian people of the Madras presidency are indignant that those in authority should take part in a performance equally derogatory to their own official dignity and dishonoring to the name of Christian?

Is it any wonder that missionaries find their work hampered at every step by the examples set by nominal Christians?

Satan may well have sneered as he saw his servants boldly mocking him. That his children should make light of his claims, might well cause the Father of lies to feel that they were safe, that they would make no attempt to escape from his rule. Alas, that there should be a day coming when Satan will laugh, and the smiles of his dupes will be turned into wailing.

Security of the Sheep.

Jesus answered them, I told you, and ye believed not: the works that I do in My Father's name, they bear witness of Me. But ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand. I and My Father are one, John 10, 25—30.

It is a great comfort to people of commonplace gifts and talents to know that the measure of success, in the Master's sight at the last, will not be the largeness of result, but faithfulness in the use of what the Master has entrusted to us.

Luther and Lady Cotta.

The picture in this number of the PIONEER represents a scene from Luther's school days at Eisenach. After having attended school at Mansfeld and Magdeburg, Luther was sent to the Latin school in the city of Eisenach, where some of his mother's relatives were living. His parents hoped that he would there get some support from those relatives. But he received very little help, and, with other poor scholars, he had to go about singing from house to house for some food, and often he had to go to bed without having had anything to eat. God, however, took care of him. On one cold evening he, with the other boys, went out singing, and already they had sung at several houses without getting anything, when at last they came to the house of Cotta, an honorable and well-to-do citizen. They sang their hymn, and soon the door opened, and out came the lady of the house. She had recognized the clear, sweet voice of Luther, at which she had often been delighted in church. She took little Martin by the hand, led him into the house, and gave him some food. Luther there found a home and hospitable shelter, so that he could now devote all his time to his studies. He never forgot this kindness of the dear woman. After many years, when he was a professor, and Lady Cotta's son studied at the University, he took that son to his table, and in his writings he reared her a beautiful and lasting monument.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

A Girl-Martyr in the 19th Century.

About 60 years ago there lived in the southern part of Germany a girl by the name of Victoria. Her parents and relatives were all strict Roman Catholics and so she was also brought up in that faith. She was, however, a bright, intelligent girl, and exceedingly fond of reading. Now there happened to be some Lutherans among her neighbors of whom she borrowed a Bible, which she secretly read. She compared the word of God with what her priests taught, and found a great difference between the two; she saw that what she had so far believed was against the word of truth. Her spirit became disturbed and she was often sad because she was obliged to go to the Roman Catholic church, against which she felt a growing aversion. One day her father surprised her as she was about to hide her Bible in a closet. "What have you there?" he asked, and immediately snatched the book from her hands. He turned to the first page and read. Looking at his daughter maliciously, he asked, "Where did you get that heretical book? You will not tell me? All right, then." He went to the kitchen, tore up the book leaf by leaf,

and threw it into the fire. He then returned to his daughter, and shaking her violently said, "Let me tell you that if I ever find anything of the kind with you again, you are done for."

Victoria thus lost the Bible, but the evangelical faith was already deeply seated in her heart. Although she was only 14 years old, she was resolved to keep the truth she had learned, no matter what it might cost. She went to the Lutheran church near by as often as she possibly could. There she strengthened and comforted herself in the company of the faithful. But her father heard of this from friends. One Sunday when she returned from the Lutheran church, she was met at the door by her father. "Come, my child," he said



Luther and Lady Cotta.

kindly, "I have something to tell you." He led her to the barn and locked the door. Then he threw her down and taking up a thick stick, he cried, "You devil of a child, I'll make a Lutheran of you." With that he began beating her until she was senseless. When she regained consciousness, she was alone. She raised herself up, and lifting her hands to heaven said: "Lord, strengthen me, that I may remain faithful." Then she went to the well, washed the blood from her hands and face, and hastened to her chamber. There she again fainted until her mother came and helped her to bed. For several days she could not move on account of great pains. When she had finally regained her health, she at once went to the Lutheran pastor, told him what she had suffered, and at length asked, "What shall I do?" The pastor advised her to speak openly to her father and to tell him that she could not honestly remain in the Roman Catholic church.

So she went home and spoke to her father as she had been advised to do. As soon as he had heard what she had to say, he again led her to the barn. There he tied her to a wagon with an iron chain and with ropes. When she was tied, he said to her scornfully, "Now you may stay there, until your cursed soul leaves your body. I am anxious to see if your Lutheran God will help you." Then he beat her till he was tired out, and went away. For three days she remained there bound, and nobody brought her food or drink. But every morning her father came and asked her, if she still intended to remain a Lutheran, and when she said, "Yes," he beat her till the blood came, and then went away. The Lutheran pastor in the mean time waited from one day to the other for Victoria to tell him how things were going on. As she did not come to him, he began to grow anxious, because he knew her violent father from what she had told him. So, on the fourth day, he went to see the man. But before he could enter the house, the father called to him, "Do you want to seduce me too? If you come in, I will set the dog on you." The pastor turned and went on. Returning home, he took another road and walked by a path at the back of the village. As he passed the barn of Victoria's father, he heard a low moaning. He approached the barn and asked, "Is it you, Victoria?" She answered in a weak voice, "Yes, they want to starve me here. I have had nothing to eat for three days." He consoled her: "Remain steadfast, my daughter; things will be changed by to-morrow." As soon as he got home, he reported what he had heard to the magistrate, who immediately looked into the matter. The young martyr was set free the same day. She was so weak and sick, that she had to be nursed carefully for some time, before she entirely recovered. Her father was

punished. When he was discharged from prison, he cursed his daughter; he would not see her again. Victoria then went into service in a Lutheran family, and without being disturbed again, attended the church she had learned to love. When she became of age, she was received into full communion of the church in which she had found salvation. —p—

A Pillow for Jesus.

A little boy read from his Testament the words: "The Son of man hath not where to lay His head." He sobbed aloud. His mother asked him what was the matter. At last, as well as his sobs would let him, he said:

"If I had been there, I would have given Him my pillow."

Every little boy and girl has a chance to give a pillow for Jesus—if he gives one to the least of His disciples.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM the letter of Rev. Oehlschlaeger in this number of the PIONEER our readers will learn that God is prospering our mission at Meherrin, Va. Our colored people there recently dedicated with joy and thanksgiving their new church and school-building to the service of God. May the Lord continue to bless the people of Meherrin!

—THE Rev. Bakke having accepted the call to work among the colored people in North Carolina, Rev. F. Lanckenau, a graduate of our Springfield Seminary, has become his successor in New Orleans and has already entered that important field of labor.

—THE pulpit of our colored church at Little Rock, Ark., is still vacant. May God soon supply this our oldest missionary station.

—NOT less than 4,000,000 copies of the Scriptures, whole or in part, were circulated last year by the British and Foreign Bible Society—an increase of 130,000 over the year 1889. Altogether the society has issued ninety-five versions of the Scriptures and circulated 120,000,000 copies in three hundred languages. On account of the enlarged openings for the distribution of the Bible, a strong endeavor is being made to improve the society's returns. During the first six months of 1890 it is said that 21,000 copies of the publications of the Bible Society were sold in the city of Rome and its environments, and that the New Testament has been adopted in many of the schools as a reading book.

—WHEN the Moravian Church had but 600 members it began to send out foreign missionaries. The *Mission Field of the Reformed Church* says, in comment: "Suppose every church of 600 members supported one foreign missionary. And they could easily do it. One dollar a member."

—THE Board of Directors of the London Missionary Society has decided to add 100 additional missionaries to the society's staff before the centenary is celebrated in 1895. This will involve an increased annual expenditure of not less than \$25,000. Their present force includes 138 ordained missionaries. The native force is very large, including 1224 ordained preachers and 4195 teachers and helpers. The fields occupied by the society are South Africa (Namaqualand and Bechuanaland), China (Canton, Amoy, Shanghai, Hankau, Wuchang, Tientsin, Peking, etc.), India (Bengal, Madras, Travancore), Madagascar, and a large number of the islands of the South Pacific.

—THE Livingstonia Mission of the Scotch Free Church began its mission among the 'Ngoni more than a year since. This proud and war-loving people dwell on the highlands west of Lake Nyassa. The annual report of this work is encouraging, and a good impression has been made upon the people. The Sunday is kept, and good and attentive audiences are secured. A brick school house, 64 by 20 feet, has been built. At the Sunday morning service the wives

of the chief and their children take the lead. In October last, the chief, Mtwaro, who was much beloved by his people, died. Before his death he charged his son and his headmen to treat the missionaries well. His son, who is now his successor, is a nice young man, twenty-three years of age, who has been a regular attendant at school and a faithful pupil. It was feared that with his new responsibilities and honors he would be turned from his previous course of life, but on the day he put off his mourning he came for a lesson, and promised to come to the school as often as he could.

—A SWEDISH Lutheran mission society has opened two mission stations in Alaska.

—THERE comes a great cry from Africa. One chief writes, "Rum has ruined my country." All appeals to the civil authorities of the countries from which it is exported have been refused. The largest part of the rum shipped to Africa and the Pacific Islands comes from the United States.

—LEPERS in India were treated with shocking inhumanity before Christianity entered that country. Many of them were buried alive. The English rulers have put a stop to this custom, and for fourteen years there has been a special Christian mission to the 135,000 lepers in India.

—THE *Missionary Herald* in its July number reported a letter from Bishop Tucker, then at Uganda, Africa, giving some account of the remarkable opening in that region. Speaking of the congregations in Uganda, he says: "Every Sunday a church, built by themselves, is simply crowded from end to end. A little after sunrise you hear the tramp of many feet. What can it be? Why, the people are coming in crowds to the house of God, and there they sit, either singly or in groups, reading their Testaments and prayer books, and being instructed by the better instructed among themselves. It is a great feature of the work in Uganda that the people teach one another. There are numbers of Christians in the country who have learned to read, and have learned to know Christ, who have never been taught by any white man at all." Bishop Tucker believes that the people of Uganda have such a peculiar aptitude for teaching that the evangelists already set apart, and others like them in days to come, will prove most efficient laborers for the kingdom of Christ. They will be supported entirely by the native Church, and he believes that from among these people a great company of preachers can be raised up to carry the Gospel message throughout the interior of Africa. The people of Uganda show a great love for reading, so that many of them will do three months' work very readily for a New Testament. Bishop Tucker speaks of a sister of the late King Mtesa, a very taciturn woman, who came several days to see him, but sat in silence. At last she summoned courage enough to ask for a New Testament. The change that came over that woman when she got her new possession was remarkable. "She smiled, she laughed,

she clapped her hands, and I almost thought she would sing, but at any rate she told us her spirit was singing within her for joy."

—THE printing of the whole Bible in the language of the Sunda Islands (Dutch East Indies) is now complete, as appears by the *Organ* of the Netherlands Missionary Society. Between three hundred and four hundred persons have been engaged upon it.

—MORAVIAN WORK.—The work of the Moravian Church since 1732, has spread rapidly, and at present there are 135 stations in many lands, with 87,263 persons in congregations. The missions are in Greenland, Labrador, among North American Indians, in the British and Danish West Indies, in South America (Surinam and Demerara), Central America (Mosquito Coast), South Africa, Australia, N. W. India (Thibet), Alaska. Above 40,000 members of the congregations are British subjects. There are 355 European and native missionaries employed in the various fields; 20,629 scholars are under instruction in 235 day schools, and more than 15,000 scholars in 113 Sunday schools.

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.
F. LANCKENAU, 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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1891.

No. 11.

"Blessed Are Those Servants."

Blessèd are the faithful servants
Who are watching for the Lord:
They shall meet His full approval,
They receive His great reward:
With their Lord shall enter in,
Dwell forever with their King.

Blessèd are the faithful servants
Who are toiling all the day,
Bearing all the heat and burden
Of the earthly, pilgrim way;
They shall enter into rest—
With the Lord be ever blest.

Blessèd are the faithful servants
Who are watching unto prayer,
Overcoming fierce temptation,
Casting on the Lord their care:
They shall reach the blessèd shore,
Where the tempter tempts no more.

Blessèd are the faithful servants
Who with meekness bear the cross,
For the love that Jesus bears them
Counting all things else but loss;
Soon their sufferings shall be o'er,
And the cross be felt no more.

Blessèd are the faithful servants
Who the Master's battles fight;
Causing right o'er wrong to triumph,
Chasing darkness with the light:
More than victors they shall be,
Crown'd with joy eternally.

Blessèd are the faithful servants
Who the Saviour's impress wear;
Soon they shall be wholly like Him,
And His perfect image bear:
They shall see Him as He is,
In the land of light and bliss.

Selected.

Holding On.

An infidel passing through the shadows that hang around the close of life, and finding no rest and peace for his soul in the dying hour, was told by his infidel friends to "hold on". He answered, "I have no objection to holding on, but will you tell me what to hold on by?"

Here is a question which men will do well to consider before they reach the last bitter hour. If they are to hold on, what are they to hold on by? Where is their trust? Where is their confidence? What certainty have they as they go down into the dark shadows of death?

Surely a man who comes to his dying hour needs something better than infidelity can give him; he needs Him who is the resurrection and the life, who has conquered death and triumphed over the grave, and who alone can lead us through the shadows of the valley of death into the bright light of eternal glory and joy.

In his dying hour the Christian holds on to Jesus with the hand of faith. He can therefore say, "Though I walk through the shadow of the valley of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." As the things of this world pass away, Jesus and the things which He has prepared for His children in heaven occupy the Christian's mind.

"Talk to me of Jesus," said an aged Christian, when on the banks of the river that was soon to bear him away. "Tell me of Him whom my soul loveth, and of the many mansions 'where He dwells with his own' in glory, and where I shall 'soon see Him as He is.' It is the news of the Master's household, I long to hear; advancement of His cause, and the progress of His kingdom. Do not tell me of things that are passing away. I care not for them. This world and all its possessions must soon be burned up, and wherefore should they dwell in my affection? I have a home that fire cannot touch; a kingdom and a crown that fade not away; and why should I be concerned about affairs of the day?"

Flee from the Wrath to Come!

One fine morning the boats sailed out into the sea. But during the day the wind rose, and when evening came, the sea that had sparkled in the bright sunny morning was tossed up and down in high billows. The thick clouds made the darkness set in early, and everything about and above seemed to tell that there would be a stormy night. Most of the fishing-boats had come back and found shelter in the village harbor.

But there was one fishing-boat that had sailed out with the rest that fine morning, but which did not come back with the others. The men on board knew the wind was rising, they knew

the storm would come, they knew the harbor was open for them; but trusting in their own strength they thought they could brave the wind, and did not heed its warning voice, and would not seek shelter in the harbor. And so the darkness came on, and the deeper tones of the howling storm sounded over the sea, and the boat was seized and driven on to the rocks that lined the coast, and was dashed to pieces by the fury of the angry waves, which, as if in triumph, leaped and danced to the wild music of the howling storm. The next morning's sun rose over a miserable and total wreck.

My dear reader, there is a storm coming from which you must seek shelter. The black clouds of the Judgement Day are rising, and therefore God warns men to flee from the wrath to come. Let us heed the signs of our time! The spread of infidelity among the high and the low, the spread of false doctrines, the growth of the pope's antichristian kingdom, the many disasters on the land and on the sea, the preaching of the Gospel in all the world as a witness unto all the nations—all tell us that the day of the Lord is at hand, which "will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up," 2 Peter 3, 10.

There is only one place of shelter against the coming storm. There is only one place of safety opened by God for all sinners. There is only one harbor of grace pointed out to us in the Gospel. Which is it? It is—Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. He that bled and died for our sins upon the cross comes to us in the Gospel and is ready to receive and to keep all that believe in Him. He is our only refuge. Let us flee to Him from the wrath to come. Having found shelter and rest in Him, we need not fear the coming storm. The day of the Lord's coming to judge the quick and the dead will be a day of joy to us. The strong arms of Jesus will carry us away from the storm, away from the clashing elements, into the haven of everlasting rest and heavenly joy.

"O sinner, seek His grace
Whose wrath you can not bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Faith.

What a wonderful, powerful, glorious thing is faith. It brings the Lord of lords and the King of kings into communion and fellowship with lost and condemned sinners. It cleanses the heart. It purifies the soul and makes it a dwelling-place for the Most High. It unites the soul to Christ as a bride to her bridegroom, and hence the church of God is, as Luther says, "the Lady and Empress of heaven and earth."

Faith gives the sinner power to overcome the world, to suppress evil desires, to mortify the deeds of the body, to crucify the flesh, and to resist the devil with all his pomp and power. It gives the faithful believer the victory over sin, death and hell.

O what a glorious thing is faith, that can raise fallen man to such great honor and dignity and make him a conqueror over all his enemies.

Faith teaches the sinner, the ungodly man, to put away his sins, to give his heart to God, and to love, because he is loved. It gives him a new heart, i. e., a new spiritual sight and hearing, which he did not have before, new desires, a new will-power, and a new glorious light in his soul, so that he can see and realize, that his sins are forgiven, that Christ is his Saviour, and that he himself, who was lost, is found and delivered from the jaws of death and hell. And out of this blessed assurance flows that sublime peace with God, that passeth all understanding.

My dear reader, have you this faith, and have you realized its power and its blessings?

Faith, we are told, is *the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen* (Heb. 11, 1.); for faith clings to the Word of God and firmly trusts in what *He hath said*. It is not governed by the unsteady thoughts and feelings of the human soul, but lifts itself up into a higher sphere and simply trusts in the Lord, being assured that *He is both able and willing to do as He hath said*. Thus, through various trials and tribulations, the faithful believer learns to prove the things not seen.

True faith is always active and can not remain quiet, because it is a living power from above that enlightens the soul and gives it life and joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, who is the living Spirit of God and urges all those in whom *He dwells* to be vigilant and active in doing good. Hence faith works through love and is the gift of God. It teaches us to love our Bible, to love our church, to love our neighbor, and to strive earnestly in all things to do *His will*, who loved us and gave Himself for us.

"Lord Jesus, Thou dost love me;
O spread Thy wings above me,
And shield me from alarm;
When Satan would devour me,
Let angels then sing o'er me,
'This child of God shall meet no harm.'"

O.

About China.

If we could dig a hole through the earth we would come out in a country called China. That is to say, China lies on the opposite side of the earth from that on which we live. It is a very large country, having more than 5,500,000 square miles of territory. It has 1700 cities. If one would go through this country from north to south he would travel about 1474 miles. It embraces about one-tenth of the earth.

There are a great many people in China—perhaps 400,000,000. About one-fourth of the people in the world live in this country. The Chinese have a parchment colored skin, very black, coarse hair, oblique eyes, high cheek bones, and are of average height. Some of them have found their way into almost all our cities, and most of my readers have seen specimens of these people.



CHINESE GIRL.

China is a very old country. Its history dates back over four thousand years. When our land was covered with forests, and inhabited only by Indians, and when England and all Europe was the home of barbarians, China had a people about as learned and civilized as it has to-day.

Might we, then, just as well have been born in China? No; for the Chinese know not God. They may be wise and clever, but they know nothing of our Lord Jesus Christ. Are they not to be pitied? They are heathens, although not so depraved as other heathen nations. About 2400 years ago there lived a great man in China by the name of Confucius. He was ignorant of the true God, but he taught the people many good things. He taught them to obey their parents and rulers, to be kind to one another, and other things all of which were of use for this life alone. He taught them nothing that could comfort them in death. He did their

poor souls no good. Yet these people still hold Confucius as a sort of God—at least many of them offer sacrifices to him.

The Chinese have millions of idols. They have many strange customs, none more so, perhaps, than that of worshipping their ancestors. They will fall down and say prayers at the tombs of their deceased parents and grandparents, and perform various rites at certain seasons, as a means of worshipping their dead.

They do not seem to worry about death. They have no concern about the life after death. They trouble themselves more about the coffin in which the body must rest after death, than about their soul's welfare. The coffin is often secured, at least ordered, before death. Sometimes a child shows his love for his father or mother by presenting a coffin to them.

Women are treated cruelly in China. They are looked upon as being far below man. It is considered almost a disgrace, at least a misfortune, when a girl babe is born into the family. Many female children are drowned, buried alive, or killed in some other way. Some of them are kept a while and then sold as slaves, or as wives. A husband may beat, starve, or sell his wife. Surely, it is a great blessing to us that we were not born in China.

But it is not so bad in China now, as it used to be. Christians are at work, preaching to these poor people the Gospel of our Lord Jesus. Some eighty years ago missionary work was begun in this land by Protestant Christians. The Chinese did not trust the missionaries. They thought that the white people wanted to deceive them. There were many difficulties to overcome before mission work could be carried on successfully in this country. Among other things, the Chinese language was hard to learn. It was a difficult task to translate the Bible into this language. But this and other difficulties have been overcome. To-day there are hundreds of missionaries at work in China, and many thousands of these people believe in the same Jesus, and look forward to the same salvation that fills our hearts with joy and gladness.—*Missionary.*

True Definition of Christ.

For, indeed, Christ is no cruel exactor, but a forgiver of the sins of the whole world. Wherefore, if thou be a sinner (as indeed are we all), set not Christ down upon the rainbow as a judge, but take hold of His true definition—namely, that Christ, the Son of God and of the Virgin, is a Person not that terrifieth, not that afflicteth, not that condemneth us of sin, not that demandeth an account of us for our life of evil passed, but hath given Himself for our sins, and with one oblation hath put away the sins of the whole world, hath fastened them upon the cross, and put them clean out by Himself.

Luther.

Carl Guetzlaff.

Carl Guetzlaff was born in Pomerania, on the 8th day of June 1803. His parents were poor. Therefore little Carl had to learn the belt-maker's trade. Once it happened that the king of Prussia came to Stettin. Carl heard of it, and, desiring to honor his king, as well as make known to him his earnest desire of serving his Heavenly King as a preacher of the Word, the seventeen-year-old boy set to work and composed a poem. In this he expressed the longing of his heart. The king was well pleased with the production. He therefore gave the youth into the hands of the venerable pastor Jaenecke in Berlin. He was afterwards put into the Mission house at Rotterdam. This took place in 1823. In 1826 the Hollandish Missionary Society sent him to Batavia. Here and in the vicinity he labored for several years with marked success. He also learned the Chinese language while here. In 1828 Guetzlaff went to Siam, laboring there until 1831. Here he married a wealthy English lady. But this did not induce him to desert the ranks of the Lord's servants. On the contrary, he took the money and supported himself, thus relieving the Missionary Society. He longed to go to China. Before leaving Siam, he was seized by a violent sickness. He also lost his wife and child by death. Nothing daunted, he set out for the shores of China as soon as he was sufficiently restored.

At first, Guetzlaff accepted the invitation of a Chinese trader, who was his friend, to go with him to Tunzin, a city in the northern part of China. Although he was then only twenty-eight years of age, Guetzlaff was a thorough Chinese. His very features were strikingly like those of the natives. His dress, his speech, his manners, and even his name were Chinese; for he had adopted the name Shiki. The sailors imagined that the heavy boxes of books contained gold, and, therefore, our missionary was in danger of being killed by them. Whenever the ship stopped, he was busy in spreading the Gospel among the people. To this end he would preach and distribute books. When he arrived at Tunzin, he was at once greeted by some Chinese with whom he had formed an acquaintance while yet in Siam. Knowing that he was also a physician, many came to have their cumbrous lump of clay adjusted again, never, however, thinking that their soul needed much more attention. But the wise physician always added a book to his medicine. During his stay here he found a home in the house of a rich merchant. After a four weeks' sojourn he left to explore other places. After six months we find him in Macao. From here he sailed on a war vessel which was to visit the sea provinces, Corea, Japan and other places. The government had indeed given strict orders that no foreign ships should be permitted to land, but the officers were too cowardly to prevent the English ship from doing so. Guetzlaff acted as interpreter and was received with kindness

everywhere. He always employed every opportunity to preach and to distribute books. He experienced little of the hatred which the Chinese have for all that is foreign. The officers even regretted that the orders were so stringent. It happened, however, in Amoy, that the Mandarins had those whipped who had accepted any of his books. A few weeks later Guetzlaff undertook a third voyage along the shores of China. This time he took sail in a fast ship and supplied himself with three times as many books as before. Whenever he would land at a place where he had been before, he was greeted as a friend. The people crowded about him to get some of his books, calling to mind the time when Jesus had to get into a boat because they pressed upon Him. Ah, how do the heathen put us cold, cold, careless Christians to shame! In 1833 he made a fourth journey and met with equally encouraging success.

Guetzlaff could not, however, venture to settle at any place, since the emperor forbade even commercial intercourse with strangers, whom he called *strange devils*. The Christian books he called degenerated and filthy writings which the barbarians were trying to smuggle into the country under the pretext that they were moral. From 1834 to 1837 Guetzlaff remained in Macao. By his labors *The society for the spreading of useful knowledge in China* was founded, also *The Chinese Magazine*. In spite of the prohibitory order of the government a revised edition of the New Testament was published. In 1838 a society of physicians was formed, which established hospitals throughout the land. In a few years these places were visited by 10,000 sick who were all brought under the sound of the Gospel and were supplied with Christian books.

Besides, Guetzlaff had a special school, and would occasionally make excursions into the interior of the country. In one city he gained the rights of a citizen. He had also learned the Japanese language from some ship-wrecked sailors. When, however, Guetzlaff, in company with Parker and Williams, tried to visit Japan, he was driven away with cannons. In the meanwhile hostilities broke out between China and England, namely, the disgraceful Opium war. This hindered the spreading of the Gospel for some time. Guetzlaff was appointed to a government position under the English at Macao, without, however, ceasing to labor in the calling of a missionary.

When peace was restored, he himself presented each of the Chinese ambassadors with a New Testament, telling them that it is the Revelation of God who is the Lord of heaven and earth, and who gave His only begotten Son that He might redeem all the nations of the earth. Now China was opened, at least comparatively, for as yet strangers were allowed to go into the country for a certain distance only. As a result no less than 16 missionary societies began to send their men to China. In order to do more work, Guetzlaff hit upon the idea of employing native helpers. Therefore he set to

work to prepare such. In a short time he had no less than 200 such native helpers. These he sent out among the people to preach and to distribute books. They found entrance where a European would have knocked in vain. In order to solicit the help of European Christians, Guetzlaff undertook a journey thither. Urged by his warmth, a Ladies' Society, with the Queen of Prussia at its head, was organized. The object of this society was to found and carry on a foundlings' hospital. The missionary society of Basel and others were induced to send men. But in the midst of his work of arousing interest among his brethren this faithful man was called home. This occurred on the 9th day of August, 1851, at the age of 48 years. His last words were: "It is finished."

Little Missionary.

The Doctor and the Poor Woman.

Dr. Rush had just finished one of the finest houses in the city. He had taken great care and spent much money in furnishing it. The carpets, mirrors and furniture were made to order and were very elegant. The most beautiful pictures were hung in it. The most costly statuary was placed here and there. And the doctor invited many of his friends to come and see his fine house. He took great pleasure in showing them through it.

One day, before the doctor had moved in, he was standing in front of his house when an elderly woman, named Mary, passed. Mary did washing and house-cleaning for a living. She had worked at the doctor's house, and he knew her well. She was a pious soul, and everybody had respect for her. But she was quite poor. The doctor thought he would like to show her through his fine house, just to see how she would be impressed at seeing so much grandeur. So he said, "Come, Mary, let me show you through my house." Mary went with him. The doctor showed her all the beautiful things there. She looked at them, but said nothing. She did not seem to be as much impressed as the doctor expected. When they got through he said, "Well, Mary, what do you think of my house?"

"It's very fine, sir, indeed; and I'm ever so much obliged to you for letting me see it. But it doesn't begin to compare with the house I'm going to move into before long. Let me read you a little about this house." And she took from her pocket a little Testament and began to read to him from the last chapter in Revelations. It was certainly a good way to cause the worldly-minded doctor to think of death and eternity.

"THOU, God, seest me"—when I do wrong; therefore I will be warned—when I do right; therefore I will be encouraged—when I am tempted; therefore I will be valiant—when I suffer; therefore I will be patient.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—ON the 17th Sunday after Trinity the Rev. Bakke was installed by Rev. Phifer as missionary among the colored people at Concord, North Carolina. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and about 20 adults attended the services. On the Sunday following Rev. Bakke delivered his first sermon before a large audience, some of whom had come some distance from the country. Our missionary has already begun work at another missionary station, about eight miles from Concord. He reports the field to be ripe unto the harvest. The people are poor, but to the poor the Gospel is preached. They are glad to hear the joyful tidings of salvation and to be instructed in the Lutheran catechism.

—As another mission field is opened to our missionaries, more money is needed for our mission work. This must not be forgotten.

—OUR mission among the colored people at Springfield, Ill., is still prospering under the faithful labors of Rev. Knabenschuh. The services and the Sunday school are very well attended, and the Word of God is not preached in vain. Fifteen adults are at present attending the catechism class and are to be confirmed at Christmas time.

—Two colored students are attending our Lutheran Seminary at Springfield, Ill., preparing themselves for our mission work among the colored people.

—THE English Church Missionary Society have adopted the plan of never refusing a candidate for missionary appointment on the ground of insufficiency of money to pay salary. If there is urgent need in the mission field for the appointment, it is made.

—AMONG the missionary ships devoted to the cause of missions is the "Day-spring," a vessel given by the Sunday school children of Nova Scotia, and doing service among the New Hebrides Islands. The children of England contributed money to build several ships bearing the name of the martyr missionary of Eromanga, "John Williams."

—THE pope calls himself "a poor prisoner." But he is a queer prisoner, indeed. The Vatican, the palace in which he lives, has eleven thousand rooms, including every department for every purpose known to a modern palace, or even State or municipality. There are chapels, libraries, museums, council chambers, salons, parlor, reception-rooms, dining-halls, chambers, and apartments for seven hundred servants, besides the great St. Peter's Cathedral, with its thirty chapels. Connected with these are large and beautiful parks and gardens. Add to these 370 churches in Rome, which support five thousand priests and officials. The pope has also a swiss guard uniformed in silk to guard his enormous wealth, which is accumulating at the rate of many millions a year. His libraries and galleries of statuary and paintings are the largest and finest in the world, and in Rome

he can number as his faithful adherents forty cardinals and eighty bishops, each with his separate court and retainer numbering about fifty thousand persons. He has more than any other monarch in the world, and is no more a prisoner than they. If he shuts himself up and calls himself a captive, it does not make him one, but places him before the world as a pretender, whose motive must be to draw sympathy and "Peter's pence."

—IN London a wonderful book has made its appearance several months ago. It contains the Lord's Prayer printed in 300 different languages, and in every case in the letters of these languages.

—THE Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., editor of the *Missionary Review*, says: "At present the exact number of missionaries is 5994. But for the native laborers who outnumber ours almost seven times, our work would come almost to a standstill, with one missionary, on the average, to 166,000 unevangelized. The Church should robe herself in sackcloth and ashes at the remembrance of the fact that, in the nineteenth century, it takes nearly 6000 Protestant church members to supply one missionary."

—A PASTOR tells this story: A poor man, who had a large family, gave them a very comfortable support while he was in health. But he broke his leg, and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lank, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door, with an ox-goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. "Father could not attend this meeting," he said, "but he sent his prayers, and they are out in the cart." They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork and corn. Many who pray would do well, we fancy, sometimes to send their prayers in that way.

—IN Wisconsin, some years ago, a missionary so interested the Indians in church work that they made up their minds they must have a good building to worship God in. So they agreed that every one must do something toward that object. The men worked every Saturday for the church, and the women and children devoted a part of their time to tasks which would bring in a few cents to the cause. At length the new church was built, but it was of wood, and in a little while it was destroyed by fire. Then the Indians determined to build one of brick and stone. After years of self-denial they raised some thousands of dollars, and for safe keeping put it in a bank, which failed, and that was the last of the money. But the Indians will not give up yet, and are trying to get another sum of money together for the same purpose.

—OF 120,000,000 women in India, 40,000,000 are in zenanas and 23,000,000 are widows, and about one in every 800 is under instruction. At present there are between 100 and 200 missionaries there.

—THE Galla children, who are now in the Lovedale Institution in South Africa, are so eager in their studies that at the close of the term they begged for the books they are to use during the next session, in order that they may be studying during vacation. And with great simplicity they asked their teachers, "What do you want any vacation for?"

—A MISSIONARY in Travancore observed one morning, some years ago, a native approaching his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it, he laid on the ground a sack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols. "What have you brought these here for?" said the missionary; "I do not want them." "You have taught us that we do not want them, sir," said the native; "but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?" The hint was taken; they were sent to a bellfounder in Cochin, and by him made into a bell, which is now used to summon the native converts to praise and prayer.

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.
F. LANKENAU, 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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIII.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1891.

No. 12.

Christmas Hymn.

I.

'Tis come! 'tis come! the gladsome morn!
The waiting ages wait no more;
To-day the Christ of God is born!
Him let all earth and heaven adore.

Hail, Star of Promise! Jacob's Star,
That in its destined hour appears!
Hail, longed-for Dayspring, seen afar
Down the dim track of lingering years.

The Son of David! Lo, He sleeps,
On the sweet mother's bosom laid:
No princely guard the manger keeps,
No royal homage there is paid.

But softly on the quivering air
Floats the low hum of rustling wings,
The hosts of God glad tidings bear,
And wake glad strains from myriad strings.

Glad tidings of great joy to men!
Glad tidings! Shout them earth around;
Till desert waste and lonely glen
Shall catch and echo back the sound.

II.

Welcome, O mortals, Christ your King!
Jesus, Redeemer, call His name;
All grace and truth He comes to bring,
Life, pardon, peace, His lips proclaim.

Where sin and death and sorrow spread
O'er peopled realms the gloom of night,
He, the bright Morning Star, shall shed
O'er the wide world celestial light.

Ye troubled hearts that long have borne
The weary weight of guilt and fears;
Ye wanderers, hopeless and forlorn,
Behold your Saviour! Dry your tears!

Earth long accursed shall smile again,
Enrobed with Eden's primal bloom;
And God Himself shall dwell with men,
And hope immortal cheer the tomb!

Selected.

“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.*

Good Tidings of Great Joy.

The Christmas tidings are good tidings of great joy. The angel that brought these tidings to the shepherds in the holy Christmas night said to them, “Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.” And what tidings did he bring? He said, “Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” Angels' voices were raised in joyful song when these tidings were brought to our sinful world. And should not these tidings be good tidings of great joy to us for whom that Saviour came. It was *our* Saviour that was born in the holy Christmas night at Bethlehem. These tidings should indeed fill every sinner's heart with joy. We sinners need this Saviour. Our sins brought the curse and wrath of a just and holy God upon us. Without a Saviour we are lost forever. Without a Saviour there is no beam of joy to gladden our lives, no star of hope in the dark hour of death. Without a Saviour man's life in this world would simply be a journey to eternal damnation.

No creature in heaven or on earth could be our Saviour. Our Saviour must be God, for God's own power was necessary to bear the great punishment of the world's sin. Our Saviour must also be a man in order to suffer and to die. O wonderful love of God! He sent His own Son into this world to become our Saviour. “When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons,” Gal. 4, 4, 5. The Son of God was born of the virgin Mary, He became man, a member of our human family, a brother of ours, like unto us in all things, but without sin. Wonderful gift of God! The Babe of Bethlehem, at whose manger we worship in the holy Christmas time, is God and Man in one person. The Lord of heaven and earth became a lowly infant. The angel therefore calls that Child born at Bethlehem “*Christ the Lord*”. This God-Man is our Redeemer, our Saviour. He took upon Himself our sins and bore God's wrath in our stead. He is my Saviour, and your Saviour, dear reader, and

the Saviour of every sinner. The angel plainly says, “I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all people*.” All people—there is none shut out. To the rich and the poor, to the high and the low, to the colored and the white, to the old and the young, to every sinner the glad Christmas tidings bring the Saviour from all sins and woe.

What shall we do? Let the children tell you that gather round their Christmas trees. What do they do on beholding their Christmas gifts? Why, they take them and rejoice over them. That is what we must do. We must take the Saviour who comes to us in the Christmas Gospel. We must take Him as *our* Saviour. What a happy Christmas we shall then have! Our hearts will be filled with true Christmas joy, and in true faith we can triumphantly cry out in the face of sin, death, devil, and hell: We do not fear; for unto us is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

To all our readers we wish such a happy Christmas.

A Gift of Love.

God's gift of His Son was a gift of love. Was God to gain anything from us that would repay Him for sending His Son in the flesh? Thousands of our race go down to the grave without ever having said so much as God be thanked for the gift of a Saviour; multitudes have known the name of Jesus Christ only as giving them another oath to swear by; while by those that have known the Saviour best, His mercy has been but poorly acknowledged. It could have been only from a love that is infinite, that God gave us His Son. And thus the Scriptures say: “God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son.” “Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” Surely it must have been that He loved me before the foundations of the world, said an humble Christian, for He can have seen nothing in me since to love.

THE Incarnation teaches man the greatness of his misery, by showing how great a remedy was needful.—*Pascal.*

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

† Oscar Kuhlmeier. †

To the memory of a young student of theology by this name, these lines are dedicated. A little over a year ago he had interrupted a course of studies at our seminary at Springfield, Ill., and had come to Little Rock, Ark., temporarily to fill a vacancy in our Colored Lutheran Mission, caused by the removal of Rev. G. Allenbach to Independence, Kans. He died suddenly on the 3d of November, after a brief illness of about ten days, with a congestive chill. Far from his home in Centreville, Mich., parted even before the last parting, from his dearest and nearest friends on earth, this youthful laborer in the vineyard had to breathe his last. His remains were returned to his beloved parents now smitten with grief, after a funeral service had been held at Pastor Miller's church at Little Rock. His unexpected demise will prove sad news to his friends, while to our Colored Lutheran Mission in Arkansas it is an exceedingly trying visitation.

Oscar Kuhlmeier was well qualified for the arduous and self-denying labors of a missionary. He combined courage with modesty and perseverance, cheerfulness with assiduity and punctuality, and, last not least, faith with piety; he has been a conscientious worker throughout. In consideration of the fact that these are virtues rarely found among young men generally,—and not less among young preachers—Kuhlmeier deserves to be held up to our young men as the model of a christian young man and student for the ministry. Life, at the highest, is but a fleeting moment and spent in utter vanity by most mortals; the small portion of life allotted to him on this earth, was well spent, according to the unanimous verdict of those who knew him and who were in a position to observe his qualities; he died with the undiminished affections of all his friends.

A few facts concerning his work may enable the reader to form an estimate of this young man. Through his faithful endeavors our colored mission in Arkansas has signally prospered and is at present in a flourishing condition. The school numbers sixty regular pupils, and the colored people of Little Rock generally have been aroused to a livelier interest in the work which our Synodical Conference is doing among them for years, than has been witnessed for a long time. Two young men, having been thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of our church by Mr. Kuhlmeier, have recently been confirmed,—a rare occurrence. Their catechetical examination occupied three quarters of an hour, and their answers were promptly and precisely rendered. The attendance at services, while it yet has left much to be wished for, has usually been up to the standard of the palmiest days of the mission. Out of his own accord, Kuhlmeier even began a new mission at Alexander, 20 miles south of Little Rock, where he used to preach on Friday nights.

Five days of a week Kuhlmeier was busy

instructing the pupils of his school. Out of school he spent his time visiting the sick, the poor, and those weak in faith. In regard to his catechumens he was very conscientious; if one would not attend a meeting of the class, he would at once call upon him privately to explain the lesson for the day to him. He was a friend of the poor, sharing their humble lot, ever ready to divide his small earnings with them, if called upon to do so, and even depriving himself of the comforts of life for the sake of lightening the burden of others. Besides, all his acts of charity were performed with a good deal of tact.

How deeply his loss is regretted could be noticed at his funeral in Little Rock, white and colored attendants being equally moved to tears and overcome with grief. An article written by a member of the congregation and published in the papers of Little Rock shows the great esteem in which Kuhlmeier was held by the colored people of that city. Here it is:

A Tribute of Respect to the Memory of Oscar Kuhlmeier.

We hope that it will not appear out of place, when we attempt to express the emotions of our sad hearts at the loss of the beloved teacher of the Colored Lutheran Church and School. Gratitude is one of those principles of our nature which enlarges and expands our desire to reciprocate any favor that has been conferred upon us by others, although an opportunity may not present itself for doing so. We hope that the will will be taken for the deed. We offer these expressions of our gratitude to the memory of one who, without expectation of gain or profit, came a long way from home, kindred and friends, to labor for the upbuilding and christian elevation of the colored people. In him we found a pure, upright, christian gentleman: in this we believe that we are expressing the sentiments of every colored person in Little Rock who desires to appreciate the faithful services of this young white man, who died in our midst without the kisses of sisters, brothers, and father or the tears of a beloved mother to moisten his dying brow. We regret that we have not time nor space to speak more explicitly on the excellent services rendered the colored people of this community by that faithful servant of God.

Very respectfully

S. H. PANKEY.

Kuhlmeier died an humble and penitent sinner. The scene at his bedside in his last moments was touchingly beautiful: after praying with his confessor he called his relatives to his bedside, mentioning each one individually, and began to exhort them to remain in the christian faith and not to regret his parting. A chill coming on, his attendants were busy rubbing his hands, face and body, but he, pointing upward, said: Let me go! I am going to heaven! Then with a clear voice and great emotion he began to sing "Steadfast unto death remain;" this done, he began to recite the

Creed, but did not finish it; having come to the second article, his voice faltered; "and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, our Lord"—he lisped, and was gone, gone to his rest.

We bless his memory and pray to the merciful and almighty Head of the Church that he will send laborers to the harvest and comfort his Church and all its faithful servants.

W. H. T. DAU.

A Blessed Christmas Night.

A pastor in one of the river towns relates the following Christmas story:

It was Christmas Eve. Our Christmas tree was ready to be lighted, and the children were waiting with eager hearts, when some one knocked at the door. A tall woman stepped in and called for the pastor. She looked at me intently and seeing my white hair she said, "Yes, you are the gentleman whom he wishes to see." I still did not know what she wanted. At last she said, "We live in a boat down on the river. We have often come to this city and my father has always attended your church. He now lies on his dying bed and wishes to partake of the Lord's Supper. Please come quickly." I went with the woman down to the river. "There we live," she said, pointing to one of the boats. We stepped into the boat and in the cabin I found an old man with a kind and friendly look. He had lived a long life; he had fought in the battles of his country and had made many a voyage. All that was left to him now was his widowed daughter and a grandchild. I spoke to him about sin and of Him who was born in Bethlehem as the Saviour of sinners. He rejoiced in the Christmas story and confessed his faith in the Saviour. After having partaken of the Lord's Supper he lay with folded hands—an image of perfect peace. I left the boat and passed through the streets to my home. People were coming from the market with their Christmas presents, and in many a home the Christmas tree was lighted, and I thought of old Simeon down on the river and of the beautiful Christmas present that was prepared for him. Before morning he had fallen asleep in Jesus and had gone to be with the Saviour forever. It was a blessed Christmas night.

The Christian's Death.

We picture death as coming to destroy us; let us rather picture Christ as coming to save. We think of death as ending; let us rather think of life as beginning, and that more abundantly. We think of losing; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. And as the voice of death whispers, "You must go from earth," let us hear the voice of Christ saying, "You are but coming to Me!"—N. M.

The Christmas Tree.

In our picture we see a family gathered around the Christmas tree. This is a most beautiful way of celebrating Christmas in the Christian home. The green tree reminds us of the true Tree of Life—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." The many lights that give the tree a dazzling brightness, call to our mind the words of our Saviour: "I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." The candies and cakes, the gilt apples and nuts, which adorn the Christmas tree, and the Christmas presents remind us of the unspeakable gift of our dear heavenly Father, who gave us His own beloved Son as a Saviour and through Him forgiveness of sins, life and salvation. As we gather around the Christmas tree let us celebrate, not only a merry, but a truly happy and blessed Christmas!

Little Carl's Christmas Eve.

"Come in!" shouted together the host and hostess of a little German wayside inn near the banks of the Rhine. It was Christmas eve 200 years ago, and a stormy night. The wind was raving round the little inn, and the snow was falling fast, obstructing the highway, blinding the eyes of man and beast.

The "come in" of the host and hostess was in answer to a loud, hurried rap at the door, by which there immediately entered two travelers. One, by his military dress, seemed a soldier, and the other appeared to be his servant. This was the case. A German General was on his way to his home. He had been delayed several hours by the storm, and now found himself obliged to stop for the night at this lonely and comfortless little inn.

When the officer threw aside his plumed hat and military cloak of rich fur, and strode up to the fire, the gruff host was greatly impressed with his importance, and willingly went out to help the postillion in the care of the horses. As for the old hostess, she bustled about with wonderful activity to prepare supper for the great man.

"Ho, Carl!" she cried, "thou water-imp, run to the wood for another bundle of fagots!" At these strange, sharp words, a wild looking boy started up from a dusky corner of the room, where he had been lying with his head pillowed on a great tawny Swiss dog, and darted out of the door. He was coarsely dressed and bare-footed; yet there was something uncommon about him—something familiar in his look, which struck the traveler strangely.

"Is that your child?" he asked.

"No, indeed," said the old dame; "I am a poor woman, and have seen trouble in my time, but I am not the mother of water-imps."

"Why do you call the boy a water-imp?"

"I call him so, your excellency, said the woman, sinking her shrill voice into an awe-struck tone, "because he came from the water, and belongs to the water. He floated down the Rhine in the great flood, four years ago come spring, a mere baby, that could barely tell his name, perched on the roof of a little chalet, in the night, amid thunder, lightning and rain! Now it is plain that no human child could have lived through that. My good man



spied him in the morning early, and took him off in his boat. I took him in pity; but I have always been afraid of him, and every flood-time I think the Rhine is coming for his own again."

The traveler seemed deeply interested, and well he might be; for in that very flood of which the superstitious old dame spoke, his only child, an infant boy, had been lost, with his nurse, whose cottage on the river bank had been swept away by night.

"Was the child alone on the roof of the chalet?" he asked in an agitated tone.

"Yes," said the hostess, "all but an old dog, who seemed to belong to him."

"That dog must have dragged him on to the roof and saved him!" exclaimed the General; "is he yet alive?"

"Yes, just alive. He must be very old, for he is almost stone blind and deaf. My good man would have put him out of the way long ago, but for Carl—

"Show me the dog," said the officer, with authority.

"Here he lies, your excellency," said the dame.

The General bent over the dog, touched him gently, and shouted in his ear his old name of "Leon". The dog had not forgotten it; he knew that voice. With a plaintive, joyful cry he sprang up to the breast of his old master, nestled about blindly for his hands, and licked them unreprieved; then sunk down as though faint with joy to his master's feet. The brave soldier was overcome with emotion; tears fell fast from his eyes. "Faithful creature," he exclaimed, "you have saved my child, and given him back to me."

Just at this moment the door opened, and little Carl appeared, toiling up the steps with his arms full of fagots, his cheerful face smiling brave defiance to the winter winds, and night and snow.

"Come hither, Carl," said the soldier. The boy flung down his fagots and drew near.

"Dost thou know who I am?"

"Ah, no,—the good Christmas King, perhaps," said the little lad, looking full of innocent wonderment.

"Alas, poor child, how shouldst thou remember me?" exclaimed the General, sadly. Then clasping him to his arms, he said, "But I remember thee; thou art my boy, my dear longlost boy! Look in my face; embrace me; I am thy father!"

"No, surely," said the child, sorely bewildered, "that can not be, for they tell me the Rhine is my father."

The soldier smiled through his tears, and soon was able to convince his little son that he had a better father than the old river that had carried him away from his tender parents. He told him of a loving

mother who yet sorrowed for him, and of a blue-eyed sister, who would rejoice when he came. Carl listened, and wondered, and laughed, and when he comprehended it all, slid from his father's arms and ran to embrace old Leon.

The next morning early the General, after having generously rewarded the innkeeper and his wife for having given a home, though a poor one, to his little son, departed for home. In his arms he carried Carl, carefully wrapped in his warm fur cloak, and if sometimes the little bare feet of the child were thrust out from their covering, it was only to bury them in the shaggy coat of old Leon, who lay snugly curled up in the bottom of the carriage.

I will not attempt to tell you of the deep joy of Carl's mother, nor the wild delight of his little sister, for I think such things are quite beyond any one's telling; but altogether it was to all a Christmas time to thank God for, and they did thank him.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE present number closes another volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER. We tender our thanks to all that have helped us in the circulation of our paper, and we earnestly ask their continued and hearty co-operation. The next volume begins in January, and this is a good time to send in the names of new subscribers. The names of many new subscribers would be a welcome Christmas gift for our little PIONEER. It would make his eyes bright and his heart glad in the merry Christmas time.

—MERRY Christmas! Why do we keep it with so much joy and gladness? Is there a little child anywhere who does not know that it is the day when our dear Lord was born? "Christ, the Prince of glory, slept on Mary's knee." The whole beautiful story is familiar to everyone of us, and the sweetest thing about Christmas is that it belongs to everyone of us, to the poorest as well as to the richest, for the infant Jesus came to save the whole world.

—CHRISTMAS is a season in which Christians gladly open their hearts and their purses. It is a season of gifts. Let us not forget our Colored mission! In North Carolina the good Lord has opened to our missionary a wide field ripe unto the harvest. But new buildings are needed in which the people may gather for worship and in which the children may be instructed. By aiding our mission work you make known to others the glad tidings of the Saviour born at Bethlehem. When you distribute your gifts in the merry Christmas season, do not forget our Colored Mission Treasury.

—IN the month of November two faithful servants of the Lord departed this life and entered the joys of heaven—the Rev. G. Schieferdecker, of New Gehlenbeck, Ill., and the Rev. F. Koenig, of New York city. Both had grown gray in the service of the Master and now rejoice with a joy far greater than our Christmas joy, in the presence of Him whom they so heartily loved and to whom they so faithfully pointed sinners for salvation. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

—THAT was a good answer given by old uncle Ned on Christmas-day. He was out in the garden, singing songs of joy over the glad Christmas news of a new-born Saviour. Some one said to him, "You seem happy to-day, old uncle!" "Yes, massa, I'se jus' tinkin'," said uncle Ned. "What are you thinking of?" asked the gentleman. "O," said old uncle, "I'se jus' tinkin' ef de Christmas crumbs that fall from the Master's table in dis world am so good, what will de great loaf in glory be?"

—BARONIUS gives the following account of one of the earliest celebrations of Christmas of which we have authentic record. He says: "While the persecution raged under Diocletian, the tyrant, finding multitudes of Christians, young and old, met together to celebrate Christ's birth, commanded the church-door to be shut, and fire put in it, which reduced them

and the church to ashes." This occurred at Nicomedia in the third century. And while we celebrate the birth of our Saviour with joy and gladness during the festive Christmas season, it may increase our gratitude to God if we remember the sufferings of those early disciples of our Lord, who could neither worship nor celebrate His birth except at the peril of persecution and death.

—AT Christmas time the little people in Norway, not content with giving presents among themselves, provide a treat for the little brown birdies which have not deserted them for a warmer climate. Before the sun goes down, these sturdy little North men and women put on their wide snow-shoes, which look like little boats, and muffle up in their warmest furs and woollens. Their father goes to the barn and brings out a generous sheaf of unthreshed grain which is tied to a long pole. With many merry shouts the children plant the pole firmly in the snow just by the cottage gable, and before long a greedy flock of little birds are hopping over it, enjoying to the full their Christmas feast. It is just the right sort of a Christmas tree for them, and it does the children quite as much good. It is a sweet lesson of thoughtful care for one of the lowliest, gentlest of God's creation. It is a good sign for a boy and girl, when you see them kind to animals. Birds soon learn where they are welcome.

—ONE Christmas morning, little Annie, full of her Christmas joy, wished to take old Mooly, the cow, an extra Christmas breakfast. Yes, Christmas is a season that moves the hearts of men to deeds of kindness by which gladness may be spread.

—IN 1535, Luther's youngest child, Margaret, lay in the cradle, and the mother was so busy in her preparations for the great festival that she could not give much attention to the infant. The child then becoming restless, she asked the Doctor to bring his book into the nursery and rock the cradle, which he willingly did, as an act of obedience to his "lord Katie," and of love for his child. As he looked a while at his book and a while at the child, his thoughts carried off to Bethlehem, and to the shepherds watching their flocks, and to the infant Christ; and he began, for the first time, to sing his famous Christmas hymn, "From heaven above to earth I come."

—IN the year 1538, Doctor Martin Luther was very joyous, and all his sayings, songs and thoughts were about the incarnation of Christ our Saviour. And he said, with a deep sigh, "Ah! we poor human creatures, how coldly and tamely we greet this great joy which has come to bless us! This is the great act of beneficence which far excels all other 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."

BOOK-TABLE.

HALF A CENTURY OF TRUE LUTHERANISM. A Brief Sketch of the History of the Missouri Synod. By A. Graebner, Professor in Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Mo. Published by Rev. J. A. Friedrich, Chattanooga, Tenn.

This reprint from one of our American Reviews is issued by Rev. Friedrich, with the consent of the author, for the purpose of placing "into the hands of those Lutherans who prefer to read English a brief, correct, and interesting history of the Missouri Synod, the price being so low as to be within the reach of all."

The well-written and highly interesting pamphlet deserves a wide circulation. Price, postage free, single copies 15 cents; liberal discount will be given on larger orders. Address Rev. J. A. Friedrich, No. 18 State Str., Chattanooga, Tenn.

DER AMERIKANISCHE KALENDER FUER DEUTSCHE LUTHERANER fuer das Jahr 1892. 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 reading matter, bringing also a sketch of the missionary work carried on by the sainted Professor Cramer among the Indians in Michigan. This Almanac should be found in all our German Lutheran homes.

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.
F. LANKENAU, 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.

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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo.

All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISHOPP, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.