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The Lutheran Pioneer 1892

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Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1892" (1892). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 14.
https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran_pioneer/14

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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1892.

No. 2.

God For Us.

"I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,
That God, the Highest, Mightiest, forever loveth
me!

At all times, in all places, He standeth by my side:
He rules the battle fury, the tempest and the tide.

"There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,
The torment and the fire, my eyes shall never see;
For me there is no sentence; for me death has no
sting,

Because the Lord who loves me shall shield me
with His wing.

"No angel and no heaven, no throne, nor power, nor
might,

No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear nor fright,
No height, no depth, no creature that has been or
can be,

Can drive me from Thy bosom, can sever me from
Thee.

"My heart with joy upleapeth, grief can not linger
there,

She singeth high in glory, amidst the sunshine fair;
The sun that shines upon me is Jesus and His love;
The fountain of my singing is deep in heaven
above!"

Paul Gerhardt.

St. John's Witness of Christ.

St. John was to go before Christ to prepare His way. At his birth it was said of him: "Thou, child, shall be called the Prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways." Luke 1, 76. "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel," Luke 1, 80. And when that day came, his voice was "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord." He showed the people their sins and called them to repentance. "Repent ye," cried he, "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." But not only did he show the people their sins, but he also pointed them to Jesus as the only Saviour of sinners. When Christ entered upon his public ministry, John bore witness of Him that He is the Son of God and the Redeemer of the world. When he saw Jesus coming unto him, he cried out and said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," John 1, 29. This was St. John's witness of Christ. It was

precious Gospel news to all that had come to the knowledge of their sins. It brought comfort and peace to every sorrowing heart that took refuge in the Saviour pointed out by the words of St. John.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" These words are still words of sweetest comfort to every anxious sinner.

Jesus is the Lamb of God. He came into the world to become a sacrifice for our sin, to be consumed on the altar of the cross by the flames of God's wrath against sin, which He had undertaken to bear.

Jesus taketh away sin. "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all," says the prophet. And again he says, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His wounds we are healed." And the apostle Peter says, "He Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree," 1 Peter 2, 24.

Jesus taketh away the sin of the world. Mark well, the sin of the world. Not only the sin of Abraham and David and Peter and Paul and other holy men. No! The sin of the world. You surely belong to the world, and therefore you may rest assured that Jesus taketh away your sin. No sinner in all the world, let him be who he will, or what he will, is shut out. The Gospel, which brings us all the blessings gained by the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, points every sinner to Jesus and says, "Behold your Saviour!" We behold Him as he comes to us in the Gospel, not with our bodily eyes, but with the eye of faith and thus find in him pardon of sin and life everlasting.

Perhaps you have been looking to your own works, your honesty, your church-goings, your prayers, your good feelings. These are good things in their places, but very bad things to be put in the place of Christ. Are they your saviours? Have they been appointed by God to take away sin? Does St. John say, Behold your works, your honesty, your church-goings, your prayers, your good feelings, which taketh away sin? No! He points to Jesus and says, "Behold the Lamb of God,

which taketh away the sin of the world!" Christ is all in all. We shall never find happiness and peace by looking to anything we find in our own sinful selves. It is what Jesus is, not what we are, it is what Jesus has done for us, not what we do, that gives rest to the soul. Look away then from everything you find in your own sinful self. Look unto Jesus only as He is brought to you in the Gospel, and be saved. Look unto Him every day of your life, and find in Him forgiveness of all sin and comfort in all sorrows. Look unto Him in the hour of death, and your faith shall then be changed into sight, and you shall see him face to face in everlasting joy and bliss.

Remember at all times St. John's witness of Christ: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

The Faithful.

The Emperor Constantine at one time desired to test his courtiers as to whether they were sincere in the profession of the Christian religion. He therefore permitted a proclamation to go forth stating, that whoever would not, on the following day, sacrifice to the gods should be dismissed from his service. Soon a number of loose and characterless fellows reported to him that they felt it their duty to comply with his demand. But there were also some honest God-fearing souls who came to him and said, "Most gracious Master and Emperor, next to God there is no one dearer to us than your majesty. If asked to die for the welfare of your majesty, we will cheerfully do so, only do not demand of us to do this, for it is against God and our conscience." Whereupon the Emperor, turning to the faithless and wavering ones, said, "Ye unfaithful knaves! how would you prove faithful to me, when you are untrue to your own souls, your salvation, your God, your conscience, your religion and your own hearts? Leave my royal court at once, or I will severely punish you." But those who were not ashamed of their religion he raised to great honor, and declared that they were more precious to him than large treasures of gold.

A Baptism in Africa.

Our picture represents a scene from one of the missionary stations on the Niger river in Africa. On this river the late Rev. Dr. Crowther, a man of great learning and missionary zeal, established several stations, where mission work was carried on with great success. At one of these stations, called Onitsha, the Rev. Henry Johnson was placed by Bishop Crowther as his assistant. He was a very learned and eloquent man, filled with the true mission spirit. The colored people came in crowds to hear the Gospel preached by this zealous missionary. On Christmas day of the year 1881, Rev. Johnson had 1100 hearers. The church was crowded to the utmost, so that the preacher could hardly move. There was no elbow-room in church that day. Even the chancel, and the vestry room, and the stairs of the pulpit were crowded with people. The missionary's heart was filled with joy as he looked upon that large congregation of colored people to whom he could preach the Gospel of Jesus. He spoke on the comforting words: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins," Matthew 1, 21. Many hearts were moved by the power of the Gospel. During the following week men and women daily came to the missionary, begging to be received into the class of catechumens, in order to be instructed and prepared for baptism. An old colored woman came and brought her idols to the missionary, declaring that she would worship idols no longer. In the missionary's dwelling she had seen a picture representing the institution of the Holy Supper by Christ in the night when He was betrayed. Looking at the picture, her eyes were fixed upon the Saviour, and she wished to learn more of Him, whose name was called Jesus. The missionary told her the whole sweet story of Jesus' Love. Hearing of the sufferings and death of the loving Saviour, she was so moved that she cried out, "Did He die for me also?" "Yes," said the missionary, "believe in Him and you shall be saved." The dear old woman was soon baptized by the missionary and became an earnest and zealous Christian.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

What Children Can Do.

While walking along the street a few weeks ago, I overheard the following conversation between two boys:

"Well, George, how much money have you saved to buy that Christmas present for your papa?"

"O, Willie, I gave that up."

"You did?"

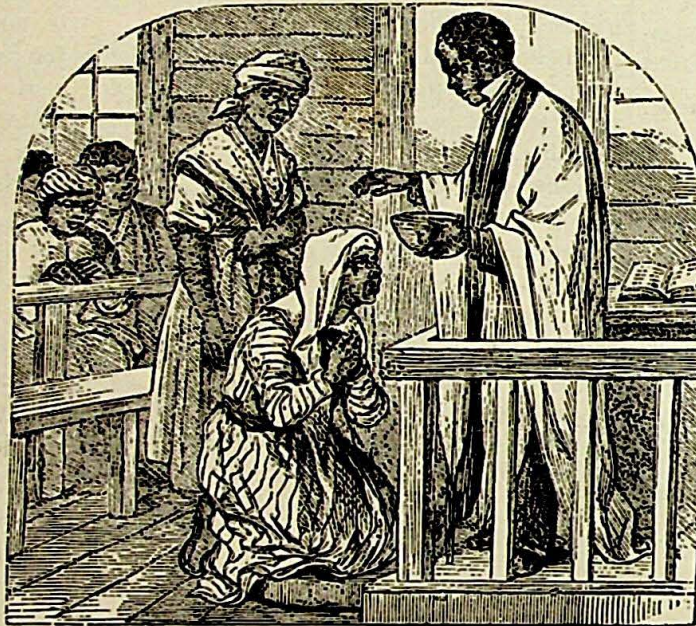
"Yes, you see, I never had more than five cents at a time, and you know the price of

that present I wished to buy for papa was a dollar and a half. How was it possible for me ever to save up that much money?"

"Why, George, a dollar and a half is made up of nickels; thirty nickels make a dollar and a half."

"Yes, I know that, but think of it, I never had more than *one* at a time, and what is one nickel to thirty?"

"O, George, if you continue to think like that, you will never begin to save. You must save your nickels till you get the dollar; before you do that, you never can save the dollars. Think of the little busy bees; if they would draw comparisons between the little drops of honey, which is all they are able to carry, and the big hive they wish to fill, do you suppose they ever would get their hive filled? But they do not do so; they set to work and never stop till the hive is full. So



you also must do. If you had saved all your nickels, I know you would have had enough money by this time to buy your father that beautiful Christmas present we saw in the store!"

This short conversation teaches us a good lesson. It teaches us that even the smallest thing should not be despised, that everything, and be it ever so insignificant, has its value. So I read the other day that a large ship was built and fitted out to serve as a mission-ship, with the money that children had contributed for the purpose. Now I am sure, these children first laughed at the idea of their building a big ship with pennies and nickels. Undoubtedly they thought it was only a joke, when they were told that if they would all help, a large ship could be built, which could carry missionaries to far-off countries, that they might preach the Gospel of Christ to the poor heathen. And yet it was done.

Yes, even little children can do much for Christ's kingdom. To show you this plainly, let me give you a few interesting items from the books of our Mt. Zion and St. Paul Mission schools here in New Orleans. All in all the

children of the Mt. Zion schools have contributed over \$2000.00, and the children of the St. Paul schools about \$750.00, which makes a total of \$2750.00. Now that may not be enough to build a ship, but would it not build a nice little church? So then, we may say that these two Mission-schools have contributed enough money to build a church! Who will now dare to say, that children can do nothing?!

When the new church was built at our St. Paul Station, the children donated \$75.00 toward furnishing the church, and not long ago they again gave \$30.00 for missionary purposes.

The Mt. Zion Sunday-school has also given \$125.00 toward the building of a new church for that station, and a short time ago they presented the congregation with a beautiful stove as a Christmas present.

You see, therefore, children are also able to help spread the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. Children are also included when St. Paul says, 1 Cor. 3, 9: "We are laborers together with God." Let this encourage you, dear children, that read this, to do all you can to spread the Gospel, for in this work you labor together with God! To labor, to work with a king is the highest honor to be attained by a man in this world. This honor you may have in the kingdom of God. And as much greater as God is than other kings, so much greater is the honor to work in the kingdom of God. O, what great honor, what bliss to be able to help God! Who would not be happy to do this and to do it with joy?

F. J. LANKENAU.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 26, 1891.

How to Have Peace.

A friend once asked Prof. Franke how it was that he maintained so constant a peace of mind. "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, 'Blessed Jesus! I have truly a share in Thy redemption: Thou hast forgotten my sins, and art guiding me by thy Spirit. Thine I am; wash me again and again.' By this constant converse with Jesus I enjoy serenity of mind and a settled peace in my soul."

No one can reckon how much it costs only to feed the birds, and even those which are of no use. I consider it costs more to maintain all the sparrows for one year than the King of France's revenues, with all his wealth, rents and taxes. What shall we say, then, of the food of all the other birds, ravens, jack-daws, crows, finches and the rest?

Luther's Table Talk.

The Singing Cobbler.

One fine summer's evening, while crowds of people passed through the streets of Hamburg on their way to hear the music in Altona, a shoemaker, sitting under a shade before his shop door, was busily engaged with a shoe. He rested from his work, singing one of the most beautiful psalms in old German, scarcely lifting his eyes from the sole, which occupied his whole attention, and quite indifferent to the crowd that passed before him, when a young man stopped suddenly and addressed him: "Well, my friend, you seem quite happy and contented!"

The speaker was a student. His marked features, his black eyes, his high nose and his dark complexion showed that he belonged to the Hebrew race. The cobbler lifted his eyes and answered, cheerfully—

"Happy and contented I am, in truth, sir; why should I not be so?"

"I don't know; but all are not as you. Your poverty might distress you. I suppose you have only to provide for yourself?"

"You are mistaken there, sir," he answered. "I have to feed a wife and seven children with these hands. I am a poor man, it is true, but I can sing and do my work."

"I must confess," said the young man, "that I am very much surprised to see a poor fellow like you so contented with his lot."

"Stranger," said the cobbler, putting down his work and taking hold of his arm, with a serious expression, "I am not so poor as you think. *I am a son of the King.*"

The student turned his head and went away, saying to himself, "The poor man is evidently mad. It is his madness that makes him so happy. I thought I should hear from him the secret of his happiness, but I have lost my time."

A week passed by, and the student, having again occasion to pass down the same street, found the cobbler sitting in the same place, singing as cheerfully as before. The young man, in passing, lifted his cap with a sneering salutation, exclaiming, "Good morning, Mr. Prince."

"Stop, my friend," said the cobbler, putting down his work. A word of explanation, if you please. You only left me so suddenly the other evening because you thought I was mad."

"I must say I believed it," answered the other.

"Well, my friend, I am not mad. What I said I said in earnest. *I am a son of the King.* Would you like to hear a song on my royalty? I will just sing one."

The young man did not doubt that to accept the offer would afford him some amusement and great satisfaction to the poor man, and he therefore asked him to sing. The cobbler began to sing a hymn on this verse: "Thy kingdom come." When he finished he asked the young man if he understood it; but he seemed still to be under his old impression.

"I must, then," said the old cobbler, "explain to you in detail concerning the kingdom of Christ and the glory of the King."

He began then with the Divine promise made in the beginning, at the banishment from paradise, that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. He showed him this promise, increasing in light from age to age throughout the prophecies, revealing always with clearer evidence the Redeemer's kingdom. He showed him how all things which are written in the law of Moses, in the Prophets and Psalms about Jesus Christ have been fulfilled—how it behooved Christ to suffer these things and enter into glory—how all power in heaven and earth was committed to Him, and how he actually established a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and uniting in holy fellowship Jews and Gentiles. And, with eyes glistening with hope and love, he showed the young man, in language which the depth of his feelings made eloquent, how the subject of this glorious kingdom is a child of God, an heir, a joint heir with Christ, the King, and how he shall reign with Him for ever and ever.

"Now," said the cobbler, taking the hand of the young Jewish student who sat beside him and whose whole mind was filled with things he had heard for the first time in his life, about the old promises made to his forefathers. Now don't you see how I could say, *'I am a son of the King,'* and why I am happy and contented? It is because I believe in Jesus and love Him. And it is the sacred Scriptures which tell me that all things are mine, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come, all are mine, because I am Christ's."

Then, looking the young Israelite in the face, the old Christian said:

"Believest thou the prophets? I know that thou dost; because I see by thy features that thou descendest from those who believed in the prophets. Then, my son, if you believe in the prophets, you must believe in Him about whom the prophets have spoken."

The young man listened in silence. Strange thoughts crossed his mind. At length he timidly asked this question:

"Where may I learn more of these things, because I see that you *believe*, and that you have *peace*? Oh, that I might have it also! for as yet I do not possess it."

"Here," said the old man, handing him a volume of the Holy Scriptures, "this book you must read attentively at home; and whilst you battle with the enemies of your soul, I shall, as Moses on the Mount, pray for you without ceasing, and you shall also ask *somebody* to pray for you, somebody whom you don't know yet, but who knows you, and who is greater than Moses, who is above all."

The young Jew took the book, and pressing with gratitude the old man's hand, took off his cap and saluted him with respect.

"Oh, that the Lord Jesus," said the old

man, lifting his eyes toward heaven, and taking to his work again, "may also graft this one in His own olive tree!"

The story does not end here. The old shoemaker's prayer was heard.

The young Jew was converted to Christianity and has since distinguished himself by his zeal and success as a missionary amongst his own people.

There are many lessons in this story, and here is one addressed to every reader. The cobbler's joy is one everybody must find for himself. It is the sweetest thing there is under the sun to partake in God's work in the salvation of souls and enter into the joy of the Lord. A king can not command this joy, and yet a beggar may find it. Riches can not purchase it. This joy will follow us to heaven, and will be increased there by the presence of those whom we have been the means of leading to the better land.

By Love Serve One Another.

A Catechist of one of the mission stations in the great merchant city of Canton, in South China, was so much taken up with his work among his country-men, that when a number of them hired out as "coolies," and left Canton for Demerara, in Central America, he sold himself likewise as a coolie, and went along with the men. He made good use of the long days of the voyage, and preached the Gospel day and night. After they had reached Demerara, he worked like the rest, and worked hard, in order to purchase his liberty, and to be a free man again. But before that time he had already gathered a congregation of his fellow-coolies, and when he was free he built a church and worked so diligently among his people, who were all poor like himself, that they, in spite of their poverty, collected enough money among themselves to build a chapel and to support a catechist in far-off Canton. That coolie-catechist evidently appreciated the words of St. Paul, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant." Phil. 2, 5—7.

A Catechism.

Did you ever see a counterfeit ten dollar bill? Yes.

Why was it counterfeited? Because it was worth counterfeiting.

Was the ten dollar bill to blame? No.

Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited? No. Why? Because it was not worth counterfeiting.

Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian? Yes, many of them. Why was he counterfeited? Because he was worth counterfeiting. Was the true Christian to blame? No.

Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? No; never. Why? You answer. I am through.

Selected.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR English Lutheran mission has again suffered a great loss. On the 26th of December, only nine days after the departure of the Rev. F. Adams at St. Louis, the Rev. A. S. Bartholomew departed this life at Chicago, Ill., where he had been faithfully and successfully laboring in an English Lutheran mission field. The Lord's thoughts are not our thoughts, and our ways are not His ways. We bow to the will of God, for by faith we know that He deals with us in wisdom and kindness, and that all afflictions must be beneficial in their results. May God comfort the bereaved and mourning and send laborers to take the place of the departed.

—OUR missionary at New Orleans, the Rev. F. Lankenau, reports our mission work in the city to be in a prosperous condition. From a private letter to us we clip the following: "The work is going on here quite well, and I expect soon to confirm a number of catechumens whom I have gained while here. Our Christmas services were well attended, the children answered and sang well, and had it not been for the Fourth of July noise outside, caused by the shooting of fire-crackers and toy-pistols, and by the tooting of trumpets of all shapes and sizes, I would have thought that I was back again in "dear old Adams County." Adams county, in Indiana, you know, is the home of our missionary, and an Adams county boy always remembers his home, especially at Christmas time. This item ought to move the good people of Adams county to take up an extra collection for our mission work.

—THE Moscow missionary society numbers 12,000 members and receives \$150,000 annually.

—THE 32,000 native Chinese Moravian Christians gave, year before last, \$38,000 for missionary work.

—AT Oyamada, Japan, the church of one hundred members has built a church costing \$1300, of which they paid \$900 themselves.

—A MEDICAL missionary in China recently treated fourteen men in one day who represented eleven of the eighteen provinces of the Empire.

—THE Chinese Government has fully compensated the missionaries in Honan for the injury to their property by a mob only three months ago.

—THE four gospels have been translated into Uzbek, the language of 2,250,000 people in Central Asia, and published by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

—THE work of telegraph building in South Africa is pushed far ahead of railroad enterprise. Savage Africa will thus be joined with civilization by electric wire.

—A COMMUNICATION has recently been received from Samoa, bearing testimony to the demand among the natives for the English Bible Society's Pocket Edition of the Bible,

of which few copies were left unsold on the island; and urgently asking for a further supply of 5000 copies. In its way, the letter is an interesting illustration of the extent to which the Bible is becoming the people's book all the world over.

—It is reported that as a result of the great assistance given to the famine-stricken people of Shantung, China, in 1889, when over \$200,000 was distributed and over 100,000 lives saved, a great many have been drawn to pay especial attention to Christianity as the religion which influences people for such deeds of kindness and mercy, and during 1890 it is said that over a thousand persons were baptized, whose attention was drawn to the religion of Christ by the fact that the missionaries were so prominent in securing this aid and distributing it. Not by any means were all these recipients of aid, but they saw what was being done for their fellowmen and compared the fruits of Christianity with the fruits of heathenism.

—TEN years ago, so an exchange tells us, there were 8000 Jews in Jerusalem; to-day there are more than 30,000. There are 50,000 Jews in other parts of the Holy Land, making 80,000 for the whole of Palestine.

—THE Evangelical Bible Society of Russia, founded in 1831, has since its establishment disposed of 1,091,180 copies of the Scriptures. Of these 305,501 were the Bible entire; 759,650 New Testaments; 25,029 Psalters. These were printed in all the languages spoken by the Evangelicals of the Empire. The Society has its headquarters at St. Petersburg, but has 17 section committees. The Central Committee has at present control of a capital of 28,400 rubles, and its chairman is appointed by the Czar. Heretofore the printing of these Bibles was done in Germany, but now it will be done in Russia.

—HERE is a story with a moral. The story is true, and we will leave the reader to draw out the lesson for himself. When Walter Bagster was a little boy his mother gave him two pennies one evening and said: "One of them you will give for missions, to convert the poor heathen, won't you?" He made no reply, but wished to play with the coins a while, before putting one into his mission box and the other into his savings bank. Pretty soon he came to his mother weeping and said: "One of the pennies has rolled away, and I can not find it anywhere!" "Well, Walter," said his mother, "which penny did you lose, your penny or the one for the poor heathen?" This seemed to be a hard problem to solve. The boy thought about it for a while and finally replied: "My penny I have got yet; it was the other penny that I lost." His mother said it was time now to go to bed and asked him to consider the matter again and to tell her in the morning which penny he had lost. He seemed to be buried in deep thought as he kissed his mother good-night. The next morning he came running with beaming face

and exclaimed: "Mother, it was my penny after all that I lost; the other one belongs to the poor heathen." She smiled and said: "So I thought right away. But see, here is your penny also. After you had gone to bed I found it under the wardrobe." This boy grew and waxed strong in spirit; and in due time he became a missionary to Africa, where he also died in Christ and in peace.

Acknowledgments.

Received of Rev. F. J. Lankenau from Mt. Zion church for *Building Fund* \$24.15; for *Widows and Orphans* \$4.75. Total, \$28.90.

A. F. LEONHARDT, *Local Treas.*
New Orleans, La., Nov. 3, 1891.

Received of Rev. F. J. Lankenau from Mt. Zion church for *General Mission* \$7.40; *Building Fund* \$10.05; *Mission in North Carolina* \$6.40. (23.85.)
From St. Paul church for *Mission in North Carolina* \$3.10 Total, \$26.95.

A. F. LEONHARDT, *Local Treas.*
New Orleans, La., Jan. 4, 1892.

Received from little Joe and Henry Smith 25 cts. for our Mission in North Carolina.

God bless the boys! Let others follow their example!
AUG. BURGDORF.
New Orleans, La., Jan. 18, 1892.

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 9 to 10½.

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. 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 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.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1892.

No. 3.

"Ye Are My Witnesses."

Tell me, pilgrim, faint and weary,
Traveling o'er this pathway dim,
Are you shedding light around you,
Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
Of the precious Saviour's love?
Are you hungering and thirsting
Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
Whom the Master died to win?
Are you showing them the fountain
That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside
For the weary ones who fall?
Do you take them to the Saviour
Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible—
Is it precious to your soul?
Are its treasures growing richer
As you travel toward the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus
More than all the world beside?
Does it bring a holy comfort
With his people to abide?

Have you made a consecration
Of your time and earthly store?
If your all is on the altar,
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey,
Showing forth the Master's praise,
With our lamps all trimmed and burning,
That the world may catch their rays.

Selected.

The Lenten Season.

The forty days before Easter are called the Lenten Season. This season is again at our door. From the earliest periods of the Church these forty days have been set apart for meditation upon the sufferings and death of our Saviour. The Lutheran Church still observes this beautiful custom. In this season of the year she calls upon all her members to go with the suffering Saviour on His way of sorrows from Gethsemane to Calvary, and to contemplate with contrite and prayerful hearts the great work of the only Mediator between God and man. We know that the observance of the Lenten season is not ordered

by God. No one, however, can question the usefulness and appropriateness of devoting a certain time of the year to the special contemplation of the sufferings and death of Christ. From the first book of the Bible to the last, Christ's sufferings and death are pointed out as the very heart of the Gospel. The redemption of the sinful world by the blood of the Redeemer runs like a scarlet thread through the entire Word of God.

The right observance of the Lenten Season will surely be attended with great spiritual blessings. He who thinks light of sin can learn its greatness from the bitter sufferings of the Holy One. The sin-hating God saw His sin-bearing Son and poured upon Him the vials of His wrath. What a horrible thing sin must be, since it brought upon Christ that great agony and shameful death upon the cross! How great must be God's wrath over sin, since He spared not His beloved Son when He saw Him laden with the sins of the world!

From the sufferings and death of Christ we learn also the greatness of God's love. Why did Christ suffer and die? There was no sin in Him. No. But there were sins on Him. These sins were our sins. "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all," says the Bible. And again the Bible says, "He bore our sins." And what moved God to send His Son into this world to bear our sins and to suffer and die in our stead? The Bible says, "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Christ loved us, and therefore gave Himself for us and redeemed us from everlasting woe. Was ever love like this? Such love must melt the sinner's heart and move him to trust in that Saviour for forgiveness of sin and life everlasting. The sinner may rest assured that the loving Saviour, who suffered and died for the salvation of sinners, will in no wise cast out them that come to Him.

The more we come to know this great love of God, the more shall we be moved to make known the Gospel of His love to those that still sit in the darkness of sin and in the shadows of death. We shall more and more love Him

who loved us first, and this love will be the great motive power and incentive to mission-work. Thus the right observance of the Lenten Season will also awaken and intensify the missionary spirit in all our churches.

Look to Christ.

Looking at the natural sun weakens the eye; but the more we look at Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, the stronger and clearer will the eye of faith be. Look but at Christ, then you will love Him, and live on Him and for Him. Are you tempted to sin? Remember that He gave Himself for you, that you may be saved not only from the guilt of sin, but also from its present power over you. Think how much He loved you—how much He suffered for you, and you will loathe sin in every form. Love to read the Scriptures—they testify of Christ. Are you in danger of being carried about "with every wind of doctrine"? Be occupied with Christ. The "Rock of ages" is a sure foundation—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Do the trials of life weary you, and its cares threaten to overwhelm, look unto Him who says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Sincerity Not Enough.

The popular saying is: "It makes no difference what a man believes, just so he is sincere." Solomon had a different saying. He says, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death." The words of the wise man hold the truth; the popular saying teaches a hurtful lie. A man's sincerity will not save him from the evil consequences of believing a falsehood. To believe in a lie in moral and spiritual things is hurtful to my soul's interest, however sincere I may be. It is *truth* that saves, not *sincerity*. Christ's prayer was that men might be sanctified through the *truth*, not sincerity. The *truth* blesses; falsehood damns. The *truth* makes free; falsehood brings bonds and shackles. Away with the hateful error—that sincerity will answer for truth! God has not so spoken.

Abraham Offering Isaac.

In the twenty second chapter of Genesis we read the wonderful Bible story which our picture illustrates. We are there told that God tried Abraham's faith and said unto him: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." This was a severe trial of Abraham's faith. What a strange and hard command it was! Was not Isaac the son of promise, the beloved son for whom Abraham had waited for so many years, the son in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed? Was it possible, that this command to burn this son to death came from God? How can the merciful God give such a command? How was His promise to be fulfilled, if Isaac was put to death? But Abraham did not reason. No. He simply obeyed. He went to the mountain Moriah, as he was commanded, he bound the unresisting Isaac, and placed him on the altar upon the wood, and stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son, when the angel of the Lord called unto him, and said: "Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do thou



anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." "And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt-offering in the stead of his son."

Abraham's faith, so severely tested, was triumphant. What a great, what a wonderful faith it was! Of Abraham it is written: "By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; and he that had received the promises, offered up his only begotten, of whom it was said, That in Isaac shall thy seed be called: accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead," Heb. 11, 17-19. To Abraham God had said, "In Isaac shall thy seed be called." This was enough for him, and being not weak in faith, he counted not the sharp knife that was to be plunged into the bosom of Isaac; he counted not the hot fire that was to burn the body of Isaac into

ashes; he counted not the part his own hand would take in the death of Isaac; for he knew that the word of God must stand fast forever. It was not for him to inquire how that word of God was to be fulfilled; he only knew that it would and must be fulfilled. He did not reason at all, but accepted the word of God in simple faith. Let us follow his example whenever we hear or read the word of God. Let us not inquire, how can this be, and how can that be. Let us not explain and twist the word of God to suit our own reason. Let us accept it as it is written in simple faith, and rest assured that this word of God will stand fast forever, whilst the reasoning of men will be put to shame.

Abraham's arm was held back, and he offered a ram in his son's stead as a burnt-offering to the Lord. About two thousand years later, the hand of another and greater father was uplifted to slay another and dearer Son, but no power held back the descending stroke, and no substitute was found for that Son. The sword of God's wrath was buried in the heart of His only-begotten, dearly beloved Son upon the cross, wringing from Him the cry of anguish, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This later sacrifice was foreshadowed in the offering up of Isaac; and He who spared Isaac, and spared Abraham the pain of inflicting the blow, spared not Himself, and "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." Let us meditate on this as we pass through the Holy Season of Lent and behold the beloved Son of God offering Himself up as a sacrifice for the sins of the world.

A BELIEVER'S dying day is his crowning day.

Eternal Life.

I have been suffering from sore sickness, so that I gave up my life to God; but many a thought have I had in my weakness. Oh! how I thought of what eternal life is, what joy it has! Although I am sure that it is already given us through Christ, and prepared for us, because we believe; yet, it is there that it will be manifested, what the new creation shall be. Whilst we remain here below, we cannot attain to understanding the first creation. If I had been with God before He created the world, I could have given Him no counsel how to create the round worlds and the firmaments from nothing, and to jewel it with the Sun, enlightening all the earth in its swift course; or how to create man and woman. All this He did, and none was his counsellor or taught Him. Surely therefore I may joyfully trust Him and give Him glory for the future life, and the new creation, how all shall be in these, and be content that He alone be the Creator. I think often about it, but I cannot understand how we shall spend our time in that eternal life; no change, no eating and drinking, no labor, nothing to do. I deem, however, that we shall have countless objects to contemplate.

In the life to come we shall not see darkly, as we now do; but we shall see face to face, that is to say, there shall be a most glorious brightness of the Eternal Majesty, in which we shall see God, even as He is. There shall be a true and perfect knowledge and love of God, a perfect light of reason, and a perfect will, an heavenly, Divine, an eternal will.

There we shall ever be studying, and learning more of what there is in the Incarnation of the Son of God. We can never learn that mystery through. Yes, this will be the Eternal life, the life of the angels, ever searching and learning more and more.—*Luther*.

It was the quaint saying of a dying man, who exclaimed, "I have no fear of going home. God's finger is on the latch, and I am ready for him to open the door. It is but the entrance to my father's house." And said another, "Why should I shrink from dying? It is the funeral of all my sorrows, and evils, and sins, and the perfection of all my joys forever."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Letter From North Carolina.

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me space in your most valuable paper, to express my gratitude to the "Board of the Synodical Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of America."

I am at a loss to find language to express my feeling in the matter; I can but say, "It is good to wait on the Lord."

For thirteen years or more the work has been at a stand-still, the way has been very dark and gloomy; but in due time God raised up a servant for this field.

To my knowledge nothing in the past has been done that amounts to anything. Therefore, I am proud to say, there has been more done for us and our work in the short while we have been a part of your honorable body, than in all the past, not financially only, but you have done more to get us into the right way and to make us *true Lutherans*. We admire the Christ-like spirit in your dealings with our brethren. My short experience in the work had been nothing but discouragements, still I knew there was a better day coming for our church, so I labored on the best I could, trusting and hoping for a change. The dear Lord made the change and it is for the best.

Honorable Board, you have sent a missionary among us in the person of Rev. N. J. Bakke, and he is the right man in the right place, if we are able to judge. I am told of his Christ-like action and he is much loved by the people he came to serve. Success will be ours. My eyes have been opened and I believe we shall be able, by God's help, to open many more. Time only will tell, how much good will come out of the mission in North Carolina.

Since we have united with the Synodical Conference I am sure the steps taken will help the church generally, both the white and the colored Lutherans.

Please lend us your sympathy, prayers and financial help, that we may be able to push forward the work of our dear church in North Carolina.

I am sure the Lord will bless our labors if we prove faithful. Our greatest need in this fast growing city is a church-building, with this our work will begin to grow.

We trust and hope the many friends throughout the Synodical Conference will help us freely in our mission cause.

W. P. PHIFER,

511 East Second street, Charlotte, N. C.

What the Deacon Said.

"There are lots of people besides the children of Israel that need a Moses to say to them, 'It is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.' I've allers thought that that was a grand thing in David, when he'd done such a job, getting together that pile of gold and silver for the temple that he just turned to the Lord, and

said, 'All these things come from Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.' Most men would have wanted a little credit for the pains they'd taken themselves.

"Well, in those years I was telling you about, it was dreadful how I cheated the Lord out of His due. Once in a long while I paid a little to our church, but I didn't give a cent to anything else. Foreign-mission Sunday was my rheumatiz day, reg'lar, and I didn't get to church. Home-mission day was headache day with me allers, and I stayed away from meetin'. Bible-Society day I'd generally a tech of neuralgy so't I didn't feel like goin' out, and I stayed home. Tract-Society day I'd begin to be afraid I was goin' to be deaf, and oughn't to be out in the wind, so I stayed in-doors; and on the Sunday for helping the Publication Society, like as not my corns were unusual troublesome, and I didn't feel able to get out.

"Wife wanted to take a religious paper once, but I wouldn't hear to't. Told her that was nonsense. I didn't believe any of the apostles ever took religious papers. The Bible was enough for them, and it ought to be for other folks.

"And yet, I never even thought I wasn't doin' right. I'd come into it sort gradual, and didn't think much about giving, anyhow, except as a sort of losin' business.

"Well, my little girl Nannie was about eight years old then, and I was dreadful proud of her, for she was a smart little thing. One Sunday night we were sitting by the fire, and Nannie'd been saying her catechism, and by and by she got a kind of quiet and sober, and all of a sudden she turned to me and says she, 'Pa, will we have to pay rent in heaven?'

"'What,' says I, lookin' down at her, kind of astonished-like.

"'Will we have to pay rent in heaven?' says she, again.

"'Why, no,' says I. 'What made you think that?'

"Well, I couldn't get out of her for a time what she did mean. Nannie didn't know much about rent, anyway, for we'd never had to pay any, livin' in our own house. But at last I found out that she'd heard some men talking about me, and one of them said, 'Well, he's bound to be awful poor in the next world, I reckon. There ain't much of his riches laid up in heaven.' And as the only real poor folks that Nannie'd ever known where some poor folks down at the village that had been turned out-of-doors because they couldn't pay their rent, that's what put it into Nannie's head that maybe I'd have to pay rent in heaven.

"Well, wife went on and talked to Nannie, and explained to her about the 'many mansions' in our 'Father's house,' you know, but I didn't listen much. I was mad to think Seth Brown dared to talk about me in that way; right before Nannie, too.

"I fixed up some pretty bitter things to say to Seth the next time I met him, and I wasn't very sorry to see him next day in his cart. I

began at him right off. He listened to everything that I sputtered out, and then he said, 'Well, deacon, if you think the bank of heaven's got anything in it for you, I'm glad of it; but I've never seen you making any deposits,' and then he drove off.

"Well, I walked over to my blackberry-patch, and sat down and tho ught, and the more I thought the worse I felt. I was angry at first, but I got cooler, and I thought of foreign mission Sunday and the rheumatiz, and home mission Sunday and the headache, and Bible-Society day and the neuralgy, and tract day and the corns, till it just seemed to me I couldn't stand it any longer; and I knelt down there in the blackberry-patch, and said, 'O Lord, I've been a stingy man if ever there was one. Help me to give myself, and whatever I've got back to Thee.'

And I believe He's helped me ever since. 'Twas pretty hard work at first, getting to giving. I did feel pretty sore over that first dollar I slipped into the collection plate, but I've learned better now; and I mean to keep on giving "as unto the Lord" till I go to that heaven where Nannie's been these twenty years.—Y. L.

Then You Have a Father.

The Rev. Dr. Jonas King once went to visit the children in an orphan asylum. The children were seated in a school-room and Dr. King stood on a platform before them.

"So this is an asylum," said he. "I suppose that many of you children would tell me that you have no father or mother, were I to ask you?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said some little voices.

"How many of you say you have no father? Hold up your hands."

A forest of hands were put up.

"So you say you have no father."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"Now," said Dr. King, "do you ever say the Lord's Prayer? Let me hear you."

The children began, "Our Father who art in heaven—"

"Stop children," said Dr. King, "did you begin right?"

The children began again, "Our Father who art in heaven—"

"Stop again, children," said Dr. King.

"What did you say? Our Father? I want to tell you about him. He owns all the gold in California; He owns all the world; He can give you as much of anything as He sees is best for you. Now, children, never forget that you have a Father. Go to Him for all you want, as if you could see Him. He is able and willing to do all that is for your good."

THE Chinese worship "The God of Dust," who only has one commandment, which is, "Thou shalt not dust thy room more than once a year."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—MR. HECHT, who recently died at Pleasant Ridge, Ill., made a number of bequests to our Lutheran church—\$1,500 to the Lutheran Orphans' Home near St. Louis; \$1,500 to the Lutheran Orphans' Home at Addison; \$750 to the Lutheran Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Michigan; \$750 for the support of indigent young men studying for the ministry in our Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis; \$500 for pastors' and teachers' widows; and \$1,000 for our Colored Lutheran Mission work in the South. May many of our wealthy men follow his example.

—As we are thinking of liberal givers, we shall here relate a story that comes very handy. At a missionary meeting at Hamilton, Ontario, John Sunday, an Indian preacher, in closing an address, spoke as follows: "There is a gentleman who, I suppose, is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I do not know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a good deal of his time when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold; come out and help us do this great work, to preach the gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold! you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your brown little brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about, doing all he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your shirt, that is a bank note. That is all I have to say." John Sunday's call is very timely and may well be re-echoed in the hope that it may reach the ears of Mr. Gold or those who have him in custody. "The silver and the gold are mine, saith the Lord of Hosts," but the gold seems to be obtained with much more difficulty than the silver or the copper.

—WE copy the following from an exchange: "O. Torrison and wife, are members of the Norwegian Lutheran church of Manitowoc, Wis. They are blessed with a family of eight sons—all of whom are studying for the ministry."

—WE are told that it is a custom among the Indians, when they are sowing maize, to put seven grains of corn in the ground. One was asked why this was done. "Well," said the Indian, "we put in one grain for the crows, another for the worms, and a third for the squirrels, and we expect that the rest will bring forth fruit."—The Indians teach us a lesson for our missionary work; they teach us how to sow seed liberally, and not to be disappointed, if all that we sow does not bring forth

fruit.—Our Savior teaches us that some will fall by the wayside, some on stony ground, and some among thorns. This we must expect as good seed sowers. But what of it? Should it lead us not to sow at all? Nay, it should rather lead us like the Indians, to sow more bountifully, lest with scanty sowing, the crows, the worms, and the squirrels get the whole harvest. If we sow bountifully we may rest assured of this, that the good seed of truth will find its way to some hearts, and bring forth fruit—thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold.

—A REMARK of an old minister is commended to all preachers who are tempted to complain of a small congregation:—"It is as large a congregation, perhaps, as you will want to account for at the day of judgment."

—SPEAKING of the growth of the Lutheran Missouri Synod, one of our exchanges says: "The Synod now has 305,000 communicant members; nearly 80,000 children in her parochial schools, taught by 1,364 teachers, including pastors; 1,043 students in her educational institutions, about all of whom are preparing for the teacher's office or for the ministry; eight or nine Orphans' Homes, with 488 inmates, including the Deaf and Dumb at Norris, Mich., and pays over \$40,000 a year for the support of her institutions. For other than local purposes, the churches contributed over \$155,000. The publishing house in the past year issued nearly 200,000 volumes for the schools and churches."

—AN Englishman visiting Lutheran Sweden, and noticing the care in educating children, inquired if it was not costly. He received the suggestive answer: "Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery and crime, to become a scourge to society as well as a disgrace to himself."

—Our Lutheran pastors in Chicago publish *The Little City Missionary*. The issue is 40,000 copies, and is distributed among the German non-church goers.

—A boy who was present with other blind pupils at the examination of the Training Institution at Beirut, Syria, replied to the questions of the astonished Turkish officials:

"I am a little blind boy. Once I could see; but then I fell asleep—a long, long sleep. I thought I should never wake. And I slept till a kind gentleman, Mr. Mott, came and opened my eyes. Not these eyes," pointing to his sightless eyeballs; "but these," lifting up his tiny fingers; "these eyes" (meaning how he could read the embossed Bible with the tips of his tiny fingers); "and O! they see such sweet words of Jesus, and how he loves the blind." Another boy, placing his fingers first on his poor, blind eyes, and then on his heart, said: "It is dark here, but it is light there."

—THE *Independent* in a statistical summary of the work done by the missionary societies of the world, puts the number of stations occupied at 10,311; male missionaries 3,775, fe-

male 2,539; native preachers 11,979; churches 2,419; communicants 605,807; schools 11,960; pupils 575,829, and Sunday-school scholars, 319,282.

—THE census of 1891 showed that there were in India 124,000,000 women, of whom 21,000,000 were returned as widows, of whom there were under nineteen years of age, 669,000; under fifteen years of age, 286,000; under nine years of age, 79,000. All these figures were undoubtedly within the appalling truth.

Acknowledgments.

Received per Rev. F. J. Lankenau from the Mount Zion congregation for the *Building Fund* \$6.00; for *General Mission* \$9.55; from Sylvania Joseph for the *N. C. Mission* \$1.00. Total, \$16.55.

A. F. LEONHARDT, Local Treas.
New Orleans, La., Feb. 15., 1892.

Received for Mt. Zion *Building Fund* the following subscriptions for January: America Davis \$.25; Caroline Hardy .50; James Hubbard .25; Wilhelmina Hosband .25; Felicie Benjamin .50; Elizabeth Hubbard .50; Samuel Tibbs .50; Nannie Bullard .25. Total \$3.00. F. J. LANKENAU.
New Orleans, La., Febr. 20., 1892.

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 9 to 10½.

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, 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. KXABENSCHUH, 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. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1892.

No. 4.

For Sinners Slain.

1 Peter 2, 24.

Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Slain for me;
Who didst suffer grief and pain,
On the tree;
I to Thee my all resign,
Bought with blood;
May I evermore be Thine,
Lamb of God!

All along the desert way
Be my guide;
May I never, never stray
From Thy side.
When the wilderness is past,
And the sea,
May I rest in peace at last,
Rest with Thee.

Redemption Finished.

All men are sinners, no matter what their standing in this world may be. "For there is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God", says the Bible. So all men need redemption from sin. No mere human being, and no angel could do this great work of redemption. But God in His great wisdom and love found One who could undertake and finish this work. He "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all", says the apostle. The Son of God became man, and this God-Man is our Redeemer. He took the place of sinners under the law, and at every step of His sorrowful path from Bethlehem to Calvary He, in our stead, fulfilled all the demands of the law.

Christ took upon Himself also the punishment of our sins. All our sins were laid on Him, and in the darkness of Gethsemane, in the darkness that gathered around the cross, the sin-hating God met His sin-bearing Son and poured upon Him all the wrath that we deserved. Our sins caused that deep agony in the garden; our sins scourged His holy body; our sins crowned His holy brow with a crown of thorns; our sins nailed Him to the cross; our sins drove Him into that awful abyss of wrath and woe, out of which arose such a cry of distress as never shook the earth before: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The prophet Isaiah says, "He

was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." And when He had borne all the punishment, when He had taken the last drop out of the cup of God's wrath, He cried out, "It is finished," and commending His spirit into His Father's hands He gave up the ghost. And then the work of our redemption was finished.

Our enemies indeed thought they had won the victory. Christ's body was laid into the grave, a large stone was placed over the mouth of the tomb, the Roman seal was put upon the stone, and Roman soldiers watched the sepulchre, but in the early dawn of the third day Christ rose triumphantly from the grave as the great conqueror over sin, death, devil, and hell. This is the glad Easter news. Christ won the victory over all our enemies, and He being our representative, His victory is our victory. He was "raised again for our justification," says the Bible.

By raising Christ from the dead God declared the work of His Son, the work of the sinners' redemption, perfectly finished. Nothing can be added to make that finished work more complete. No. Any attempt to add something of our own is an insult to God, a dishonor to our Saviour. The sinner must trust for salvation entirely in the finished work of Christ. Not in Christ's work and in some work of his own. No. Not in Christ's work and in his feelings or in anything that he finds in his own sinful self. No. But in Christ's finished work alone as it is offered to him in the Gospel. Aunt Dinah was asked by an aged Christian: "Are you saved?" "No," said Aunt Dinah, "I have tried so hard to be, but I can't make it out." She received the sweet answer: "Of course you can't make it out, because it is already made out for you and for every sinner. Since Christ made out salvation, the poor sinner is not asked to make out anything, but only to take the finished salvation which is offered to him in the Gospel."

By raising Christ from the dead God solemnly declared Himself perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son. These are the glad Easter tidings. Accept these tidings in true faith and you will enjoy the peace of that happy old saint who was asked by an unhappy skeptic: "Can

you tell me just what is the Gospel you believe, and how you believe it?" She quietly said, "God is satisfied with the work of His Son—this is the Gospel I believe; and I am satisfied with it—this is how I believe it."

Blessed Hope.

The Easter tidings of a risen and living Saviour assure us that there is life beyond the grave in which those that fall asleep in Jesus find a home of everlasting joy and bliss. When we have laid the bodies of our beloved ones into the dark and silent grave, it is indeed sad to go home and leave them behind; but it is not we that go home and leave them behind; it is they who are gone to the better home and left us behind. We, however, have the blessed hope of meeting them in that eternal home. The apostle Paul says, "I would not have you be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others, which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." There will come a day of resurrection, when the shout of the living Saviour shall be heard, and the dead in Him shall gladly respond to His call; "then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord," 1 Thess. 4, 17.

No pen can describe the joys of that resurrection day. With patience we now wait for it. Its cloudless morn will ere long break upon our vision, and our blessed hope will be fulfilled. Now we can but long for it, then our voices shall unite with those of the saints of all ages, and we will join our praises with theirs. Now the mere hope lightens the heavy burden, makes easy the hard road; then there will begin an eternity of love, and joy, and peace, and rest. May none of our readers be among those that will rise to enter eternal damnation, but may each reader of the PIONEER be among those that rise to enter eternal life. This blessed resurrection will surely come to every soul which simply trusts in Jesus and relies upon Him for salvation.

David and Goliath.

You surely know the Bible story which our picture illustrates. It is the story of David and Goliath. We read it in the seventeenth chapter of the first book of Samuel.

The army of the Philistines and the army of the people of Israel were arrayed in battle against each other. The Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side, a valley being between them. And there was a champion in the army of the Philistines, named Goliath. He was tall like a giant, and very strong. He went out of the camp every day, and challenged the people of Israel saying, "Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight me, and to kill me, then I will be your servant; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us." Now, no one in the army of Israel dared to fight that man Goliath. But David, a young and rather small lad, who had just come to the army to visit his brothers, one day heard that big man brag and challenge any one in Israel to fight with him. And he got five smooth stones out of a brook, and took a sling into his hand, and in the name of God went out to fight with Goliath. The big man laughed scornfully when he saw little David coming towards him. But David

slung a stone, and that stone struck the Philistine on his forehead that he fell to the earth on his face. Then David ran up, and took the Philistine's sword and slew him, and cut off his head. Thus David had won the victory, and the Philistines fled. But the men of Israel arose, and shouted, and rejoiced. Why were they so glad? What had they to do with that victory? Why, do you not see, David was their representative in that fight, he stood in their place, and therefore David's victory was the victory of the whole people of Israel.

There is an Easter lesson to be learned from our story. Christ is our David. He was our representative in the great battle against Satan. In mighty battle He conquered our enemy; for the Easter tidings tell us that on the third day he came forth triumphantly from the grave. Our David has won the victory, and His victory is our victory. Let us be glad! Our David has triumphed over our enemy, and His triumph is our triumph. Let us rejoice!

"They must not Rise."

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, went to pay a visit to the African chief, several hundred miles inland from the missionary station at Latakov, in South Africa. The name of the chief was Macaba. He was a great warrior, and was the terror of his enemies. In one of his conversations with this man of war and blood, while seated with fifty or sixty of his headmen and "rainmakers" around him, the missionary spoke of the resurrection of the dead.

"What!" cried the chief, starting with surprise; "what are these words about the dead? The dead—the dead rise?"



"Yes," said the missionary, "all the dead shall rise."

"Will my father rise?"

"Yes, your father will rise."

"Will all the slain in battle rise?"

"Yes."

"Will all that have been eaten by lions, tigers, and crocodiles rise?"

"Yes, and come to Judgment."

"Hark!" shouted the chief, turning to his warriors; "ye wise men, did your ears ever hear such strange and unheard-of news? Did you ever hear such news as this?" turning to an old man, the wise man of his tribe.

"Never," said the old man. "I thought I had all knowledge, but I am confounded by these words. He must have lived long before we were born."

The chief then turned and said to the missionary, laying his hand on his breast, "Father, I love you much. Your visit has made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet like honey; but the words of a resurrection are too great for me. I do

not wish to hear about the dead rising again; the dead can not rise; the dead shall not rise."

"Tell me, my friend," said the missionary, "why must I not speak of the resurrection?"

Lifting his arm, which had been so strong in battle, as if grasping a spear, the chief said, "I have slain my thousands; and shall they rise?—shall they rise?"

In the consciousness of his sin, the thought of meeting his slain overwhelmed and frightened the chief. And, oh, it is a terrible thought to every unbeliever that he shall meet again all whom he has injured, neglected, and destroyed.

Unbelief.

Methinks the tale of Calvary is enough to break a rock. Rocks did rend when they saw Jesus die. Methinks the tragedy of Golgotha is enough to make a flint gush with tears, and to make the most hardened wretch weep out his eyes in drops of penitential love; but yet we tell it you, and repeat it oft, but who weeps over it? Who cares about it? Sirs, you sit as unconcerned as if it did not signify to you. Oh! behold and see, all ye that pass by. Is it nothing to you that Jesus should die? You seem to say, "It is nothing." What is the reason? Because there is unbelief between you and the cross. If there were not

that thick veil between you and the Saviour's eyes, His looks of love would melt you. But unbelief is the sin which keeps the power of the Gospel from working in the sinner; and it is not until the Holy Ghost strikes that unbelief out: it is not till the Holy Spirit rends away that infidelity, and takes it altogether down, that we can find the sinner coming to put his trust in Jesus.—C. S.

"He lives, He lives!"

When Luther, in his sore trials, at times became sad and gloomy, he comforted and cheered himself with these words: He lives. He would often write them in large letters with chalk upon his table. Yea, upon all the doors and sides of his room he would write: He lives, He lives, He lives! Upon being asked what he meant thereby, he said, "JESUS LIVES! and if He did not live, I would not wish to live a single hour. But because He lives, we also shall live through Him, as He Himself says: 'I LIVE, AND YE SHALL LIVE ALSO!'"

An Easter Egg of Rhymes.

From the Danish.

Now Easter comes, full bright and fair,
The end of mourning and despair,
When all things wake to sing and play,
Because the stone is rolled away
From earth's cold grave, and every one
Grows blithe and free; the very sun,
For joy of ransomed earth, they say,
Must dance at dawn of Easter day.

God's Free Gift.

God says, He so loved, not "believers," but the world, that He gave His Son to be "the Saviour of the world," "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Of course you can not have this life except by believing; that is as much as to say, you must accept the gift in order to have possession of it. But God has given it to you, free as the water of the sea, free as the air of heaven. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." But what is it to take? What is it to receive? It seems as if the simplest questions were those around which we manage to gather the thickest mists and clouds of difficulties.

A Sunday-school teacher wanted to explain to the children what was the gift of God, and how they might have it. So he left his desk and went round among the scholars with his watch in his hand. He held it up as he passed before them, and said to the first child, "I give you that watch." He went on to the next and repeated, "I give you that watch." The boy blushed, and that was all he did. And so he went slowly round the class; some of them stared, some blushed, some smiled credulously, but nobody took the watch.

We may imagine one of the older, wiser boys pondering over the subject: "How can he give us his watch? Surely he does not mean what he says. I wonder what he is after." But while the wise boy was deep in his thought the watch passed him and he did not take it.

Finally a small boy just reached out his hand and took the watch. The teacher let go the chain, and watch and chain were in the scholar's hand. As the teacher went back to his place, the little fellow said very gently, "Then, if you please, sir, the watch is mine?"

"Yes, of course it is yours."

The big boys were fully aroused by this time.

"Do you mean to say, sir, he may keep the watch?"

"Certainly; I gave it."

"O, if I had known that," exclaimed one of them, "I would have taken it!"

"Did I not tell you I gave it to you?"

"O, yes; but I did not believe you were in earnest."

"So much the worse for you; he believed me, and he has the watch."

Receiving the gift of God is as simple as

that. God comes and says, "Here is everlasting life." We keep thinking and reflecting and discussing, wondering how He can give it and how we can take it, instead of saying, "It is mine!"

But some one will say the comparison is not a good one. Here we have a material object, a watch, that can be seen, and we have a hand that can take hold of the watch. Whereas eternal life is not something that can be seen, and we have no hand that can take hold of it. My dear friends, every day we take hold of things not seen, and do so without a hand to grasp them. For instance, I receive a letter from some kind, Christian gentleman, who writes: "I have placed at your credit, at such a banker's, \$500 for missionary work." I have the letter, nothing more. And yet I tell you, and I write home, that I have the money. I have not seen it; I have simply believed. We are acting thus all the while.

A son has grievously offended his father. The father sends him word: "I love you. I forgive you. Come home." The son's heart is at rest; his eyes fill with tears. What has done it? Nothing but a few words spoken to him. But behind the words he feels the heart of his father, just as I, behind the letter, see the money in the bank, as really as the little boy saw the teacher's watch.

Now, God has sent us His word. Think of that! He tells us that He has given to us, not to us believers, not to us saints, but to us sinners, His Son to die for us "when we were enemies." What have we to do? Just to take the thing as a fact because God tells us so. Not because we understand it, or feel it, or deserve it in any degree; not because we have made ourselves ready for it, but because God says so. Then will come the Spirit of God bearing witness with our spirit that we are indeed His children. But we must take the gift first.—*T. M.*

Uncle Phil's Story.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once, when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No; but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said, 'yes,' so we went and had a good deal of sport.

"After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. I told Roy to go and bring it to me.

"He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him and he ran towards home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" said Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head, and it struck him right over his eye."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes, it made him stagger. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down stream; but no men were near to help me.

"But, as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me towards the shore. And when I was safely landed on the bank I saw it was Roy. He had saved my life."

"Good fellow! was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried, and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say," asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow, bow, bow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil—"the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you never will be."—*Our Little Ones.*

The Agony in the Garden.

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

On the third Day He rose from the Dead!

On these words Luther says, "The words, Christ risen from the dead, should be well remembered, and should be written in large letters, so that every letter be as large as a tower, yea, as large as heaven and earth, that we may see nothing, hear nothing, think nothing, and know nothing but this one article, Christ risen from the dead."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR Colored Mission at Meherrin, Va., now numbers 76 souls, 33 communicant members, 105 pupils in the Sunday school, and 66 pupils in the day school. The catechumen class numbers 11 pupils. The members of the mission are all very active, and the missionary is doing his work with a joyful and thankful heart.

—AT the Grande Ligne School a French Testament was given to a little girl of Romanist parents, who was for four months at the Grande Ligne School. She went home still a Romanist. Her father asked her if she had a Bible. She said she had. "You must give it to me or put it away, never to take it out." She put it in the bottom of her trunk, and the treasure remained hidden for ten or twelve years. Then she was married and had more liberty. She began to read the Testament in the family; she and her husband were converted. Their zeal led them to labor for one of her brothers who was at her father's house. After many months of labor and prayer the brother was converted. The three united in labor for a sister. She was led to Christ, and so on until the whole family of sixteen children besides the parents were converted. A brother wrote in 1886: "Through that little Testament, given to Julia at Grande Ligne thirty-five years ago, and in answer to the prayers of Madame Feller that followed it, our families, numbering eighty-five souls, are all in the light."

—THERE is a Japanese Christian who puts on his door the following notice every morning before he starts for his day's work, which is far from his home: "I am a Christian, and if any one likes to go in and read my good book while I am out, he may." What a simple and original way of obeying the direction, "Let him that heareth, say, Come."

—THERE was a little boy who went to a missionary meeting, and when he came back he said nothing, but sat by the fire looking at his baby sister in her mother's lap. In the morning it was just the same. His mother asked him if he were well, and he said he was. "But oh, mother!" he cried, "they told last night how the heathen mothers throw their little girl babies away! Only think, how shocking! There's my nickel. I meant to buy a top with it, but now—the missionaries shall have it all!"

—AT the recent meeting of the African Society at Cologne details were given of frightful cruelties in connection with marauding expeditions in Marunji and Kizabi in which numberless victims were slain. Attempts were made to march the captives to Kirando, and on the way great numbers of old women and children were drowned. The haste in which the march was made led to the complete exhaustion of many who formed a part of the caravan, and twenty or thirty, and sometimes even fifty, were daily killed. But in spite of

all this it is said that 2000 slaves arrived at Kirando in one day.

—"WHAT have you gained by becoming a Christian?" was the question propounded to a convert from heathenism, who, by profession of faith in Christ as a Saviour and in Christianity, had lost family, friends, everything in this world. "Much, everything," was the answer. "I can now look upwards to a God reconciled and loving, and say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'"

—ALONG the West African coast there are now 200 churches, 35,000 converts, 100,000 adherents, 275 schools, 30,000 pupils. 35 dialects or languages have been mastered, into which portions of the Scriptures 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.

—REV. JOSEPH ANNAND, a missionary in the New Hebrides, writes to *Gospel in All Lands*: "One of the finest sights that I have seen in the New Hebrides I saw at Tongoa in June this year. On a grassy hillside were assembled nearly 600 natives, nearly all clothed gaily, and joining most heartily in singing sacred songs, and reverently bowing their heads in prayer. Fifteen years ago I happened to be one of three missionaries who were on Tongoa seeking to open the island for teachers or a missionary. On the Sunday we spoke briefly to the people on the same hillside; but what a different congregation! Then we addressed a company of naked painted cannibals that were almost constantly at war, killing and devouring one another. Now what a changed scene! I fancy no sane man could witness those two assemblies and not exclaim, 'Behold what miracles and wonders God has wrought among the Gentiles.'"

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

—WHITEFIELD was once preaching at Exeter, on Psalm 51, 17., "A broken and a contrite heart." He says that after the service a man came up to him with a pocketful of stones, and a big one in his hand, and told him in tears, "Sir, I came here to hear you this day with a view to break your head, but by the grace of God you have broken my heart."

BOOK-TABLE.

"LUTHERAN WITNESS" TRACTS. Edited by Rev. Wm. Dallmann.
No. 1. The Eldership in the Lutheran Church. By Rev. Theo. Engelder. Contents: Origin of Elder-

ship. Its necessity. Importance of the Eldership Office. Qualifications of an Elder.

No. 2. The Sacrament of Holy Baptism. By Rev. Wm. Dallmann. Contents: The Nature of Holy Baptism. Its Benefits. Its Efficacy. Its Meaning.

No. 3. This tract is a translation of Dr. C. F. W. Walther's sermon on Luke 14, 1—11. It treats of the freedom from the sabbath of the Old Testament which Christians have obtained through the Gospel. The sermon shows 1. from what the Christians are made free by the Gospel, and 2. from what the Christians are not made free by the Gospel.

We heartily recommend these tracts to our readers. They deserve a wide circulation. Price of No. 1 and No. 2: 1 cent a copy; 10 cents a dozen; 80 cents a hundred. Price of No. 3: 2 cents a copy; 20 cents a dozen; \$1.60 a hundred. Postage to be paid by the buyer. To be had of Philip C. Treide, 233 South Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

Acknowledgments.

Received per Rev. F. J. Lanckenau from *Mt. Zion Congregation* for General Mission \$5.65; for Building Fund \$6.10. From *St. Paul Congregation* \$5.00, Day School \$5.00 for General Mission. Total, \$21.75.
A. F. LEONHARDT, Local Treas.
New Orleans, La., March 8., 1892.

Received the following subscriptions for February from members of Mt. Zion congregation: America Davis \$.25; Caroline Hardy .50; Virginia Eugene .25; James Hubbard .25; Felicie Benjamin .25; Elizabeth Hubbard .50. Total, \$2.00.

F. J. LANKENAU.
New Orleans, La., March 8., 1892.

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 9 to 10½.

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.
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Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
AUG. BURGDORF, MISSIONARY.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

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

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. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1892.

No. 5.

Only trust Him.

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." Ps. 34, 8.

Trust in the **LOVING** One,
Jesus thy Friend;
Who loveth thee always,
And loves to the end. John 13, 1.

Trust in the **DYING** One,
Atonement He made;
The wrath He has borne,
Thy debt He has paid. Rom. 5, 6.

Trust in the **RISEN** One,
Mighty to save,
For He did destroy
Both death and the grave. 1 Cor. 15, 55.

Trust the **ASCENDED** One,
Seated on high;
Through Him to the Father,
Alone we draw nigh. Heb. 4, 14—16.

Trust in the **LIVING** One,
None can thee sever,
From Him who was dead,
But now liveth ever. John 14, 19.

Trust in the **COMING** One,
Coming for thee;
Safe home in the glory,
With Him thou shalt be. John 14, 3.

Trust in the **REIGNING** One,
Never to fall;
Trust, love, and praise Him,
Christ all and in all. Col. 3, 11.

Selected.

Leading Captivity Captive.

Christ, after His resurrection, remained on earth forty days, showing Himself alive to His disciples at different times. When those forty days were passed, He was visibly present with them for the last time on a mountain called Olivet. He spoke with them about the kingdom of Heaven, and told them to stay in Jerusalem and wait for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. "And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them." Their eager eyes saw Him rising higher and higher into the air, until a cloud received Him out of their sight. And, while they still looked up to heaven, two angels stood by them, saying: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall come in like

manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." And the disciples returned unto Jerusalem.

This is the lesson of Ascension Day. The King of glory entered the majesty on high, and with shouts of triumph He was welcomed to the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. For it is written: "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises!" (Ps. 47.) Ascension Day is a day of rejoicing, a day of glad tidings. St. Paul, speaking of Christ's Ascension, says, "When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."

Christ, in His ascension, led captivity captive. Which captivity is this? It is the captivity in which we were held by sin. Every man, in his natural state, is a slave of sin, a captive of Satan; the curse of God's holy law is upon him, and eternal damnation is the punishment which he deserves. No man can deliver himself from this captivity. Many have tried, and tried, and—failed. There is only one Deliverer from this captivity. It is Jesus. He came into this world to snap our bonds and to set us free. He took our sins and the curse of the law upon Himself. Of His own free will, He, in our stead, was thrown into prison. Our enemies rejoiced. But behold! they could not hold Him captive. He, the powerful God-man, broke the prison. Rising from the grave, He came forth as the Conqueror over all our enemies; and ascending into heaven, He led our captivity captive, that is, He made our enemies captives and slaves. He was crowned as the great Conqueror: our enemies were put under His feet. Through Him deliverance is now procured for all sinners, and therefore the Gospel proclaims liberty to every captive sinner.

Blessed are they that accept this Gospel and believe in Christ as their Saviour. They enjoy the deliverance from all their enemies. They are no longer the captives of Satan, they are no longer the slaves of sin, but masters over sin, death, devil, and hell. Their captivity is led captive; and as their enemies are put under the feet of Christ, their representative, so those enemies are also put under their feet: the true believers are made lords and kings.

The Conqueror of Sin.

Not only my sins and thine, but the sins of the whole world, either past, present, or to come, take hold of Him, go about to condemn Him, and do indeed condemn Him.

But because in the self-same Person—which is thus the highest, the greatest, and the only sinner—there is also an everlasting and invincible righteousness, therefore these two do encounter together; the highest, the greatest, and the only sin, the highest, the greatest, and the only righteousness.

Sin is a mighty and cruel tyrant ruling and reigning over the whole world, bringing all men into bondage. This tyrant fieth upon Christ, and will needs swallow Him up, as he doth all other. But he seeth not that He is a person of invincible and everlasting righteousness. In this combat what is done? Righteousness is everlasting, immortal, invincible.

In like manner, Death, which is an invincible queen and empress of the whole world, killing kings, princes, and, generally, all men, doth mightily encounter with Life, thinking utterly to overcome it; and that which it undertaketh, it bringeth to pass indeed. But because Life was immortal, therefore, when it was overcome, yet did it truly overcome, and get the victory, vanquishing and killing death. Death, therefore, through Christ is vanquished and abolished throughout the whole world; so that now it is but a painted death, which, losing its sting, can no more hurt those that believe in Christ, who is become the death of death.

So, the curse fighteth against the blessing, and would condemn it and bring it to naught; but it can not do so. For the blessing is divine, everlasting, and therefore the curse must needs give place. For if the blessing in Christ could be overcome, then should God Himself be overcome.—*Luther.*

As THE Word of God, well studied, will help us to understand His providences, so the providence of God, well observed, will help us to understand His Word, for God is everywhere fulfilling the Scriptures.

"Preach the Gospel to every Creature."

This is the command which Christ gave His disciples shortly before He ascended to heaven. He said to them: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned," Mark 16, 15.

The disciples heeded this command of their Master. They were His witnesses to the Jews and to the Gentiles. They went out into the world, and as faithful missionaries preached the Gospel to every creature. Amid all dangers, and hardships, and persecutions they never gave up their glorious work. They labored for the spread of the Gospel until the hour of their death.

"Preach the Gospel to every creature!" This command is given not only to the disciples who were witnesses of the Lord's ascension, but to the entire Church of Christ; for the Gospel is to be preached and sinners are to be saved until the Lord comes. It is, therefore, every Christian's duty—and a blessed duty it is—to see to it that this command of our Lord is obeyed. It is related of the Duke of Wellington that when a certain minister asked him whether he thought it worth while to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos, the old General asked, "What are your marching orders, sir?" The minister said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Then follow your orders," said the General; "your only duty is to obey."

The old General was right. It is our duty simply to obey our Master's last and great command: "Preach the Gospel to every creature!" We can then leave the results to Him. He says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Not all accepted the Gospel when it was brought to them by the apostles. And the heathen world is no better to-day than it was in their times. We often read in missionary papers that the heathen world is standing on the tiptoe of eager expectation, pleading with outstretched hand for the coming of the missionary to remove their blindness. But the eloquence which describes the heathen as begging for the bread of life is nonsense. Our pastors laboring among Germans, and Americans, and Norwegians, and other so-called Christian nations find hard work; and the colored people down South, and the heathen in China, and Africa, and India, and on the islands, are no more inclined than other people to turn to God from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven. The mind of the flesh in them also is enmity against God, and nothing but the power of the Holy Ghost can subdue this enmity, as with sinners among so-called Christian nations. But the Holy Ghost does His work through the Word of God and the Sacraments. Therefore those means of

grace must be brought to the heathen. And the Christians must see to it that this is done; for to the Christians the Lord has given the command: "Preach the Gospel to every creature!" Let us heed this last and great command of our Lord, knowing that "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

The Certainty of the Gospel.

The firmest thing in the universe is the cross on which the world's Redeemer is crucified. Though shadows and gloom gathered 'round that scene of suffering, yet the suffering has passed, and all gloom and darkness have passed with it, and higher and brighter than the sun, shines forth the transfigured face of our ascended Lord. No eclipse will ever shadow this effulgent truth: "Whoso believeth in me shall have eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." We come to-day unto the cross of Christ, and lay our hands upon his eternal strength. Thousands before us have done it, and have found rest. Tremulous age has trusted here, and lost its weakness. Penitence has resorted here, and found its confidence. Suffering has fled here for help, and discovered its strength. Tens, hundreds and thousands of thousands, when passing through the prostration and mystery of death, have turned an eye, and put forth a hand, to the cross of Him who was lifted up to draw all men unto Him, and smiles of confidence have driven away the shadows of the grave. Come to-day, and lay your hand upon the cross and say, "I know whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that I have committed unto Him against that day." Stand by the cross, and leaning upon its strength, exclaim, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life . . . nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—*Selected.*

The "Prayer-Sticks" of the Pueblo Indians.

How many of my young countrymen who have read of the "prayer-wheels" of Burmah, and the paper prayers of the Chinese, know that there is a mechanical prayer used by thousands of people in the United States? The Pueblo "prayer-stick" is quite as curious a device as those of the heathen Orient; and the feather is the chief part of it.

Prowling in sheltered ravines about any Pueblo town, the curiosity-seeker will find, stuck in the ground, carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of downy feathers (generally white) bound at the top.

Each of these sticks is a prayer—and none the less earnest and sincere because so misguided. Around the remote pueblo of Zuni I have counted over three thousand of these

strange invocations in one day's ramble; but never a tithe as many by any other pueblo.

According to the nature of the prayer, the stick, the feathers, and the manner of tying them vary. The Indian who has a favor to ask of the Trues prepares his feather-prayer with great solemnity and secrecy, takes it to a proper spot, prays to all those above, and plants the prayer-stick that it may continue his petition after he has gone home.

C. F. Lummis, in April St. Nicholas.

Pigs for Service.

In his work "The Miracles of Missions," Rev. A. T. Pierson thus describes an offering of the South Sea Islanders: On one occasion Mr. Williams explained the manner in which English Christians raised money to send the Gospel to the heathen, and the natives expressed great regret at not having money that they might help in the same good work of causing the Word of God to grow. Mr. Williams replied "If you have no money you have something that takes the place of money; something to buy money with." He then referred to the pigs that he had brought to the island on his first visit, and which had so increased that every family possessed them; and he suggested that if every family in the island would set apart a pig for causing the Word of God to grow, and when the ships came would sell the pigs for money, a large offering might be raised. The natives were delighted with the idea, and the next morning the squealing of the pigs which were receiving the "the mark of the Lord" in their ears, were heard from one end of the settlement to the other. On Mr. Williams' return to the island the native treasurer put into his hands one hundred and three pounds, the product of the sales. It was the first money they had ever possessed, and every farthing of it was given to the cause of Christ.

A Christian loves Mission Work.

Dr. Luther says: "It is a Christian heart's desire and delight to see many people come to the grace of God, and with them to render praise and thanksgiving to God. For such a desire mightily awakens the spirit of prayer and supplication. A Christian can not help feeling concern for all people and praying and sighing for them, that the name of God be hallowed and His kingdom come, and that the lies of Satan be everywhere put to shame and his rule over the poor souls be checked and destroyed."

THE wealthy miser lives as a poor man here: but he must give account as a rich man in the day of judgment.

As soon as God makes a man a Christian by faith, Satan loses a subject and finds an enemy.

Little Sermons.

It had been a time of great trial, loss of money and ill health, says a poor widow. I sat alone sewing and thinking, until the burden was unbearable, and I said aloud: "I can bear this no longer." I went to my room, locked my door, fell on my knees, and told the Lord all my troubles. I went back to my work, but the burden was not gone. I said to myself: "What does this mean? I never went to my heavenly father before with all my heart, without leaving my burdens at his feet."

Scarcely had these thoughts come to my mind, when my little daughter came bounding into the room, with one single blade of grass, with its beautiful blossoms so dainty, yet so lovely in form and color that it had attracted her attention. "Isn't it beautiful, mamma?" she exclaimed.

I gazed at it for one single moment, and then came the answer to my prayer. With tears streaming down my cheeks, I clasped the little blossoms in my hand and said again and again: "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, *O ye of little faith.*"

My little daughter stood by, filled with wonder, and I could only say, "Dear child, you have brought me a sermon." This happened a year since, but a few weeks ago, she came shyly to my side and laid a handful of the same grasses in my lap, saying: "Mamma, here are some of your little sermons."

No Puzzle.

An infidel tried to confuse an old Christian colored man by telling him that there were many contradictory passages in the Bible. "For example," said he, "how can it be that we are in the Spirit and at the same time the Spirit in us?" The old Christian made a very good answer. He said, "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I put's it in de fire till it gets red-hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, an' de fire's in de poker." The infidel had no more to say.

"But God Did."

A brother and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table, and went out.

"How nice they look," said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's directions.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and, sitting down, seemed to meditate.

"You are right," said he, looking at her with a cheerful, yet serious air; "God does count; for the Bible says, 'the hairs of our heads are all numbered.'"

A Child's Prayer.

A little girl, about five years old, lived with her parents, who were very poor, in a small cottage, in a village of Prussia. One day, when her father had gone out, little Rosa was sitting by her mother, who was just recovering from an attack of fever, which had weakened her very much.

Rosa was singing a hymn for her mother, when the door suddenly opened, and six soldiers entered the room. The poor child was so terrified, that she fell from the bench on which she had been sitting. Soon, however, she rose to her knees, and in her own simple, childlike words, while tears trembled in her eyes, she prayed God to pity them and help

them, to make the soldiers kind to her mother, and to tell them to go away to some other house where they might get something to eat and drink. She closed her prayer with these words: "For thou knowest, Lord, that we are very poor."

One of the soldiers kindly patted the child's head and said: "Who taught you to pray, little one?" "Jesus and mother," was her simple reply. The soldier, a tall, strong, rough looking man, turned aside his head, and brushed a tear from his cheek. Then putting a piece of money in her lap, he kissed the little girl, and said,

"There is something for your mother, my child. Pray also for us soldiers sometimes, for we very much need prayer."

The Book Gods.

"The missionary has many gods," said a little African boy to a traveler who was visiting the mission station.

"How is that?" said the visitor.

"O, I hear him talking to them every day, and these gods are alive, and talk to him."

"Show me some," said the visitor.

He took the visitor to the missionary's library and showed him the gods with which the missionary frequently conversed. They were the books that he had seen the missionary reading.

A MEMORY well stored with Scripture and sanctified by grace is a good library.



Jacob's Ladder.

Genesis 28, 10-19.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

"Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

"There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE School House of the German Lutheran Orphan's Home at Wittenberg, Wis., was totally destroyed by fire on the night of April 1. The upper story was used as a dormitory for the children, but with extraordinary effort the little ones were awakened and escaped with their lives. By great exertion the main building was saved from the flames, so that the orphans and their friends can sing of mercy.

—A DONOR of \$20,000 to the work of foreign missions was being spoken of as a most magnificent giver. "Not quite so," was the answer. "I know of at least one more generous giver. Well, that gift is known to very few except the Lord. The other day I was calling on a friend of mine, a very aged man, who told me with tears running down his cheeks, that his only son was about to leave home for missionary work in a far away land. The father had discovered that the young man felt called of God for such purpose, but was tarrying at home for his sake. 'How could I keep him back?' said the old man, 'I had been praying all my life, "Thy kingdom come;" and with all the pain of parting with my boy, with the certainty I shall never see him again on earth, there is deep joy in giving him up for Christ's sake.'"

—THE Rev. T. Larsen, who is at the head of the Mission School for the Indian youth, at Wittenberg, Shawano County, Wis., writes, that there are now 155 Indian boys and girls in the school under Christian training and excellent discipline.

—THE *Kirketidende* reports the donation of a valuable farm near Stoughton, Wis., by G. Skraalen and wife to the Norwegian Lutheran Synod, for an Orphan's Farm School. The Home of the Synod will be removed from Madison, Wis., where it now occupies the old Seminary building. Friends in Stoughton have contributed \$1,500 towards the necessary changes.

—THE "poor prisoner of the Vatican" has not done badly. The Roman correspondent of a Paris paper states that Leo XIII. has deposited in a bank, for the use of his successor, his savings of \$1,000,000, acquired during his occupation of the Papacy. Yet Romanists in some places are taught to pity the old man in his poverty and privation!

—POMARE, Queen of Tahiti and Morea, was seventy years of age when she died. At her birth the first missionaries had just landed in the South Seas; at her death three hundred islands were evangelized.

—THE customs of the Chinese in regard to burials are very strange. At the funeral of a man there is great parade, especially if he be a person of high rank, and many mourners are hired to carry battle-axes, banners, and ornamental designs. The reason for this even the Chinese themselves can not give, the custom is so ancient. Bands of music accom-

pany the procession, and paper money is scattered to the winds to pay the passage of the soul. The only possibility of a woman having such an elaborate funeral is the fact of her being old, and having grown-up sons to honor her memory; the oldest son is always chief mourner. A funeral is always an expensive affair with the Chinese, and for this reason many are left unburied for years, or until there are three or four to be buried, and one funeral does for all.

—REV. GEORGE GRENFELL, of the Congo Mission, says that in Central Africa there is an area 4000 square miles larger than the whole of Europe still unoccupied by a single missionary; that the centre of Africa can not permanently be evangelized by white men, but the greater part of the work must be done by the natives themselves, and the natives are showing their fitness for the task.

—It is a short time since the Bible was a forbidden book in Italy. It was not safe for one to be found with a copy of it in the city of the pope. But now there are many Protestant churches in Rome, and all through the country the Bible is freely sold. The report for the past year shows the sale of 7,509 full copies, 16,827 copies of the New Testament, and 143,212 copies of portions of the Scriptures, an increase of 13,778 over 1890. These sales are not to foreigners or evangelicals, but for the most part to the Roman Catholic populations of the remote provinces, where the voice of the evangelical preacher may not be heard for a long time. Dr. A. Meille says, "I feel justified in saying that *no book is so largely bought, or finds so many readers in Italy at present, as the word of God.*"

—THE *Independent* gives the following summary of mission work in India: Churches and societies supporting missions, 37; stations, 3,777; missionaries, 1,727, of whom 924 are male and 803 female; native preachers, 2,961; congregations, 1,605; communicants, 249,492; schools, 6,993; pupils, 294,167; Sunday-school scholars, 124,603.

—THE American Bible Society has decided to make an exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 similar in many respects to that in Philadelphia in 1876, when specimens of Bibles were shown in over 200 different languages. It is proposed, also, to provide for the sale of Scriptures, and for their free distribution to foreign visitors.

—AUNT DINAH could shout and sing with the best of the church members. It was common at the missionary meeting to sing the hymn, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," while the collection was being taken, and Aunt Dinah always threw her head back, shut her eyes, and sang away lustily till the plate had passed. Old uncle Moses, the collector, observed her habit, and one evening stopped when he came to her, and said: "Look-a-heah, Aunt Dinah, you needn't be a-singing, 'Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel!' if you *doesn't give nothin' to make her fly!*"

BOOK-TABLE.

WILLIAM MORGAN. Ein geschichtlicher Beitrag zur Beleuchtung des Logenwesens von Pastor A. Krafft. Price 15 cts. Address: Rev. J. Frosch, Elmira, Waterloo Co., Ontario.

PFINGSTLIED. Fuer zwei Singstimmen oder zwei Violinen mit Pianobegleitung, componirt von Fr. Faerber. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 30 cts.; \$3.00 per dozen.

SYNODALBERICHT des California- und Oregon-Districts. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 15 cts. The subject treated in this Synodical Report is: "Was ist zum Aufbau unserer Kirche an dieser Kueste erforderlich?"

SYNODALBERICHT des suedlichen Districts. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 18 cts. This report treats of the importance of the pure doctrine of Holy Baptism for Christian faith and life.

Acknowledgments.

Received per Rev. F. J. Lankenau from the Mt. Zion congregation for the *Building Fund*, \$17.55; from the Mt. Zion Sunday School, \$5.00. Total, \$22.55. A. F. LEONHARDT. New Orleans, La., April 6., 1892.

Received the following subscriptions for the month of March:

Laura Hurles \$.25; Wilhelmina Husband .25; Albert Brown .25; Felicie Benjamin .50; Louisa Green .25; Frances Austin .25; Henrietta Davis .25; Eliz. Hubbard .50; Sam'l Tibbs .25; Nannie Bullard .25; Mathilda Thomas .10; Emma Thomason .25; Ellen Redford .25; Clara Redford .25; Abraham Hurles .10; Jane Hill .25. Total, \$4.20.

F. J. LANKENAU. New Orleans, La., April 6., 1892.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claborne and Dirbigay. Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening. Sunday School from 9 to 10½.

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. 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. KNABENSCHUI, 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. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1892.

No. 6.

Trust and Distrust.

Distrust thyself, but trust His grace;
It is enough for thee!
In every trial thou shalt trace
Its all-sufficiency.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength;
In Him thou shalt be strong:
His weakest ones may learn at length
A daily triumph-song.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love
Rest in its changeless glow:
And life or death shall only prove
Its everlasting flow.

Distrust thyself, but trust alone
In Him, for all—for ever!
And joyously thy heart shall own
That Jesus faileth never.

Pentecost.

Do you know what that word Pentecost means? It means the fiftieth day. On the fiftieth day after the Jews had eaten the pass-over and left the land of Egypt, they received the law at Mount Sinai. In memory of this event—the Pentecost festival was celebrated during the time of the Old Testament.

Our Pentecost, the Pentecost of the Church of the New Testament, is a far more joyful festival than the Pentecost of the Old Testament. Our Pentecost is a Gospel-festival. We on this day commemorate the great event of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the apostles, the messengers of the Gospel, fifty days after the resurrection of Christ. They were on that day assembled together in a certain house, waiting for the promised Comforter; when "suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

As this happened at the time of the great Jewish festival, there were then in Jerusalem many people from all parts of the known world, having come to visit the temple. And

the multitude hurried to the place where the apostles were, and how astonished were they when they heard these apostles speaking to the large assembly in different tongues. Men of Europe, men of Asia, men of Africa were there, and every one of them heard the apostles speak to him in his own language the wonderful works of God. Some, indeed, mockingly said: "These men are full of new wine." Those fools must have thought that a man could learn to speak different languages by getting drunk. But Peter lifted up his voice and told them that this miracle was the fulfillment of that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh. And Peter then spoke to the multitude about Jesus, the Son of God, whom the Jews had crucified and put to death, but whom God had raised up, and who now sitteth on the right hand of God and had on this day sent down the Holy Spirit and had shed forth what they saw and heard. Many accepted the truth and were baptized for the remission of sins.

Thus the foundation of the Church of the New Testament was laid by the power of the Holy Spirit in the Gospel and in the Sacrament of Baptism. This Gospel was then spread by the apostles from Jerusalem to the uttermost part of the earth, and the Church of Christ was built up among many nations. Having been called to lay the foundation of this Church, the apostles, on the day of Pentecost, received miraculous gifts by the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. They before knew no language but their own, now, however, they had suddenly been enabled to speak the languages of various nations. They before were timid and easily frightened, but now they had courage to speak the truth in face of all enemies. They before did often not understand the sayings of Christ, but now they understood all perfectly; they received wisdom from heaven; they were inspired and enlightened, so that they could not err whenever they spoke and wrote as the apostles of Christ. We therefore know with certainty that all their writings are the infallible Word of God.

The church having been established, such extraordinary gifts of the Spirit as the apostles received on the day of Pentecost are no longer needed. But is not the Spirit still active in the Church? Yes, through the Word of God and through the Holy Sacraments the Holy Spirit still works in the Church, bringing sinners to repentance and to faith, and giving strength and comfort to all believers. Happy are they that are brought to faith in the Gospel of Jesus by the working of the Holy Spirit. They enjoy all the blessings of the Gospel Church of the New Testament. They have forgiveness of sins, comfort in all troubles and life everlasting. Such happy people will surely love mission work. They will gladly see to it that the Gospel is brought to those that still sit in the darkness of sin, for they know that in the Gospel the Holy Spirit, the great Winner of souls, comes to sinners in order to win their souls for Jesus.

The Unused Umbrella.

A youth was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang toward him exclaiming, "No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folk's religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article to be looked at, but it must not be damped in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions.

We are suspicious that the twenty-three years old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have leaked like a sieve. At any rate, we are sure that this is the case with the hoarded-up religion which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.

Letter from Concord, N. C.

DEAR PIONEER:—The temporary transfer of the pastor of the Mt. Zion and St. Paul Churches at New Orleans to North Carolina, where a new and unexpected addition was made to our colored work, has been noted in these columns. The parting from a people with whom the missionary's life for so many years had been intimately connected, was not pleasant to flesh and blood. Though belonging to two distinct races, a mutual love had sprung up between pastor and flock. The people of these churches have on several occasions, particularly on that of the pastor's removal, proved their love and gratitude in word and deed, for which we once more return grateful acknowledgment.

We have entered on a new field, among new people and new surroundings. The new mission field has quite an extensive territory, embracing quite a number of stations in various parts of the state. For years a few colored men with very limited training and qualifications for the ministerial office, because of limited opportunities, have labored on these stations. The work has been of a rather superficial character, and the fruits, as may be imagined, in proportion to it. A synodical organization under the name of the "Alpha Synod" was effected. But this step was undoubtedly both premature and unwise. Not receiving the moral and financial support that was promised and which it deserved, the ministers naturally became discouraged. And when the presiding officer, Rev. J. W. Koonts, died, the "Alpha Synod", as an organization, died with him. Upon application of Rev. P. W. Phifer, this gradually starving mission was taken charge of by the Mission Board of the Synodical Conference and has been under its care since September last.

As Concord was considered to be the centre of the field and one of fair promise for missionary work, we pitched our tent in this pleasant little town. Having gathered the few scattered members that remained of a small congregation, we set about to clear the old grocery store, in which we hold our services, of its rubbish, cracker-boxes, fragments of old benches and great many other things, which were no ornaments to a house of worship. Broken window-panes were replaced by new. Patent school-desks and an organ were furnished by the Board, and while the old "store" is neither churchly nor comfortable, it is habitable.

With the opening of the parochial-school, half a dozen children applied. It was a small beginning, but we are used to small beginnings and do not despise them. Every week, however, as it came, brought new scholars, until the school at Christmas numbered forty. With the opening year a boom was promised. It came; but with it came la Grippe and laid the teacher low and the boom vanished. But we have gradually recovered lost grounds. The Sunday-school too has made good pro-

gress. We started with fourteen. Dropping those who joined the Sunday-school at Christmas for the sake of the "loaves and fishes", we still have eighty enrolled. Catechumen classes of both children and adults are being prepared for confirmation. With an increased attendance at our divine services—the "store" is at times crowded with worshippers—the outlook is brightening and the people are encouraged.

In Reimertown, eight miles from Concord, we preach to a number of colored people every Sunday morning and give catechetical instructions. The only visible fruit of our labor so far is that the people begin to listen. And this is no small fruit. As the public school-house, in which we have been worshipping during winter, is both too dark and too small, we shall be compelled to hold our services during the summer months in the shade of trees, until the chapel, that is to be built, is completed. You shall hear more from this station later.

In Charlotte, a thriving city of 11,000 inhabitants, Rev. Phifer and wife are conducting a school, which is gradually being turned into a mission school. The number of pupils enrolled during the last term was ninety. The Sunday-school is somewhat smaller. The building in which school and services are held is an old uninviting structure belonging to the colored Odd Fellows. A dozen persons have in the course of time been confirmed, but as these members seem to be of a nomadic turn, no congregational organization has as yet been effected. Besides serving a small congregation once a month in Davidson county, near Lexington, Brother Phifer preaches occasionally in Greenville, a small suburb of Charlotte.

Near Burlington the brethren Holt and Clapp are serving small congregations. As we intend to spend some time with these brethren in the course of the summer, we shall have something more to write then.

There are accordingly seven places in which the great glorious Church of Reformation is being planted among the colored people. *All these places are sadly in need of suitable buildings.* The friends of our Mission—and they are, thank God, increasing—have generously responded to the appeal for help from North Carolina. But more is needed in order that all may receive a little. Will not the readers of the "PIONEER" also help in the good cause? "Little clusters help to fill the garners, too."

In the cause of the Master and as a missionary, the "LUTHERAN PIONEER" is unmistakably doing much good. Here it is generally read and loved by young and old. In the country districts it passes from house to house, and in the winter evenings is read aloud by the open fire-place. May God richly reward you, Mr. Editor, for your untired disinterested work.

Easter Monday 1892.

MISSIONARY.

Pray Without Ceasing.

1 Thess. 5, 17.

A number of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and among others it was asked, how the command "to pray without ceasing" could be complied with. Various suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it, to be read at the next monthly meeting; which being overheard by a female servant, she exclaimed, "What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of that text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible." "Well, well," said an old minister, "Mary, what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it; can you pray all the time?" "O yes, sir." "What! when you have so many things to do?" "Why sir, the more I have to do, the more I can pray." "Indeed; well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise." "Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing, I pray, that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and as I begin to work, I pray, that I may have strength equal to my day. When I begin to kindle the fire, I pray, that God's work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep the house, I pray, that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna, and the sincere milk of the Word; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father and pray for the Spirit of adoption, that I may be His child, and so on all day; everything I do, furnishes me with a thought for prayer." "Enough, enough", cried the old divine, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent." "Go on, Mary", said he, "pray without ceasing; and as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that He has said, 'The meek will He guide in judgment.'" The essay, as a matter of course, was not considered necessary after this little event occurred.—*Arvine's Cyclopaedia.*

The Lord Bless my Pennies.

A little girl six years old was desirous of putting her pennies into the missionary box with others. When saying her evening prayers at her papa's knee she hesitated a moment, and then added, "Lord, bless my two pennies for Jesus' sake. Amen." After the child had gone to bed, her father asked his wife, "What made Gracie say that?" "She has prayed thus every night since giving her pennies to the missionary box," was the mother's reply. Do you, dear young reader, pray "God bless my pennies" when you give your mite to some good object?

Te Evanelia.

Among those who were first attracted by the power of the Gospel in the Island of Borabora, in the South Seas, none were, perhaps, more eager to learn to read than Notopu and his wife. He soon acquired a little proficiency in that art from some who had been in the Windward Islands, where there were some missionaries. It was, therefore, with deep interest that he heard of *te Evanelia*, that is, the Gospel, in the Rarotongan language, which arrived in Raiatea, having been printed in Eimeo.

Borabora was at that time in a very unsettled state; heathenism was still prevailing, and neither property nor even women and children were safe if left unguarded. Willingly would Notopu at once have proceeded to Raiatea to obtain the great treasure, of whose arrival he had heard, but, in the unsettled state of the island, it was hardly safe to leave his wife and three children alone and go on a journey which might take much longer than he thought, because without a favorable wind he could not return. He consulted his wife, who was equally anxious to obtain the much-coveted prize, but unwilling to be left alone with her family. They both resolved, therefore, to go, and take their children and all their valuable property with them, as he was possessor of a very large canoe.

They left with a fair breeze, taking some bamboos of oil with them for the purchase of the Gospel, yet fearing that they might arrive too late and find all the Gospels sold, and thus their journey prove useless.

The favorable breeze soon carried them to the nearest coast of Raiatea (Huaru), being only thirty miles, but on landing and inquiring after the Gospel they were told that it was in Opoa, on the other side of the island, twenty-five miles farther; moreover, they were told to make haste, as nearly all were sold. The wind was very light inside the reef; the canoe made but slow progress, as it seemed to the anxious couple, though they helped with all their might by paddling. But it was very late when they arrived at Opoa. Notopu, the moment the shore was reached, slung the two bamboos of oil across his shoulder, sprang ashore, and hurried to the house where the *Evanelia* was reported to be, and, to his joy, received one of the few remaining copies, which he at once began spelling out word by word.

After a few days the wind, turning round, proved fair for Borabora. All preparations were made, food procured, and Notopu, rejoicing as one having found a great prize, set sail again with his family for Borabora. The wind proved stronger than agreeable, yet all went pleasantly as long as they were within the boundary of the great coral reef which surrounds both Raiatea and Tahaa. But as soon as they came to the open sea their prospect seemed very bad; the wind had risen to a gale, and Notopu would willingly have returned if that had been possible. His chief care was to secure the *Evanelia* from the wet. He wrapped it in several banana leaves, covered these over with native cloth and tied the bundle with a handkerchief on his head.

to touch it nor stir from the spot till he returned, sprang again into the violent sea, swimming for his wife, who was drifting with the current farther from land. His poor wife had, in the meantime, great trouble to secure her two little ones from the violence of the waves. Hardly had she set the one on the fragment of the canoe, telling him to hold while she swam after the other, than the waves, before she could secure the second, would wash off the first, and so again and again. At last her husband reached his poor, struggling wife and took one of the children on his back, while she, almost exhausted, took the other, and both struck out for the shore, which they reached in safety.

"We did not care," said Nopotu's wife many years afterward to the writer, "for the loss of our fine canoe, though we never got one equal to it, nor for all our lost property; the joy of having now *te Evanelia* far outweighed the loss of our property. We sat day and night reading it over and over again, till we knew it by heart."

The writer adds that all the three boys became Christians, and two of them valuable assistants to him during his labors in Borabora. The eldest became superintendent of the school, and having a very good memory, keen perception and a skillful hand, he became a useful helper in case of illness in the island.

Words of Life.



The Prodigal Son leaving his Father's Home. Luke 15, 11—24.

The canoe was driven through the fierce waves with fearful speed, though only a small part of the sail was up, both Notopu and his wife steering, whilst the eldest child baled out the water which kept dashing in.

Already was Pitiao, the utmost corner of the Borabora reef, in sight, and Notopu hoped that their earnest prayer was answered, when a huge wave, towering high above them, broke over their frail bark whilst yet about two miles from the reef, dashed it in half, and turned the fragments over. All their property sank at once, while both parents had a hard struggle to rescue their dear children, one of whom was entangled in the ropes under the canoe.

This accomplished, Notopu swam with his eldest boy ashore, telling his wife to take care of the two little ones. Several Boraboranians were on the reef fishing, but would render no assistance; they were still heathen. Being an expert swimmer, Notopu arrived safely on the reef, took the *Evanelia* off his head, tied it on the head of his little boy, commanding him not

Sins Blotted Out.

"I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother," said a little fellow one day, as he took his favorite seat on his mamma's knee.

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where all the figures are you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with our sins; if we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, they are gone—blotted out—to be remembered no more. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.'"

FAITH makes the Christian. Life proves the Christian. Trial tests the Christian. Death crowns the Christian.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A MISSIONARY writes from China to *The Mission Field* that the wife of Prince Chung, the son of one emperor and the brother of another, has become a Christian. One of her lady attendants visited the missionaries and procured a New Testament and some other Christian books. These were seen by the wife of the prince; she read them and became very much interested. The Gospel was talked about and discussed, until now there is reason to believe that no less than thirty-one inmates of the palace have renounced their idolatry and professed their faith in Jesus as their Saviour. They meet together for worship on Sunday.

—SIX YEARS ago, the chief of the Indian tribe of Kitkatlas on the western coast of British Columbia, in a fit of hostility to the work of the Church Missionary Society, burned the church, tore up the Bibles, and refused to have anything to do with Christianity. Last November the chief called together all the adult males to meet him, as they supposed to discuss plans for the winter. He took from him the scarlet robe and other insignia of a heathen chief, replacing his clothing with the garb of a Christian, and said: "What will cover my heart? I can wrap nothing around it. God sees it, and He knows all the past and the present. He knows I am ignorant and sinful. He has this summer made me know it. I am now dressed like a Christian. Those tokens of the dark past I will never touch again. What shall I do next? I am too old to go to school. I cannot read; I am like a child, knowing little but wanting to learn. Will Jesus Christ have me? Will He help me? I will never turn back. I give myself to God. Now pray for me—pray, pray. I want to know what will please Him. I must know. Begin at once to pray."

—THE first building for the new Pacific University of the Norwegians at Tacoma, Washington, will soon be completed. The brickwork was commenced on the 9th of January and will be done about June. The exterior is being constructed of "pressed Japan brick," brought from Japan. It is hoped the inside work will be finished in time, so that students can be admitted in the Fall.

—SOME time ago a woman living in the country in one of the German States, brought to her minister thirty marks (\$7.50) for the work of missions, saying, as she laid down her offering before him, "In former years I have been obliged to pay a doctors bill of this amount. This year there has been no sickness in my family, which enables me to give so much to the Lord." At another time she brought a donation of twelve marks (\$3.00), saying, "Many of the farmers have recently been visited by a cyclone, but we have been spared. So I bring you this donation for missions as a thank-offering."

—ONE FOURTH of the land surface of the globe is occupied by English-speaking people,

distributed as follows: United States, 3,500,000 square miles; Canada, 3,000,000; Australia, 3,000,000; South Africa, 1,500,000.

—FIFTY-FOUR under-graduates in Cambridge University, England, have notified the secretary of the Church Missionary Society of their willingness to enter the missionary ranks in foreign fields.

—THE work of the London Missionary Society in South India, including Travancore, is carried on with great energy and success. About 457 missionaries, male and female, including native ordained ministers and preachers, are at work in this field. The native Christian members number 7521, and adherents 57,814. 16,375 boys attend the day schools, and 5751 girls.

—PROFESSOR KIRCHOFF recently stated that Chinese was the most popular language in the world. It is spoken by 400,000,000 persons. Hindostani is spoken by upward of 100,000,000; English by more than 100,000,000; Russian by more than 70,000,000; German by 58,000,000; Spanish by 48,000,000; and French by only 40,000,000.

—A MISSIONARY of the British and Foreign Bible Society tells of a Bible meeting held in Madagascar which was attended by 1246 persons, representing eleven churches, and coming some in canoes and many on foot, a distance of from ten to twenty miles. And another one writes of a similar gathering held in the theatre of a Spanish city, with an audience of 1000, and being reported by one of the papers of the place, the whole region heard of it.

—THE venerable Fiji missionary, Rev. James Calvert, who was first appointed in 1838, is engaged in his retirement at Hastings on a new edition of the Holy Scriptures for the Fiji islanders. He writes: "I keep uncommonly well, and hope to be quite equal to the heavy work asked of me—to reprint the Bible in Fijian—the third edition."

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

—"I HAVE been a member of your church for thirty years," said an elderly Christian to his pastor, "and when I was laid by with sickness for a week or two, only one or two came to visit me. I was shamefully neglected." "My friend," said the pastor, "in all those thirty years how many sick have you visited?" "Oh," he replied, "it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them."

—A LITTLE Jewish girl received a present of honey. Of the qualities of honey she knew nothing, for of honey she had never tasted. Her father, coming home, said, "Well, my little girl, what have you here?" She tried to tell her father something of its flavor. "It is so sweet—it is sweet as—well, papa, if you want to know how sweet it is, you must taste it yourself." From the inspired Word comes the exhortation: "Oh, taste, and see that the Lord is good!" Tasting, not arguing, enables us to see the goodness of God. It is not, taste and also see; but it is taste, and, as a consequence, you will see.

Acknowledgments.

Received per Rev. F. J. Lanckenau from the Mt. Zion congregation for widows and orphans \$4.25; for the building fund 1.75; from the Mt. Zion S. S. for the building fund 10.00. From St. Paul day-school for colored mission 5.00. Total, \$21.00.

A. F. LEONHARDT, Local Treasurer.

Received subscriptions for April: Caroline Hardy \$1.00; Eliz. Hubbard .50; Sam'l Hubbard .25. Total, \$1.75.

F. J. LANCKENAU.

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 9 to 10½.

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. 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. 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, 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. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1892.

No. 7.

Delay Not.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near,
The waters of Life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Savior is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

Delay not, delay not, the spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

Selected.

Now is the Accepted Time.

There is an old saying that the devil once held a council of demons to talk about the best way of bringing men into hell. One said that he would go about and tell men that there is no God, another that there is no hereafter, another that there is no Christ, another that there is no sin. At last one said that he would go through the world and whisper in men's ears: "Time enough." At this the prince of darkness laughed and said, "Go thy way, and thou shalt succeed better than all my hosts."

This is but an old saying; it, however, teaches a solemn truth. Among the readers and hearers of God's word Satan wins many souls by whispering to them: Time enough! He wins many souls by moving them to put off their conversion to some future time. How many of those that have heard the Gospel die unbelieving and are therefore damned! For it is plainly written, "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16, 16); "and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3, 36). Many who thus die in their sins did not expect to leave this world without faith in Christ. They did not intend to neglect to the very end the sacrifice which Christ made for sin. They were often "almost persuaded;" but they never got beyond the almost. They wished to enjoy this or that sinful pleasure, to transact this or that worldly business before they would yield to the pleading of the Holy Spirit. So they put off their conversion from day to

day until death grasped them and dragged them into an eternity of woe.

A pastor relates that on a cold and stormy night he was called to visit a dying man. It was not long before he came to the street and the house that had been pointed out, and was taken to an upper room. A man not more than twenty-five years of age was there gasping for breath. The clammy sweat was on his face, his eyes were rolling wildly, and it could be clearly seen that he had only a few minutes to live.

The pastor took the hand, which felt like the hand of a corpse, in his own, and said, "My friend, you are dying, and I have come to tell you of Jesus." "Too late! too late!" hoarsely whispered the sufferer. "I was at your church last Sunday night, and was deeply impressed by the sermon. I knew I was a sinner and needed salvation, but as I went home I thought I was young, and had just started into business, and made up my mind that I would put off the subject a few years. Now I am dying, and I have sent for you, not to talk to me, but to pray that my wife and child may not go to the world of woe I am about to enter."

The pastor told him that it was Satan's voice which whispered to him: "Too late." But in vain was the dying man told of the dying thief, of the blood that cleanseth from all sin, of the grace that saves the chief of sinners, of the call of love sounding out at the eleventh hour. The only answer was a groan of despair, and in a little while, lifting his hand as if waving back the shadows, the dying man murmured: "Last Sunday night! Last Sunday night!" He then moved his head on the pillow, the death rattle was heard in his throat, and he was gone.

Alas for the tricks and wiles of Satan, the great enemy of our souls! When sinners hear the Gospel call, then Satan paints sin and the sinful pleasures of the world in bright and beautiful colors, and whispers in their ears: "Time enough!" And when conscience, perhaps on their dying-bed, is aroused, then he tells sinners that their sins are too many and too great, and that there is no grace for them, and whispers in their ears: "Too late! too

late!"—Dear reader, beware of the wiles and tricks of Satan! Do not listen to the devil's voice, but heed the voice of the true and merciful God: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," (2 Cor. 6, 2); "To-DAY if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts," (Hebr. 3, 7).

Value of One Leaf.

There was once a caravan crossing, I think, the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devout missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome by the heat and labors of the journey, and sinking down was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and kneeling down at his side whispered into his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort succeeded in answering, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was astonished at the answer; and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man he felt assured he had died in Christ. Presently he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hand of the corpse, which he succeeded in getting out. Great was his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, in which these words occur. On that page he had found the gospel.

Faith.

My story is about faith. I heard a young lady trying to teach a very little boy geography the other day. She said:

"How do you know the world is round?"

"Oh, because I have been told so."

"But how do you know you were told aright?"

"My Aunt Maggie told me, and she never tells lies."

I thought—"This is just the way we know anything about heaven, or the way to get there; we have been told so; God has told us, and He never tells lies."

Letter from Concord, N. C.

DEAR PIONEER.—“I offer to donate three or four acres of land in the eastern part of Concord, known as the Litaker property, as a building site for a Colored Lutheran College and Seminary.” This is the summary of a document which Hon. Warren C. Coleman, an enterprising merchant of Concord and a representative colored man of the “North State,” handed to your Missionary the other evening. A Lutheran College and Seminary, a colored Concordia, if you please, for the classical and theological education of colored young men for the ministry in our church is a long-felt want. Without it we can not, for obvious reasons, carry on successfully the mission work we have undertaken. What the colored people of the South need and must have are thoroughly educated christian men of their own race, men that will not work for their own selfish ends, but by faithful instruction in church and at school lift their fellowmen out of their ignorance and degradation. The day may not be distant when the Evangelical-Lutheran Synodical Conference need missionaries for the dark tribes of the dark continent. Who would be better fitted to undertake the cause of Christ among those Africans than the Southern negro boys, who with the mother milk, as it were, have drank in the great glorious doctrines of our church.

Our parochial schools with their hundreds of little boys, into whose hearts the love of Christ and the great confessions of our church are daily being planted by our Missionary teachers, are in a position to supply such an institution with select material and thus better enable it to turn out first-class men.

Concord, with the valuable donation of Hon. Coleman and others in view, offers excellent facilities for such a school. It is a healthy, thriving town. Colored Lutheran schools and churches are being planted round about, which would take pride in their Seminary and in many ways help to support it. The expense of building and maintaining it would be materially cheaper than in the larger cities where we have mission churches. But locate the Seminary wherever you please as long as one is established. We bespeak for it the heartiest support of the entire Synodical Conference and of our colored Lutheran churches everywhere. Let it be brought prominently before our people, acted on by those delegated to act in the matter and push it to completeness.

On Sunday Exaudi, the 29th of May, fourteen members were added to our church by confirmation, the first fruit of the Missionary's labors in North Carolina. With the ex-

ception of a few, who entered later, they have attended catechetical instructions since October last and were well prepared to enter upon the duties of membership in our church. On the same day three were baptized and one was re-admitted to the church. The house of worship was decorated with fragrant flowers and a great concourse of people was in attendance. Another class is being prepared, and before the year is over, the congregation will have more than doubled itself.

May the Lord graciously preserve these young witnesses for the truth in His word and grace unto their end and continue to add to the church such as shall be saved.

MISSIONARY.

Concord, N. C., June 17., 1892.



O Happy House.

“O happy house, o home supremely blest,
Where, Thou Lord Jesus Christ, are entertained
As the most welcome and beloved guest,
With true devotion and with love unfeigned;
Where all hearts beat in unison with Thine,
Where eyes grow brighter as they look on Thee,
Where all are ready at the slightest sign,
To do Thy will and do it heartily.

“O happy house, where man and wife are one,
Through love of Thee, in spirit, heart and mind,
Together joined by holy bonds which none,
Not death itself, can sever or unbind;
Where both on Thee unfaithfully depend,
In weal and woe, in good and evil days,
And hope with Thee eternity to spend
In sweet communion and eternal praise.

“O happy house, where with the hands of prayer
Parents commit their children to the Friend,
Who, with a more than mother's tender care,
Will watch and keep them safely to the end;
Where they are taught to sit at Jesus' feet,
And listen to the words of life and truth,
And learn to lisp His praise in accents sweet
From early childhood to advancing youth.”

Missionary Cucumbers.

Some twenty-five or more years ago, a certain Sunday-school agreed to contribute forty dollars a year toward the support of a native preacher in India. Each class in the school was provided with a small tin box in which to deposit its pennies. The boxes were opened quarterly, and the money forwarded to the missionaries in India.

For a while everything went along smoothly, but after a time the collections began to drop off, and there were some doubts about the school being able to continue the project. There was one class, however, composed of boys about ten or twelve years of age, who were very much interested in the matter; and one day their teacher said to one of them, who, for convenience sake, we will call Harry, “Something must be done to increase our collections and I have a proposition

to make. I will plant some things in my garden, and when they are ready for market you may sell them, and we will put the money in our box.” Harry was very much pleased with the idea; he at once agreed to the proposition, and the teacher planted several hills of cucumbers.

These missionary cucumbers, as they were called, seemed almost to know what was expected of them; for they grew rapidly and produced bountifully, while other vegetables, on account of dry weather, shriveled up and amounted to nothing. Of course this was due, to a great extent, to the extra care the cucumbers received.

When they were ready, Harry took a well-filled basket on his arm and started out on his first trip.

He had no trouble whatever in finding a market for all he had; and, indeed, could have disposed of more.

Every few days Harry would go out with his basket, until his customers, when they saw him coming, would say, “Here comes the cucumber boy.” Everybody who ate them said the cucumbers were fine, and we never heard of any one being sick as a result of their use.

Well, time passed on, and when the end of the quarter came that box was full; and upon its being opened and the contents counted, it was found to contain more than twenty dollars. That box saved the day, and for several years the forty dollars were regularly sent to India. Harry and his teacher are both still living, and neither of them have ever been sorry that they raised and peddled cucumbers for the missionaries.

TRIALS and crosses are part of your daily portion; but God promises you strength according to your day, therefore expect strength in every trying season.

A Young African Hero.

Some of you have hard words to bear at times because you love the Lord Jesus. But in some parts of the world people who say they believe in him are beaten cruelly, and even put to death.

In Central Africa, a few years ago, some boys were burned to death by order of the king because they were Christians. Yet in spite of this, a boy of about sixteen years was brave enough to wish to become a Christian. He came to the missionary, and said in his own language:

"My friend, I wish to be baptized."

"Do you know what you are asking?" said the missionary in surprise.

"I know, my friend."

"But if you say that you are a Christian they will kill you."

"I know, my friend."

"But if they ask you if you are a Christian, will you tell a lie, and say 'No'?"

Bravely and firmly came the boy's answer: "I shall confess, my friend."

A little talk followed, in which he showed clearly that he understood what it was to be a Christian; so the missionary baptized him by the name of Samweli, which is the same as our Samuel.

The king found him so useful, that he employed him to collect the taxes, which are paid in cowries, little shells, which in Africa are used instead of money.

One day, when he was away on this business, the king again got angry with the Christians, and ordered that all the leading ones should be killed. Samweli's name was found upon the list. As he came back he heard of the death that was awaiting him. That night, when it was quite dark, the missionary was awakened by a low knocking at the door. It was Samweli and his friends, come to know what he should do. Should he run away, or must he go and hand over the money he had collected? After a silence the missionary said: "Tell me what you think."

Looking up, Samweli replied: "My friend, I can not leave the things of the king."

His friends earnestly begged him to fly, but the missionary said: "No, he is right. He has spoken well; he must deliver up the money."

They all knelt down in prayer together, the missionary wondering sadly if he should ever see the young hero again.

"My friend, I will try to start early, and leave the cowries with the chief," said the lad, as he set off; "but I fear my carriers will not be ready till after daylight, and if I am seen I shall be caught. Good-by."

But God kept him. He went boldly to the chief's hut, put down the cowries, and walked away. He went again a few nights after to tell the missionary, who said: "You ran when you got outside."

"No, my friend, or I should have been noticed at once. I walked quite slowly until

I got out of sight, and then I ran as fast as I could and so I escaped."

This is a true story, taken from Mr. Ashe's book, "Two Kings of Uganda." It shows the love of Christ can make a boy brave to do his duty even in the face of danger and death. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."

The Children's Record.

Poor Joseph.

A poor, weak-minded man, named Joseph, whose employment was to go on errands and carry parcels, passing through London streets one day, heard the singing of Psalms in Dr. Calamy's church. He went into it, having a large parcel of yarn hanging over his shoulders.

The doctor, after a while, read his text from 1 Tim. 1, 15, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

From this he preached in the clearest manner the ancient and apostolic Gospel, that there is eternal salvation for the vilest sinner, through the worthiness of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who made all things.

Joseph, in rags, gazing with astonishment, never took his eyes from the preacher, but drank in with eagerness all he heard. Trudging homeward, he was overheard muttering to himself, "Joseph never heard this before! Christ Jesus, the Son of God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners like Joseph; and this is true, and it is a 'faithful saying!'"

Soon afterward Joseph was seized with fever, and was dangerously ill. As he tossed upon his bed, his constant language was, "Joseph is the chief of sinners; but Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and Joseph loves Him for this."

Some one finding out where he heard this doctrine, on which he uniformly dwelt with so much delight, went and asked Dr. Calamy to come and visit him. He came; but Joseph was now very weak, and had not spoken for some time, and though told of the doctor's arrival, he took no notice of him; but when the doctor began to speak to him, as soon as he heard the sound of his voice, Joseph sprang upon his elbows, and, seizing his hands, exclaimed as loud as he could, with his now feeble and trembling voice, "O Sir! you are the friend of the Lord Jesus, whom I heard speak so well of Him. Joseph is the chief of sinners; but it is a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who made all things, came into the world to save sinners, and why not Joseph? O pray to that Jesus for me; tell Him that Joseph loves Him for coming into the world to save sinners as Joseph." The doctor prayed; when he concluded, Joseph thanked him most kindly. He then put his hand under his pillow and took out an old rag, in which were tied up five guineas, and putting it into the doctor's hand

(which he had kept all the while close in his), he thus addressed him: "Joseph, in his folly, had laid this up to keep him in his old age; but Joseph will never see old age; take it, and divide it among the poor friends of the Lord Jesus, and tell them that Joseph gave it them for His sake, who came into the world to save sinners, of whom he is the chief." So saying, he reclined his head. His exertion in talking had been too much for him, so that he instantly expired.

The congregation where Joseph heard the glad tidings of salvation through Christ was large and fashionable. Most of them, it may be, were occupied with themselves and their own thoughts and persons. They went, perhaps, to see and to be seen, as is often the case, and listened heedlessly to that which was spoken. But not so with poor Joseph. He listened as to a voice from heaven—he drank in every word. With others, the word fell like seed on stony ground, or by the wayside. Their minds were intent on other things; and, perhaps, after leaving the door of the church, they never once more thought of what they had heard, although it was God's Word; but Joseph received it as God's Word, and not as man's word, and treated it as such. He heard it as with the ears of his soul. He held it fast, and thought upon it. Others cared for the things of this world, and slighted the good news of salvation; but Joseph, after he heard it, cared for nothing else. His mind was intent on his salvation. He knew that he was a sinner, and his soul clung to Jesus as the Saviour of sinners; for he believed what was written in the Word of God, that Jesus came into the world for this gracious purpose. Jesus died, "the just for the unjust." He "put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself," that he might bring us to God.

Rain from Heaven.

Once a little girl who loved her Savior very much for having so loved her, came to her minister with four dollars for the missionary society.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?"

"Yes, sir; I earned it."

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

"I earned it by collecting rain water and selling it to washer-women for two cents a bucket. That is how I got this money, sir."

"My dear child," said the minister. "I am very glad to hear that your love to your Savior has led you to work so long and patiently for Him, and now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh, no, sir, please; not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir; I would rather no one knew but Him; I should like to be put down as 'Rain from Heaven.'"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR Colored Mission at Little Rock, Ark., numbers 23 communicant members; 25 pupils attend the Sunday school. One of the graduates of our Seminary at Springfield, Ill., has accepted the call to this missionfield, and we hope our mission work will again prosper in Little Rock as in former years.

—AT New Orleans we have four missionary stations with two missionaries, four churches, two school houses, and seven teachers. Bethlehem's church numbers 43 communicant members. The average church attendance is 80. In the day school there are 154, and in the Sunday school 200 children.—In Carrolton the average church attendance is 30; the day school numbers 30 and the Sunday school 60 children.—Mt. Zion's Church numbers 126 communicant members; the average church attendance is 150; the Sunday school numbers 133, and the day school 181 children.—St. Paul's Church numbers 69 communicant members; the average church attendance is 200; the Sunday school is attended by 164, and the day school by 156 pupils.

—AT Meherrin, Va., our mission has a beautiful church, a school house, and a parsonage. The congregation numbers 34 communicant members; the average church attendance is 88; the Sunday school numbers 106, the day school 54 pupils. Not far from Meherrin there is another missionary station, where services are regularly held by our missionary, the Rev. D. Schoof.

—AT Springfield, Ill., our mission has a beautiful church property valued at \$5,000. The congregation numbers 40 communicant members, and the Sunday school is attended by 75 children.

—IN North Carolina our mission work among the Colored people is still prospering. In Concord a congregation has been organized which now numbers 20 communicant members; the day school is attended by 53, and the Sunday school by 84 children. Not only in Concord, but also in Reimerstown and at two other stations services are regularly held by our missionary, the Rev. N. Bakke. In Rev. Phifer's congregation a church is being built, the site for the new church having been donated by two English Lutheran congregations.

—UNOCCUPIED mission territory to the extent of 4,000,000 square miles still exists in Central Africa, an area larger than the whole of Europe, says Rev. George Grenfell, of the Congo Mission.

—REV. DAVID HILL, missionary in China, though born to wealth, has cheerfully supported himself for twenty-eight years. His brother, a magistrate in York, has contributed nobly to the work, and now his son has gone to labor in the same field.

—ALONG the West African coast there are now 200 churches, 35,000 pupils. Thirty-five dialects or languages 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.

—AMONG the newer work commenced by the London Missionary Society is that in New Guinea. There are now fifty-three stations along the south-east coast, a staff of six missionaries, over thirty South Sea Island teachers, and some twenty New Guineans. More than two thousand children are under instruction, and there are between four hundred and five hundred church-members. The whole New Testament in the Motu dialect has also been put through the press. Within the first year a new station on the Kwato Island has been occupied by two missionaries.

—THE census of Spain serves as an object lesson to demonstrate the extent to which popular education flourishes under Roman Catholic domination. It is well known that Romanism is in supreme control in that country, and that as regards education and religion, the inhabitants are exactly what Rome has made them. Look, then, at these figures: In round numbers the total population, exclusive of foreigners, is 17,000,000, the females predominating by about 350,000. Of this number a little over 5,000,000 can read and write, while 600,000 can only read, leaving 12,000,000 who can neither read nor write.

—A NEGRO PREACHER once elaborated a new theory of the Exodus—to wit, that the Red Sea was frozen over, and so afforded the Israelites a safe passage, but when Pharaoh with his heavy iron chariots attempted to cross he broke through and was drowned. A brother arose and asked an explanation of that "p'int." Said he, "I's been studyin' g'ography, and de g'ography say dat am de place whar de tropics am, and de tropics am too hot for freezin'; de p'int to be 'splained is 'bout breakin' through de ice." The preacher straightened himself up and said, "Brudder, glad you axed dat question, for it gives me 'casion to 'splain it. You see, dat war a great while ago, bofo' dey had any g'ographies, and befo' dere war any tropics."

Christ my Rest-Stone.

In India, where burdens are carried on men's heads and on their backs, and not in carts and wagons and barrows, as with us, it is customary to provide resting-places for them along the roads. For this purpose stones are set up by the side of the hot, dusty, sandy way, just the right height for a man to rest his burden on; there he can stand and rest, till relieved and refreshed he is able to go on his way.

A native Christian in Travancore once said to an English gentleman: "Ah, Sahib! Christ is all my hope; Christ is my Rest-Stone." The words expressed very beautifully the

man's sense of the comfort and blessing he had in his Saviour.

This native Christian had many a time gladly used the rest-stones by the roadside, and he was calling the Lord Jesus Christ his Rest-Stone. He had learnt to know the burden of sin, and to feel its weight; but finding it too heavy for him to bear, he had come to the Saviour with it, had laid it upon Him and found rest.

Acknowledgments.

Received per Rev. F. J. Lankenau from the Mt. Zion congregation for the Building Fund the sum of \$17.85. A. F. LEONHARDT, Local Treasurer.

Received the following subscriptions for May: Caroline Hardy \$.50, Laura Hurles .25, Sam'l Hubbard .25, Sophia Page .50, Lottie Daniels .25, Wilhelmine Hosband .25, Felicie Benjamin .50, Eliz. Hubbard .50, Sam'l Tibbs .25, R. B. Johnson .50, Emma Thomason .25, A. T. Harris .25, Ellen Redford .50, May Cyprian .30, Jane Easter .20, N. N. \$2.00, Sam'l Hubbard \$1.00. Total, \$8.25.

F. J. LANKENAU.

New Orleans, La., June 7., 1892.

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 9 to 10½.

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. 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 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. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1892.

No. 8.

The Perishing.

By Emily C. Pearson.

[It is estimated that a thousand millions of the human race have not heard of Christ.]

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 has 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!"

And yet amid the darkened lands
For light vast millions cry;
Ye that are stewards of God's wealth,
How can you pass them by?

"Come and See!"

In the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John we twice read these words: "Come and see!" They were first spoken by the Lord Jesus. He gave the invitation to two disciples of John who had heard John's witness of Him as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Jesus saw these two disciples following Him and spoke to them. Then they asked Him where He dwelt, and He said, "Come and see."

One of the two that accepted the invitation was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. Having found the Messiah, he longed to bring others to Him. When he met his brother Simon, he said to him, "We have found the Messiah." And he brought him to Jesus. The day following Jesus found Philip and said to him, "Follow me." And Philip obeyed and thus found Him of whom Moses and the prophets have written. Having found Christ, he longed to bring others to the same happiness. He

at once told his friend Nathaniel about Jesus and said, "Come and see!"

The invitation still goes out to every sinner, "Come and see Jesus!" Come and see what He has done for you; see how he loved you and gave Himself for you; how he lived and suffered, and bled and died for you! Come and see what gifts He has for you, forgiveness and peace, His spirit and His grace, His love and His everlasting joy; come and see how ready He is to receive you, to take you up in His arms and bless you! Thousands have come and seen and found their Saviour in the Gospel. By the power of that Gospel their hearts were won for Him whom they formerly hated and despised.

A Jew, by the name of Gerson, lived in Westphalia in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was a bitter enemy of Christ and His church. One day a poor christian widow pawned a copy of the New Testament in his shop for a small sum of money. Gerson invited two of his Jewish friends to his house and began to read to them "the book of the christians", and they together made merry over its contents. But the farther Gerson read, the more restless he became. The power of the Gospel took hold of his heart, and he was convinced that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, the promised Saviour of sinners. "There," he himself says, "there I found such a light that I must ever give thanks to God." He had come to Jesus and had tasted and seen that He is gracious, and from that time on he brought to others the invitation: "Come and see!" He became a preacher of the Gospel.

Dear christian reader, since you have come and seen Jesus; since you can say like Philip: "We have found Him," will you not say to others, "Come and see?" You will surely wish every one else to come to Him, and you have his word which bids you try and bring them: "Let him that heareth say come!" Will you not say "Come" by telling others of Jesus' love and by helping us in our mission work, by which the story of that love is brought to poor dying sinners? There is no sweeter invitation for you to hear, and no sweeter invitation for you to give than that sweet invita-

tion: "Come and see Jesus!" Therefore call others into the happiness you enjoy.

"Call them in!" — the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer —
Can you weigh their worth in gold?
'Call them in!' — the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus,
He is waiting — 'Call them in!'

"Call them in!" — the white and colored;
Bid the stranger to the feast;
'Call them in!' — the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones — 'Call them in!'

"Call them in!" — the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender, —
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.'
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming: — 'Call them in!'"

Seek to Save Souls.

During a recent voyage, sailing in a heavy sea, near a reef of rocks, a minister on board the vessel remarked, in a conversation between the man at the helm and the sailors, an inquiry whether they should be able to clear the rocks without making another tack; when the captain gave orders that they should put off, to avoid all risk. The minister observed, "I am rejoiced that we have so careful a commander." The captain replied, "It is necessary that I should be very careful, because I have souls on board. I think of my responsibility; and should anything happen through carelessness, I should have a great deal to answer for; I wish never to forget, sir, that souls are very valuable!" The minister, turning to some of his congregation, who were upon deck with him, observed, "The captain has preached me a powerful sermon; I hope I shall never forget, when I am addressing my fellow creatures on the concerns of eternity, that *I have souls on board!*"

Letter from Concord, N. C.

DEAR PIONEER:—The Northern Presbyterians are carrying on an extensive Mission among the colored people of the South. Their higher educational institutions are ably manned and largely patronized. Biddle University in Charlotte, N. C., is a training-school for the future ministry of the Colored Presbyterian Church. The faculty of this institution is, with one or two exceptions, composed of efficient colored men. Scotia Seminary at Concord for colored girls is doing great work. The President, Dr. Satterfield, and his assistants are northern people. Last year another building, "Faith Hall," was added at a cost of \$25,000. This together with the old one makes an investment in buildings alone of nearly \$45,000. Last session 260 pupils were in attendance. 21 graduated from the Normal Department. Tuition is free, but each pupil pays for board and other necessaries five dollars a month. What power for good will these christian-trained girls be among their people! Is it not time for the Lutheran church, too, to take some active steps toward establishing a higher institution for the educational advancement of the colored Lutheran youth? Ought we not to have a training-school for such gifted boys that desire to work among the colored people as ministers and teachers?

On the 17th of July the corner-stone for the new church in Reimertown was laid with appropriate services. That day will long be remembered by the people of that section. Among the things that were confided to the stone, that will ever bear testimony to the glory of God and the truth as confessed by the Lutheran church and that will also tell of the love and liberality of our church for "the brother in black," the following may be mentioned: Luther's Small Catechism, "Der Lutheraner," "Die Missions-Taube," "Lutheran Witness," "Ev. Luth. Kirketidende," "Half a Century of true Lutheranism," "The Lutheran Pioneer," "God Bless our Parochial Schools," some political papers and a Luther-Medal of 1883 with the inscription "God's Word and Luther's doctrine pure shall to all eternity endure." The sermon from Ephesians 2, 19—22. was preached to a large and appreciative audience of white and colored. On the same day a number was baptized and confirmed.

May the word of the Apostles and Prophets, of which Jesus Christ is the chief corner-stone, forever be the foundation of the Ev. Luth. Immanuel Church of Cabarrus County!

Concord, July 18, 1892. MISSIONARY.

Letter from a Missionary in China.

Dear Children:—I remember that when the missionary collection was taken up in our Sunday-school, I used to wonder what the heathen people looked like and how they ever lived. I often wished I could see somebody

who had lived among them and hear them tell about them.

I never thought I would ever live among them myself, but here I am away in the western part of China, in a big walled city, which has thousands and thousands of people who don't know that there is any true God. They never saw a Bible and have never even heard the blessed name of Jesus.

By using the money you have given for the missionary cause, we have built a real pretty chapel, where several hundred people come to hear the Gospel every Sunday, and every day large numbers of men and women come to hear about Jesus.

My room is only a few feet from this chapel, and now while I am writing, I hear several Chinese in it reading the Bible and praying to God. They have been saved by the Gospel of Christ which the missionaries have brought to them, and you can't think how changed they are from what they used to be. Only a short time ago they were bowing to ugly idols, going out among the graves and burning paper money, paper clothes, paper houses and many other things made of paper, because they believed that their dead friends had need of such things in the spirit world; but now these same people are happy believing in Jesus.

What I am about to write is so dreadful that I don't like to mention it, but I want you to see how wicked these people are and how sadly they need the Gospel to make their lives better and to fit them for heaven. Many fathers and mothers kill their own children, because they don't want to feed and clothe them, and many that are not killed are sold to be slaves. Only a short time ago a little slave girl about seven years old ran away and came to our house. She said she wanted to live with us, but they came after her and she cried piteously as they took her away.

Do you know that you are helping to make these people better? We missionaries know that you helped to send us here, and are all the time helping to keep us here. We are trying to work hard so that we may give the Gospel to very many people. L. M.

Chung-King, China.

The Watchmaker.

A person having remarked to Gotthold that he often found it difficult to see the marks of divine providence in the ordering of all events in the world, Gotthold replied, Come, let us go to a watchmaker's shop. Look, he has prepared all the parts of a valuable watch; wheels, springs and pins, all have been carefully measured, fitted and framed, to suit each other. There lie all the pieces ready before your eyes; they are all different in size, form and use; each piece has its own appointed place, into which it fits exactly. Can you now take them up, put them together, and form them into a perfect whole? I am sure you

can not; and if you try, you will begin to believe that a well-arranged whole can never be framed from such disjointed parts. But let the artificer come, and then see what his skill can do. Thus is it with this world's affairs. God has formed all things in exact proportion, number and weight. He has fitted cause to cause; He has given to each of His creatures their own appointed work; and then, by the balance-weight of His own omnipotence and all-seeing wisdom He has set and keeps the whole works of His creation and providence in motion. Think of this, if you would learn to know something of the mighty pulse that beats through all that has been created.

O my God, I thank Thee that Thy watchful eye is over all, ruling and governing all things by Thine infinite wisdom. I thank Thee that all things happen, not as man wills, but as Thou wilt. In whom can I trust with more sure confidence than in Thee? However strange the events in the world's history, or my own, may sometimes seem to my short-sighted eyes, yet even though Thou slay me, I will trust in Thee! I will say with the psalmist, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because Thou didst it." (Ps. 39, 9.)

The Power of Divine Grace.

Six years ago the Chief of the Indian tribe Kitkatlas, on the western coast of British Columbia, burned the church, tore up the Bibles, and refused to have anything to do with Christianity. The persecution grew hotter and hotter. No teacher was suffered to land for more than a year; but the life of the church could not be stamped out. Last November the Chief called together all the adult males to discuss, as they supposed, plans for the winter. He met them arrayed in a scarlet robe decked with mother of pearl and curious embroideries. He recounted the experiences of the past, showed how he had striven to crush out the Faith, and then said that the end had come, and one by one he took from him the scarlet robe and the other insignia of a heathen chief, replaced his clothing with the garb of a Christian and said:

"What will cover my heart? I can wrap nothing around it. God sees it and He knows all the past and the present. He knows I am ignorant and sinful. He has this summer made me know it. I am now dressed like a Christian. Those tokens of the dark past I will never touch again. What shall I do next? I am too old to go to school. I can not read; I am like a child, knowing little but wanting to learn. Will Jesus Christ have me? Will He help me? I will never turn back. I give myself to God. Now pray for me—pray, pray. I want to know what will please Him. I must know. Begin at once to pray.—*Ev.*

WHEN you find an unkind feeling towards another person rising in your heart, that is the time not to speak to a fellow-being, but to talk to God in prayer.

Robert Moffat.

Robert Moffat was a famous missionary in Africa. Speaking of his conversion and the devotion of his life to missionary work, he himself says:

"I will tell you how it was: When I was leaving home for Warrington, where I was going to work as a gardener, my mother asked me to give her a promise. I wanted to know what I was to promise, but she would not tell me and still urged that I should promise. I was quite loth to give my word to do a thing which I did not know about, but I loved and trusted my mother, and so at length gave the promise she wished.

"Well," she said, 'I want you to read a portion of the New Testament every day, and wherever you may be.'

"I kept my promise to my mother, and it was some time after that, that I was brought to the knowledge of Christ."

"And did you then devote yourself to the missionary work?" some one asked.

"No," he replied; "that was later; I had gone in from the place where I was working to the town of Warrington on a Saturday night to buy a book, when I saw a placard about a missionary meeting. It was an old placard, and the meeting was past, but it fixed my thoughts on the subject; and so I went to the minister whose name was on the placard, and after I had knocked at his door I would gladly have run away, but it was too late. So I saw him and talked with him, and afterward he introduced me to the London Missionary Society, by which, two years later, in 1822, I was sent out to Africa."

When Moffat had come to Africa, an African chief came with twelve spearmen to command him to leave the country on pain of death, but Moffat calmly replied, "You may shed my blood, you may burn my dwelling, but my decision is made—I do not leave your country." With a calm courage, which nothing could daunt, the missionary for many years labored faithfully among his "beloved Africans." On August 9, 1883, the "good and faithful servant" entered into the joy of his Lord.

What wonderful changes have taken place in Africa since Moffat entered that country in the year 1822! Changes that have been brought about also by the work of that faithful missionary! Over the harvests that have been gathered from the deserts of Africa that godly mother also rejoiced, who trained her boy in the fear of the Lord and made him promise to read the New Testament every day.

True charity has no memory.

The "Fountain" and the "Oil."

"In one of my early journeys," says Robert Moffat, "we came to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange river. We had traveled far, and were hungry, thirsty and tired. For fear of lions we thought it best to go into the village and tarry for the night, rather than continue on our journey; but the people seeing us, roughly bade us keep at a distance. We asked for water, but they would give us none. I offered the three or four buttons still left upon my jacket for a drink of milk; this also was refused, and we had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from the water, though within sight of the river. Our lot looked hard, especially when, in addition

On learning a little of her history, and finding that she was a Christian, a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the life of God in her soul without christian society. She drew from her bosom an old Dutch New Testament, which she received from a missionary while at his school many years since, before her relatives took her away to this distant region.

"This," she said, 'is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn.' I looked on the precious volume, and you may conceive how we felt when we met with this disciple, and mingled together our sympathies at the throne of our Heavenly Father."

That Mighty Name.

A missionary in India one day saw on the street one of the strangest looking heathen his eyes had ever lighted upon. On inquiry, he found that he belonged to one of the inland tribes living in the mountain districts. Upon further investigation he found that the Gospel had never been preached to them, and that it was very hazardous to venture among them because of their murderous propensities.

He was stirred with earnest desire to break unto them the bread of life. He went to his lodging-place, fell on his knees, and pleaded for divine direction. Arising from his knees, he packed his valise, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and his pilgrim-staff, and started in the direction of the Macedonian cry. As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell, they said, "We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go." But he said, "I must preach Jesus to them." For two days he traveled, scarcely meeting a human being, till at last he found himself in the

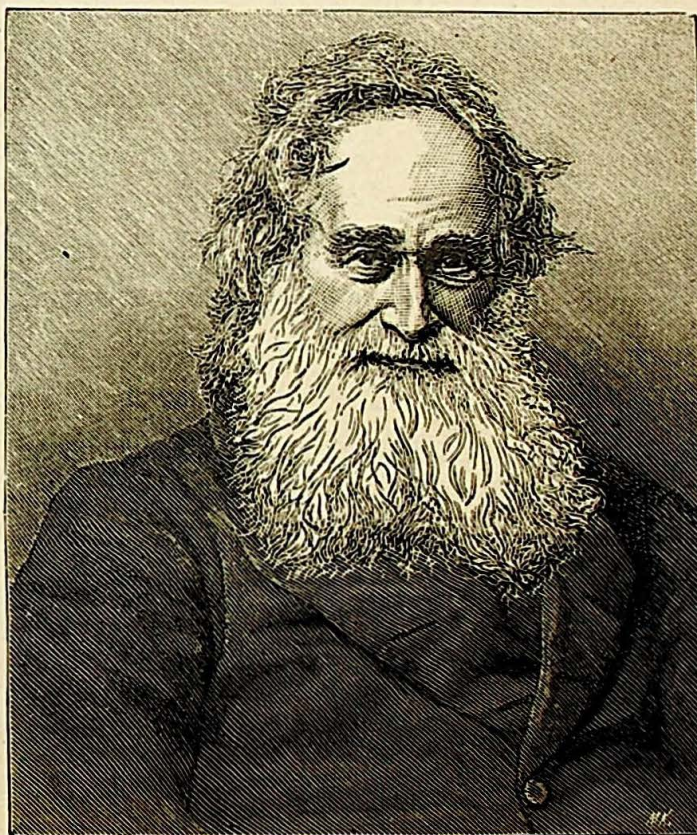
mountains and surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was suddenly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not having any other resource, he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin, he began with closed eyes to sing and play,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

While singing the last stanza—

"Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all,—

he opened his eyes and saw that the spears had dropped from their hands, and big tears were falling from their eyes. They afterward invited him to their homes. He spent two years and a half among them. His labors were so richly blest that, when he was compelled to leave them by reason of ill health, they followed him thirty miles. "O missionary, come back to us again! There are tribes beyond us," they said.—*Mission Studies.*



ROBERT MOFFAT.

to these rebuffs, the manners of the villagers aroused our suspicions.

"When the twilight came on, a woman drew near from the height beyond which the village lay. She carried on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. Without speaking she handed us the milk, laid down the wood, and went away. Soon she came back with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She then kindled a fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She said not a word, until we asked her why she showed this unlooked for kindness towards strangers. A tear stole down her black cheek as she answered, 'I love Him, whose servant you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I can not speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place.'"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THERE are 12,000 mission schools sustained by the offerings of Protestant Christians. They are teaching some 600,000 children and young people.

—THE China Inland Mission reports 123 additions to its force the past year, making the whole number now engaged in that work 512, occupying 94 different points.

—THE Friendly Islands fifty years ago had not a native Christian; now there are more than 30,000 church members, who give from their scanty store \$15,000 annually for religious objects.

—THERE is no missionary in Afghanistan, with her 6,000,000 people. Annam, with 5,000,000, has only Roman Catholic missionaries. India has one missionary to 275,000 people; Persia, 100,000 to 300,000; Thibet, 1,000,000 to 2,000,000.

—AMONG the receipts of the Basle Missionary Society last year were \$58,000 from poor friends of the society, who subscribed one cent a week. Collectors obtained the amount from them once in ten weeks.

—THE Moravian Church in the foreign field has 135 stations and out-stations, 295 missionary agents, 59 native missionaries, 1664 native assistants, and 31,480 communicants. The missions are in Greenland, Labrador, Alaska, our own country, the East and West Indies, Demerara, the Moskito Coast, Surinam, Africa, Australia, North Queensland and Central Asia.

—ARCHDEACON KIRBY who as a missionary spent twenty-seven years among the Indians of Rupert's land, says: "There is no better argument for Christianity than a congregation of Indians repeating in their own tongue the Apostles' Creed." There are now 10,000 baptized Indian Christians leading consistent lives, and reading daily the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

—JAPAN had but ten Christian converts in 1872. According to statistics just now published, there are now 31,181, of whom 5542 were received into the churches last year. Twenty-six missionary societies are at work in the empire, and already there are no less than fourteen theological seminaries, with nearly 300 native students for the ministry. The Buddhist priests have dwindled from 244,000 to 50,000—a most significant fact.

—MADAGASCAR, early in the century, was a nation of fierce idolaters. The first missionaries were told that they might as well try to convert cattle. The most inhuman cruelties were practiced upon the first converts, and as late as 1857, 2000 were put to death for their faith. But the church that went under the cloud with a few hundred souls and God's Word in their hands, came out a host of 37,000! Now the London Society alone has more than 60,000 church members and about 230,000 adherents. Sixty-five years ago not a native of the island could read, now 300,000

can read. Madagascar has more than 5000 ordained and native preachers.

—AFRICA has now at work within her borders ten American, twelve British, and thirteen continental missionary societies. There are more than 700 ordained missionaries, and more than 7000 native preachers. It is estimated that there are, both white and native, about 175,000 communicants, and 800,000 adherents. The Congo region, so recently opened, now has a chain of mission stations extending almost from the mouth of the river to the equator, and five large steamers are engaged in mission work on the Upper Congo.

—"WHY DID YOU NOT COME SOONER?"—A sad cry from a widow's heart comes in a letter from a missionary, Mr. Cooper, to *China's Millions*. He writes: "In a house where there were four believers we held two meetings, and stayed the night. There lives here a widow of one of the sons of the family. My companion, Mr. Tsu, asked her if she believed the glad tidings. 'Yes,' she said in a plaintive voice, 'I believe, and my brothers believe; but oh, why did you not come a few years sooner? then my husband might have believed. But now it is too late for him.' That cry has been ringing in my ears ever since. 'Why did you not come sooner?' How many millions there are in this dark land for whom it will soon be too late! And yet some at home seem to think that the statements of missionaries, as to the awful need of workers to go to Christ's heathen in China, are extravagant."

—THE British and Foreign Bible Society, at its annual meeting held in Exeter Hall, reported that nearly 4,000,000 copies of the Bible, Testament and portions have been distributed during the last year. The increase on the previous year was 62,680, and the total number of copies issued since the society commenced its work in 1804 has reached the figure of 131,844,796. During the year versions in seventy languages had received editorial revision, and nine new versions had been printed.

—ON a mossgrown slab in the graveyard at Rowley is the epitaph of the Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, the first minister of that town, who died in 1660, in his seventieth year. It closes as follows: "With the youth he took great pains, and was a tree of knowledge laden with fruit which the children could reach."

—A YOUNG man thinking he was called to preach the Gospel, wrote to a faithful old minister, as follows: "I think I am called by the Spirit to preach; how much do you think I can make a year?" The reply was, "The question you ask shows you are not called."

—A 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 your Maker."

—AN old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There's a time to

dance." "Yes; dar am a time to dance," said the colored divine; "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for goin' to a ball."

—"THERE are two sides to everything," said an infidel lecturer; "I repeat it, there are two sides—" At this juncture a tired-looking little man stood up in the front seat to say:—"Well, if you've no objections, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return." And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.

—"THOUGH a decided Christian, he was not a bigot." Well, it may be that such a notice is praise, but for the most part it means that his principles sat loosely on him. Pat was reeling home when a friend met him and said, "Why, Pat, I thought you had become a temperance man." "So I am," said Pat, "but not a big-big-bigoted one."

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 9 to 10½.

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. LANKEAU, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.
CARROLLTON.

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Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

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Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

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

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

Cor. Rock & 12th 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. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., September, 1892.

No. 9.

Consider the Lilies of the Field!

Sweet lily of the field, declare
Whose hand it was that made,
And in such beauty placed thee there,
Before mine eyes displayed?

How white the robe which thou hast on,
With golden dust o'erlaid!
In all his glory, Salomon
Like thee was not arrayed.

Thy robes God washes in the dew,
And dries them in the air,
And bleaches them in sunshine too,
To make them bright and fair.

Sweet lily of the field, although
Thou hast no voice, nor speech,
Thou dost a bright example show,
A useful lesson teach.

Sweet lily of the field, by thee
This lesson I am taught:
God cares for little flowers like me,
Take then no anxious thought.

From the German.

All are Welcome.

On a stormy afternoon in November there was a children's service held in one of our large cities. As the pastor came to the church, he was surprised to find a group of little ones standing outside of the door in the heavy rain, apparently waiting for something. They were strangers to him, but, as he came up, three of them ran to him, asking eagerly, "Is there anything to pay to get in?"

"Nothing, dear children", he said; and in the three ran at once.

But two little ragged ones, with bare feet, still lingered outside, till one of them shyly asked the pastor, "Can the like of us get in?"

Glad was he to be able to say, "Oh, yes; all are welcome," and they went in together.

There is a lesson to be learned from these children. They had all been invited to come. They were cold and weary outside. The door was open and a kind welcome waited them inside. They kept themselves out by thinking the invitation could not be meant for them—that they were not fit to come in. Here, then, is the lesson: God has, in His infinite love, provided a rich feast, to which He freely and

fully invites all. Before God could give guilty sinners this full and free invitation, His only-begotten Son had to suffer and die in the sinner's stead, "the just for the unjust." He fully redeemed us from the curse of the law and the punishment of sin. And now the Gospel invitation goes out to all sinners, offering them forgiveness of sin and life everlasting. Don't think the invitation is not meant for "the like of you." Don't let any such thought as that you are not fit to come in keep you out. The like of you may come in. All are welcome. "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; "WHOSOEVER believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins," Acts 10, 43; "WHOSOEVER believeth in Him shall not be ashamed," Romans 10, 11; "WHOSOEVER will, let him take the water of life freely," Rev. 22, 17. Does not that word, "whosoever," take in *your* case? Can you accept the word "whosoever" and shut yourself out? You can not, my friend. Your name is wrapt up in that word "whosoever," and by trusting in that Gospel-word you can be surer of your salvation than if your name were written plainly in flashing letters across the sky, as one whom Jesus will receive.

Pardon for Nothing.

Some time since, says a missionary, when visiting an old man who seemed anxious about salvation, I found great difficulty in making him understand that pardon is the free gift of God, through the precious blood of Christ.

At last I said to him: "Now suppose I were to go to a shop, and buy something for you, and pay for it, and send it to you, need you pay any money for it?"

"No," said the old man, brightening up; "it would be paid for."

"Need you make any promise to pay at some future time?" I then asked.

"No," he replied; "I should have it for nothing."

"So," I continued, "it is with forgiveness of sin—the Lord Jesus has paid the full price

for it. He has had the groans, the sighs, the tears, the wrath, the pain, the punishment; yea, all that sin deserved. He bore it all. He paid the whole. Yes, He bought forgiveness with His precious blood, and now He gives it as a gift to all that will accept it."

"Yes," said the old man, as his eyes filled with tears, "I see it now; it is pardon for nothing! pardon for nothing! Christ has bought it, and gives it to me."

Our tears, and prayers, and groans, and works can not procure forgiveness of sins. Christ alone has secured pardon of sin, by the shedding of His blood, and we must accept it in faith. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

The Blessing of Mission Work.

Think of the blessing attending mission work. If a soul is saved, a blessing comes to the saved one both here and hereafter; a blessing comes to his family, a blessing comes to his circle of acquaintances, a blessing comes to the church, a blessing comes to the world, a blessing comes even to heaven, for "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance" (Luke 15, 7). All the boasted achievements of men on battlefields, and in the councils of nations, and in the pursuits of science, are paltry beside the benefits flowing from the conversion of souls.

Blind, Deaf and Dumb.

In a late report of one of the Metropolitan Asylums a striking circumstance is mentioned of one of the inmates. She was suffering under a triple affliction, being blind, deaf and dumb. The only way of communicating with her was by the touch through her fingers. One day a gentleman asked her to express the hope that she had under her sad affliction, when she at once spelt on her fingers the following texts of Scripture: "I have learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content." "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Early Difficulties and Present Opportunities in Japan.

In December last the Rev. Dr. J. D. Davis of Kioto read a paper before the Kobe and Osaka Missionary Conference, in which he presented the contrast between the present opportunities for missionary work in Japan and the condition of things which he found on landing in Kobe in 1871, the year that "witnessed the abolishment of feudalism, the dispatch of the first great embassy to foreign lands, the beginning of the first railway and of the post-office system, and the starting of the first newspaper." "The edicts against Christianity, which had been posted upon the bulletin boards all over the empire for 250 years, and which made the profession of Christianity a capital offense, and offered rewards to all informers, had been re-affirmed by the Mikado upon his restoration, and were still to be seen in every part of Japan."

Early in 1872 Dr. Davis, in company with Dr. Greene, called upon the Governor of the Hiogo Ken, and were told that if it came to his knowledge, that a Japanese bookseller in Kobe had sold even a copy of the English Bible, it would be his duty, acting under orders from Tokio, to arrest that man and send him to prison.

Among the early difficulties of the situation, Dr. Davis mentions the fewness in numbers of the missionaries, the difficulty of travel, the lack of help in learning the language, the small number of Japanese Christians, and the dissemination of Western skepticism and materialism through the extensive circulation of books in both Japanese and English. Speaking of the lack of Christian literature, he says:

No part of the Bible had been printed, and, so far as the writer knows, no tracts had been prepared. We were shut up to the Bible in the Chinese language, without the *kunten*, and to Dr. Martin's evidences of Christianity, in Chinese. On account of the fear which had possession of the people, the preparation and printing of Christian books were very difficult, and the prejudice of all scholars against writing anything in popular language was an almost insuperable barrier against the preparation of any books or tracts for the masses.

In the summer of 1873 the writer sat under the maples by the waterfall in Arima, the only missionary in the place, and wrote in Roman letters in his broken Japanese, the first draft of a little tract; two months later, when his teacher had copied this into Japanese, he asked him to revise it, and it came back in such high Chinese that none of the common people could read it; he then asked a scholar of the pure Japanese language to put it into such language

that the masses could read it, and after another month it came back about fifty degrees higher yet; the writer then took his original draft and sat down by his teacher and fought it over word by word and sentence by sentence, demanding that the words which could be understood by the greatest number of the common people should be used, and after two months it was ready for the block-cutter. But his teacher begged of the writer not to let any one know who helped in the preparation of it, as he would be ashamed to have it known that he prepared a book in the language of common people. This was one of the very first tracts prepared, and within ten years over 100,000 copies of it had been circulated.

There is a different outlook to-day:

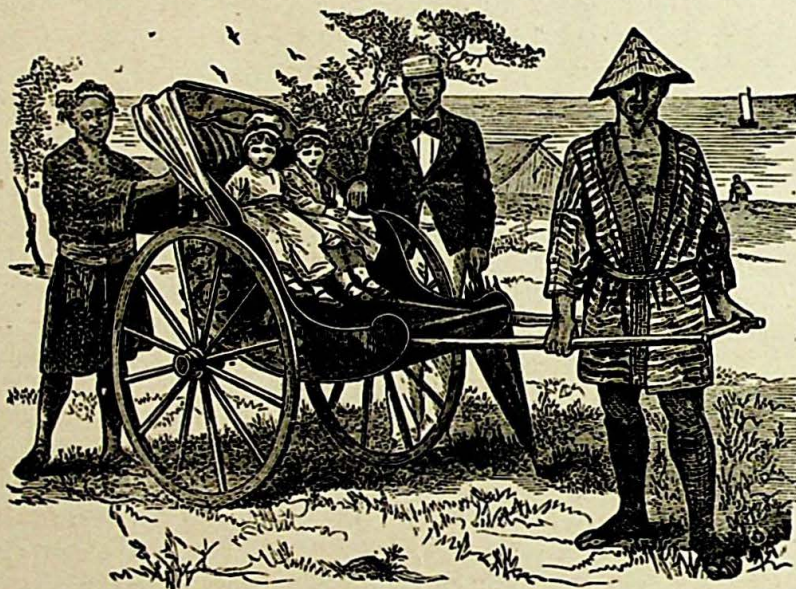
The twenty missionaries of twenty years ago have become, including the wives of missionaries, nearly 600. Instead of the four

The fear which existed universally twenty years ago is well-nigh gone; religious freedom is guaranteed in the constitution, and there is a readiness to hear on the part of the people, in most places throughout the empire, which calls for a manifold larger number of direct evangelic workers than are at present engaged in that work in Japan. The Protestant Christians of twenty years ago have become more than 30,000, organized into over 200 churches, with about 130 ordained Japanese ministers, and nearly 500 other Japanese evangelists and workers, with nearly 400 men in training in theological schools.

—The Bible Society Record.

Sunday School Scholars in Japan.

Boys and girls who go to Sunday school in Japan wear the same kind of dress, cut and made in the same way; but the girls always have some red about them, while boys never wear this color. All go bare-headed, and some of the boys and girls have their hair cut in very odd ways. Many shave off all the hair except a little patch on the top of the head, while others have hair all over except on top. They wear low white socks with a different place for the big toe, just as American children have a separate place for the thumb in the mittens worn in winter. Over these socks, when on the street, the Japanese children put on straw or wooden shoes. The straw ones have nothing but soles, held to the feet by strings passing between the big toe and the other toes. The wooden shoes are on stilts, and are used in muddy weather.



Traveling in Japan.

unmarried female missionaries, we now have about 200. The waters of the coast of Japan are now plowed by steamers in every direction, nearly 2000 miles of railroad are in operation, and thousands of miles of jinrishika roads are found, while a network of telegraph wires is spread over the land, and the postal facilities extend to the remotest hamlet; and these railroads, steamers, telegraphs and post-offices are all the ready servants of the messengers of the cross.

A legion of books has been prepared to assist the beginner in learning the Japanese language. A Christian vocabulary has been created and fairly good teachers are to be secured. The whole Bible is published in the language of the people, and fairly good commentaries on the whole of the New Testament have also been published; a good beginning has been made in Japanese hymnology, and a good beginning has also been made in the preparation of Christian books and tracts. It is no longer a disgrace to publish a book in a language which can be read.

When the children reach the Sunday school they all step out of their shoes and leave them at the door until they are ready to start home again. The floor is covered with straw mats about two inches thick. The children sit on these mats with their feet under them. They can sit there for hours at a time without growing tired. The teacher sits on the floor too. The children are very quiet and well-behaved, and give very little trouble. They seem to like the Sunday school and to be glad to learn, and are faithful in their attendance.

It sometimes seems to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now but sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that which Thou givest to them who love Thee in the midst of their greatest crosses.

Madame Guyon in Prison.

Eager for the Bible.

Eager for it, indeed, they were in that beautiful South Sea Island called Eimeo, not far from Tahiti. You have never known life without the Bible, but it was a new thing to these heathen islanders. The little children had never heard the sweet stories so familiar to you; the older people had never heard that there was one true God and one Savior Jesus Christ. They bowed down to ugly idols and thought they could please them by killing and eating each other.

Then the missionaries had come among them. But for fifteen years they seemed to labor in vain. Cruelty and cannibalism still went on. At last, God rewarded all the waiting and praying. Fierce men began to sit at the missionary's feet and listen to the Gospel story. One after another came to inquire about the white man's religion.

Some of them learned to read, and the next thing was to get them the Bible in their own language. The missionaries translated it and then started a printing press—the first ever seen in those distant islands. Great was the excitement it caused. A machine for making books; who had ever heard of such a wonderful thing! Nature's beauties were around them, palms and bread-fruit trees; bright-winged birds and gorgeous butterflies, and fire flies—things we only read of. But this was a marvel of man's making, and to them it seemed magic.

The king went every day to watch the process, while the people thronged the doors and peeped in at the windows. For several weeks the spot where the printing was going on was like a fair, while canoes from the other islands were drawn up on the beach, and the fields were covered with tents occupied by those who could get no lodging in the village.

It was the fame of the printing-press which had tempted the concourse to the spot. And then everybody wished to possess the wonderful Book as soon as it was ready, and so they watched and waited.

At last one copy was finished! That was given to the king, whose joy on receiving it knew no bounds. Then for weeks and months it was hard work indeed to supply the precious volume to all who wanted it. When the materials for binding came to an end, the people gladly gave their goats, their dogs, and their kittens even, and the missionaries showed them how to prepare the skins so as to make covers for the Word of God.

One evening at sunset a canoe arrived from Tahiti with five men to buy Bibles. The minute they landed they hastened to the missionary's house and asked for the "Word of Luke." No copies were ready, but they were told that if they would get themselves a lodging in the village they should have them in the morning. But no, they would not go away: they were so afraid somebody else would come and take the copies before them,

they would just stop where they were, they said, and wait!

So they gathered some dry cocoanut leaves for a bed and lay down at the door. When the morning came, and they received the books, each wrapped his own in a piece of white bark cloth, put it in his bosom, said good-bye to the missionary, hastened to the boat, and, without eating or drinking, steered over the blue waters full of joy to their home.

And what has been the result? The precious Book has done its work; the South Sea Islands have flung away their idols; there is no more killing and eating each other; they have nine hundred churches, chapels, and schools, and these isles so lovely have been won for Christ.

Reader, are *you* as eager after your Bible as were these poor heathen? Or do they lie with the dust upon them unopened and forgotten? Remember, it is only the Bible truth which can make us wise unto salvation, whether we read it under the palm trees or by the fireside at home.

In the West Indies.

In the West India islands many young colored people work in the fields, pulling out the weeds that grow among the sugar canes. They work hard all the week, and when Sunday comes they dress themselves in their white jackets and trousers, and set off for the Sunday-school.

An officer in the navy went into a school where many colored boys were learning their lessons. One little boy was asked to prove from the Bible that the body will rise from the grave. "I can prove it, massa," said he; "for Jesus once said, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;' and, in another place, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'"

He was then asked, "Can you prove it from the Old Testament also?" "Yes; for Job says, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'"

A Bible was then put into his hands, and he turned to John 11, 25. 14, 19. Job 19, 25. 26., where these words are to be found. Surely this little boy was in the right way to become wise.

There was another who knew how to be useful. He was employed in carrying salt fish from the sea coast of Jamaica to the inner part of the island; and to meet half-way another boy, who brought vegetables in return. After they had exchanged their loads, the boy from the coast, who went to school, used to sit down with his less favored companion, that he might teach him how to read.

Others have become pious. A colored boy trod upon a rake, which in a few days brought

on lock-jaw. On his teacher entering the room, he said, "Oh, massa! me going so dead." He was asked whether he was afraid to die. "No, massa; me shall go to Jesus; but pray with me."

Do you remember what I told you," asked the missionary, "about Jesus Christ?" "Oh, yes; me remember, and I am glad to die, for I shall go to Him—to the kingdom." His mother stood by his bedside crying, when he said: "Mother, do not cry, I am not afraid to die; me love you and my brother; but me love Jesus more. If you cry, you make my pain too bad."

He then spoke to his younger brother, telling him to obey his mother, and to be kind to her. After this he lay for a short time and then died.

Another colored boy, when on his death-bed, was very happy. His teacher inquired, "What has made you glad, Thomas?" He replied, "Ah! God live there; Jesus Christ live there!" laying his hand on his breast.

"What is God to you, Thomas?"

"He is my Father, sir."

"What is Jesus Christ to you?"

"He is my Savior, sir. I do not fear to die now."

"But have you nothing for which to answer after you die, Thomas?"

"No, nothing; I know I have sinned, but Christ live there. Christ died for my sin."

"What did Jesus do for you?"

"He shed His blood for me."

"Where is Jesus?"

"He has gone to heaven to prepare a place for me. I shall live again."

Poor Thomas continued very happy until he died.

Two Work: Twenty Talk.

Two laborers were trying to place a stone in position on the foundation wall of a new building. A crowd was standing around looking on, and each one offering his criticism and counsel freely and loudly, but not lifting so much as a finger to help. "That reminds me of church work," said a passer-by to another. "Why?" "Because," was the reply, "two men are doing the work, and twenty are doing the talking."

Boundless Grace.

How boundless is the grace of God! "Not willing that any should perish." His love is for the whole world, and his message is to all men. Consider what that means. Look at the worst of men; at those in the hiding places of iniquity, at those who dwell where vice rules and misery has her home; at those whose faces bear the seal-marks of Satan—all these God would have "come unto repentance." And, therefore, he would have us bear to them the message of his love.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—At the recent session of the Evangelical Lutheran Synodical Conference in New York City, the report of our Mission Board for mission work among the colored people of the South was admitted and discussed. Several of the missionaries were present and pointed out the necessity of greater activity in this important mission field. New churches and schools will be built, and the widows and orphans of the missionaries working in this field will be supported out of the treasury of the Conference. The subject of Foreign Missions was referred to the several Synods for discussion.

—THERE are some dialects into which the Bible has never been translated. Last year nine translations were made—four for Africa, two for Russia, and one each for China, New Hebrides, and West Indies.

—THE dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty. Next to cannibalism the most terrible practice in the Congo basin is that of human sacrifices on the occasion of the funeral ceremonies of important persons. The richer the family of the deceased person, the more numerous are the victims. Since far up the tributaries slaves can be bought much cheaper than on the Congo, canoe parties are sent for hundreds of miles for the sole purpose of buying victims for human sacrifices. They are blindfolded, bound to a stake in a sitting or kneeling posture, and a single blow of the skillful executioner's knife beheads them. Though men form the greater number of victims, wives or female slaves are often strangled and thrown into the open grave, or buried alive in it.

—THERE are 50,000 Lutherans in South Africa. In addition to these colored natives, there are also several thousand white Lutherans. The total population of Cape Colony is given as 2,227,000, of whom 751,500 are reported as belonging to the evangelical churches. Among these the Lutherans are very numerous.

—GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D. D., writes from India in the *Independent*: "You can pick out the children of the Christian native from those of the heathen while they are playing together in the same village street. The Christian children are better clothed, better fed, brighter in face, and cheerier in manner than those of the heathen." "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

—MR. C. D. FRANKE, who died in Charleston, S. C., July 10th, bequeathed \$100,000 to the founding of a hospital and home to be known as "The Jacob Washington Franke Lutheran Hospital and Home" in memory of his deceased son. This is the largest charitable bequest ever made by any resident in the history of that city.

—THE census statistics show that there were

in the prisons of the United States, in 1892, 82,329 persons charged with crimes of various kinds. There were 7,386 accused of murder, of whom 393 were women.

—It is twenty years since the London Missionary Society sent its first workers to New Guinea, and the progress during this time has been something wonderful. If, as we ought, we reckon Australia as a continent, New Guinea is the largest island in the world. Port Moresby has been one of the principal stations, but recently a new island, Kwato, has been occupied, and an institution is to be established there for the training of native teachers. The summary of the missionary work in the island is given in *The Chronicle* of the London Society as follows: "There are fifty-three stations dotted along the southeast coast, a staff of six missionaries, over thirty South Sea Island teachers, and some twenty New Guineans. There are more than 2000 children under instruction, and between 400 and 500 church members; while last, but not least, the Rev. W. G. Lawes, the senior of the New Guinea staff of missionaries, during his recent visit to England, took through the press the whole of the New Testament in the Motuan dialect; all of which things are fraught with encouragement and promise for the future."

—CHRISTIAN missionaries in Turkey have been much hampered in recent years by petty interference on the part of fanatical Mohammedan officials. The annoyances and hindrances have been steadily increasing. The chief sufferers are American missionaries. Instead of granting permission to circulate religious literature, as provided by treaty, and has been the custom, the officials, on some flimsy pretext, either confiscate or detain it in bond for an unreasonable time. Another hindrance is in connection with the holding of religious services in school-houses and residences. Conditions are imposed, in order to exercise this privilege, that are well-nigh impossible of fulfillment. Efforts are being made through official channels to have relief given, but oriental diplomacy moves with tantalizing slowness at best, and where there is also fanatical opposition to be encountered, the delay is greatly aggravated.

—THE New Zealand census shows 1197 churches and chapels, and 400 other buildings used for worship, with sittings for 278,000, or about one-half of the population. The number attending services is 197,000, of whom 40,785 are Presbyterians, 37,252 Episcopalians, 20,525 Roman Catholics, 27,106 Wesleyans, and 14,442 belong to the Salvation Army.

—THE Japanese community in San Francisco and surrounding towns number about 2,500, and is being added to at the rate of one hundred a month. During the past six months more than four hundred are said to have been converted.

—NEWS reached England of fresh troubles

in China. In two or three places in the eastern provinces of Fuh-Kien, and also in the inland province of Sz-Chuen, some of the Chinese have been trying to stir up a bitter feeling against the missionaries and native Christians. Some readers may have heard of the great city of Kiong-Ning in the Fuh-Kien province. For years no Christian missionaries might enter it, but about eighteen months ago two lady missionaries were able to go and see their Chinese teacher, whose home was in the city. Outside the gates of the city a native medical student, under one of the medical missionaries, Dr. Rigg, opened a little dispensary and hospital, and all seemed going on well. But last May a Chinese mob attacked the mission premises, and Dr. Rigg only escaped with extreme difficulty from a most horrible death. Two ladies were also attacked at a town not far removed from Kiong-Ning, and were for some time exposed to considerable danger. We can only afresh ask God to overrule all the opposition of the heathen for the increase of Christianity and the spread of the Gospel in those dark places of the earth "where Satan's seat is."

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 9 to 10½.

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. LANKEAU, 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. BURG DORF, 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. KNABENSCHUI, 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. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1892.

No. 10.

We Won't Give Up The Bible.

We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy Book of truth,
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,
The lamp that sheds a glorious light
On, else, a dreary road,
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love
And leads us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible;
But could you force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say,
The words which we have learned while young
We'll follow all our days,
For they're engraven on our hearts,
You cannot them erase.

We won't give up the Bible,
We'll shout it far and wide
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide,
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treacherous act,
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part.

An Open Bible.

On the 31st of October the Lutheran Church celebrates the anniversary of the Reformation; for on that day, in the year 1517, Luther nailed his 95 Theses against the door of the Castle church at Wittenberg. On that day, God, through Dr. Martin Luther, began the reformation of His Church, the blessings of which we still enjoy in our church and in our schools. One of these great blessings is an open Bible.

Before Luther's time the Bible was closed to the people; it was buried away in dusty libraries and in dead languages. The common people could not read the Bible, and even the priests, who were called to be the teachers of the people, knew very little of that blessed Book. Many of them could neither read nor write. The darkness of superstition and ignorance reigned supreme, and it was in the interest of the Romish church to keep away the Bible, the light of God, lest the people might see that they were led away by false and soul-destroying doctrines.

The Bible was not only closed to the people, but it was said to be a book which could bring no good to the people, a dark book which the people could not understand. Luther says: "Observe what the devil has done through the papists. It was not enough for them to throw this book under the table, and to make it so rare that few doctors of the Holy Scripture possess it, much less read it; but, lest some one should bring it to notice, they have branded it with infamy, blaspheming God, and saying that it is dark and that we must follow the glosses of men and not the pure Scripture. The calamity is so great that it cannot be reached by words or thoughts. The evil spirit has done his will and suppressed this book and has brought in its stead so many books of human doctrine, that it may well be said that there is a deluge of books; and yet they contain nothing but errors, falsehoods, darkness, poison, death, destruction, hell and the devil."

The time of deliverance came. Through the mercy of God in the glorious Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther the Bible was again given to the people. It became an open book. From the Bible Luther had learned the way of salvation and had found peace for his troubled soul, and that precious Book, the Word of God, was the mighty weapon with which he fought against the enemies of God's eternal truth. He translated the Bible for the people into German, and by his translation the desire of other nations was awakened to have the Bible in their own languages. With great joy the people read and studied that blessed Book. By searching the Scriptures they were convinced of the errors of Rome and learned the true way of salvation. "The Bible, like sunshine bursting through clouds, poured its light upon the nations, and the prophecy was again fulfilled: 'They shall all be taught of God.'" Through the Reformation of Dr. Luther God gave to the people an open Bible, and from that open Bible flowed all the other blessings of the Reformation.

We still have an open Bible. Every one can read it in his own language. What a great blessing this is! The Bible is the Rule of Faith by which we can judge all doctrines

and guard our souls against error. It is God's word which tells us the true way of salvation and works in our hearts faith in our dear Saviour. It strengthens our faith and brings us consolation in all the cares and troubles of this world. It is God's rod and staff which comfort us when we walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Let us love the Bible! And when we on Reformation day thank God for the blessings of the glorious Reformation, let us also thank Him for that great blessing of an open Bible. And let us show our thankfulness at all times by reading and studying that Bible, and by accepting its blessed truths, and by laboring for the spread of those Bible-truths as they are still held by the Lutheran Church. God grant that in our homes, in our schools, and in our churches we may at all times have an open Bible.

Fruit From a Small Seed.

The child who, half a century ago, dropped into the missionary-box a cent that was blessed to the conversion of a Burman chief, sowed a seed that was "less than all the seeds." But it became a tree. A little tract, that cost just one single cent, fell into the hands of that young man, and he was so anxious to know its contents, that he traveled from Burdwan, 250 miles, to Rangoon, on purpose to learn to read it. The Christian teachers soon taught him, and from the reading of that tract he arose with a new heart in his bosom, and went home with a basket full of similar tracts to distribute among his people. He was a man of influence, and crowds came to hear him talk and explain the Gospel as he had heard it. In one year 1500 natives were baptized in Arracan as the result of his labor.

The Empty Flour Barrel.

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

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Ordination and Missionary Festival at York, Pa.

The setting apart of a young man for the office of holy ministry is always an occasion of joy and gratitude for God's people. Such an occasion was the 10th Sunday after Trinity, Aug. 21, for the good people of York, Pa. On that day Cand. theol. Charles Ruesskamp was ordained to the office of holy ministry by his friend and benefactor Rev. H. H. Walker, Pastor of St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church. The officiating minister had been the instructor of the young man in his childhood days, had received from his lips the solemn vows of confirmation, had been instrumental in sending him to college and during the years of preparations had followed him with his prayers and counsels and benevolence. He was as it were his spiritual son. No wonder that tears of joy started in the pastor's eyes and his voice trembled with emotion as he charged him "to go and feed the flock of God." Among those who were present to rejoice and give thanks to God on that day were the aged parents of the ordained. It was the gladdest day in their life, perhaps the grandest, seeing their prayers wonderfully answered and their fondest hopes realized. The whole congregation, before whose eyes Mr. Ruesskamp had grown into manhood, expressed its joy in deeds of love as well as in hymns and songs of praises. Happy, thrice happy the young men that can pursue their studies accompanied with the prayers of pious mothers and surrounded like a mighty wall by praying pastors and congregations. And as long as our dear institutions of learning have such warm, strong and untired advocates with the Father, the Lutheran Zion can look cheerfully into the dim, ill-foreboding future and say: "Fear not, thou little flock, the foe."

In the morning Rev. Walker preached a strong mission sermon on 1 John 4, 9-11. He set forth two reasons why all true Christians are zealous mission-workers; namely, first, because they have known and experienced the great love of God towards the fallen sinners, and secondly, because believing Christians know that through the preaching of the Gospel alone the life that is in His Son is brought them. The sermon was followed by the ordination of Cand. Ruesskamp and the administration of the Lord's Supper to the three pastors.

At night the undersigned preached an English sermon on the Mental and Spiritual Emancipation of the Negroes. The necessity of such an emancipation was shown, the Means by which alone it can be effected, and the Reasons that should impel us to work zealously for its accomplishment. The large and tastefully decorated church was at both services filled with an appreciative audience. The congregational singing, such as can be heard only in Evangelical Lutheran Churches when the

good old Lutheran hymns and melodies remain unmolested by the modern hand, accompanied by a powerful organ, ably handled, and a dozen other musical instruments, was majestic as it was soulinspiring, and the anthems and choruses rendered by the male and mixed choirs of the congregation were deserving of the praise which was given them by the city press. The collection, a large share of which flows into the treasury for Colored Missions, showed that the word preached had found its way both to the hearts and the pocket-books. It was a day on which pastors and people more than on other occasions could say to one another: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

Rev. Ruesskamp has accepted the call tendered him by the Missionary Board to the Colored Mission at Little Rock, Ark. He has already entered upon his duties. We bespeak for him a cordial reception and co-operation by the oft tried little band of Colored Lutherans in Little Rock. May God abundantly bless the working together of pastor and people to the glory of His holy name. N. J. BAKKE.

Baby Days in Siam.

I presume that some of you are happy over the little baby in your home, and I know you love it, for every morning before going to school you almost smother it with kisses. If I did not watch the little one in our home, I fear he would be kissed away. Let me tell you how the Siamese kiss their babies. You would never guess. They kiss with the nose instead of lips. Placing the nose close to the baby's cheek, they snuff hard many times, saying "*Chupe luk*," meaning "kiss baby." Many of them love their babies, but others do not, or they could not do as I have seen them.

Once a dear little baby was born in a bamboo hut near our home. It lived but a short time, and as soon as it died its parents drove a large nail into its head, then crushed its little body into an earthen rice-pot, covered it tightly, and set it afloat on the river. Why this cruel act? Because the love of Jesus had not entered the parents' hearts; being filled with superstition, they feared that the spirit of the baby would return and bring evil to their home, and took these cruel measures to keep it from doing so. We have frequently seen rice-pots thus laden, floating upon the rivers. Sometimes the bodies are cast into the streams and temple-grounds to be devoured by the crows, vultures and other scavengers.

The babies of Siam wear jewels about their ankles, wrists and necks, but no clothing. I was once amused by two babies of a princess. They wore very large, gaudy hats from Europe, decked with flowers, feathers and ribbons, and these were all the clothing the babies wore.

The babies do not have very sweet names; the most common are, *Oang* (red), *Noo* (rat),

It (brick), *Ma* (dog). The mothers, instead of saying sweet, loving things to them, will say, "How ugly," or *Na Kleit* (hateful). Should they give pretty names, or express love or admiration, then the evil spirits would be so jealous that they would bring great evil to the babies.

Baby's hair is not permitted to grow and curl as you love to see your little baby's, but the mother shaves all the hair from its head, often with a dull razor, causing the baby to scream very loudly. Sometimes little tufts are left to grow, very much like those you have seen on Japanese dolls. Little bells are fastened to baby's feet, so that when he kicks up his heels he makes music. A string of sea-shells, old nails, coins and pieces of coral is tied about his waist as a charm to keep the snakes and evil spirits from doing him harm. His food is soft boiled rice and roast bananas.

In former years the parents sold their little ones in order to get money with which to gamble. I am glad to tell you that the present king has forbidden this. Once when with Mr. Dunlap on a tour down the Gulf coast, a Siamese doctor came to visit us. I asked if he had any children. He replied, "Only one, and that was given to me by a poor family unable to pay their doctor's bill. He took the baby as pay for doctoring the family."

As soon as a baby can talk it is taught to curse. I have seen a group of mothers having a little one in their midst, just able to walk a little, teaching it curse-words and laughing aloud when it pronounced them. After a while, when that baby uses those words in cursing its mother, it will be cruelly beaten.

Now let us visit a home in Siam not far from the little Christian chapel. It seems to be a happy home; all are glad to see you. Not long ago their baby, dressed in white, was carried to the chapel and baptized. You now see it fast asleep in a nice swinging cradle, something like your hammock. The mother is seated beside the cradle, with sewing in hand, and pushes the cradle to keep it swinging that baby may sleep on. She is singing, in her own language, one of the sweet hymns you love to sing.

Why do you suppose this home is so different from others we have seen? Because Jesus has found a place in that mother's heart, and when He enters a heart and home, what changes he makes! What love is then given, not only to the little baby, but to all others!

Nothing but the love of Jesus can make a real home.—*Children's Work for Children.*

VERY STRANGE.—Did any one ever hear of a person who, because there is counterfeit money in circulation, would have nothing to do with money? Why, then, reject Christianity because there are bogus Christians in circulation? It is very strange that so trivial and unreasonable an excuse should be so often offered.

Luther Starting for Magdeburg.

The first school that Luther attended was at Mansfeld. To that school he was sent at an early age, he being so young yet, that a friend of his often carried him on his arms to the school-house. The school-master was a tyrant, of whom the boys were afraid, but whom they could not love. He instructed the children in the false and superstitious doctrines of the Romish church, but did not teach them to love Jesus, the children's loving Friend. The children were told that Jesus is a very angry Judge, whom we must move to kindness by many good works, and by praying to the saints, especially to the virgin Mary. Luther at that time trembled whenever he heard the name of Jesus mentioned. He himself says, "I was accustomed from childhood to become pale and terror-stricken, when I heard the name of Jesus mentioned; for I was taught to think of Him only as a severe and angry Judge." "If this is not darkness, I know not what darkness is."

Luther's father desired his son to become a learned man. So, when Martin was fourteen years old, he, together with a friend of his, was sent to the Latin school in the city of Magdeburg. Here Luther again heard much about the holiness of the pope, and the priests, and the monks, but nothing about the Saviour. He once saw a prince going about the streets of the city in a monk's dress, begging for bread, with a heavy sack on his shoulders. The prince had fasted until he looked like a skeleton. Indeed, shortly after he died. The poor man had tried to be his own saviour, not knowing Jesus, the only Saviour of sinners.

Luther also tells us of a horrible picture which he saw in the city of Magdeburg. "A large ship was painted, which they called the 'Holy Christian Church', in which there was no layman, not even a king or prince, but only the pope with his cardinals and bishops, with the Holy Ghost hovering over them, the priests and monks with their oars at the side; and thus they were sailing to heaven. The laymen were swimming along in the water around the ship. Some of them were drowning; some of them were drawing themselves up to the ship by means of ropes, which the 'holy fathers', by grace and by sharing their good works, cast out to them, that they might not drown, but be taken along to heaven, clinging to the ship. There was no pope, nor cardinal, nor bishop, nor priest, nor monk in the water, but laymen only." It was a dreadful picture, by which the people were taught that a common man could get to heaven only, when he had some friend in the cloister, who had done more good works than he himself needed, and who could then make those good works over to him, and thus help him along to heaven. A dreadful picture!

In after years God brought Luther to the knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus through the reading of the Holy Scriptures. Having found

peace and salvation in this Gospel, Luther proclaimed it to the world and thus became the Reformer of the Church.

We still have this Gospel in our Lutheran church and in our Lutheran schools. The children of our Lutheran schools are through this Gospel led to the Saviour, the Friend of sinners. May God protect our schools and make all their pupils thankful for the great blessing which they enjoy through the Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther.

Mission Work through Luther's Catechism.

Dr. Luther published his smaller Catechism in the year 1529. Some years later a poor laborer traveled from the city of Wittenberg, where Luther resided, into Northern Germany. He came to a small village, where the people had not yet heard much of Luther and his work. It was winter, and the poor traveler suffered greatly from cold and hunger. He therefore went to the priest's house and asked for some bread and a night's lodging. The priest was a kind man. He took him in, told him to sit down by the fire and gave him something to eat and to drink. The stranger said grace, and after having finished his meal, he took a little book out of his pocket and began to read. The priest noticed this and was astonished to see a poor laborer reading; for in his village the poor people very seldom learned to read. He asked the stranger what he was reading so eagerly, and the latter handed him the little book. It was Luther's Smaller Catechism.

The priest began to read, and the longer he read the more he became convinced, that the little book contained the truth of God. "My friend," said he to the stranger, "you must stay with me until I have copied this book." The stranger was very well pleased with this arrangement. He had just come from Wittenberg, and he told the priest all about Luther, and about his powerful sermons, and about the German Bible, and about the beautiful hymns of the Lutherans, and about the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the Lutheran churches according to the institution of Christ, and about the joy of so many thousands that accepted the pure Gospel-truth.

The priest listened to the eloquent speaker, and his heart was moved. He saw that there is a great difference between God's truth and the human opinions of the Romish church.

A few days later the poor laborer left the priest's home, taking with him that little missionary, Luther's Smaller Catechism, through which the priest had come to the knowledge of God's truth.

The priest had copied the book and soon learned it by heart. He longed to learn more and got Luther's translation of the Bible. This he read carefully, comparing every word of the Catechism with the Bible, and thus became more fully convinced, that the Catechism contained nothing but God's truth. He was very

sorry that he had preached the false doctrines of the Romish church to his congregation for so many years. From the Catechism, however, and from the Bible he had learned to know the Saviour, and in the blood of that Saviour he found forgiveness of all his sins. He now began to preach the pure Word of God, told his people the only true way of salvation, celebrated the Lord's Supper as it was instituted by Christ, and instructed the children in Luther's Smaller Catechism. Thousands came from the surrounding country to hear God's Word; they were hungry, and with joy they took the Bread of Life.

The pope's people, the enemies of the truth, persecuted the pastor and all that accepted the Gospel. But the pastor and his people proved faithful to their Catechism even in prison. By order of the duke they were soon set free, and the Gospel was freely preached in that part of Germany.

The name of that place is Hermannsburg, and many years ago a mission-house was built there, and many a missionary has been sent from that house into Africa, to preach the Gospel to the African people.

A Holy Talk.

A missionary some years ago, returning from South Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the Gospel. Among other things he pictured a little incident of which he had been an eye-witness.

He said that one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued, alternately, to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upwards towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him, why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book and God speaks to me. Then I look up in prayer and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up this way a holy talk with each other."

As I read the account of this touching little scene, the words of Psalm 27, 8, flashed over me. This picture is but a mirror to reflect the 8th verse of the 27th Psalm: "When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

First, God talking to us; and then, our talking to God.—*The Bible Society Record.*

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."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE German Lutheran congregations of the Missouri Synod in Fort Wayne, Ind., have begun English Lutheran mission work in that city. A beautiful church building has already been purchased and there will be English services held every Sunday. A pastor will soon be called who is to devote all his time to this important work.

—THE *Workman* of Pittsburgh says: The "English Lutheran Synod of Missouri and other States" is making encouraging progress in the establishment of English Lutheran congregations. Most of these are composed of the younger members of the large German city churches. Pittsburgh has already two such congregations—one in the city proper, the other on the South Side. A similar movement has been started in Albany, N. Y., the Rev. John Henry having entered on his labors on the 11th of September. On last Sunday the Rev. Charles Morhart was installed as pastor of a newly organized English church in Washington, D. C. Baltimore has just dedicated its second English church and installed a pastor. St. Paul, Minn., has for some time past had a similar organization, of which the Rev. Detzer is pastor. New Orleans, La., has a large and rapidly increasing congregation. Buffalo, N. Y., has one or two mission stations with English services. Akron, O., has another; St. Louis another with a fine church, and Chicago another, under the care of Pastor Bartholomew. There are doubtless others, which we do not recall, but the indications are, that instead of suffering from the constant drain of their younger members to the world, or to the hungry sects which are "waiting to devour them," they are bending every energy to provide believing pastors who will gather them into churches, worshipping in the language of their native land, and perpetuating their faith in the new world.

—WE are glad to hear that the English Lutheran Concordia College at Conover, N. C., opened with 79 scholars in attendance. May God bless the labors of our brethren in the South.

—A FRIEND of the PIONEER in St. Louis sends us the following item illustrative of God's care over little children. Mrs. Lewis Nosek and her 18-month old baby of St. Louis had been visiting Mrs. Nosek's parents in Cleveland, O., and Friday were returning to their Western home on the Big Four passenger Train No. 4. While the train was bowling along at a speed of forty miles an hour near Russelvania, O., baby Nosek became fretful and his mother was holding her in her arms close to an open window. Suddenly the child gave a leap and shot out of the window. His mother and other ladies in the car screamed with fright and strong men shuddered at the sight of the babe leaping to what they thought was instant death. The train was stopped and backed to the place where

the baby lay. Willing men leaped from the train, but instead of finding a mangled, lifeless corpse, the little one was found sitting on a pile of gravel near the track. He was uninjured, except a slight bruise on his forehead. The mother was almost frantic with joy on finding her darling unhurt. It was a miraculous escape.

—A MISSIONARY says: "Turn to your arithmetic and see how long it will take 1270 missionaries in China to reach the 400,000,000 heathen, if they use the personal method. And really, nearly all the converts in China are made in this way. Suppose you seek the aid of every Chinese Christian, and then you would have a force of 50,000. Let the 50,000 visit each one person a day and talk with him two hours, and let them labor in this way for 365 days in the year, and only 18,250,000 persons would be reached in one year. At this rate it will require more than 20 years for every person in China to hear the Gospel once. But is one hearing sufficient? Go and preach the Gospel to the Chinese, and you will find that it requires days and weeks of teaching before they really know what the nature of the Gospel is. And the native Christians of China cannot yet be relied upon for this work."

—THE American Bible society is not idle, as is shown by the statistics of last year. It printed and issued 918,678 copies of the Bible, or parts of it, which is more than two books per minute of the working days. During the seventysix years of this society's existence it has issued 55,531,908 copies of the Bible. Since the beginning of this century there has been printed over 530,000,000 copies of this book. It has been translated into twohundred languages and is accessible to two-thirds of the human race, or a billion people. It is estimated, however, that there are still 500,000,000 souls who have no knowledge of the Bible.

—A MINISTER tells in the *Treasury* an instructive story about giving. In one of his charges a wealthy man regularly contributed every Lord's day five dollars for the support of the Church, and as regularly a poor widow put in five cents, all she could spare, as she supported herself and six children by taking in washing. One day the former came to the minister and said that the latter ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The minister called to tell her of this offer, which he did as delicately as he could. What was her reply as the tears started to her eyes: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to him. My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week."

—THE Empress of Germany is credited with being a devoted Christian. She has become the patroness of a scheme to build a Protestant church at Bethlehem, and in connection therewith published the following: "This work is

done in the hope that the gospel of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer, may always be preached in its purity in our churches, and the sacraments be administered according to the original purposes, so that all who hunger for eternal life may be edified in our holy faith through the Holy Spirit. In this sense I have entered upon this work, and by this writing I wish to testify to the world, that this work is undertaken to the glory of God, before whom I bow in humility, and to whom I dedicate all my life. Blessed be His holy name in Christ Jesus our Lord!"

—SEVERAL years ago a movement was inaugurated among college students in America to secure the pledge of students to enter on the missionary work. Nearly 6000 have pledged themselves to enter the foreign field. It is stated that about 350 have already entered on the work. Some 500 are in the theological schools, and 125 in medical colleges.

Acknowledgment.

Received per Rev. F. J. Lankenau from the Mt. Zion congregation for the *Building Fund* \$41.45.
A. F. LEONHARDT, Local Treasurer.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
113 Annette Str., between Chalborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 9 to 10½.

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. 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, 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. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1892.

No. 11.

"I Am."

I am the door.
None other can there be.
He who would enter heaven
Must come by Me.
I suffered death, and bore
Sin's weight.
I am the door.

I am the way,
The *only* way to heaven.
He who would journey thence
Must be forgiven.
My cross, by night, by day,
Proclaims
I am the way.

I am the truth.
Canst thou My Word receive?
"The truth shall make thee free,"
And thou shalt live.
For old age, and for youth,
For all,
I am the truth.

And I am light.
I manifest man's sin;
And when he owns his state,
I enter in.
Where darkness was, the bright
Light shines.
I am the light.

And I am love.
I shed on Calvary
My own life's blood, to wash
Man's sin away.
Yea, 'twas his need did move
My heart,
For I am love.

Yea, I am life.
Who trusts in Me, I'll give
Him life. "Though he were dead,
Yet shall he live."
Here endeth death and strife:
For aye,
I am the life.

H. McD.

Beware of the Refuges of Lies!

The prophet Isaiah says, "The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies."

The day of judgment will be a terrible day to those that seek safety for their souls in "refuges of lies." The terrible hail of God's wrath will sweep all those refuges away.

Nothing will remain to shelter the soul of the wretch who trusted in them. There is but one place of security for the soul when earth is passing away, and that is in the wounds of Jesus — the glorious ark of safety. All others must perish.

Many think because they have not committed any great crime, they are fitted to meet God. They think their good works, their virtue and morality constitute a safe refuge for their souls. Refuge of lies! How the hail of God's wrath will sweep this away! Paul tried this refuge in the days of his blindness; but, when his eyes were opened, he saw how false was the hope he rested in, and he forsook it to take his place as a sinner, deeply convinced of his own utter depravity, at the feet of a crucified Saviour. The Bible plainly says that all have sinned and that one sin makes the sinner just as guilty as if ten thousand crimes had stained his soul. By the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified; so the sooner the soul flies from that refuge of lies, the better for its eternal welfare.

There are others who trust in their good feelings. They attend meetings where their feelings are excited. They mistake these feelings for true living faith; they mistake their excitement for that new birth of the soul without which no man shall see the kingdom of God. They make their excited feelings a refuge of lies to their own souls.

There are others who, rejecting Christ, pretend to flee to the general mercy of God. Refuge of lies! How the hail of God's wrath will sweep that away on the day of judgment! Remember the words of our Lord Jesus Christ: "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." God's mercy is to be found in Jesus only. If you meet God in any way save through faith in Jesus He must prove a consuming fire. He is a holy God and you are a sinner. In Christ only has God been reconciled to a sinful world. To trust in any mercy of God that has not been revealed in Jesus, is to build upon a foundation of sand and must prove in the end a refuge of lies.

Others trust in a half Saviour. They think to trust partly in Christ and partly save themselves. Refuge of lies! The merits of no half

Saviour will be accepted as a plea on that great day of judgment. There is only one Saviour — Jesus Christ. And He is no half Saviour. No. He says, "I am the way." He does not say, I am half the way. No. He says, "I am *the* way." He is the whole way to heaven. He must be taken as the Saviour from all sin. He must be trusted, not for a half salvation, but for a full salvation.

Dear reader, beware of the refuges of lies. The day of judgment is coming, and the hail storm of God's wrath will then sweep away every refuge of lies like the hail storm sweeps away the autumn leaves in the forest. Jesus is the only true refuge for your soul. Put your trust in this Saviour only, and you will be eternally secure. His coming again on the great day of judgment will be to you the glorious fulfillment of His sweet promise: "I will come again, and receive you to myself; that where I am ye may be also."

I Will Tell It.

Many a physician has gained his practice by one patient telling others of his cure. Tell your neighbors that you have been to the hospital of Jesus, and been restored, though you hated all manner of meat, and drew near to the gates of death, and, maybe, a poor soul just in the same condition as yourself will say, "This is a message from God to me." Above all publish abroad the Lord's goodness, for Jesus' sake. He deserves your honor. Will you receive His blessing, and then, like the nine lepers, give Him no praise? Will you be like the woman in the crowd who was healed by touching the hem of His garment, and then would have slipped away? If so, I pray that the Master may say, "Somebody hath touched me," and may you be compelled to tell the truth, and say, "I was sore sick in soul, but I touched Thee, O my blessed Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of Thy grace, I will tell it, though devils should hear it; I will tell it, and make the world ring with it, according to my ability, to the praise and glory of Thy saving grace."

C. S.

Letter from Concord, N. C.

DEAR PIONEER:—A year ago your Missionary began work among the colored people of No. 6 township, Cabarrus Co., about eight miles from Concord. The services were held in a small uninviting fifty-dollar schoolhouse, where the colored youth of the township for two or three months a year are initiated in the art of reading and writing. The beginning was not very auspicious. Neither the white nor the colored people took kindly to the stranger. A white man preaching the Gospel to the negroes is not an every day sight in this State, and he is looked upon with suspicion by some and as a crank by others. The Gospel, however, when rightly set forth, gradually breaks down prejudices and makes friends when other means fail. The most stubborn enemies of Jesus and the most zealous persecutors of His holy name have fallen before the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. It proved so here. The Word was preached regularly in that little schoolhouse, and after the sermon catechetical instruction was given to the entire congregation. The Lord so blessed the Word that like Lydia the hearers attended unto the things that were spoken. But here as elsewhere the enemy was busy in sowing his tares and succeeded too well in his nefarious work. While the Missionary was absent, a "hallelujah meeting," or revival, was opened, the proceedings of which according to trustworthy witnesses were anything but decent and orderly. An excitement, as is usually the case, was created which deluded souls mistook for religion. Many of those that walked with us attended that religious "show." It may have been curiosity that brought them there, but they became unnerved by the prolonged harangues of the converting medium, the preacher, and by the enthusiasm, the gymnastics and the heartrending articulation of those undergoing the process of conversion or "getting religion," so that they too joined in and professed religion. But as this sort of religion vanishes with the enthusiasm, it is to be hoped that some of these misguided people after a sober thought will return.

Notwithstanding this serious break in our ranks, we have reason to thank God for what He has been pleased to add to His church. Our most sanguine anticipation has been surpassed and our littleness of faith shamed. On the occasion of the cornerstone laying, July 17th, three adults were baptized and eight confirmed. Two months later, September 11th, the chapel was dedicated. Divine services were held both in the morning and in the afternoon with large assemblies. The church in Concord was fairly represented and its choir added much to the festive joy by the rendering of a few select anthems. After the morning sermon seven children and eleven adults were baptized, and in the afternoon a similar number was added to the church by confirmation.

This is a sight that gladdens the heart of the Missionary. The baptized membership is 43, of which 26 are communicants. After such an outpour of blessing we go on our way rejoicing.

The chapel is a plain but neat frame building, measuring 32 x 20 with a steeple 10 feet high, and costs, including an acre of land, about \$400.00. The well-known organ builders Hinners & Albertsen of Pekin, Ill., presented the chapel with a good second-hand organ, for which grateful acknowledgment is herewith tendered. The church in Concord donated the little bell that hung idle on the roof of the store in which we worship, and it is now doing active and greatly appreciated services for the people of No. 6 township. An unknown friend in Pittsburgh, Pa., sent \$10.00, which went towards the furnishing of the chapel. Mr. Sam. Propst, a member, with his three score years and ten gave much of his time and labor to the building.—May the Triune God, who has set up His tabernacle with His people, continue to come to them, bless and save them, and thus shape them for that temple not made with hands eternal in the heavens. MISSIONARY.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Dedication of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church at Charlotte, N. C.

The building is a neat frame 47 x 28 ft. with corner tower and is a great credit to the well-known contractor, Capt. F. W. Ahrens of St. Mark's Ev. Luth. Church.

October 16th this church was solemnly dedicated to the worship of the Triune God. Rev. N. J. Bakke, Superintendent of the work among the colored in this State, Prof. W. H. T. Dau, President of Concordia College, and the writer took part in the solemn services. The dedication-sermon by Rev. N. J. Bakke was based on Ex. 20, 24. The discourse was able, appropriate and practical and made a profound impression upon a very large and deeply interested congregation which embraced the more intelligent and refined members of our race in the city. Never was there such a day of festive joy in the "Queen City" before among my people. May such days come often to our dear church!

In the afternoon Rev. Prof. W. H. T. Dau preached on Psalm 84, 1-3. Theme: "A Lutheran's Love for his dear old Church." I. Why he loves her, II. How dearly he loves her.

His sermon was not only able but in every particular excellent. It came from a true Lutheran's heart and could not fail to awaken and increase a Lutheran's love for his church and to fill his heart with the profoundest gratitude to God for being a member of such a church.

In the evening there was preaching by the writer on John 14, 6. Theme: "Christ the Way."

Collection for the day: \$13.35.

With hearts filled with gratitude do we thank the Hon. Board of the Synodical Conference and friends throughout the North and South for the kind help given us in our struggles to build a house in which we can worship our Heavenly Father.

May God awaken and increase within us love to God and His Word and to our dear old Lutheran Church! W. P. PHIFER.

A Heavenly Message.

During the early ministry of Charles H. Spurgeon, he was invited to preach in the vast Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He queried whether his voice would fill the immense area, and resolving to test it, he went in the morning to the palace, and thinking for a passage of Scripture to repeat as he reached the stage, this came to his mind: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Pronouncing the words, he felt sure that he would be heard, and then repeated the verse in a softer tone. More than a quarter of a century later, Mr. Spurgeon's brother and co-worker was called to the bedside of a man, an artisan, who was near his end.

"Are you ready?" asked the minister.

"Oh, yes!" answered the man with assurance.

"Can you tell me how you obtained the salvation of your soul?"

"It is very simple," said the artisan, his face radiant with joy. "I am a plumber by trade. Some years ago I was working under the dome of the Crystal Palace, and thought myself entirely alone. I was without God and without hope.

"All at once I heard a voice coming from heaven which said, 'It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' By the meaning of these words I was convinced of sin; Jesus Christ appeared to me as my Saviour. I accepted Him in my heart as such at the same moment, and I have served Him ever since."

This voice was from heaven, though human lips uttered it; and God's Word shall not return to Him void, but shall prosper in the thing therein He sends it.

"Why, Sir, I Begged."

A little boy, one of the Sunday-school children in Jamaica, called upon the missionary and stated that he had lately been very ill, and in his sickness often wished his minister were present to pray with him. "But Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed." "Oh yes, sir." Did you repeat the collect (prayer) I taught you?" "I prayed." "Well, but how did you pray?" "Why, sir, I begged."—*Arvine's Cyclopaedia.*

The Story of Faith.

Some time ago I stood by the bedside of a sick laborer who had a wife and four children. He had lain sick for three weeks, and the sickness had exhausted all his means. Noticing that he was weeping while we sang a precious song of Zion, I asked him why he wept? was he troubled with the thought of parting with his wife and children? He looked at me steadfastly, almost reproachfully, and answered:

"Does not Jesus stay with them? Has not the Lord said He is a Father to the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow? No; they are all cared for. I have prayed the Lord that He would be their guardian. Is it not so, wife? You are not troubled; you are not afraid; you believe in Jesus."

"Surely," she replied, "I believe in Jesus, and rejoice that you go to Jesus. I shall follow you, with the children in His own time. Jesus will help me to train up the children through His Holy Spirit."

"Why did you weep, then?" I asked.

"For joy; for I thought if the singing is so beautiful here, O, how beautiful will it be when the angels help in it! I wept for joy that this blessedness is so near."

Then he motioned to his wife. She understood, and went to the shelf, and brought down a little saucer in which her husband kept his money. There were six groschen (about seven pence) in it, all that remained of his store. He took them out with trembling fingers, and laid them in my hand, and said:

"The heathen must have these, that they may know how to die in peace."

I turned to his wife who nodded assent, and said:

"We have talked it over already. When everything has been reckoned for the funeral these six groschen remain."

"And what remains for you?"

"The Lord Jesus," she replied.

"And what do you leave for your wife and children?"

"The Lord Jesus," he said; and whispered in my ear: "He is very good, and very rich."

So I took the six groschen, and laid them in the mission box as a great treasure, and it has been a struggle for me to pay them away. But if they had not been paid away, the dying man's wish would not have been fulfilled.

That night he fell asleep. And neither his wife nor his three eldest children wept—neither in the church nor at the grave. But the youngest child, a boy of about five years, who followed the body, wept bitterly. I asked him afterward why he wept so bitterly at his father's grave, and the child made answer:

"I was so sorry that father did not take me with him to the Lord Jesus, for I begged of him with my whole heart that he would take me."

"My child," I said, "your father could not take you along with him; only the Saviour could do that: you should pray to Him."

"Ought I, then, to pray to Him for it?" he asked.

"No, my child, if the Saviour will take you, He Himself will call for you: but if He will have you to grow up you must help your mother, and have her live with you; will you?"

He said: "I would like to go to Jesus, and I would like to grow up that mother might live with me."

"Now then," I replied, "say to the Lord Jesus that He must choose."

"That is what I will do," he said, and was greatly delighted, and in peace.

(Pastor Harms, in "Good Words.")



Gustavus Adolphus.

In the year 1618 a terrible war broke out in Germany, which lasted till 1648 and is therefore called the Thirty Years' War. The papists, who began the war, intended to destroy Protestantism and to suppress the Lutheran doctrine throughout Germany. The armies of the Romish emperor, under the command of the able but cruel Generals Wallenstein and Tilly, overran both Germany and Denmark and everywhere defeated the Evangelical Princes. Romish darkness again threatened to cover the Church, and it seemed as if religious liberty were totally crushed. But in this time of great need God came to the aid of His Church. He moved the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lutheran King of Sweden, to come to the rescue of his brethren in Germany. In June, 1630, Gustavus entered Germany with 15,000 men. They were brave and noble soldiers. In the army of the Lutheran King of Sweden no cursing was heard, but prayers and hymns of praise. Morning and evening services were daily held in the camp, and in all things the king himself set his people a good example.

Upon reaching German soil, Gustavus hastened to the relief of the Lutheran City of Magdeburg. But before he arrived, Tilly, the Romish General, had stormed the city and slaughtered 30,000 men. Even the children

were not spared. The Romish soldiers fastened them on their spears and held them in the flames. The city was plundered and set on fire, and of one of the finest cities in Germany nothing remained but the cathedral and a few fishermen's huts. Tilly gloried over his cruelty, but it was the last victory he won. Gustavus Adolphus met him near Leipzig and completely defeated the "victor of thirty-six battles." He followed him into Southern Germany and there again defeated him. In this battle Tilly was mortally wounded. Thus the Swedish king advanced victoriously and everywhere freed the Protestants from the oppression under which they had so long groaned. But the war was not yet ended. The Romish emperor again called Wallenstein to the chief command, who, having gathered a new army, met the Swedes at Lutzen. On the 6th of November, 1632, the battle began. In the morning Gustavus conducted the service in his camp. The Swedish army sang Luther's battle hymn, "A mighty Fortress is our God," and also Gustavus's own battle hymn, the first stanza of which is as follows:

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

The king and his army then kneeled down and offered prayer.

After the service the king mounted his horse and placed his army in battle array. He gave the watchword, "GOD WITH US," then, swinging his sword above his head, he uttered the word of command, and with the cry, "Onward!" he rushed forward, followed by the eager troops. The Romish army was completely defeated and the Swedes were victorious. The victory, however, was dearly bought. Gustavus Adolphus fell in this battle. The Swedish soldiers carried the disfigured body of their beloved king from the battle field. It was laid to rest in the Lutheran church at Stockholm, in which city a magnificent bronze statue of the Lutheran Hero King has been erected to his honor. On November 6th of each year the citizens of that city gather around the statue and sing hymns, including Gustavus's own battle hymn.

The spot where Gustavus fell was marked by the Swede's stone, erected by his servant on the night of the battle. But in the year 1832, the second centennial of the battle of Lutzen, the German people replaced the Swede's stone with a fine monument, thereby paying tribute to the memory of that "noble champion of the Lutheran faith."

As in the days of the flood there was but one object to be seen floating over the wild watery waste, and that object was the ark, the only place of safety; so now the only place of safety is in Christ. It was not the ark and something else, but the ark alone. It is not Christ and something else, but Christ alone.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—In our October issue the picture which was to go with an article: "Luther Starting for Magdeburg" was, by some mistake, left out, and we apologize to our readers.

—OUR missionary at Little Rock, Ark., was installed at that place by the Rev. I. W. Miller, on the 25th of September. The Colored Mission School, which had been closed for a year, has been reopened with 17 pupils. May God again bless our mission at Little Rock as in years gone by.

—THREE young men from Zululand are studying at the Norwegian Luther College at Decorah, Iowa. At Roanoke College there are a number of Indian students.

—FOUR ministers are at work among the Slovakian Lutherans of our land, but it is claimed that a dozen are needed to meet the spiritual needs of their countrymen.

—THE Leipzig Missionary Society, which has been doing its foreign missionary work in Southern India, will also now take up the missions of the Bavarian Society in East Africa.

—THE railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem is finished at last, and the first locomotive reached there in August. Regular trains will soon run on the road. Tourists in Palestine will find this more pleasant than riding donkeys or camels.

—CHINESE SUPERSTITION.—A missionary in China writes: "The superstition of the Chinese is almost ridiculous. Mothers are in great dread lest evil spirits may take their sons away. They give the boys girls' names, dress them in girls' clothes, and put rings in their ears, to make the passing spirit believe they are girls. I have not been able to persuade our nurse to stop calling my little boy 'girl.' Children are required to wear a looking glass on their caps, so that the evil spirit may be frightened away by the reflection of his own ugly face."

—AN Eastern paper, speaking of the fruits of mission work, says: "The Rev. John G. Paton, for many years a missionary to the heathen of the New Hebrides Islands, is visiting in this country. Mr. Paton has given thirty-four years of his life to mission work in the South Sea Islands. He says that in the early years of the mission the islanders resented the intrusion of the men of God, and put many of them to death. Cannibal feasts in those days were of frequent occurrence, and it took a man of great nerve and fighting qualities to stand his ground. The natives were addicted to the most heathenish customs imaginable. Their only form of religion was the worship of idols. Their gods, they thought, claimed human sacrifices at frequent intervals to appease their wrath. Mr. Paton shows an idol before which hundreds of children had been killed in the most horrible manner. From this unpromising material a large number of converts have been obtained, Mr. Paton says. There are now, he declares, more than 14,000

Christian natives. Cannibalism has been done away with and industrial pursuits have been introduced."

—"THERE are more missionary societies represented in India to-day than in any other section of the world. There are more missionaries, more schools, more churches, more communicants, a wider opportunity for every form of Christian endeavor, the use of every weapon of Christian warfare, the application of every Christian principle." And well may it be so; for the population numbers 288,000,000, and the idols worshiped 330,000,000. Of the women 40,000,000 are shut up in Zenanas, 23,000,000 are widows, and 79,000 were widows before they were nine years of age. Only one woman in 800 is under instruction, and but one Protestant missionary is found to 500,000 of the population.

—THE heartlessness and hardness of heathenism are strongly reflected in the following incident, reported by Missionary Reade. He writes: "During the late cholera I was called to see a boy of five years, who had been attacked by the scourge. The child lay in the arms of his father, surrounded by a crowd, weeping and wailing. Among these there was also a girl ten years of age. I reproached the parents for not sending the child away, as she would surely take the disease. On the following day the girl became sick, and the boy died. The parents and relatives loudly bewailed the dead boy, whilst hard by the sick daughter was lying and crying in vain for a drink of water. Not a person concerned himself about her; and when I upbraided the mother for treating her daughter so inhumanly, she replied: 'The boy is dead; what does the girl amount to?'"—Strange picture of maternal love! Such is the depravity of heathenism that a mother can forget her child.

—A "LIFE OF LUTHER," written by a Japanese professor for his countrymen, lately appeared in the windows of the bookstores in the cities of Japan, and is meeting with a ready sale.

—MIRZA IBRAHIM, a Mohammedan convert to Christianity in Urumiyah, Persia, suffered many things for his steadfastness in the faith. Not long ago he was taken captive to Tobreez and threatened with death. The Shah hearing of the affair sent a telegram from Teheran declaring religious freedom for all Persia. Mirza was set free, and the persecution of Christians is at an end.

BOOK-TABLE.

GESCHICHTE DER LUTHERISCHEN KIRCHE IN AMERICA VON A. L. Graebner, Professor der Theologie am Concordia College zu St. Louis. Erster Theil. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$2.50; postage 30 cts.

This is a grand book, written with much labor and care. The work has been executed in a most excellent manner, indicating at once the most patient research and the utmost candor and impartiality. It will prove of great interest and value to every Lutheran, and we hope that the book may realize a sale commensurate to its worth.

FESTKLAENGE. Predigten ueber Festtexte des Kirchenjahrs von Dr. C. F. W. Walther. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.75.

A recommendation of these sermons of the lamented Dr. Walther on the lessons for the festival seasons of the churchyear would be superfluous. The excellence of Walther's sermons is well known, and we doubt not that the book will find a ready sale.

"GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER", or The Doctrines of True Christian Repentance, Justification, Faith and Life as shown from Scripture by the venerable Dr. M. Luther. Published by the Sewing Circle of the German Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Church, Zanesville, O. Price 3 cts., postage 1 ct. Address all orders to Rev. C. A. Frank, 16 Harvey Str., Zanesville, O.

This neatly printed pamphlet of 22 pages gives us an English translation of Dr. Luther's grand exposition of the story of the Pharisee and the Publican. The excellent tract, in which the way of salvation is made plain in Luther's matchless style, deserves a wide circulation.

Acknowledgment.

Received from Mt. Zion (col.) congregation per Rev. F. J. Lankenau \$27.65 for Building Fund.

A. F. LEONHARDT, Local Treasurer.
New Orleans, La., Oct. 11., 1892.

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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XIV.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1892.

No. 12.

Christmas.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye Christians,
With all your hearts this morn!
O hear the blessed tidings,
"The Lord, the Christ, is born,"
Now brought us by the angels
That stand about God's throne;
O lovely are the voices
That make such tidings known!

O hearken to their singing:
"This Child shall be your Friend;
The Father so has willed it,
That thus your woes should end.
The Son is freely given,
That in Him ye may have
The Fathers grace and blessing,
And know He loves to save.

Nor deem the form too lowly
That clothes Him at this hour;
For know ye what it hideth?
'Tis God's almighty power.
Though now within the manger
So poor and weak He lies,
He is the Lord of all things,
He reigns above the skies.

Sin, death, and hell, and Satan
Have lost the victory;
This Child shall overthrow them,
As ye shall surely see.
Their wrath shall naught avail them;
Fear not, their reign is o'er;
This Child shall overthrow them,—
O hear and doubt no more!"

(Old German hymn, 1540.)

The Birth of Christ.

The birth of Christ, which fills our hearts with joy in the merry Christmas time, was a lowly birth. When Joseph and the virgin Mary came to Bethlehem to have their names put into the tax-lists in obedience to the decree of the Roman Emperor Augustus, they found no room in the inn and therefore took refuge in a stable for the night. And in that stable Mary, a poor and unprovided stranger, brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger. What a lowly birth! There is no glory and no splendor to be seen. There is nothing but poverty and want. And yet the birth of that

Child of Bethlehem has for ages filled the hearts of millions with joy, and it still makes every Christmas-day a day of gladness and rejoicing. For who is that Child of Bethlehem? Let the angel tell you.

In that same night there were shepherds in the field, keeping watch over their flock. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. But the angel said: "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." And instantly the sky was thronged with a multitude of angels who made the night-air ring with their song of praise: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Wonderful birth! That Child of Bethlehem is "Christ the Lord," the Lord of heaven and earth. He, who created the universe became a helpless babe. God's own Son took upon Him our human nature and became like unto us, only without sin. And this God-man is our Saviour.

By sin our human race had fallen under the curse and wrath of a just and holy God. Our sin separated us from God and from all the joys of heaven. No mere human being and no angel could become our Saviour and bear the punishment of our sin. Our Saviour must be God; for God's power was necessary to bear the punishment of the world's sin. Our Saviour must also be a true man in order to suffer and to die. And, behold, God in His wisdom and love gave us such a Saviour. "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 Child of Bethlehem is our Saviour—God and Man in one Person. He was made under the law and took the place of all sinners and bore the punishment of all our sins. Through faith in Him we have forgiveness of sin and life everlasting. Well may we rejoice at the birth of this Saviour; for without Him there is no salva-

tion for us, but in Him there is salvation for all sinners. May all our readers welcome to their hearts the Child of Bethlehem as their only Saviour and thus enjoy a happy Christmas!

The Way to Heaven.

At the manger of Bethlehem you can learn the way to heaven. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son." What more could He do? "That whosoever"—that is, you, everybody, anybody that—"believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." It is not said that God has given His Son to all that will keep His law, for this we could not do, and therefore the gift would be available to none of us. But the great God has given His Son to the whole sinful world, that "whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Christmas gift of God's great love
Is the only way to heaven above.

Christmas Customs in Scandinavia.

In Sweden and Norway Christmas is a day of joy for everybody. In the country every house stands open to the passing stranger and he is at liberty to sit down to the table that has been expressly filled for him. In many parts of Norway even the tavern keepers charge nothing for food and lodging. The custom of making each other presents on Holy-eve is conscientiously maintained among all classes, and as everybody must have a present, the ladies have their hands full for weeks and months beforehand in order to be prepared. Even the dumb beasts get their share of good things. The horses get more oats than usual, the horned cattle a better quality of hay, the dog a generous soup, and even the birds have placed for them in front of every barn a pole or fir-tree on which has been fastened a sheaf of oats.

Christmas.

"What season is better of all the whole year,
Thy needy, poor neighbor to comfort and cheer?"

Christmas in a Missionary's Home.

In our picture we see a Christmas celebration in the home of a Missionary in South Africa. After the Christmas services in the church near by, the Missionary's family, together with some African friends, assembled around the Christmas tree in the Missionary's humble home. There is the Missionary point-

cious Book that she has no time to admire the beautiful doll of her little friend Mary. There are Christmas gifts for all, and by those gifts they are to be reminded of that unspeakable gift of God—His only begotten Son.

The upper part of the door of the Missionary's cabin has been opened, and through the opening two African heathens are looking in

books of these white people. I must learn more of their God and of Him whom they call Saviour and whose birth they celebrate today."

Old uncle kept his word. He went to the Missionary and was instructed in the way to heaven. And when the next Christmas came, he was among those that assembled at the Missionary's home, and with glad heart he



Christmas in a Missionary's Home.

ing the little colored boy to the bright tapers and telling him of the Babe of Bethlehem, who came into the world as the Light of all nations. There is Peter, the Missionary's faithful assistant, looking with folded hands at the blazing Christmas tree. His heart is filled with joy and gratitude, for under the Christmas tree he found a Bible in his native language as a welcome Christmas gift. His daughter Martha is kneeling at the table and reading. She has received a New Testament as a Christmas present, and is so absorbed in reading the pre-

upon the happy family circle, admiring the tree and the presents. They are still in the darkness and misery of sin and are strangers to the true Christmas joy. On their way home that Christmas night the elder of the two said to his young companion: "To-morrow I shall go to the Missionary and have my name put in the list of those that wish to learn. We live in darkness; we live like the wild beasts of the forest; we know nothing. The Missionary and his wife are very kind to us. They love the poor African. I must know what is in the

joined in singing the sweet Christmas hymns of the Saviour born at Bethlehem.

May the glad tidings of a Saviour born for the salvation of sinners bring peace and joy to the hearts of many of the children of Africa!

"Every song about Jesus, every church-bell that rings, echoes the music of Bethlehem."

TRUE Christmas joy is joy in the Lord.

A Christmas Day in Nancy's Cabin.

Old Nancy was a poor colored woman and lived in a cabin on an alley, all alone, without chick or child, kith or kin. Her home, though poor and small, was always neat and tidy, and from what she earned many a dollar was given to the mission work of the Church. She was an honest, Christian woman, full of joy and faith in her Saviour, and therefore the wealthy judge, at whose house she often found work to do, respected her very highly.

At last Old Nancy was taken sick, and for many weary months before her death she was helpless, alone and bed-ridden. During this time the judge's ample table had sent its full share to the comforts of the poor woman, and when the merry Christmas day came, the Christmas cheers and joys made the judge think of the loneliness of poor Nancy's cabin. So, taking a well-filled basket, he started on his way to visit the sick woman. As he entered the poor, lonely cabin, he thought of his own beautiful mansion, where the voices of merry children and of music made all cheerful and happy on that Christmas day. And seating himself on the stool at the side of the poor woman's cot, he said in words of sympathy,—

"It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks?"

"Oh, no! thank God! massa judge, the good Lord keeps me from feelin' bad. I'se happy now as ever I was in all my days."

"But, Nancy, lying here from morning till night and from night till morning, all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for every thing, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?"

"Well, I'se 'pendent on others, dat's sure, 'deed I is; an' I was allers used to have something to give to de poor, an' to de missionary too, an' to de minister. But, den, I'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when He came to dis world. You know, He was laid as a poor child on straw an' hay in a miseble stable. I'se bery happy when I think of dese Christmas tings."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here?"

"Yes, massa, I'se all alone, dat's true; but den Jesus is here, too, all de time. I'm neber alone, nohow; and He's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"O massa judge! I'spect so. I'spect nothing else but jis' to go off all alone here some night, as you say, or some day; but it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy. And den, massa, I'spec' I'll not go all alone, after all, for Jesus says in de blessed book, 'I'll come an' take you to myself, dat where I am, dar you may be also': an' I believe Him. I'se not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when I think of dying, I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am. Are you not afraid to die and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"Oh, no! massa, 'deed I'se not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"O massa! the debbil made me think of my sins dis mornin'; an' I thought how can such a sinner as I is ebber go into such a holy place as de New Jerusalem is? An' I was miseble. But den, when the Christmas bells were ringin' I jis' thought of the sweet Christmas story. You know, when the Saviour was born, the angel said to de poor shepherds in the field dat dis Saviour belongs to dem an' to all de folks. So He is my Saviour, 'deed, sure, He is poor Nancy's Saviour. He says in de blessed book dat His blood washes away all my sins. An' I believe Him, 'deed I do. So I find rest for my poor soul in Jesus. I know now He has made me all ready, pure an' white for de New Jerusalem above. An' now I love to think about de time when I shall come to 'pear befo' de Father's throne, wid Him in glory, all starry, spangly white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence, admiring the power of God's grace. Then he said, "Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you: do you not still complain?"

"Complain? Oh! now, massa judge, complain, do you say, massa? Why, massa, who should such a one as I is complain ob? The Good Lord, He knows best what's best for poor Nancy! *His will be done!* It mus' all turn out for my own good. He sent His own Son to be my Saviour. An' so I know He loves me wid an' ebberlastin' love."

The judge bowed his head in silence a moment, and then rose and bade Nancy goodbye. All the way home through the Christmas snow he kept thinking of the poor colored woman, so helpless, bed-ridden, miserable in body and yet so happy as a child of God! "There is a power in God's Word which I never felt," said he, as he came home and sat down to read the sweet Christmas story in the Bible. And the judge never forgot that Christmas day in Old Nancy's cabin. No! It was to him the beginning of a new life.

Old Nancy lingered but a very short time. When the new year came, she had gone to her glorious Saviour in heaven, in whose finished work of redemption she trusted so fully upon earth.

True Christmas Joy.

If the ends of Christ's birth be answered in our own experience, we have abundant cause for joy. But then it will not be the vain, frothy, carnal joy of the world. The manner in which some pretend to celebrate the birth of Christ at the season called Christmas, is a disgrace to a Christian. They contradict, as much as possible, the design of His coming. He came "to destroy the works of the devil;" they try to keep them up. What have cards, worldly dancing, gluttony and drunkenness, to do with the birth of Jesus? He came to save men from their sins, not to keep them in their sins. O let young people guard against

the temptation of such a season; for there is more sin committed at Christmas in a few days, than in many weeks at other times. Such a carnal joy brings ruin to the souls of men.

Let us rather go to Bethlehem: let us, like Mary, "ponder these things in our hearts." No sooner did the shepherds hear of the Saviour's birth, than they ran to see Him. Let us also say, "We would see Jesus." And where shall we see Him but in His word which is preached in the Church of God? If we go there to see Him, we shall find that the Church of God is still in Bethlehem, "a house of bread." God will feed our souls with "the bread which came down from heaven, and which endureth to eternal life." Then we will experience true Christmas joy, and the Christmas season will be a season of true gladness and happiness to our souls.—*Selected.*

"Unto You is Born a Saviour."

The words *unto you* should make us joyful. For to whom, or of whom, does the angel speak? Of course, not to wood or stones; no, but to men; and not to one or two alone, but, as he says, to "all people," that is, all who are men. For he says, *unto you*, not unto us angels, but "unto you is born a Saviour," that is, He has become a man like unto you. Now whoever is born a man, may and should comfort himself with this Saviour who is born. But what shall we make of this? Shall we still doubt God's grace and say: St. Peter or St. Paul may indeed rejoice in this Saviour; but I am a poor sinner, I dare not do it; this noble precious treasure is not intended for me? My dear friend, if you will say it is not for me, to whom, then, does it belong? Did He come for the sake of geese, ducks, or cows? For you must notice what He is. Had He wished to help another creature, He would have become that creature. Had He not become man for the sake of us poor, sinful, lost men, He would not be called our Saviour. Now see, what are you? What am I? Are we not all men? Yes. Who then is to receive this Child, but just we men? The angels do not need him; the devils do not want Him; but we need Him, and for our sake He became man. Therefore, it becomes us men to receive Him with joy, as the angel says: "Unto you is born a Saviour;" and shortly before: "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."—*Luther.*

Great Honor.

We should well learn and earnestly consider what honor was conferred upon us, in that Christ, the Son of God, became man. For it is such an honor, that if one were an angel, he might wish he were a man, in order that he might boast: My flesh and blood are exalted above all angels. Wherefore we men ought truly to count ourselves blessed. God grant that we may understand it, take it to heart, and thank Him for it.—*Luther.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—In a circular recently issued to parents, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, the American Bible Society says: "Eight years ago the Society began the work of placing a Bible, by sale or gift, in every home in the land where it would be received; but now the Society proposes a work of still greater magnitude and importance — a Bible of its own for every child that can read, with special reference for Sunday-school use."

—In Great Britain there are under the direction of the British Sunday-school Union 45,000 schools, in which upwards of 700,000 teachers are engaged instructing 7,000,000 scholars. In the United States there are upwards of 100,000 Sunday-schools, more than 1,000,000 teachers, and 8,500,000 scholars. In the whole world the schools are said to number 183,390; the teachers 1,999,569, and the scholars 17,716,212.

—KOREA is a hopeful mission field, notwithstanding the edict issued by the Korean Government in 1888, forbidding the teaching or preaching of Christianity in the land. Such an edict can not be enforced long in a country where the leaven of the Gospel is already at work. In 1886 the first convert was baptized. The next year the congregation numbered 20 members, and in 1888 there were 50. The latest reports indicate that 157 people have been baptized. The missionaries feel that their time can be well spent in preparation for future work, and in such Christian work as will not directly antagonize the will of the government. At the present time Rev. H. G. Underwood is in Japan superintending the publication of a pocket dictionary and manual of the Korean language, which will prove an aid to workers in the study of the Korean language.

—AFRICA is three times the size of Europe; every pound of ivory costs one life; for every five pounds one hut has been burned; for every two tusks a village has been destroyed; for every twenty tusks a district has been destroyed.

—MISSION WORK in western Polynesia began nearly 100 years ago. The first 14 years of labor were seemingly without any good results. There was not one convert. Now there are 850,000.

—JUDSON worked in Burmah for 10 years and had but 18 converts. The work went on, however. Now, after 75 years of labor, it is estimated that there has been one new church established for every three weeks of the 75 years.

—GERMAN WEST AFRICA. In the Cameroon district, the natives, with some assistance from the whites, erected 13 chapels and 2 teachers' houses last year. At the dedication of one of these a native chief agreed to become a Christian, and at once burned his idols.

—It is related of the Duke of Wellington

that when a certain minister asked him whether he thought it worth while to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos, the old General asked, "What are your marching orders, sir?" The minister said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Then follow your orders," said the Duke; "your only duty is to obey."

—In Bengal, India, persons traveling among the villages will constantly come across a pile of stones placed under the shadow of a large tree or on a hill for the purpose of being worshiped. It is believed that every large tree, hill-top and stream are haunted by gods and demons which are to be dreaded. Hence worship is performed under the trees with the object of propitiating the evil beings supposed to dwell in them. The stones are looked upon as the symbol and the abode of the god; red paint is smeared upon them, and offerings of rice, milk, fruit and flowers are presented to them daily. In some cases, where the god or demon is supposed to be famous or powerful, sacrifices of goats are made.

—THERE are about 4,500,000 inhabitants in Madagascar, 3,000,000 of whom are still in heathen darkness.

—AFRICA, the dark continent, is about 5000 miles in length, and nearly that wide. It includes about 11,000,000 square miles of territory, or about one-half more than North America, which has 7,400,000 square miles.

—THE *Missionary Herald* says: "From all sections of Japan and from members of many missionary organizations the report comes that the outlook for evangelical work throughout the empire is much brighter than it was a year or two since. The attitude of the Japanese toward foreigners is more friendly. The native churches are feeling their responsibility for the propagation of the Gospel, and are entering upon the task with great self-denial and enthusiasm."

—OF the 40 principal Lutheran foreign missionary societies, 19 are German, 15 Scandinavian, 3 American, 1 French, 1 Finnish and 1 Polish. The aggregate annual income exceeds \$1,300,000. One thousand missionaries and 4000 native assistants are employed. The number of members is 204,000. Sixteen hundred mission schools are sustained. The principal mission fields are those of India, China, South Africa and Australia.

—ON the staff of the China Inland Mission there are sixty men and women, who are working in the foreign field just as they would work in their churches at home, entirely supporting themselves. A Western farmer has recently sold his house and lands, and, with his wife and children—all consecrated to the work—has gone to Africa to constitute a self-supporting missionary household. A lady of wealth, within the last month, sailed from New York for the field, taking with her eight other missionaries, she providing for the perpetual support of all the party. The widow of one of

the honored missionaries is carrying on a work in Japan of the same kind, she providing for the entire support of herself and her co-laborers. And scores of working men and women—mechanics and servants—have gone to heathen fields during the past year, under the International Missionary Alliance, to do what they may be able to make known the Gospel of the grace of God to the heathen.

"Unto You is Born a Saviour."

These words should melt heaven and earth, and change, for us, death into sugar, and all misfortunes, of which there are here more than can be told, into pure, sweet wine. For what man is there who can properly conceive of this, that the Son of God is born man, a Saviour for us? Such treasure the angel gives not only to His mother, the virgin Mary, but to all of us men; "unto you," he says, "is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—*Luther*.

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