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R. A. Bischoff (Editor)

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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XV.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1893.

No. 1.

Thoughts for the New Year.

The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in the green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.—*Ps. 23.*

Something to Hold On By.

How loudly the flight of time speaks to us! Another year is gone and eternity is nearer. The new year might be our last year upon earth. It will be well for us to have something to hold on by in our last hour.

A woman who had been a prominent lecturer on infidelity came to her dying pillow. Being much disturbed in her mind, her friends gathered about her and exhorted her to "hold on to the last."

"Yes, I have no objection to holding on," said the dying woman, "but will you tell me what I am to hold on by?"

These words so deeply impressed an infidel standing by that he was led to renounce the delusion.

False doctrine will not do "to hold on by" in the solemn hour of death.

"Father," said a young man as he lay dying, "I find eternal punishment, which I have so long disputed, now to be an awful reality." At another time he said, "As soon as I am dead, write to my friends that the doctrine we have tried to propagate is an awful delusion—that it forsook me on my deathbed."

Said another under similar circumstances, "For several years past I have followed the doctrines of Universalist preachers, and believed as they did; but I find it all a delusion

now. Tell my old friends not to trust in such a refuge of lies, but to repent and believe in the Saviour of sinners."

How different it was with that young Christian at whose dyingbed we stood some years ago. "O, how dearly I love you all," he said. "But I would rather be with Jesus. Lay me straight in the bed, father, and cover me up, and let me wait my Father's time." When sight and hearing were growing dull, he seemed not to recognize his friends, but on his father's asking, "My darling son, do you know Jesus?" he answered with sudden animation, "Oh, yes; oh, yes. I know Jesus! I have a steadfast trust in Jesus, who has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all sins, from death and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with His holy precious blood and with His innocent suffering and death, so that I may be His own, and live under Him in His kingdom, and serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence and blessedness, even as He is risen from the dead, lives and reigns to all eternity. This is most certainly true!"

That was something by which he could hold fast to the end. And such trust may we all have on our dyingbed.

We Are Pilgrims.

WE ARE PILGRIMS. Our years are spent "like a tale that is told," they flow by like the passing stream. We have hardly got used to writing 1892 at the head of our letters, when we are already called upon to exchange it for 1893. Many a pilgrim has been called away during the past year. It was the last year of his life upon earth. Many a chair is empty at the family table, and many a new grave casts its shadow upon the path of life. Let us remember our days, for we are pilgrims.

WE ARE PILGRIMS. "Yes," says the worldling, "therefore let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Foolish man! That is not the lesson to be learned. Death does not end all. The Bible says, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the

judgment." We are on the road to eternity. That eternity will be to man either an eternity of woe or of happiness and joy. Therefore we should "number our days, that we apply our hearts unto wisdom." This is not done by going on in sin. The man who goes on in sin and dies in sin, rejecting the only Saviour of sinners, passes through the dark gates of Death to the judgment-seat of God with all his sins upon him. The wrath of a just and holy God will hurl him into eternal damnation; for "he that believeth not shall be damned," says the Bible. Apply your heart unto wisdom! Prepare to meet your God! Believe in the Saviour, of whom the angel said to Joseph: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." By faith in Him you will have everlasting life and need not fear death. You will pass through death to the eternal joys of heaven; for Jesus says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

WE ARE PILGRIMS. There is comfort for all true believers. Heaven is our home. We are on our journey to that home above. Travelers must often put up with bad lodging, they must often pass over rough roads, and through many a storm, and through many a dark and dangerous place. So the path of our journey may often be the path of sorrows, and troubles, and tribulations; still we may travel on cheerfully. We are pilgrims and strangers in this world. Our home is above. And every true believer can look up to Jesus and say, "I am *Thy* pilgrim." There is sweet comfort in this; for Jesus takes care of all those that are His. He abides with them and gives them eternal blessings and everlasting consolation. So we joyfully travel on through the year 1893. A few more days, or months, or years, and then our wanderings will close, and we shall come home, and "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

The Wise Men of the East.

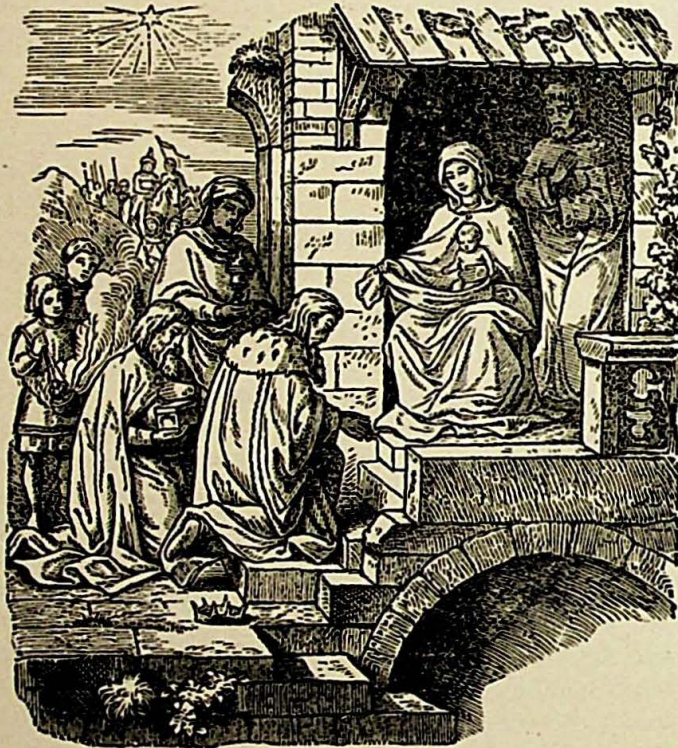
Our picture is an Epiphany picture. We see the wise men of the East worshipping the new-born Saviour and presenting to Him their precious gifts. These wise men were Gentiles, and therefore the Epiphany festival teaches us that the Saviour came, not only for the Jews, but also for the Gentiles. God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son; and the angel said to the shepherds of Judea, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." Therefore He was manifested also to the Gentiles, and afterwards gave the command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Every human being has an interest in the great salvation which is in Christ Jesus and in Him only. Therefore those who have found the Saviour should be active in the work of making Him known to all people. If you can not go and bring the saving Gospel to those that have not yet heard it, bring your gold that others may be sent and supported in the missionfield. When we see the wise men presenting their gifts to the Saviour, we are especially reminded to bring our gifts, to fill the missionary treasury, that the unsearchable riches of Christ may be made known to those that still sit in the darkness and misery of sin. May the Epiphany season stir our hearts to increased missionary efforts!

Read the Bible Daily.

It is said of the Bereans that they "searched the Scriptures daily," Acts 17, 11. And for this the Holy Spirit calls them "noble." All Christians should be such noblemen of God. Our spiritual life must be sustained, and daily too. The Word of God is the Bread of Life. Every day of the year we need to feed on this living bread. Let me tell you what the late Rev. L. Harms, the great missionary laborer, says on the daily reading of the dear Bible. He says:

A devout reading of the Bible, accompanied by prayer, is not only my daily occupation, but my daily highest joy and pleasure. I know right well, how very needful and useful this daily reading of the Bible is for me; for when, with fervent prayer, I have very devoutly read the Bible, I always have so much more peace and joy in my soul, so much more power to fight against sin, the world, and the devil, so much more hating of all sin, so much more delight in all that is good, so much more light and clearness of understanding, so much more love for the Lord Jesus, and so much more blessedness in the sure hope of eternal life,—that I would not give these hours of devout Bible-reading for any amount of money, or for any joy of this world. In the morning it

is my first, and in the evening my last employment, or I should rather say, it is my first and last pleasure; and as often as I have a little time through the day, as often as the labors of my calling make me very tired, I go to my dear Bible, and I never lay it aside, without being gladdened, refreshed, strengthened and comforted, in my inmost heart; in short, I could not, and would not like to live in this world—I could not stand it in this sinful world, without my dear, precious Word of God. When my faults and imperfections press heavily on me, when my sins grieve me, when my soul is in great need of comfort, I go to my dear Bible. When the sins of other men, especially the sins of my congregation torment me, when the disobedience and hardness of heart of those for whose souls I am



laboring with such faithful love; when the public offences given by worldliness and love of sin, in spite of all my heartfelt entreaties and exhortations, return again and again, and fill me with the deepest grief, and press out tears and sighs, I go to my dear Bible; and so I do in all things, in joy and sorrow, in grief and care, in weakness and in need, and the Bible helps me to bear all things, and to overcome all things, to believe all things, to hope all things, and to endure all things. He who does not read the Bible every day, does not know at all what an unspeakably glorious treasure we have in this precious Word of God.

I do so with the whole Bible, with the Old and with the New Testament, for the whole Bible is God's Word, and given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. But, before all other parts, the Holy Gospels are always of special importance and preciousness to me, because they always bring the Lord Jesus so near to one, painting Him so that our eyes can see

Him, and writing Him into our very heart. And to have this dear Saviour so near our eyes, and in our heart, is, after all, the highest joy and blessedness this earth can give us. We listen to every one of His blessed words; we see, as it were, with our own eyes, all the gracious deeds of His merciful love; and it seems almost, as if we saw Him walking before us, and as if He was preaching before our very eyes; and everything He does and says, is so exalted and glorious, so lovely and pleasant, so full of love and compassion, so pure, so holy and beautiful, that the heart is ready to burst with joy, and the eyes to overflow with tears of gratitude, that we have such a Saviour, who is so great and mighty, so meek and lovely, so pure and holy, and yet so full of grace and love; and then our knees bend low in the dust, and the lips speak out of the abundance of a devout heart, saying: yes, "the Word was made flesh, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Letter to the "Pioneer."

DEAR EDITOR:—Allow me a short space in your paper to give a short sketch of my history.

I was born at Williamsburg, Miss., on July 1, 1872.

My early life was spent in the midst of Baptists and Methodists. I attended the Graded School at Williamsburg several years. When about seventeen years old I entered Tuscoloosa Institute at Tuscaloosa, Ala. There I remained nearly two years. I then left there and came to Charlotte, N. C., and entered Biddle Institute. I have been there during the last year. While at Charlotte I became acquainted with Dr. Bowman, and attended his church. He gave me

some instruction in the doctrines of the Lutheran Church. Soon afterwards I became acquainted with the earnest Missouri missionary Rev. N. J. Bakke of Concord, N. C., who directed me further. As an outcome of this last acquaintance I am at Conover, N. C., where I am receiving instruction from the faculty of Concordia College. I regret that I did not have an opportunity earlier to attend a Lutheran school, or receive instruction from Lutheran teachers.

Here I hope to remain until I am able to minister to the wants of my own race.

I want the good wishes and prayers of all your readers that I may be able at some day to take up this work among my own people.

Most truly Yours,

J. N. POPE,

Conover, N. C.

FAITH is to believe what we do not see, and the end of this faith is to see what we believed.

Daily Strength.

As thy day thy strength shall be!
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of His love;
Or, with fervid heat oppressed,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

When thy days on earth are past
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

Selected.

The Siberian Leper.

Siberia is a very cold country; it is also very large; for it is more than three thousand six hundred miles long, and nearly two thousand miles wide, so that it is one hundred times larger than England. It is not, however, so pleasant a land: the ground is mostly covered with snow, and the rivers are frozen over for more than half the year; and the natives, in winter, pass from place to place on sledges drawn by reindeer.

Few flowers are found in the land, and the trees bear but little fruit. Bears, wolves, and other wild animals live in the forests; they are hunted for the sake of their skins, which the people sell to make fur, or form into clothes for their own use. There are different tribes thinly spread over this dreary country, but the greater part are known by the name of Tartars.

Most of these Tartars are the followers of the false prophet Mohammed; others worship a man, called the "grand lama," wickedly addressing him as "God, the everlasting father of heaven;" and many bow down before idols of wood and stone, which their own hands have made. Attempts have been made to bring the Siberian Tartars to the knowledge of the only Saviour, and God has blessed the labor of His servants in the conversion of some of these poor idolaters.

A missionary was passing one day among the tents of some Tartars, when he saw a man lying on the ground, nearly dead. He was a leper. This is a very sad disease; the body is covered with large white sores, which burn with pain; the eyes become red, the blood is corrupted, and the flesh wasted away. Everybody shuns the leper—there is no hospital to receive him, no surgeon to try to cure him; his own family turns from him with disgust, and he is often left to perish. Our Lord, when He was on the earth, had pity on lepers; and love to Christ leads missionaries to feel pity for them too.

The poor man lifted up his eyes, and fixed them on the Christian teacher as he walked along. "I know you," he said.

"How can that be?" asked the missionary: "have you ever seen me before?"

"Oh yes, I have," replied the dying man: "did you not preach in such a bazaar?" (or market place).

"I can not really tell, I have no particular recollection of it."

"Do you not remember," said the man, "you stood upon the steps of a house?"

"Oh yes, I do recollect it now."

"You told us," said the leper, "about Jesus, who died to save sinners, and that men of every nation might come to Him, and He would receive and save them. Oh, sir, I never heard such things before, I then believed in Jesus; I received Him as my Saviour—and now I am dying, and am looking to none other to help me."

Affected with what he had heard and seen, the missionary went to a tent where he found several Tartars drinking. He asked them, "Why do you not go to your brother? he lies there dying, with nobody to help him."

"Brother!" they cried, with scorn; "he is no brother of ours: he is a dog!"

The missionary could not prevail on these cruel men to render any help, so he went back alone to comfort the poor leper; but he found he had just died. There was no one to bury him, so he dug a hasty grave, and rolling in the body, he covered it with the earth, and departed. And there that body will lie till the judgment-day; and when the trumpet shall sound, it shall rise to "glory, honor, and immortality," no more to suffer pain and disease, but with the glorified spirits in heaven it shall be forever with the Lord.

Prayer and Breakfast.

Some years ago, when the country around Cincinnati was newer than it is now, a pious farmer was busy clearing his lands. He had a number of hands employed, and was anxious to accomplish a large amount of work while the weather was favorable. He called them early, and went out with them before breakfast was ready. A horn was blown, and they came and ate, and returned again to their work.

The farmer had been accustomed to have prayer every morning in his family. But, to keep so many men from chopping and log-rolling while he read and prayed, was more than he could afford; so Satan suggested, and the good man yielded. His pious wife saw with grief that the family altar was neglected, and her husband, in haste to get rich, was departing from God. She talked with him, pleaded with him, but in vain. At last she determined to try another experiment.

The next morning the farmer and his men went out as usual to their work. The sun began to climb up the sky, but no breakfast horn was heard. They grew hungry and looked anxiously toward the house; they listened, but still the expected summons did not come. After

waiting an hour or two beyond the usual time, they went into the house. No table was set, no coffee boiling on the fire, no cook over or before it. The good wife was knitting quietly, with the Bible on her lap.

"What does this mean?" cried the husband; "why isn't our breakfast ready?"

"I thought you were in such a hurry about your work that you hadn't time to eat it!"

"Haven't time to eat it! Do you think we can live without eating?"

"You can live without eating as well as without praying. The spirit needs the bread of Heaven as much as the body needs the bread of earth."

"Well, well," said the farmer, "get us some breakfast, and we will have prayer every morning, no matter how busy we are or how many workmen I have."

She got the breakfast, and he kept his word. The lesson was a good one, and never forgotten. — *Selected.*

No Fear, No Hope.

Mr. Robert Owen once visited a gentleman who was a believer. In walking out they came to the gentleman's family graveyard. Owen addressing him, said: "There is one advantage I have over Christians—I am not afraid to die; but if some of my business were settled, I should be perfectly willing to die at any moment."

"Well," said his companion, "you say you have no fear of death—have you any hope in death?"

After a solemn pause, he replied, "No."

"Then," replied the gentleman, pointing to an ox standing near, "you are on a level with that brute. He is fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear."

A Boy's Confidence.

A little boy came to his father looking very much in earnest and asked: "Father, is Satan bigger than I am?"

"Yes, my boy," said his father.

"Is he bigger than you, father?"

"Yes, my boy, he is bigger than your father."

The boy looked surprised, but thought again, and then asked: "Is he bigger than Jesus?"

"No, my boy," answered the father, "Jesus is bigger than he is."

The little fellow, as he turned away, said with a smile: "Then I am not afraid of him."

Christ, the Only Door.

Though there were many rooms in the ark, there was only one door. "And the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof." And so there is only one door in the ark of our salvation, and that is Christ.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—By the blessing of God we are permitted, with this number, to begin another volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER. The work has been done for the Master, and we know that it pleases Him to bless also the work which is done in weakness. Go on then, my dear little PIONEER! May you be a welcome visitor in many homes!

"Go where the hunter roveeth,
Beneath the Northern pines—
Go where the summer loveth
To dwell mid Southern vines—
Far o'er the Western prairie,
To hill, and vale, and plain,
The glorious Gospel carry;
Redeeming love proclaim.

"Go o'er the Rocky Mountains,
Where parting daylight shines,
Where California's fountains
Sparkle o'er golden mines;
Or seek the lowly dwelling,
The cabin dark and lone,
Redemption's story telling
To freedmen in their home."

—THE first number of *The Lutheran Guide*, a Sunday-school paper, published monthly, by authority of the English Lutheran Synod of Missouri and other States, has been received. It is a bright little paper, well illustrated and filled with excellent reading matter. We hope the little *Guide* will be welcomed in all our Sunday-schools and in thousands of homes. The PIONEER heartily bids its little friend God speed.—The price of the little monthly is 25 cents a year, and all orders are to be sent to its editor, Rev. A. W. Meyer, 136 Colwell Str., Pittsburgh, Pa.

—PROTESTANT foreign missions from the United States, Great Britain, and the Continent maintain 8,048 stations and out-stations, with 5,594 missionaries and 35,343 native helpers, and the communicants number 681,503. The money given last year was about \$11,429,500.

—A WOMAN who had for some time heard her husband pray, "Thy Kingdom come," but had seen no cash going in that direction, once said to him, "Now, John, I think it is about time to help the Kingdom of God to come by the giving of some cash, and show that you mean what you say."

—THE following is an extract from a home missionary's letter which we find in an exchange: "A few days ago I stopped to visit a family in company with a brother. The table on which the dinner was placed had been made by nailing boards on narrow strips for the top. When ready to eat, only two could sit at the table at the same time, because there were only two stools in the one-roomed house, which had a dirt floor and a sod roof. There was one bed in the house, and a cradle, as rough as the one of Bethlehem, with a happy baby. The man who lived here pledged \$50 to have a Lutheran church built this summer; and expects to pay it out of his growing crops. Another family in the same neighborhood could not bring their

two boys to the service held some time since, because their only shirt and pants were in rags. To remedy this evil they saved butter two weeks, eating none themselves; traded it for cotton goods, plied the scissors and the needle to get them into garments; and, with tearful eyes and glad hearts, they brought the little fellows to the church and gave them to the Lord."

—A MISSIONARY in China, writing of the hardships of many of the laborers in that mission field, says: "I know of two young ladies, alone in an interior station, who live on a very poor quality of Chinese food, and not too large a supply of that. They are so much reduced in flesh and strength that the friends of a neighboring mission are alarmed about them. A lady sent them a few potatoes, and found that these were the first potatoes, and almost the only foreign food, found in their house for over two years. I know of another lady, going as fast as she can with a wasting difficulty, and who should be having the best of care and the most nourishing food, but who is in an interior town with barely enough to subsist upon. Beef is not to be had in the place in which she lives, and she told one of her friends that her husband was trying to make her some 'beef tea out of lean pork.'"

—GOV. TAYLOR, of Tennessee, told of an ignorant Colored clergyman who preached a sermon on the text: "And the multitude came to Him, and He healed them of divers diseases." Said he: "My dear congregation, this is a terrible text. Disease is in the world. The small-pox slays its hundreds, the cholera its thousands, and the yellow fever its tens of thousands, but, in the language of the text, if you take the divers you are gone. These earthly doctors can cure the small-pox, cholera and yellow fever if they get there in time, but nobody but the good Lord can cure the divers."

—WILLIAM SAHARA, a freed slave-boy of about thirteen years of age, was rescued from the Arabs and set free by the Vice-Consul at Mombasa, East Africa. He was then handed over to Bishop Hannington, who placed him in the Boys' School at Frere Town. Recently his parents have found him out. It appears they live in Duruma, a part of which country lies between Rabai and Shimba, and extends many miles inland. The father, passing through Frere Town a short time since, recognized William—whose name at first was Bawa ("Wing"), but was changed by the Arabs into Sahara—as his own lost son who had been snatched up and carried into slavery. His joy was so great that he went back and told his wife, who likewise was so astonished that she came down to see for herself. The poor mother, on recognizing her long-lost boy, could only clasp her hands together and weep piteously.

—A MISSIONARY in India, writing of the darkness of heathenism, says: "To-day one of my companions was visiting a house when she saw a girl rolling up little bits of paper and dough

together into pills. So she said, 'What are you doing?' The girl showed her a large piece of paper which was covered with the word, 'Allah' or 'God.' Each piece on which 'Allah' was written was separately cut out and put into a dough pill until three hundred pills were made, and then the fishes in the Ganges were fed with them. 'You see,' said the girl, 'when the pills go into the stomach of the fish, it has the name of God in its stomach, and then the fish will pray for us, and that will bring us a blessing.'"

OUR BOOK TABLE.

DR. MARTIN LUTHERS SAEMMTLICHE SCHRIFTEN. Achter Band, Auslegungen ueber den Evangelisten St. Johannes Cap. 7—20, ueber das 15. und 16. Capitel der Apostelgeschichte und das 7. und 15. Capitel des ersten Briefes an die Corinthen. Luthers kuerzere Erklarung der Epistel an die Galater. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$3.75, postage 46 cents.

Another volume of Luther's Works has been issued by our Publishing House at St. Louis. The editor and the publisher have done their work well—excellently well. This volume also proves that the St. Louis edition of Luther's Works is a first-class edition. May it find many, many readers.

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

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Vol. XV.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1893.

No. 2.

The Sin-Bearer.

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

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

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

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

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

Selected.

Saved by Grace.

"We are all as an unclean thing," says the Bible, "and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." It does not merely say all our wickednesses are as filthy rags, but *all* our *righteousnesses* are as filthy rags, and surely we can not expect to buy heaven with a lot of dirty rags. In our helplessness Jesus has come in grace all the way to our place of guilt and ruin. He has come to procure for us a righteousness which will avail in the right of God. For this purpose He suffered and died in our stead. In the season of Lent we see Him on His way of sorrows and sufferings. We behold Him in great agony on the cross, where He "appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself;" where "His ownself bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Having thus answered every claim and met every demand that was against us, He tenderly says to every sinner in the Gospel, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." What does freely mean? It means for nothing. We can not buy salvation. It has been procured for us by Christ and is given to us in the Gospel for nothing. We are saved by

grace, and by grace alone. The Bible says, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." The end of our salvation is God's glory. It is not that man may be exalted, but that in the ages to come God may show the exceeding riches of His grace.

Old aunt Judy knew what it is to be saved by grace. She was a poor old colored woman, living in a small and low cabin of rough boards, and the only floor was the ground worn bare and smooth. All her furniture put together was worth less than five dollars. She was very poor in this world's goods, but she was rich in faith. She found all her riches in the Gospel, and never wished to be anything else than "a poor sinner saved by grace."

Aunt Judy was taken sick, and there was no hope of her getting well again. A young student of theology, who often visited the colored folks in their cabins, came to see her on her dying-bed. He found her quite happy at the thought that she would soon be with her "blessed Lord." He thought he would try her thoroughly and said to her, "Aunt Judy, you will not think it unkind in me to say that you are a poor, ignorant, old creature, and nobody cares whether you live or die. When you are gone, the overseer of the poor will place your body in an unpainted coffin, and bury it in the pauper's corner of the graveyard, and there will not be even a plank to mark where you lie. But God is a very great God. He made the earth, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and all that is in the world; and He has millions of people to look after; some of them rich and mighty. You tell me you are sure He has saved *your* soul; but what good could it do this great God to save a worthless old sinner like you?"

Aunt Judy understood the meaning of the question in a moment, and looking up with a smile and raising her hand, she answered eagerly, "Ah, my boy, God is goin' to point the angels to me, and tell 'em to see *what His grace can do.*"

The student learned a good deal of theology that day, and sat with bowed head beside the dear old saint, as her soul passed away to her

heavenly home to bask forever in the smiles of her beloved Redeemer. How well she had learned the purpose of God in our salvation as given by the apostle Paul: "That in the ages to come He might show *the exceeding riches of His grace*, in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." (Eph. 2, 7.)

Sincerity Not Enough.

The popular saying is: "It makes no difference what a man believes, just so he is sincere." Solomon has 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 spiritual things is hurtful to the soul's interests, however sincere the believer may be. It is the *truth* that saves, not sincerity. Christ's prayer was that man 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.

For Our Good.

A man walking on the railroad track when the train was approaching was unceremoniously pulled aside by a neighbor. At first the traveler was a little disturbed and disposed to criticise the unceremonious method of his friend, but when he came to realize the nature and imminence of his danger, his heart overflowed with gratitude for the benevolent deed. God often has to deal with us in a summary way. He sees our danger, and loves us too well to allow us to travel on in our chosen path. In thwarting and disappointing our most cherished purposes, the goodness of our Heavenly Father is most conspicuous. He turns us away from a danger we did not see, and helps us to a good we had not come to appreciate.

The Indian Medicine Man.

That is a queer looking man you see in our picture. It is an Indian medicine man, or doctor, in his absurd professional dress. These medicine men wield a great influence among the poor superstitious Indians. The Indians believe that sickness is merely an evil spirit which can be driven out of the body by all kinds of mysterious ceremonies. In each tribe there are more or less old women who do the howling in all cases of sickness. These are immediately sent for in any alarming illness, and whether the patient is dying of consumption, or suffering from an acute attack of cholera morbus, the treatment is the same. Howls, only howls, most doleful howls! As the patient gets worse, the women of the lodge howl in chorus; then the women of other lodges come around and join the howl, until the whole camp is howling. If all this does no good, the medicine man is sent for. He comes dressed up as you see him in our picture. He mutters incantations, performs some mysterious ceremonies, and finally has the tom-tom beaten with all force just over the head of the patient. This treatment generally very promptly finishes the matter one way or the other.

Of the Indian medicine men a missionary in Northwestern Canada gives the following account:

The Indian medicine man, or "doctor," is, as a rule, a practitioner of great agility and ingenuity. When summoned to attend a sick person, he dons his professional regalia, takes his rattle and prognosticator (a small wooden image) and makes his call.

If, upon seeing his patient, he be taken with an inclination to sigh, accompanied by a short catching of the breath, he regards it as a favorable sign and promises a speedy cure. But if such a sensation be absent, he is not so hopeful, and will pronounce his patient to be in a very critical condition. He will, however, do his best, and forthwith proceeds to rattle. His idea is to drive out the spirit of sickness by rattling.

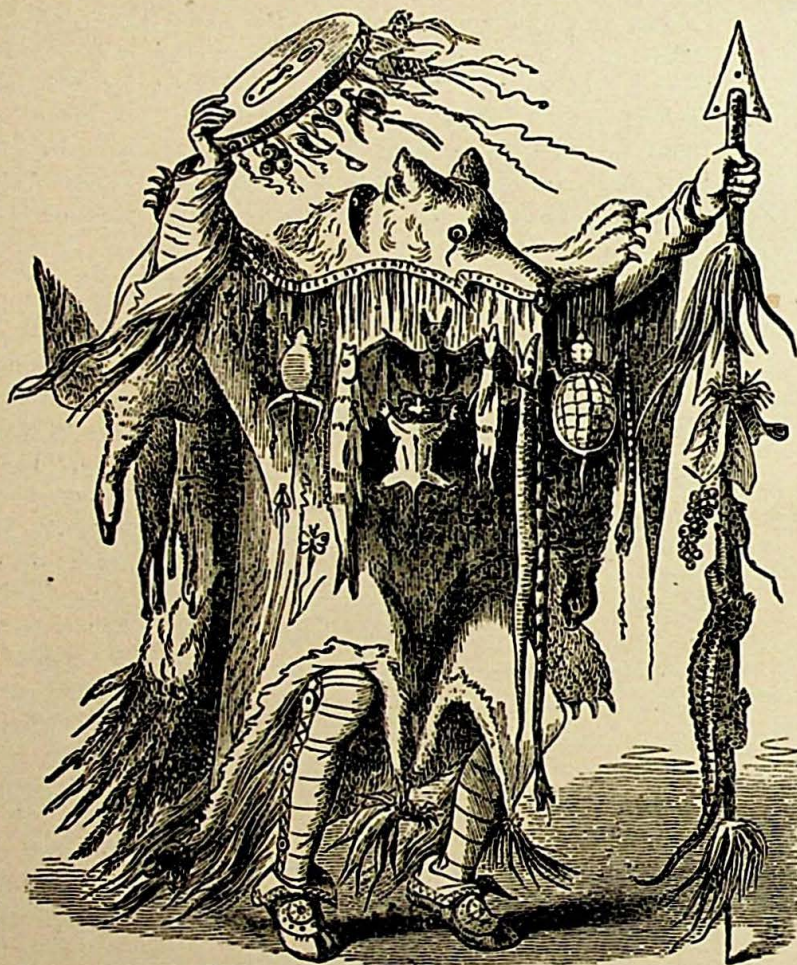
Sometimes all the medicine men of the tribe act in accord, relieving each other at stated times, their efforts being supported by youths beating tom-toms and boards.

Search is also made for the spirit of health, which has forsaken the sick man; and not infrequently the chief medicine man is rendered unconscious by a stream of ice cold water poured upon his head, that while in such a state he may discover the spirit's hiding-place and reveal it when he recovers consciousness.

The restoration of the spirit of health is supposed to be effected by the medicine man

breathing into his hands and passing them over and around the patient's head, uttering certain words. The medicine men are never at a loss for terms by which to describe disease. "Gastric rhythm," for instance, would not at first thought appear to suggest any serious derangement of the vital organs, but, alas for our ideas of these things, it is a complicated and troublesome malady!

But surely the Indians are only amusing themselves at these practices? Alas! no; they are painfully in earnest. The Indian mother's heart aches with as great sorrow for her suffering child, she is oppressed with as cold a fear, her lips tremble just as much, her hands are as tightly clasped, and her eyes have the same



look of pain and dread as her English sister, as she sends for the "doctor," and waits anxiously to hear if there is any hope.

Mission Schools.

When the Synodical Conference began mission work among the colored people of the South, we asked an old colored friend of ours which would be the best way for carrying on mission work among his people. "Open Christian schools for the children, sir, open schools!" he said. This has been done by our missionaries. At every missionary station they have opened mission-schools, in which the children are taught the way of salvation. God has blessed the work of our schools, and our missionaries, we doubt not, are fully convinced that Christian schools are the best

method of not only establishing but also of maintaining Christian congregations among the colored people. But what is the best method in the Colored Mission work will surely also be the best method in all the mission work of the church. The following extract taken from a letter in the *Missionary Review of the World*, by a missionary in Burmah is a strong argument for Christian schools in the work of the Church everywhere. The missionary says:

Ten years of missionary life leads me to share with many others in the belief that in a heathen land the gathering of children into schools where the Bible is daily taught with the other studies is a most efficient way of securing converts from heathenism, and of training up a truer, stronger body of Christian workers than these converts could possibly be if left to grow old in heathenism before leaving it for Christianity.

To the great majority of missionaries, who observe carefully the results of work for a series of years upon the young and the old in heathen lands, the question needs no further argument. There are individual exceptions, of course; but, as a rule, those who received their education in Christian schools and were converted to Christianity in their youth, form a body of Christians truer, stronger, better working, less superstitious, and less likely to be drawn aside from their faith, than an equal number who were educated in schools where they learned a mass of heathen superstition with the rudiments of a secular education. A skillful gardener can do much to improve the appearance and the fruit-bearing qualities of an old tree; but when he wishes to secure a perfect tree he begins with a young one. A general must fight with his enemy, no matter how well in-

trenched he may be when he finds him; but that general would be called a fool who, having a fair chance to attack his enemy in the open, should deliberately wait for him to become entrenched and to get his big guns in position before commencing his attack. We must preach to those of full age when we can and where we can, but it is difficult almost to impossibility to get any number of adults together where such an influence can be exerted over them as is possible to the Christian school teacher, who, while teaching the A, B, C's, and 1, 2, 3's, can at the same time, better than at any other time, impart a knowledge of the true God, of His Word, and of His Son, to minds not already hardened in sin and full of Satan's deceits.

But some may ask whether we can not accomplish the same end without the expense and work of maintaining schools. No, we

can not. The children can not be got together every day for Bible study alone, and if not got into week-day schools, the children of heathen parents can not be got, to any great extent, to attend Sunday Schools; and even if they could be got to attend the latter, it is impossible to do in one day all that might be done in seven. The measure of success in this work will depend upon the consecration of the missionary and the native helpers, and the ability of each to combine religious truth with secular knowledge. Then, too, to some the results are immediately apparent in the conversion of pupils, while to others the results are not seen until years later, when some other missionary or native preacher may reap a harvest from the soil prepared by an equally faithful Christian whose gift of service lay only in school teaching.

How God Provides.

It was a season of great scarcity on the hill regions of New Hampshire, when a poor woman, who lived in a hut by the woods, had no bread for her family. She was sick, without either friends or money; there was no helper but God, and she betook herself to prayer. She prayed long—she prayed in earnest; for she believed that He who fed the young ravens would feed her.

On rising from her knees one morning, her little barefooted girl opened the door to go out. Something shining on the sill stopped her. The child stooped down, and behold, a silver dollar! She ran and took it to her mother. It really *was* a new, round, bright silver dollar. They looked up and down the road; no one was to be seen, and neither footsteps nor wagon wheels were to be heard.

Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from His hand; but *how* did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did He throw it from the windows of heaven? No. Did an angel fetch it? No. God has ways and means for answering prayer without always sending *special* messengers. Our being taken care of, ever since we were born, comes from Him alone, only He employs so many people to do it—fathers, mothers, teachers, and others, that we are apt to lose sight of Him and fix our eyes only on them.

But how *did* the silver dollar get on the door sill? some of our little readers may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going down to the seashore, in quest of business. It was several miles before he could take the stage coach; so, instead of going in the wagon which carried his chest, he said he would walk. "Come, ride," they said, "it will be hot and dusty." He kept answering "No" to all his friends. "I'll walk and take a short cut through the pines;" and off he started with a stout walking stick. As he was jogging on through a piece of woods, he heard a voice from a little lonely hut by the roadside. It drew his notice, and he stepped towards it

on tip-toe; then he stopped and listened, and found it was the voice of prayer, and he gathered from the prayer that she who offered it was poor, sick, and friendless.

"What can I do to help this poor woman?" thought the young man. He did not like to go into the hut. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a dollar—the first silver dollar he ever had, and a dollar was a big sum for him to give; for he was not so rich then as he is now. But no matter; he felt that the poor woman *must* have it. The dollar being silver, and likely to attract notice as soon as the door was opened, he concluded to lay it on the sill and go away, but not far; for he hid behind a large rock near the house, to watch what became of it. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the little girl come out and take the dollar, when he went on his way rejoicing.

The silver dollar came into the young man's hand for this very purpose; for, you see, a paper dollar might have blown away. And the young man was led to walk instead of ride—why, he did not exactly know; but God, who directed his steps, did know. So God plans, and we are the instruments to carry out His plans. Oftentimes we seem to be about our own business when we are about His, answering, it may be, the prayers of His people.

What a Chinese Boy Did.

A boy was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth, but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years of age he went to his friends during what we call Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he looked at the idols an old man (sixty-five years of age) came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then he passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, "Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to heaven. But I'm only a boy. I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been very impertinent for the little boy to attempt to teach the old man.

"What is to be done? he has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and, as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. These tears were eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the aged man and say—"Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young, you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am so sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! What about?"

"Because you are aged and can not live long, and you don't know the way to heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to heaven?"

"I know that Jesus has saved me, and he will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man.

The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years of age, and I never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you have told me."

The boy went home with the old man and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and stayed in their house nearly the whole of his holiday; and the result was that, through this youthful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

Four years after, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, who recently related this story, accompanied the youth to the home of this aged couple, and found them truly devoted Christians, and, naturally, warmly attached to the lad. Said the old man,

"But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness."

Hidden and Safe.

One morning a teacher went, as usual, to the school-room, and found many vacant seats. Two little scholars lay at their homes cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered the village, and the few children present that morning at school gathered around the teacher, and said, "Oh, what shall we do? Do you think we will take sick, and die too?"

The teacher said: "Children, you are afraid of this terrible disease. You mourn for the death of our dear little friends; and you fear that you may be taken also. I know of only one way to escape, and that is to hide."

The children were bewildered, and the teacher went on: "I will read to you about this hiding place;" and read Ps. 91: "Whoso dwelleth under the defense of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

All were hushed and composed by the sweet words of the Psalmist and the morning lessons went on as usual.

Love One Another.

A little girl, three or four years old, learned the Bible text, "Love one another." "What does 'love one another' mean?" asked her next oldest sister, in honest doubt as to the meaning. "Why, I must love you, and you must love me; and I'm *one* and you're *another*," was the answer. Who can give a better explanation!

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A GOOD story is told of the late Judge Lamar. When he was Secretary of the Interior, Bob Ingersoll, the infidel lecturer, called upon him at the Interior Department, and in the course of half an hour's conversation said scores of witty things, to which Lamar listened, lying back upon the sofa in his private office. Ingersoll finally made some remark in ridicule of Christianity. There was a momentary pause when he finished, and Lamar jumped to his feet, throwing his long hair with an impatient gesture back from his forehead. In a very earnest manner he confessed his faith in the crucified Saviour, and said he hoped to see the day when his visitor would come to the same saving belief. An awkward silence followed, the infidel was stunned and soon left the Secretary's office.

—HOW DO YOU SPEND SUNDAY? To a Christian friend who asked this question, a business man laughingly replied: "Oh I have no time to go to church; I spend Sunday in settling my accounts." "Permit me to remind you," answered the other solemnly, "that the judgment day will be spent in the same way."

—A GOOD story is told of a country clergyman who went to the city to find a model to improve his style. He finally settled on Dr. Talmage as having a style the most effective and easy to copy. The Sunday after his return, the people were astonished to find the old pulpit gone and a little stand set in its place; but when the clergyman arose, announced the hymn, and then in thunder tones exclaimed: "Let us pray!" the deacons, quite convinced that their quiet little pastor had suddenly gone crazy, rushed to the platform, carried him home by force, and applied water to his head. The moral of it all is: Don't imitate eccentric preachers.

—A MAN who had almost perished in the cold, when found by his friends, begged to be let alone, and insisted that he was quite comfortable. His friends were not deceived by his declaration, but were led by it to put forth more earnest efforts for his rescue, realizing that his condition was critical. A man's statement, that he does not feel the need of being a Christian only emphasizes his need in revealing the fact that he is dead in trespasses and in sin.

—THE whole number of Chinese in America, young and old, who are known to be reached, either regularly or occasionally, by Christian instruction, is 8,061. Of these 6,295 are adults, who are regular attendants in schools which have been in existence for more than a year. There are in America 2,262 Chinese who have made a profession of Christianity. The census of 1890 gives 71,681 Chinese to California, of whom only 1,720 are under Christian instruction. Of these, 725 are counted as Christians. Thus it appears that there is still plenty of room for the work of evangelization among these heathen within our borders.

—FIFTY years ago there were engaged in missionary labors amongst the heathen, supported by Protestant Foreign Missionary Societies in Europe and America, 1,250 ordained missionaries and 60 female helpers, 170 native pastors and 3,000 native helpers. The number of Gentile Christians was 430,000 and of communicants 185,000, of schools 2,600 and of pupils 120,000. The annual contributions for Foreign Missions amounted to \$3,000,000. At present these figures stand this way: 4,300 ordained missionaries, 1,700 female helpers; 3,300 native pastors and 32,000 native helpers; 250,000 Gentile Christians, 780,000 communicants; 13,000 schools and 740,000 pupils. Contributions \$12,000,000.

—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.

—ON the deck of a missionary vessel, a Hindu and a New Zealander met. Pointing at their Bibles, they shook hands and smiled; neither could understand what the other said. But the Hindu cried out with beaming face, "Hallelujah." With much pleasure the New Zealander responded, "Amen." Then they knew each others thoughts.

—THE 76th annual report of the Norwegian Bible Society has been published. The receipts during the year amounted to 67,837 crowns, and the expenses to about the same. The Society possesses a permanent fund of 80,000 crowns. During the past year, 30,000 Bibles and Testaments were sold and distributed.

—DR. PATON says of the New Hebrides: "Since I entered the field, thirty-four years ago, by God's blessing on the united labors of our missionaries He has given us about 14,000 converts, and about 200 of them are engaged as native teachers."

"Lutheran Foreign Missions."

There are 40 Lutheran Missionary Societies: 19 German, 15 Scandinavian, 3 American, 1 French, 1 Finnish, 1 Polish.

These 40 societies are working in Asia, Africa and Australia, principally in India, China and South Africa. They are occupying 183 stations in Asia, 505 in Africa and 12 in Australia. They are supporting 275 ordained missionaries in Asia, 270 in Africa and 20 in Australia, a total of 558. The number of unordained missionaries and missionaries' wives comes near to 450, so that the whole host of Lutheran workers sent from Europe and America to the heathen countries numbers 1,000.

These white missionaries are assisted by more than 4,000 native helpers, most of whom have received careful training. Of these helpers about 1,600 are employed in India.

The baptized members of our Lutheran mission churches numbers 204,000, viz: 87,500

in India, 6,000 in China, 17,000 on Sumatra and Borneo, 500 in Japan and 300 in Palestine, 92,000 in Africa, and 700 in New Guinea, New Zealand and Australia.

The number of schools is 1,000 in Asia, 600 in Africa, 12 in Australia, with a total of 60,000 pupils, studying Luther's catechism and Bible History. The largest number of pupils is found in Madagascar, with the Norwegian missionaries.

The annual income of these Lutheran Missionary Societies is at least \$1,130,000; \$60,000 from America, \$705,000 from Germany, \$303,000 from Scandinavia, \$48,000 from France, and \$22,000 from Finland and Poland.

A summary: 40 societies, 700 stations, 1,000 missionaries, 4,000 native helpers, 204,000 baptized members, 1,600 schools, 60,000 pupils; annual income and expenditure \$1,100,000.

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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. BURGDOF, MISSIONARY.

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.
Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.
Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.
H. S. KNABENSCHUH, Missionary.

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No. 3.

The Precious Blood.

Lord Jesus Christ! Thy precious blood
Is to my soul the highest good:
Of all my sins a perfect cure,
It quickens me and makes me pure.

Thy blood, my spotless glorious dress—
Thy innocence, my righteousness:
Before my God I pardoned stand
And enter, crowned, the heavenly land.

Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Son of God!
My Throne of Grace, my Staff and Rod!
Thy precious blood, Thy quick'ning power
My spirit strenghten every hour.

And should I draw my dying breath
In fear of Satan, hell, and death—
O Christ! let this my comfort be:
Thy blood from sin hath made me free!

Selected.

Our Substitute.

Do you know what a substitute is? A substitute is one that takes the place of another. In the time of war Mr. Brown was drafted and ordered to take his place with the troops down South. But Mr. Brown had a large family which he did not wish to leave, and he got a young man to go in his place. That young man was Brown's substitute. He took Brown's place and went to war in Brown's stead. That is substitution—one man taking the place of another; and answering for him, and giving his life to the horrors of war in his stead.

Reader, do you know the sinner's substitute? Do you know Him who took the sinner's place and suffered punishment in his stead? Jesus, the Son of God, is our substitute. By our sins we have deserved the curse of God and eternal damnation. The Bible says, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." And again the Bible says, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Can you provide one to take your place and suffer the punishment due to your sins? In vain would you try to provide a substitute. God Himself has provided a substitute. He has given His Son a ransom for sinners. The Bible says, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Again it says, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." And again it says, "His own self bare our sins in His body on the tree." From these and many other passages of the Bible we see that Christ took our place, bearing God's wrath against sin, in our stead. In the season of Lent we behold the sinner's Substitute, suffering and dying for us. His agony is our agony, His sufferings are our sufferings, His death is our death. We deserved it all, but He took our place, and suffered and died in our stead, thus redeeming us from sin and all its woe. He that accepts this Substitute and believes in Christ as his Saviour has forgiveness of all his sins and enjoys the payment made by Christ in his stead.

There was an old soldier, who on his dying-bed confessed himself a sinner, but seemed to stumble at the thought that he must be saved without any goodness or efforts of his own, simply by faith in the work of One who had taken his place and had suffered and died in his stead. At last the pastor opened the fifty-third chapter of the prophet Isaiah and said, "There is one verse here to which I ask your special attention: 'All we like sheep have gone astray'—that is what God says about you and me; is it true?"

"Yes," the soldier promptly replied, "it is true, for this is what I have done for more than seventy years."

"God speaks the truth then about you?"

"Yes, sir, He does."

"Listen to the next clause: 'we have turned every one to his own way'—that is what God says about you and me; is it true?"

"Yes," he answered, "it is true, for all my life I have turned to my own way, and not gone God's way."

"God then speaks the truth about you?"

"Yes, sir, He does."

"Listen now to the next clause: 'and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' You admit that God tells the truth in the first two clauses of the verse, and does He not tell the truth in the last clause? And since God tells the truth when He says that He has laid all our iniquities on Christ, if you believe this to be the truth, you must see that your sins

can not be on you and on Jesus too. God says He has laid them on His Son; do you believe Him?"

The old man looked at the pastor in silence for a few moments, and then with tears starting from his eyes, he earnestly said, "Yes, and I am satisfied; Jesus suffered and died for me." He soon departed this life, rejoicing in the work of his Substitute.

Meaner than a Dog.

A member of the church came to his pastor, complaining that the latter used very strong language in the pulpit. "Such at least is my aim," was the reply, "and if I fail it is due to my inability, not to my want of inclination." "Well, you said yesterday that man was meaner than a dog; what am I to understand by that statement?" "The words are so simple I supposed that a child could understand them. You know what a man is?" "Yes." "You know what a dog is?" "Yes." "Of course you know what it is to be mean. Now put the words together; 'man is meaner than a dog:' is there any real difficulty in understanding them?" "But you certainly had some one in view when you used the words; may I ask who was before your mind's eye?" "You, for example."

The pastor went on to say, "It will do no good to get angry; let us reason together. Have you ever owned a dog?" "Yes." "That dog was kicked and cuffed, and driven out of the house, and exposed to the cold and rain, but he never harmed you. If you threw him a crust or a bone, how thankful he was! If you noticed him kindly, how he wagged his tail with delight! How lovingly and wistfully he gazed into your eyes for one look of recognition! How eagerly he licked your hands and feet, if you permitted him, and how gladly he would lie before your door to defend you with his life! Have you ever been as grateful to God for His innumerable and unspeakable mercies, and as loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ, as your dog was to you?" "No." "I have proved my proposition; man is meaner than a dog." J. H. B.

"Here is the Book."

Last year, quite in the south of Italy, at Catanzaro, there was an *auto-da-fe* in the street, not a burning of men and women—thank God, the laws of Italy do not permit that!—but on it there were Bibles, New Testaments, and Portions which the colporteurs had sold, and which the priest was burning "to the glory of God," according to his ignorance.

This colporteur was a man of more than common courage and intelligence, and he went to the priest and said: "Sir, you have been committing a double sin; you have been taking these books from the poor people who had bought them, and you have robbed them, and, secondly, you have been committing a sin by burning the Word of God." The priest was not a stupid man, and he said: "You are a pretty fellow to come to teach me my duty. I am the pastor of this flock. Your books are poison books, and it is my duty, as the shepherd of my flock, to prevent them from having them." Then there ensued a discussion—of course with no result. The colporteur, struck with an idea, said to the priest: "Here is a book. I am going to give it to you upon your promise to read it before you burn it." So he promised. The book given was the "Compendium of Controversy." It simply gives the various doctrines of the Church of Rome without a word of comment, but with verses of the Bible underneath them. The priest was struck with that, and he wrote to Florence to get a Bible. The same that he had burned he had to pay for. He was convinced; and, the Spirit of the Lord working on him, he wanted more instruction, like the eunuch, and he wrote to the depot-keeper at Florence, asking the name of a minister. The instruction was given, and he threw off his priestly garb, came to him and said, "Here I am, sir," telling his story. He had still five sous left—the padres are not blessed with a large fortune. The minister said, to put him to the test, "I can not maintain you; what can you do to work?" The poor fellow, like many others, knew no work but to say his mass. Then the other said, "Here are New Testaments and Portions; go out and sell them to make your living." The priest accepted this, and he is now in Naples, selling the very books which he had burned.

A BELIEVER'S dying day is his crowning day.

Rome and the Bible.

From Quebec comes the following statements, verified by Rev. Edward Strobo, Rev. Donald Tate, Rev. W. T. Noble, and Rev. T. Y. Lefebvre:

The Committee of the Quebec Auxiliary Bible Society has requested us, the undersigned ministers of the gospel, to prepare the following statement of facts for the press, believing that the time has come when the public should know how the Roman Catholic priest-



"My burden, in Thy passion,
Lord, thou hast borne for me,
For it was my transgression,
Which brought this woe on Thee.
I cast me down before Thee,
Wrath were my rightful lot,
Have mercy, I implore Thee,
Redeemer, spurn me not."

hood encourage the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and how, in almost every instance where the New Testament is found in a Roman Catholic family, it is condemned to the flames as a book which endangers their salvation.

The version of the Holy Scriptures sold, or loaned, by the Quebec Bible Society, is that of DeSaci, first published in 1701, with the

permission of His Eminence, "Monsieur Le Cardinal de Noailles," Archbishop of Paris.

They then give five specific instances; the three which we copy speak with sufficient clearness:

Four students attending college here obtained a copy of the New Testament and began to study it with great interest, but it soon became known, and they were charged with reading a bad book. It was agreed that the book should be submitted to the judgment of one of the professors, who pronounced it good,

but added that the church had condemned it. He was then asked how it could be a good book in 1701 and a bad book later on. Shrugging his shoulders, he replied: "Ask me no more questions; the Church says that it is bad, and that is enough."

In Daulac street, St. Roch's, a DeSaci New Testament was sold to a family, the mother of which, according to instructions, took the book and showed it to the cure, who pronounced it a bad book, and condemned it to be burned, saying at the same time that he had heard of fifty more such books, of which he had burned many. The woman herself, when seen, acknowledged that she had found only what was good in the book, but the Church did not permit them to read it.

A New Testament was left on trial with a family on King street, St. Roch's. Some days after, the book was returned, with the explanation that it was not a fit book to have in their possession, as it had been shown to the cure, who pronounced it a bad book, and who had also told them to put it in the fire, and it would save wood, as it was not fit for anything else. The book being on loan, they resolved to return it to the owner.

Facts speak more loudly than words.

It's only Father.

It is related of three children, that during a thunderstorm they were asked each to choose a favorite text. One selected, "The Lord of glory thundereth," and being asked her reason, said, "I once heard a great noise when I

thought I was all alone in the house; and I was so frightened I screamed, and father's voice called out, 'Don't be afraid, little Maggie, it's only father.' And now when it thunders very loud it always seems as if I heard God say, 'Don't be afraid, little Maggie, it's only Father,' and I don't feel a bit frightened."

Nellie's Mission.

Converted by Hearing the Story of Christ's Sufferings.

An agent of the British Bible Society tells the following beautiful story of a Jewish girl, who was brought to faith in the Saviour by hearing the story of His sufferings and death.

The girl was the only child of respectable parents living in one of the country districts of the kingdom of Poland, and was brought up with great care and tenderness. She was a very quiet child, seldom joining other children in their lively sports. Thus her life sped away until she was sixteen years of age. About that time she was one day sitting by herself in her father's garden, which was separated only by a wooden fence from the garden of her Christian neighbors. Several girls were playing on the other side of the fence; but of this the Jewish girl took no heed, until a cheerful shout startled her. A young friend ran up to the merry group of girls, crying; "Look here, is not this a pretty book? My father has just bought it for me." A short pause followed whilst the new book was being examined, and then one of the girls cried out: "Oh, I know that book! That is the New Testament; I will read a piece to you."

She then read the nineteenth chapter of St. John, which speaks of the sufferings, and death, and burial of the Saviour. The Jewish girl, on the other side of the fence, listened to the reading. She saw Jesus scourged and crowned with a crown of thorns. She heard the cry of the Jews: "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" She heard Pilate's testimony: "I find no fault in Him." She saw the Saviour, bearing the heavy cross, lead out to a place called Golgatha. She saw Him there nailed to the tree and heard the last words that He spoke during those dark hours of agony and suffering upon the cross. She heard the Saviour's cry: "It is finished!" and saw Him bow His head and give up the ghost. She saw His body pierced with a spear and saw the blood and water flowing from His side. She listened to the words of St. John: "He that saw it bore record, and his record is true; and he knoweth that he saith true that ye might believe. For these things were done that the Scripture should be fulfilled." And all these words, never heard before, sunk deep into her heart. She also well remembered that the book had been called the New Testament, and she made up her mind to get a copy. This was easily done. She then commenced a regular course of reading, and very soon she felt so attached by that Saviour, full of love and compassion, of whom every page spoke, that she believed in Him as the promised Messiah, as her only Saviour. She told her parents of this, and begged them to read the New Testament for themselves and adopt the Christian faith. The parents were struck dumb with surprise. Was this their own daughter, once so timid and simple, and now pleading so warmly the cause of the God of the Christians? Was this possible? And how had the

girl got these notions? They told the girl never again to speak on this subject, and threatened her with a curse if she ever dared to think of joining the Christians. The poor girl turned away in silent sorrow, but in her little closet she would still read her dear book and never tire.

A year later the mother had to leave home on pressing family business. Before she came back the father was laid up with a violent sickness. The dear girl sat day and night by her father's side, not only nursing his sick body, but also speaking to him lovingly of that sweet Saviour whom her soul so dearly loved. Her little Testament in hand, she proved to him that Jesus was the Messiah who had suffered and died for sinners, and with her eyes full of tears she cried out: "Beloved father, accept Him as thy Saviour. Say that He is thy Redeemer; and if thou shouldst then be called away, we shall meet again in the glorious place where He lives."

At length the eyes of the dying Jew were opened. He beheld the Lamb of God bearing the sin of the world; he called upon His name and found peace. The dear girl had the unspeakable happiness to see her father die in peace, freely confessing that he trusted entirely in the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, although it was not until the twelfth hour of his life that he learned to know His name.

The mother soon returned, not knowing of the great change that had taken place in the mind of her departed husband. When she heard of his dying a Christian, she was thunder-struck. Her fury knew no bounds. She and the Jews that assembled around her fell upon the poor helpless child, and so ill-treated her that she sank and fainted. But, in the midst of much bitter persecution, she proved faithful to the saving truth which she had found in her New Testament.

All at once the girl was gone. Her mother said she had been sent to distant relatives to be cured of her foolish notions. Six weeks later, however, the girl turned up in the public streets—but in what a state! Her clothes torn and filthy, her hair hanging down wildly over her face and shoulders, her hands and feet bleeding, she ran through the streets crying for help. A crowd soon gathered. The poor girl said she had been locked up in a cellar all the time; and her mother having now, in a fit of passion, threatened to murder her, she had, after a fearful struggle, made her escape. The police now shielded her from further assault. She was taken to Warsaw, a large city of Poland, and, after a course of instruction, made a public profession of Christ and was baptized. By the grace of our faithful God she, in spite of all the curses and persecutions of her relatives, was kept in true faith in Jesus, the Saviour of all sinners.

CONSCIENCE in an ungodly man is like a captain of a vessel in a mutiny—he is bound and can not rule, but he protests.

God an Avenger of Sin.

God's avenging justice has often been illustrated, but rarely so strikingly as in the following incidents:

One day during the summer of the year 1864, two men met on the street of the city of D—, apparently by accident, and the one was about passing the other when he was requested to stop for a moment. In compliance with this request, seemingly made in a civil and kind manner, he stooped to set down a basket which he was carrying on his arm, and whilst in this position he was shot by the other and instantly killed. The act of killing was committed without any previous provocation or the least intimation of intention. Nothing ever occurred or existed between the two men to awaken any feeling of enmity, except that they differed in their political sentiments. They were both men of good social position and respectability. The act, therefore, was one of the most cold-blooded murders ever heard of. The case, of course, was brought before court for trial, but on the plea that an impartial jury could not be got, was removed to a neighboring county. The assassin was a man of means, and had wealthy and influential friends. By these, judge and jury are supposed to have been bribed, at all events, a verdict of not guilty was rendered, contrary to facts and evidence in the case. There were in that case a guilty murderer and a perjured jury, who escaped from their well-deserved penalty of the civil law. Before man both stood acquitted, but not before the Judge of heaven. If men refuse to execute justice, and shield murder by perjury, the power of heaven is put forth to take vengeance on the guilty and right the wrong. Of those of that jury who have died, not one has died a natural death; and those still living are hopelessly insane. The curse of an offended God and a violated justice, has fallen on every one of them. Meanwhile the acquitted assassin continued as before in mercantile pursuits. For ten years or more after his bloody deed he was to all appearances a prosperous man. But justice, though sometimes moving with slow, yet always moves with sure tread. About two years ago this man's condition underwent a visible change. His health began to fail, and he became abstracted, gloomy and unfitted for business. He was evidently the prey of remorse of conscience. He shunned society and society shunned him. The state of his health continued to decline until appetite and sleep, especially the latter, almost entirely forsook him, and he walked about with ghost-like appearance. One day, during last summer, he walked away from home, and was never afterwards heard from. In the fall, during corn husking time, his skeleton of bones, stripped of flesh, was found in a corn-field. Fragments of clothes and papers identified the remains as his. It is supposed that he either had sunk down and died from exhaustion, or else had ended with his own hand a life that had been turned to him into a hell.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE members and friends of our English Lutheran Synod will be glad to hear that a very liberal donation has been made to our English Lutheran mission. The Hon. J. P. Baden of Winfield, Kansas, a member of a German Lutheran congregation of that place, has notified our English Mission Board that he will donate fifty thousand dollars for a new English Lutheran College to be erected at Winfield. The College is named St. John's Lutheran College, and the buildings, for which Mr. Baden gives \$20,000, will be ready by the fall of this year. For three years in succession Mr. Baden will donate \$10,000 each year in order to enlarge the College and to have it well funded. May God bless the kind donor and move the hearts of many of our wealthy Lutherans to follow his noble example. May His richest blessings also rest upon St. John's Lutheran College.

—FROM the report of our Immigrant missionary at New York we see that his work has been blessed also in the past year. 3000 church papers, 2554 Lutheran church almanacs and many sermons and tracts were distributed among the immigrants. \$153,246.13 passed through the missionary's hands. 5399 persons took lodgings in our Lutheran Pilgrim's Home and were assisted in many ways by our missionary. \$1184.86 were given to the entirely destitute and \$6675.58 were loaned to those in temporary need. 4477 letters and postal cards were received, and 2032 were written by the missionary.

—THE report of the Martin Luther Orphan Home at Roxbury, Mass., has been received. From it we learn that 40 orphans and 3 aged people were in the Home during the past year. The receipts were \$4372.46 and the disbursements \$3223.38, leaving cash on hand \$1149.08. Additional buildings are needed, since applications for admission had to be refused for want of room.

—AN old Scotch woman used to give a penny a day for missions, and, for the sake of so doing, went without some things that she might otherwise have had. One day a friend handed her a sixpence, so that she might buy herself some meat, as an unusual luxury. "Well, now," thought the old woman, "I've long done very well on porridge, and the Lord shall have the sixpence, too." In some way the story came to the ears of a missionary secretary who told it at a missionary breakfast. The host was much impressed by the simple tale, and saying that he never denied himself a chop for God's word, subscribed \$2500, on the spot. Several of the guests followed his example, and \$11,000 was raised before the party separated.

—AN English missionary in Singapore was surprised to find the church freshly white-washed inside and out. Going in he found a Chinaman who had been converted, who said he had done this work "to thank God."

—MILWAUKEE has twenty-one German Lutheran churches, nine of which belong to the Missouri Synod, and twelve to the Wisconsin Synod. The former number 3008 members; the latter 3039; while 5531 children attend the parochial schools.

—ANOTHER missionary ship is asked for from the children by the American Board for work in the Pacific Ocean. It is to be called Hiram Bingham, and five thousand dollars is needed for the work.

—DR. SHELDON JACKSON, Government Superintendent of Schools in Alaska, has been breaking up the whiskey traffic with the Indians. He found 30 barrels of the stuff on the whaling fleet at Port Clarence, and had the satisfaction of emptying it all into the sea. Besides, he has been making several trips to Siberia in search of reindeer, and has imported 150, with experienced herders, to teach the Alaskan natives how to take care of the animals. Thus it is expected that a new home product of flesh will be provided. Along with these encouraging items, the doctor also reports that there are now 34 Indian schools in Alaska with 1700 pupils.

—MR. CRAWFORD, in Mexico, under date of Nov. 4th, writes of the work of Mr. Blackly, the Bible agent: "He has had great success in the sale of Bibles in this State and in Lower California. The hand of the Lord has been with him in several instances, delivering him from plots to take his life as well as in opening the way for the acceptance of the Word. Numberless cases could be cited showing the eagerness of the people for the Bible. One woman went out and pawned her flat-iron to get one; another ran out and borrowed the money; another took the money for the daily bread of the children and self and said: 'We can eat beans to-day and will only eat once;' and with the money got the Bible, kissing it with eager delight as she took it into her hands. One day Mr. Blackly presented the Bible to a woman going for her supply of water, which she had to buy for the day, six cents' worth. She begged for a Bible and offered the half of the water supply, saying she could save up and drink less to day."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

DRITTES LESEBUCH FUER EVANGELISCH-LUTHERISCHE SCHULEN. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 50 cents.

This Reader completes the New Series of German Readers for our Parochial Schools, and those that have introduced the new series will be glad to hear that the Reader has appeared in time for introduction with the new school-year. Like the other Readers of the series it deserves high praise for its excellent and various selections. In some of the selections from Natural History we are glad to see the English names added to the German, since our children are more familiar with the former than with the latter. But consistency, it seems to us, would require the English names to be added to the German also in some of the other selections, for instance in No. 12 "Der Wiesenhund" (The Prairie Dog).

DAS NEUE TESTAMENT. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$2.50 (ordinary binding) and \$3.00 (half-calf).

This is the third volume of the new and thoroughly revised edition of the well known "Altenburger Bibel-

werk." This book is, without doubt, the best for family worship and would to God it were used in all our German Lutheran families. In a congregation, which we served for some years, we were always glad to see the "Altenburger Bibelwerk," at least the New Testament, among the wedding presents given to the newly married couple. People read more than in former times, but the reading of the Bible, we fear, is neglected. An old Christian farmer once said to us: "People now read so much that they have no time for Bible reading and Bible study; it was not so in olden times."

GESETZ UND EVANGELIUM. Von Dr. C. F. W. Walther. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 50 cents.

Those that during their course of study in the St. Louis Seminary had the privilege of attending the "Friday evening lectures" of the sainted Dr. Walther will be glad to hear that these lectures will be issued by our Publishing House. They will form a valuable and much needed addition to the theological literature of our Church. The book before us contains ten lectures on the Law and the Gospel. It is a rich mine for every student and theologian and should be read and studied by every pastor.

Acknowledgment.

Received per Rev. F. J. Lankenau from the Mt. Zion Congregation and Sunday School \$23.00 for the Mt. Zion Church Building Fund.

A. F. LEONHARDT.
New Orleans, La., Feb. 6, 1893.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.

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No. 4.

"Thine, Jesus, Thine."

"I am Thine."—Psalm 119, 94.

FOR OUR CONFIRMED CHILDREN.

Thine, Jesus, Thine,
No more this heart of mine
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee;
The world is crucified to me,
And I am Thine.

Thine, Thine alone,
My joy, my hope, my crown;
Now earthly things may fade and die,
They charm my soul no more, for I
Am Thine alone.

Thine, ever Thine,
For ever to recline
On love eternal, fixed, and sure,—
Yes, I am Thine for evermore,
Lord Jesus, Thine.

Then let me live,
• Continual praise to give
To Thy dear name, my precious Lord,
Henceforth alone, beloved, adored,
So let me live—

Till Thou shalt come,
And bear me to Thy home,
For ever freed from earthly care,
Eternally Thy love to share,—
Lord Jesus, come.

Selected.

For Our Justification.

The Apostle Paul says of Christ: "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." He was delivered for our offences; for He was our Substitute. 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 out upon Him the wrath which we deserved.

But Christ was our Substitute, not only in His sufferings and death, but also in His resurrection. And therefore the apostle says, "He was raised again for our justification." As His sufferings and death were our sufferings and death, so His justification is our justification. His victory is our victory, His triumph is our triumph. From the Easter tidings we learn that our Substitute, He who had taken

our place, was released and set free from the prison-house of the grave into which He had been laid on account of our debt. Since He is our Substitute, we are set free in Him. Now we know that our debt is paid, we know that God is satisfied, we know that our redemption is finished. Had our Substitute remained in the power of death, the victory would not be won. That would mean that He mercifully undertook the mighty work of our redemption, but failed. It would mean that He went into the realm of death in our stead and was held a captive there, and therefore did not redeem us from the terrible foe. It would mean that the burden of our sin and woe was laid upon Him and crushed Him. But, blessed be God, it was not thus. The Lord is risen! He is risen indeed! Our Substitute's work, done for us, is finished and accepted, and the satisfaction rendered in our stead is perfect. "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."

These are the glad Easter tidings. Do you believe them? By faith Christ's resurrection is ours. By faith we share the benefits of His great victory. The Gospel is God's receipt in full, handed to sinners and telling them that His justice is perfectly satisfied, that all the punishment due to them has been borne, that all their sins are forgiven, that paradise is regained, that heaven is opened to them. By faith we take this receipt and joyfully exclaim with the apostle, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Believe in the risen Saviour, who was delivered for your offences, and was raised again for your justification! Believe in Him and share the blessed Easter joy!

"Tell His Disciples and Peter."

To the women that came to the grave of Jesus early on Easter morning an angel made known the glad Easter tidings: "He is risen. He is not here, behold the place where they laid Him." And, having thus made known to them the glad tidings that were to fill their hearts with joy, he said, "But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth be-

fore you in Galilee; there shall ye see Him, as He said unto you." They were not to keep the glad tidings to themselves. No. They were to make them known to others. "Tell His disciples and Peter," said the angel. Who were they to whom the glad tidings were to be brought? They were sinners. They had forsaken their Master in the hour of His unspeakable woe. And why is Peter named extra? Poor Peter! He had denied his Lord three times, and when he came to see his great sin, he wept bitterly. All the disciples in their great sadness should hear the words of comfort and joy: The Lord is risen! And Peter, the poor weeping Peter, must not be forgotten. Precious are those words:—"and Peter." To every sinner, to the greatest sinner the Gospel must be preached. Tell sinners the glad Gospel-news: "The Lord is risen! The work of our redemption is finished!" This Gospel-news is brought to sinners in our mission work. In church and school our missionaries make known the glad tidings of a risen Saviour. These tidings may be rejected by many. And this may often sadden the hearts of our hard working missionaries. But they will always find someone who, like Peter, has taken the place of a poor weeping sinner before God. Oh, tell him, tell him the glad Gospel-news: "The Lord is risen! Your redemption was finished more than eighteen hundred years ago!" Many a soul has already been brought to rejoice in the risen Saviour by our missionaries, and one soul is worth more than all the treasures of this world. May all that find peace and consolation in the glad Easter tidings remember our mission work! May they remember the words: "Tell His disciples and Peter!"

Separation to Christ.

Mary, on the morning of the resurrection, was so occupied with the Lord, that it was no affliction to her that she could not have the world with all its follies instead of Him! When will Christians learn wherein consists the true power for a holy separated life and walk? Separation unto Christ is the only true way of being separated from this world.

Why Weepest Thou?

In our picture we see the risen Saviour meeting Mary Magdalene and revealing Himself to her. She had come to the sepulchre of Christ early on Easter morning to anoint the body of her Lord. She found the stone taken away. She thought Christ's enemies had taken His body, and stood at the sepulchre weeping. When she turned herself back, she saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" And then He revealed Himself to her as her risen Lord and Saviour. Her tears were dried and with a joyful heart she came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord and that He had spoken to her.

"Why weepest thou?" With these tender words the risen Saviour greeted the weeping Mary Magdalene in her great sorrow. And every Easter still brings to all sorrowing Christian hearts the tender greeting: "Why weepest thou?" The glad Easter tidings of our Saviour's resurrection should dry all our tears and drive away all our sorrow. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." With these words Job comforted himself when friends, and property, and health were all gone.

Dr. Jerome Weller, a friend of Luther, had to pass through many sufferings and trials, so that his soul was often cast down and cried for comfort. One day he went to an old Christian in Wittenberg, in order to speak with him about God's Word and thus drive away all sad thoughts. Upon entering the room of his Christian friend he saw a picture on the wall representing the resurrection of Christ and suddenly exclaimed: "Victory! Victory!" His old Christian friend, being astonished at such greetings, asked him what he meant. The doctor told him that he had come to his house with a heart cast down with great sorrow, so that he could hardly breathe; but when, on entering the room, he saw that picture of his risen Saviour, when he saw that sin and death and devil and hell were under the feet of Jesus, the great Conqueror, then all sad thoughts were gone and his heart was filled with great joy.

It is also well known that Dr. Luther, in his sore trials, often cheered himself with the words: "He lives! He lives!" He would write them in large letters with chalk upon his table; yea, upon all the doors and upon the wall of his room he would write: "He lives! He lives! He lives!" When asked what he meant thereby, he answered, "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!'" Thus the faith of the child of God looks away from the darkness and finds comfort in the risen Saviour who lives and reigns forever as the Conqueror over all our enemies.

It is a great sorrow that floods the soul of the Christian, when the hand of death snatches away some one that is far dearer than life itself. He returns from the graveyard to his desolate home, and the sight of the vacant chair makes him sob and shudder. The sound of voices grates harshly upon his ear, and he wonders that the sun shines, that people can talk and laugh on the streets, and that the hum of business does not cease forever. But the glad Easter tidings of a risen Saviour sheds a bright light of comfort also into this darkness caused by death. "Why weepest thou?" The Lord is risen, He is risen indeed! And the apostle Paul says, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." Since Christ in His resurrection became the first fruits of them that slept, we know that the whole harvest will be gathered in. He says, "I live, and ye shall live also." The miracle of His own resurrection is the forerunner of that great miracle, when His shout shall



ring through the silence of the tomb and the dead shall rise. There will be a joyful meeting of all the children of God. In glorious bodies they shall stand before the throne of the Lamb and sing the song of the redeemed. "So shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." The grave of the believer is but the quiet resting-place, where his body rests from the strife and toil of earth until the morning of the great resurrection. At the graves of the children of God we may sing the hymn of praise:

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

Traveling by the Compass.

A story is told of an old hunter in Michigan, who, where the country was new, got lost in the woods several times. He was told to buy a pocket-compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost

again, and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He said that he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he tried hard to make the thing point north, but it was no use—it would shake, shake, shake right round and point south-east every time. A great many people fail of the right direction in life, for the same reason of the mishap which befell this Wolverine. They are afraid to take the Bible and follow just as it points. They would like the Bible point as they desire; but as it will not do so, they take their own wrong way. And the wrong way will ever lead in the opposite direction to truth and heaven.—*Ex.*

A Quaint Church.

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

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

The roof is of cedar; the pews of fir, and the quaint old pulpit has the old-fashioned sounding-board over it. When the building was ready for dedication, the occasion was made a day of great rejoicing. The sturdy Swedes could not forget that they had prayed and worked for years that they might have a church of their own faith, in which they might worship God in their own tongue, nor that they had been obliged to erect it under the shadow of the old fort that they might have protection from enemies, savage and civilized. When, therefore, the structure was complete it was a day of great rejoicing for all. A feast was proclaimed. All sorts of meat and drink were contributed—wheat, malt, bread, flour, hops, wine, butter, sugar, raisins, eggs, veal, mutton, venison, chickens, turkeys, turnips, etc. The congregation ate the dinner together, "rejoicing and praising God." For years afterwards the anniversary was observed. Communion and baptismal services were long celebrated with the chalice and plate sent over by the copper workers of Sweden to Pastor Björk, and the Bible long used was that given by Queen Anne, in 1712.

Young Lutheran.

HE that walks most with Christ will know most of the glory of Christ.

The Key of Heaven.

A pastor was one day on his way to some place to preach. He climbed a hill on his road. Beneath him lay the villages sleeping in their beauty, with the cornfields motionless in the sunshine; but he did not look at them, for his attention was arrested by a woman standing at her door, and who, upon seeing him, came up to him with the greatest anxiety, and said, "O, sir, have you any keys about you? I have broken the key of my drawers, and there are some things that I must get directly." The pastor said, "I have no keys." She was disappointed, expecting that every one would have keys. "But suppose," said the pastor, "I had some keys, they might not fit your lock, and therefore you could not get the articles you want. But do not distress yourself, wait till some one else comes up. "But," said he, wishing to make use of the occasion, "have you ever heard of the key of heaven?"

"Ah! yes," she said, "I have lived long enough and gone to church long enough to know that if we work hard, and get our bread by the sweat of our brow, and act well toward our neighbors, and do our duty in that station of life in which it has pleased God to place us, and say our prayers regularly, we shall be saved."

"Ah!" said the pastor, "my good woman, that is the wrong key, that is a broken key, for you have broken the commandments, you have not fulfilled all your duties. You have broken that key."

"Pray, sir," said she, believing that he understood the matter, and looking frightened, "what is there wrong in my answer?"

"Why," said he, "it is all wrong. You forget the work of Jesus Christ. Don't you see that if your answer were correct there would have been no need of the Saviour's coming into this world and suffering and dying for sinners." And explaining the matter to her, he said, "It is Christ, and Christ alone that opens heaven to you, and not your good works. The Bible says, 'By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.'"

"What, minister," said she, "are our good works useless then?"

"They are useless," said he, "if you want to be saved by them. If you believe in your Saviour you will surely do many good works out of love to Jesus, who has forgiven you all your sins and has made you an heir of heaven; but if you believe in Him, you will never trust in your good works; if you trust in them you have spoiled them, and they are not good works any longer. Put your trust wholly in the Lord Jesus Christ. He was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification. Since He rose from the dead we know that He has finished the work of our redemption and has unlocked heaven's gate for us. He is the true key of heaven."

The woman listened attentively to all the pastor said, and by the grace of God accepted the finished work of the risen Saviour, and found in Him that peace which she did not have as long as she trusted in her own good works.

A Stepping-Stone Dictionary.

I heard a missionary who had been around the world and spent some time in Japan tell how a young Japanese girl found help in the dictionary to throw light on her heathen darkness and to bring her to the knowledge of the true God.

This young girl was at school in her native country, studying at one of their public schools, which they have modeled upon our American school system. In these schools many of the books are translations of our ordinary English textbooks, and dictionaries are prepared in the same way.

Our young girl in her reader one day found the Japanese word for "God" used in a sense which to her was unintelligible.

The scholars were trained to turn to the dictionary for any word they did not understand, and looking in her small dictionary she found the definition to be "God—the Creator of the universe, the earth, man, and all things."

"One person create everything?" she said to herself; "why, he must be more powerful than any god I know."

As she went home that night, passing the statue of Buddha in his shrine on the street, she shook her finger at it in derision, saying, "You never created anything; you are only a bit of bronze."

Not long after she found the word again, and not satisfied with her own book, she borrowed the larger dictionary of a friend, and found there the same definition, but amplified. This told her that God was the Creator of sun, moon, stars, the earth, and all living things upon it.

The subject puzzled her a while, but she was not in association with Christians, and so gradually it faded from her mind and she ceased to wonder about the strange Being, so very powerful, whom the unknown foreigner worshiped. When her education in the public schools was finished, she wished to teach. The natives are very proud of their learning and expect to impart it to others. She heard of an opening for her in a place where an aunt of hers lived, and she went to make her home with the old woman, so that she could fill the position in the school. After some time a Christian missionary began preaching to the public in the neighborhood, and her aunt begged her to go and hear him. But our young girl said she was perfectly satisfied with her own gods, and wanted no better, and refused to go.

But the old woman continued to beg her to go, and out of respect to her wishes (for the Japanese, as the Chinese, show great respect to older persons) she went to the meeting.

"You were my mother's friend," she said; "to please you I will go."

And so the little woman heard the preacher tell the old, old story. He told of the creation, of man's rebellion and sin, and of the Father's love in sending His Son to this weary earth. She listened and she learned that the foreigners' God was the God of her dictionary, this loving Father was the all-powerful Creator about whom she had wondered and puzzled all alone.

She eagerly drank in all the missionary had to say, and she went to him that night hungering and thirsting for more. The little seed had been planted, and now sprang up into a Christian life. She still continues her regular teaching at the school, and she may be seen any afternoon with her Bible tucked under her arm going to the mission station or to some house to read to a group of women sitting on the floor around her.—*Selected.*

The Captive African Boy.

Fifty years ago there was a boy in Africa who was taken prisoner in one of the fierce wars between the tribes and was carried away from his home to be sold as a slave. Poor fellow! First he was sold for a horse. Then his buyer thought him a bad exchange for the horse, and compelled his master to take him back. Then he was sold for so much rum. This was called another bad bargain by the man who had bought him, and again he was returned, to be sold for tobacco, with the same result.

Nobody wanted the poor miserable slave boy, who was on the point of committing suicide when he was bought by a Portuguese trader, and carried away in a slave ship. Ah, how little that wretched boy, as he lay chained in the hold of that crowded slave ship, thought what the future had in store for him, or what great things God would yet do for him. One day an English war-ship that was clearing the high seas of the slavers, bore down upon the Portuguese vessel, and rescued the captives. The African boy was placed under Christian influences, baptized, and educated, and became Bishop Crowther, England's black Bishop in Africa, where he has founded a successful mission.

It would be a long story to tell all he has done for his poor people in Africa, how he has fought the slave trade, preached to cannibals, been taken prisoner again and again, and how the Lord has kept him safe in every danger. Twenty-five years after he was made a slave he found his old mother, and she became a Christian, and died under the hospitable roof of her son's episcopal residence.

Gospel in all Lands.

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

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—As we go to press the sad news reaches us of the death of the Rev. J. H. Jox, of Logansport, Ind. He departed this life and entered the joy of his risen Lord in the morning of the 21st of March. He was one of the pioneers of our Lutheran church in the western states, an able, faithful, and hard-working servant of Christ, always zealous in the cause of the Master. During his long ministry he did much mission work among the German settlements in Wisconsin and Indiana. The late Dr. Sihler in his Autobiography says of Rev. Jox that God used him in many cases to bring hardened sinners to repentance and faith in the Saviour on their dying beds. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

—OUR mission at Charlotte and Lexington, North Carolina, is in a prosperous condition. Since the erection of the neat chapel at Charlotte the number of the church members has increased. From 60—80 children attend the mission school, and twelve children are being prepared for confirmation. A chapel seems to be needed at Lexington, since the services must be held in the Court-house, and the colored people there are rather superstitious and do not like to attend services held in the court-room. It is said that an innocent man was at one time sentenced to death in that room, and the people think he still pays his nightly visits to that awful place.

—A LUTHERAN HOME for the aged is to be erected at Monroe, Michigan, by our brethren in that state. Another has been established at Arlington Heights, near Chicago.

—A LUTHERAN ORPHAN ASYLUM of the Missouri Synod is being built near Fremont, Neb. Another, with a Home for the Aged, will be located near Baltimore, Md.

—FROM the report of our Immigrant missionary at Baltimore we see that this work has been blessed during the past year. Many church papers and tracts were distributed among the immigrants. 1700 persons were assisted on their westward journey. \$14,126.60 passed through the missionary's hands. \$900 were loaned to those in temporary need and \$100 were given to the entirely destitute. 938 letters were received, and 767 were written by the missionary. There is no doubt that much good is being accomplished by our missionaries at New York and Baltimore for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the emigrants seeking our shores.

—SOME people have a very handsome Bible on the drawing-room table, yes. But do they read it? Do they study it? That is the question. A young lady writes, "Making a call the other day, I opened a Bible on the drawing-room table while waiting for my friend. There was a folded piece of paper inside, and it was marked, I couldn't help seeing it, 'recipe for mince pies.' My friend came in at the moment and I handed it to her. 'Why, where in the

world did you get that?" she asked, 'I've been looking for it for six months.'"

—LAKE TANGANYIKA, East Africa, is the field for a curious kind of mission work. The Roman Catholic missionaries build strong forts, with loopholes. A man skilled in war superintends a military department. The priests buy children from the natives and from slave dealers; then teach the little ones to work and to be good disciples of the Pope. This is not the course Christ's apostles adopted.

—THERE is a story of a minister who plead so earnestly for foreign missions that, when he asked for those who would volunteer to enter upon the work, his own daughter came forward promptly and offered herself. Taken by surprise, the father said: "Oh, daughter, I did not mean you." How easy to talk with fervor without meaning much.

—MIZRA ABRAHAM is a convert from Islam, whose steadfastness and Christian zeal in persecution are at present exciting not a little interest in Persia. He was arrested for preaching Christ. He was beaten and tormented and cast into prison. For three weeks he was in prison in Oroomia, and afterward in Tabriz. He persisted in confessing Christ. He has won the heart of his jailer, receiving, in consequence, liberty to see his friends, read his Bible, and speak to his fellow-prisoners. Ten out of the eleven criminals in jail he has won over to Christ. Thousands of Moslems are having their attention thereby called to the claims of Christianity.

—GEN. WASHINGTON is said to have stopped his horse, as he was once riding along a country road, to administer this rebuke to a profane ploughman: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of difficulty and danger, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me, and I have always found, that it did no good to get angry; and that neither broken ploughs nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language."

—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 in a hill for the purpose of being worshiped. It is believed there 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 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.

—It is said that one out of every 100 heathen converts becomes a missionary, but only one out of every 5000 Christians born and reared in Christian lands, except in the Moravian Church, which has one missionary to every 65 members at home.

—It is now 150 years since the first Hottentot was baptized by the Moravian missionary, George Schmidt. There are at present in Cape Colony, under the direction of the Moravian Church, 11 flourishing stations, with 22 missionaries and about 9300 souls in their care; 1 normal school and 19 common schools at the stations, with 2200 scholars; 2 ordained natives, 2 assistant native ministers, and about 150 native assistants.

—THOUGH all the world is said to be open to the Gospel, there are yet some languages in which it is not uttered. The British and Foreign Bible Society added nine new translations of the Scriptures last year to its list. Four of these are for Africa, two for the Russian Empire, one each for China, the New Hebrides and the West Indies.

Acknowledgment.

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New Orleans, La., March 1, 1893.

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.

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.
Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.
Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.

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No. 5.

Pentecost.

Let songs of praises fill the sky:
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His Word:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
The Spirit, by His heav'nly breath,
Creates new life within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men:
The fallen soul His temple makes;
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire!
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

Selected.

The Holy Spirit's Work.

On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured out on the disciples in an extraordinary manner, but He still continues His work on earth, though now by ordinary means—by the word of God and the holy sacraments. By these means of grace the Spirit brings to us the salvation which Christ procured for all sinners, and works in our hearts true faith by which we take that salvation as our own. Man by nature is "dead in trespasses and sin," and there is not the least particle of strength in him by which he could bring himself to spiritual life or in any wise assist in this work. It is wholly the work of the Holy Spirit. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned," 1 Cor. 2, 14. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost," 1 Cor. 12, 3. Such are the plain statements of God's Word. We therefore confess in our Catechism: "I believe that I can not by my own

reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to Him; but the Holy Spirit hath called me through the Gospel, enlightened me by His gifts, and sanctified and preserved me in the true faith." And in the Larger Catechism Dr. Luther says: "Neither you nor I could ever know anything of Christ, nor believe in Him or have Him for our Lord, except as it is offered to us, and granted to our hearts by the Holy Ghost through the preaching of the Gospel. The work is finished and accomplished; for Christ, by His suffering, death, resurrection, etc., has acquired and gained the treasure for us. But if the work remain concealed, so that no one knew of it, then it were in vain and lost. That this treasure, therefore, might not lie buried, but be taken and enjoyed, God has caused the Word to go forth and be proclaimed, in which He gives the Holy Ghost to bring this treasure home and apply it unto us."

How important is this work of the Holy Spirit! Only they that believe shall be saved. Only by the work of the Holy Spirit through the means of grace we are brought to this faith and kept in this faith until the end. As we call to mind the important work of the Holy Spirit, and praise the mercy of our God for His mission, may we also be urged to greater earnestness in the use of the means of grace by which the Spirit works, and to greater zeal in bringing those means of grace to them that are still sitting in the darkness and misery of sin without Christ and without hope in this world.

Where is your Treasure?

The treasures of the worldly minded are in this world, and therefore his heart is set on the things of this present life. He does not concern himself about the things which are above. He despises the heavenly treasures offered to him in the Gospel. He is like that rich nobleman with whom John Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, once spoke about the Gospel. The nobleman, whose only concern was how to get more money, said, "What do I care about the Gospel! Most gracious Lord, what does the Gospel concern us?"

Some one told Dr. Luther this, and the Doctor said: "The good man is right. Was there some bran there?" And then he told the fable of a lion who, once upon a time, prepared a great and costly feast, and invited all the beasts to be present. The hog was also invited. Now when the excellent food was placed before the guests, and they were invited to eat freely, the hog threw up his snout and asked, "Is there also some bran here?" Thus, said Luther, it is with our worldly minded men. We ministers place before them in our churches the best and most precious food, as, forgiveness of sin, the grace of God, and eternal life, but they throw up their snouts, scratch around, and ask after dollars or some other worldly treasure. Well may it be said: Does the cow relish nutmegs? She readily eats oats straw!

Dear reader, where is your treasure? "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," says Christ. The Christian's treasure is in heaven. He seeks those things that are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. He, therefore, is heavenly minded. The ascended Saviour draws his thoughts heavenward, and his affections are set on things above, not on things on the earth. He passes through this world as a pilgrim and a stranger who can tarry but a while. He knows that he is a child of God and an heir of the heavenly glory. In the light of that glory the things of this world dwindle into nothing.

"A child of God! and can this earth's vain pleasures
Be aught to one for whom the Saviour died?
Rise, rise above them all! its worthless treasures,
Its soul-destroying joys, its pomp and pride!

"Be His in all! Let soul and eye be single,
Fixed on the glory that surrounds the throne;
Seek not Christ's service with the world to mingle,
Remember God hath sealed thee for His own."

The Alarm of Fire.

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

Maori Children.

Our picture takes us to New Zealand and shows us the way in which the Maori children there amuse themselves. They fasten long cords, twisted from the fibres of a native plant, to the top of a tall and elastic pole, and swing to their hearts' delight, just like our school-children in America on a merry-go-round. The zebra-like dresses of the old folk, in the foreground, are made of native grasses, dyed in different colors. The Maoris on New Zealand are by nature very fierce and warlike, but through the Gospel many of them have been converted into Christian communities. The Lutheran church also carries on a successful mission work among the Maoris, and two of the students of our Lutheran Seminary at Springfield, Ill., recently left for New Zealand, in order to assist in the mission work of our church among the Maoris. May God be with them and may His richest blessings rest upon their mission labors!

Missionary News.

Ever since the opening of our mission work among the colored people our missionaries have from time to time published reports, telling of their labors, their success, and also of their disappointments. Those reports are reliable and always tell the truth about the condition of the missionary stations. This is as it ought to be. The church wants to know the real condition of its mission work. The reports of our missionaries do not tell us of "wholesale conversion," because no such things happen in our mission field. And it is not necessary to tell big tales of wholesale conversions, in order to arouse and sustain enthusiasm and to procure money for our work. The foundation of our mission work is the command of our Lord Jesus Christ to preach the Gospel to every creature; and this we are bound to do, even if not one soul should believe. We know that not all will accept the Gospel. But we also know that our labor is not in vain and thank God for every soul that is brought to the knowledge of the Saviour through the labors of our missionaries.

We have received letters asking us why it is that the reports of our missionaries among the colored people do not speak of such great success, of such wholesale conversions as are often found in the reports of the missionaries of other churches in the foreign mission field. Well, these reports from the foreign mission field, we are sorry to say, are not always reliable. They do not always tell the truth, and Christians must be on their guard against believing everything that comes from the foreign field. The following, which we take from one of our exchanges, is a case in point.

Recently the following statement went the rounds of the religious press in this country: "Korea presents a striking illustration of the irresistible advance of the Kingdom of Christ. One of the most remarkable works of grace known in modern missions is that among the Koreans. Without having heard or seen a missionary, thousands of people have heard of Christ and turned to the service of God. These converts are the fruit of the circulation of copies of the New Testament by the Rev. John Ross, late missionary of the Presbyterian church of Scotland in Manchuria."

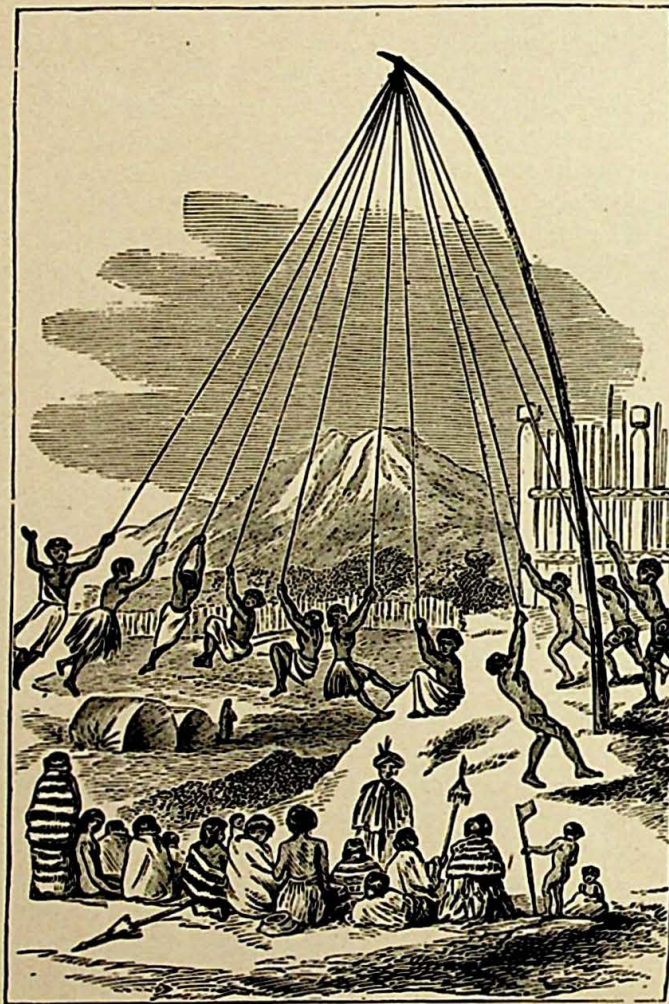
Of this wonderful story Mr. M. C. Fenwick, missionary in Wonsan, Korea, says in a com-

request that public use shall be made of it to undeceive Christians in America. In this letter he exposes the deception too often practiced on the church in Christian lands, perhaps in the exercise of the Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means. Mr. Fenwick says in this letter:

The missionary literature of the day taken as a whole, is the most deceptive writing I see. . . . A case in point: A missionary in Korea, representing a small committee in Canada composed of business men united to send the gospel to Korea, made his annual report, truthfully setting forth the actual state of affairs on the field as he found them. The report was promptly rejected, and one of striking cases of interest, conversions, etc., demanded. He complied with the request under protest, but the report was declared to be the proper thing, and given a wide circulation.

Two years ago a man named—[perhaps it is well to omit the name] returned from this field to America, and has since been spreading his exaggerated stories throughout the churches in the United States. . . . Let me give you an account of his converting work in a village, where I afterward lived for six months, as given me by one whom he baptized on the occasion now mentioned. A native who received mission money was directed by Mr. — to get together at least forty or fifty and he would be along at such a time. Rather perplexed at the number demanded the native set to work to gather his friends, but could muster only nine.

The missionary arrived and after exhorting at considerable length, asked the natives to remove their hats. "What for?" said one. "Oh, never mind," coaxingly pleaded the native friend; "take off your hats;" and with the politeness so characteristic of the Easterner, they removed their hats, and then the Rev. —, D. D., administered baptism to these nine men, none of whom with



munication to *The Chinese Recorder and Missionary Journal*: "It is a grave doubt in the minds of a majority of Protestant missionaries in Korea whether there are fifty Koreans in the whole country who have been 'born again.' Some are persuaded that there are not even one dozen. Concerning the New Testament that is said to be the translation of the Rev. John Ross, no Korean has yet been found who has any conception of its meaning. There are many words in this production foreign to the Korean language, and that which is Korean is by no means a translation of the words of God—not even in the 'concept.' Some thought perhaps it might be used on the border between China and Korea, but it has been accorded a fair trial there, and failed to find a man who could understand its funny sounds."

Mr. Fenwick has also sent a letter with the

possible exception of one, he had ever seen. "Had you never heard the gospel before?" I asked. "No." "What! had not the native friend told you about the gospel?" "Not before that night." "Had you not seen any portion of God's Word?" "No." "Well, what did the Koreans say after they had received baptism?" "After they went outside they had a great laugh, calling it a crazy business."

Rev. Mr. — continued his itineracy, and in a short time reported 125 converts to the American Presbyterian, North. Of many of these nothing whatever is now known, and of these Koreans, with the exception of three or four, whom other missionaries got hold of, the report is, "turned out badly." . . . If you wish a verification of the facts here stated, I believe that Mr. Sampson, the newly elected

secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, South, who recently visited Korea, will supply it.

The letter contains statements equally amazing and humiliating, but enough has been said to prove that the reports of the missionaries of the sects in foreign mission fields are not always reliable. May our missionaries continue to report the state of affairs in our mission field as it actually is. That is what the church wants to know. And may our missionaries not entirely forget our little PIONEER. He so seldom gets news from our laborers in the mission field that the little fellow "feels himself quite superfluous."

The Mongolian Boy.

Missionaries have often labored for years in a heathen land before they have seen any idolater turn unto the Lord. Oh, how their hearts have rejoiced over their first convert—it has been as though the wilderness had begun to put forth the bud and the tender blossom!

Years passed away among the Mongolian Tartars, and no one came to the missionaries to inquire what he should do to be saved.

At length a youth named Bardo came and sat down in the mission school. He was ignorant of the letters of the alphabet; but he soon got on, and in a short time he could read and write very nicely, and also had committed to memory a catechism, and many passages of Scripture.

He then gave up the worship of his gods, and told the children of the family with whom he lived that he now believed there was only one God and one Saviour, Jesus Christ.

From this time he felt more of his state as a sinner, and was often seen to retire that he might pray in secret. He began also to hope that he had found mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners. When mixing with his own people, he told them what he felt, and invited them to come and hear the Gospel for themselves, for that if they died trusting in gods that could not save them they would perish forever.

The Tartars place their idols on a table opposite the door of their tent, and every person as he enters is expected to bow before them. When they saw that Bardo did not bow as he passed, they illused him, and tried to force him to worship the gods; but finding they could not prevail, they turned him out of their tents.

One day a lama, or priest, beat him severely on the head, which brought on violent pains and a fever. The fever continued for several weeks, and he gradually wasted away. Pain in the chest and a cough followed, so that poor Brado was brought very low. His friends fearing he would die, began to talk of using some of their heathenish rites to save his life, but he would not consent to this, and begged his friends to carry him to the missionaries. The Tartars also placed on the wall, opposite to

where he lay, some of their charms, that he might look at them; but Bardo turned his back to the wall, though he had to place himself in a painful position, that his eyes might not behold the sinful folly of his friends.

On the morning of the day on which he died, he was asked, "Should you die now, whither would your soul go?" "To heaven."

"Who will receive it there?" "God."

"On what Saviour do you put your trust for salvation?" With great feeling he said, "On Jesus Christ."

"If God had not, in His providence, brought you here, to learn about that Saviour, what would have become of you?" "I should have lived in sin, and gone to hell when I died."

He said he was not afraid to die; yet he would rather live, if it were God's will, that he might honor and take care of his parents.

His breathing became softer; and like one falling into a gentle slumber, he fell asleep in Jesus. Thus died the first convert among the Mongolian Tartars—one who may be said to have fallen a martyr; for there is little doubt that the blows on the head which he received from the lama were the chief cause of his death. His school-fellows carried his body to the grave, and there it rests until Christ shall call it to eternal life in the resurrection morning.

Remarkable Escapes of Missionaries.

The history of missions is full of startling adventures and remarkable escapes from danger and death. We glean several and give them to our readers. These incidents all go to prove that God is with His servants, and can wonderfully bless and protect now as well as in the days of the apostles.

The Moravian missionaries who went to Greenland many years ago to labor among the Esquimaux, endured untold hardships. A ship laden with provisions was sent to them once a year from their brethren at home. But in the long year between the visits of the ship, they were often sorely tried. But God did not forsake them. Once they had nothing but old tallow candles to eat, and these were becoming quite scarce. Starvation seemed to be their lot. Just then a Greenlander, an entire stranger to them, arrived, having traveled over one hundred miles to sell them some seals, oatmeal, and train oil. At another time when nearly exhausted for want of food an eagle was captured, and the lives of the missionaries preserved.

Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary among the Indians, had an eventful career. One of his many escapes from death was as follows:

He stopped one night with some friendly Indians. The Indians had received three kegs of gun powder, but were very careless in handling it. They spilled quite a lot on the straw which covered the floor. The missionary told them they should be very careful not to have a candle lit, lest the straw might be ignited,

and a fearful explosion and instant death be the result. Zeisberger, being quite weary, lay down to sleep. During the night some uncomfortable feeling came over him and awakened him. He opened his eyes just in time to catch a falling candle which had been carelessly lighted and allowed to burn. Had he awakened one moment later, he and his hosts would all have been killed.

Mr. Gobat, a missionary to Abyssinia, was, at one time, very much discouraged in his work! He retired to a cave, and kneeling there, poured forth his heart to God in prayer. When he arose from his knees, his eyes had become more accustomed to the dark, and he saw he was in the presence of a hyena and her cubs. He had thought God had forgotten him and his work, but the wonderful way in which God preserved him, keeping this fierce animal from springing upon him, was a new proof of God's loving care.

Mr. Moffat, missionary to Africa, once drank of some water that had been poisoned to kill wild animals. He took quite sick, and hastened to a village to secure a remedy. No remedy could be found. He and his attendants all expected that death would be sure and swift. But presently the sick feeling vanished, and he was none the worse for the poisonous drink.

Little Missionary.

How a Great Philosopher was Silenced.

Frederick the Great was at his palace in Cleves with Voltaire, the great French philosopher, as his guest. At the dinner table the philosopher began to mock at God and godly things and finally said: "I will sell my seat in heaven for a Prussian Thaler." He, however, was not the only guest; there was also present a councilor, who was not a philosopher, but a Christian. This man shuddered when he heard the words of Voltaire. At once he arose and spoke out his mind very plainly. "My dear sir," said he, "you are in Prussia, where we have a law, according to which anyone who wishes to sell anything must prove his ownership. Be kind enough, therefore, to prove that you have a seat in heaven and I shall give you any sum you may ask." These words at once put to silence the boastful Frenchman.

In God's Care.

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

When Peter finished his sermon on the day of Pentecost the people didn't say, "Wasn't that a fine sermon?" but "What shall we do?"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—ON the second Sunday after Easter seventeen children were confirmed in our St. Paul and Mt. Zion Colored Lutheran Churches at New Orleans, La.

—OUR Mt. Zion missionary station at New Orleans must soon have a new church building. The people there have used an old dilapidated frame building for church and school purposes, but the building is now in such a condition that it can no longer be used. The members of the congregation are earnestly at work to raise \$1,000 as their share of the sum needed for a new building, and since the Synodical Conference at its last meeting resolved to erect a new building this year for Mt. Zion in New Orleans, we hope all the friends of our mission will speedily and liberally come to the aid of our colored brethren.

—FIFTEEN Scandinavian Lutheran Foreign Mission Societies abroad employ 114 ordained missionaries, 42 lay workers, 139 female workers, 26 ordained natives, 1,213 native assistants. All these are at work at 427 mission stations, among 21,419 native communicants and 64,000 native Christian adherents, having in charge also 391 schools with 31,750 scholars. The total receipts for 1892 amounted to \$226,159.

—THE last report of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association gives the number of members of the Hawaiian-speaking churches founded by the missionaries of the American Board, at 5,427; and of others, 1190. The salaries paid native pastors are \$500 or less. The largest church has a membership of 634.

—OWING to the exceptional demand in Uganda for supplies of the Scriptures, the Bible Society are about to issue new editions, prepared by the photo process, of each of the four Gospels, and of the Acts of the Apostles. The issue will amount to 25,000 copies in all.

—THIS is Stanley's story of what one Bible accomplished: "In 1875, Miss Livingstone, the sister of David Livingstone, presented me with a beautifully bound Bible. On a subsequent visit to Mtesa I read to him some chapters, and as I finished it flashed through my mind that Uganda was destined to be won for Christ. I was not permitted to carry that Bible away. Mtesa never forgot the wonderful words, nor the startling effect they had upon him; and just as I was turning away from his country to continue my explorations across the Dark Continent, a messenger who had travelled two hundred miles came to me crying out that Mtesa wanted the book, and it was given to him. To-day the Christians in Uganda number many thousands; they have proved their faith at the stake, under the knobstick, and under torture until death."

—ONE of the missionaries of the Basel Mission in India, writing about the manner in which the preachers and their message are received, reports as follows: "As regards the work among the heathen here and in the neigh-

borhood, the impression that the Gospel is working powerfully among the people in the manner of the leaven has never been so strong on me as of late. This working and leavening does not, as one would wish, always immediately result in numerous conversions, but often the contrary, in contradiction, opposition, yea in words of venomous hatred against Christianity, and especially against the name of Jesus Christ. Let the preacher declaim ever so much on the vanity and folly of idolatry, let him paint the sins of the hearers in the most vivid colors, they will generally be silent or assent to his words; but scarcely has the name of Jesus Christ crossed the preacher's lips, when the whole circle of listeners become, as it were, electrified, some run away, as if to say 'we will not have this man to reign over us,' others begin to scoff, others again, irritated and provoked by the mention of that name, abuse the name of Jesus, and very often it is only the minority that are quiet and neutral. This name is to them 'a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence;' I have been told again and again, 'preach whatever you like, tell us the truth howsoever you like, we will listen, we will assent; but do not mention the name of Jesus Christ; we tell you once for all that we won't have anything to do with Him.'"

—A CLERGYMAN was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason. Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

—EVERY reader of church history knows the awful seas of calumny through which the early Christians had to force their way. Christianity is encountering the same malign force in China. Griffith John tells the following of a Chinese student who ventured with quaking heart to enter a Christian hospital: I asked Mr. Jen why he hesitated to come to the hospital, and this was his reply: "I was afraid that if I once entered I might never come out again. I thoroughly believed that the foreigners did gouge the eyes and cut out the hearts of men, women and children. I know now that it is all false; but this is to be ascribed to the fact that I have seen. I believe that if Chou Han himself could only see, his feelings would change just as mine have changed." Then he told me that in Changsha ninety-nine out of every hundred at least thoroughly believe these reports about the foreigners and their doings.

—THESE are the words of David Brainerd, with reference to his toil in behalf of the Indians, and they contain the secret of his success: "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls for Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things, and when I awoke the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for their conversion, and all my hope was in God."

—A MISSIONARY at Amoy reports many incidents indicating popular contempt for the gods which they have worshiped. In one case the temple, which had ten large idols, to whom much worship had been paid, caught fire and the idols were all burned to charcoal. A multitude of people were present, as it was market day, but they seemed to care very little about the burning of their gods, and they said: "They could not run away or call any one to save them. Why, they are less able to take care of themselves than rats or chickens or dogs!"

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.

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.

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No. 6.

"Go out Into the Highways and Hedges, and Compel them to Come In."

The Master's supper was prepared
A weary time ago,
And kindly invitation sent,
How many answered "No!"
Each had his own excuse to give,
And chose for this poor world to live.
Sweet sounds of love and grace still fall
On many a heedless ear.
The story of His sufferings brings
No penitential tear.
They will not come, they do not care,
And must we turn and leave them there?
The Master answers, No, "go forth,"
In highway and in hedge,
"Compel them to come in," He says,
And give them for a pledge
My dying love, My faithful Word,
Perhaps of Me some ne'er have heard.
Oh, if we half believe, dear friends,
The awful, awful doom
Awaiting every unsaved soul,
We could not rest at home
Unless we sought these souls to win,
And drag them from the depths of sin!
They will not come to us, we know;
The Lord will soon be here,
And opportunities be gone;
And oh, what dread or fear
Will then lay hold of every one
Who hath rejected God's dear Son!
Then let us heed the Master's Word,
"Go forth" into the night,
For souls of men are dally slain—
And dying without light;
Go forth into the haunts of sin,
By love constrained, and call them in.

Selected.

The Gospel Call.

The Gospel call is not a call to hard work, but a call to a great Supper. Christ says, "A certain man made a great supper, and bade many; and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready." He who prepared the Supper is God. He prepared it by sending His Son into this world to die for sinners. Had He not sent His Son, this great Supper could never have been prepared. His Son

bore our sins and procured for all men forgiveness of sin and life everlasting. Forgiveness of sin with all its blessings is the food on that great Supper table prepared by God. It was not bought with silver and gold, but with the blood of God's own Son. Since He has finished the work of our redemption and has procured all that is necessary for our eternal salvation, there is nothing for man to do but to enjoy the great Supper thus prepared. Therefore the Gospel call is, "Come; for all things are now ready." It is not a call to hard work. No! All the work that had to be done is done, done by Christ more than eighteen hundred years ago. "All things are now ready." The Gospel simply calls us to come and enjoy by faith all things that Christ has procured for us.

Since Christ died for all men and procured forgiveness of sin and life everlasting for all sinners, the great Supper is prepared for all and the Gospel call is extended to all. Man may exclude himself, but God does not exclude him. When many excluded themselves and would not come, He that prepared the Supper said to His servant: "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." And again the Lord said to His servant: "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." The great Supper is for all and the invitation should be brought to all. No nation, no age, no class of men is excluded. The greatest sinners, the worst of men, poor and degraded though they be,—they are all called to the great Supper. To all comes the Gospel call: "Come; for all things are now ready." It is a broad invitation including all men; and it is full of comfort to all that heed the call. They that come to the Supper receive Christ and have in Him forgiveness of sin, life, and salvation. They enjoy peace and consolation in all the troubles and sorrows of this world and have a title clear to Mansions in the skies, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God."

Those that have come to the great Supper and have experienced the sweet taste of the

Gospel feast will be filled with the true missionary spirit. They will see to it that the Gospel call is brought to those that are still lying in sin along the highways and hedges of this world.

The Reins are in God's Hand.

A father and his little son were riding along a familiar road with a gentle horse. To gratify the child the father placed the reins in his hands, but at the same time, unseen, retained his own hold on them. As they rode on, they saw approaching them, at terrific speed, a runaway team. The danger was great and imminent. But the father guided his horse so that a collision was avoided and the danger escaped. When all was over, the little son looked up to his father and, with choked utterance, said: "I thought I was driving, but I wasn't, was I, papa?" So often does the child of God, when some peril has been escaped or some deliverance has been vouchsafed, in ways unforeseen and unthought of, have occasion to say, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I wasn't." It is blessed to feel that the reins are in the hands of One mightier and wiser than we are.

It's Only Father.

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

A PRAYING man is a treasure and a blessing in any country. One Joseph preserved the whole of Egypt in the time of scarcity. One Moses stood in the gap, when God would have destroyed the people of Israel.—*Luther.*

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 mission 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 offence, and offered rewards to all informers, had been reaffirmed 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 number of the missionaries, the difficulty of travel, the lack of helps 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 the colloquial 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 in 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 under-

stood by the greatest number of the common people should be used, and after two months it was ready for the blockcutter. 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 so colloquial a book. 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 the missionaries, nearly 600. Instead of the four unmarried female missionaries, we now have about 200. The waters of the coasts 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.

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, and with nearly 400 men in training in theological schools.

The Bible Society Record.

Bibles at the Columbian Exposition.

The American Bible Society has arranged to make a fine exhibit at the World's Fair. The purpose is to show to the visitors, by its exhibit, the work it has accomplished and the progress it has made in the 76 years of its existence. Speaking of this the *New York Tribune* says:

Copies of each of the annual reports and bound files of the *Bible Society Record* will occupy shelves in one of the cases. In the

same case will also appear specimens of electrotype plates used in printing the Scriptures. Two of these plates are especially noteworthy, one of them having been employed in the set used in printing 980,000 copies of the five-cent edition of the New Testament, a total edition numbering 3,300,000 having been issued since 1878. The other plate was one of those used in supplying 876,000 copies of the 2,054,000 twenty-cent Bibles which have come from the Society's presses in the same period.

Many rare and valuable volumes from the library in the Bible House will be placed on the shelves for the inspection of the public. Among them will be a copy of the original King James edition of the Bible, which was published in 1611. There will also be displayed a fac-simile of the first page of the first Bible ever printed, the Mazarin Bible of 1450, and a copy of the *Biblia Pauperum*, representing the style of printing from wooden blocks before the invention of movable types. The English Hexapla, showing the six early versions of the Scriptures at a single opening, with the Greek text, will also be exhibited.

In order to show the great advancement made in the publication of the Bible in other tongues, Rev. Dr. E. W. Gilman, who has charge of the foreign department of the Society's business, has selected a large number of works that are printed by the Society in nearly all of the three hundred languages in which the Scriptures have been published. Copies of Marshman's, the Delegates', Bridgman & Culbertson's, and Dr. Schereschewsky's versions of the Scriptures in Chinese will be included in the list. Complete or detached portions of the Scriptures in the following languages will form a part of the exhibit: Turkish, Arabic, Syriac, Persian, Urdu, modern Greek, Siamese, Burmese, Pail, Tamil, Tulu, Marathi, Ponape, Thibetan, Mpongwe, Sheetsiva, Azerbaijan, Omali-Turkish, Mende, and others.

In one of the cases will be a display of a quantity of curious objects which have been taken in barter (in exchange) for the Scriptures in far-off lands. In this collection is a copper coin that is more than eighteen centuries old. It was coined in China in the year 25 A. D., and was given in exchange for one of the Gospels to an agent of the Society in 1888. Several cowries, queer African shells, which are used as money by the natives, and a number of ancient copper coins, received by Dr. Jacob Chamberlain in return for Bibles during his tour through the interior of India, will be shown. Other noteworthy curiosities are a photograph of a Roman manuscript of the Pentateuch that is over nine hundred years old, and a photograph of the Slavic manuscript of the Gospel of Matthew.

Perhaps the most unique feature of the Bible Society's part in the Exposition will be a free distribution of the New Testament; and to meet the probable demand, 250,000 copies of the five-cent edition have already been printed.

About a Man who was not Afraid to Swear Falsely.

Mr. Kuhns was the owner of a beautiful farm. He was not satisfied, however, with only one farm. There was a tract of land adjoining it, which formerly belonged to it, that his heart was set upon. He supposed he could get possession of it by a process of law, although he had no right to do it. He accordingly entered suit, and by swearing falsely managed to gain his point.

On leaving the court room a neighbor said, "Kuhns, how could you swear to such a falsehood?" He replied: "Let me become a cripple if it isn't true." From that day his prosperity was at an end. He

himself became sickly, and his financial affairs went backward. His wife died of grief. The farm was sold to pay debts, and his children left him to battle with the world for themselves.

For a while he could walk with a cane, but soon he could not do even that. He grew worse and worse, until his knees were drawn up against his chest, and his arms and fingers became so stiff that he could not feed himself. His children having left him, he was taken in charge by the man whom he had formerly so basely cheated.

Here he was well cared for, and heard

God's Word as it was read in this family at morning and evening worship. The Christian walk and conversation of his benefactor deeply impressed him, and almost drove him to despair. One evening while eating supper he burst into tears and exclaimed to his hostess, "Mary, I am lost," and then confessed how he had sworn to a lie to cheat them out of their farm. They could not quiet him. So the pastor was called. He gladly listened to God's Word, and became a deeply penitent sinner. Before receiving the Lord's Supper, at his own request, he made a confession of his sin publicly. On that day the church was crowded. The minister preached on the text: "As I live, surely mine oath that he has despised, and my covenant that he hath broken, even it will I recompense upon his own head;" and, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but

that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

After the sermon Mr. Kuhns confessed his great sin, asked the forgiveness of those he had wronged most, and then asked the pardon of the whole congregation. Then he received the holy supper. Let this story impress us with the sinfulness of taking God's name in vain. *Luth. Child's Paper.*

Little Nyagandi.

On the shore of the Ogawe river, West Africa, in a mere hut, lives a little girl named Nyagandi. A lady who has gone as a mission-

row will be Sunday, and you must come to service."

"I surely will," she answered, "if I am alive."

Saturday night somebody stole Nya's canoe, and on Sunday nobody would lend her another, yet she was in her place in church, and in time. Her home was on the opposite shore of the river, at that place a third of a mile wide, with a current flowing deep and strong. How had she crossed?

In the simplest way in the world — by swimming. Some of the boys had seen the dark head bobbing up and down in the waves, or it is doubtful whether she would have said a word about her performance.

But, little women, who sometimes pout at wearing an old bonnet or dress to church, please think of the African girl, so anxious to keep her promise that she swam the Ogawe on Sunday morning rather than be absent when the missionaries expected to see her at the Christian worship.

Harper's Young People.

How to Read the Bible.

Luther used to teach his children to read the Bible in the following way: First to read through one book carefully, then to study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and lastly word by word, for he said,

"It is like a person shaking a fruit-tree. First shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterwards each twig of the branch, and last of all looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains. In this way, and in no other, shall we also find the hidden treasures that are in the Bible."

The World.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.

If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.



NEGRO HUTS IN JAMAICA.

ary to her people has told a very pretty story about her, which we are sure our girls will like to read.

Nyagandi has never worn any clothing in her life except a cloth tied around her waist. It has been only lately that she had thought of wearing anything else.

Since she has been attending school in the mission house, and learning to read, she is anxious to wear a dress like her kind friends, and so with slow but patient fingers she is learning to make one out of some bright calico.

She owns a canoe, in which she darts here and there over the creeks and rivers like a graceful dusky bird.

One Saturday she paddled to the mission house, and sold some bunches of plantains to the ladies.

"Now, Nya," said one of them, "to-mor-

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM our mission in Little Rock, Ark., a Colored Lutheran writes to us: "We have long felt a desire to express our appreciation of our dear Lutheran church. We have the true word of God taught us, and though our number does not increase fast, yet we have cause for hope. Our pastor has recently added three to our church, one of them a girl baptized in infancy and raised in our school. May God bless our Church and make us His people."

—OUR English and Colored Lutheran missions have lost a staunch friend and earnest advocate in the Rev. Prof. M. Guenther, of our Seminary at St. Louis, who was suddenly called to his rest by the Master on the 22d of May. Our loss is his gain. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

—THE Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States, at its recent meeting in St. Louis, resolved to begin mission work in Japan. A Foreign Mission Board, consisting of ten members, has been elected and a Director of Foreign Mission will soon be chosen, who is to superintend the work of the missionaries.

—THE Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin will begin mission work among the Indians in New Mexico and Arizona. Two of the students in the Seminary at Milwaukee are preparing for this important work.

—THREE of the graduates of our Seminaries will this year enter our Colored Lutheran mission field.

—JAPAN has 365 congregations of native Christians with 35,534 communicants, of whom 3,731 were received within a year. They contributed \$42,336. There are 656 preaching stations, 219 missionaries and the wives of 184 of them and 201 women helpers. The native preachers number 233, male helpers 460, and students 359.

—HAWAII has 6,617 native Protestant churches, of which number 5,427 are under the care of the American Board. The largest of these has 634 members. Native preachers receive a maximum salary of \$500.

—THE Rev. L. Lloyd, of the Fuh-Kien Mission, sends the following quaint petition, received from a native Christian: "The Christian Ting Great Grace is continually being persecuted by the heathen. Last year in the ninth moon seven-tenths of his sown corn was hoed up and destroyed; again during the tenth moon eight-tenths of his sugar-cane was stolen. This year on the third day of the fifth moon, a pig worth two thousand cash was stolen; again, on the second day of the seventh moon, his growing crops were destroyed; and a few nights later his fruit trees were stoned. Now he begs the Missionary Lloyd to pray for him and for his persecutors."

—THE King of Abyssinia received a copy of the complete Abyssinian translation of the Bible from the British and Foreign Bible So-

ciety, for which he returns sincere thanks with a substantial present of two elephants' tusks.

—ONE HUNDRED missionaries have been appointed to go from Sweden to China. Some of this number are now in London, where they will give a brief time to the study of the English language before they proceed on their journey.

—BISHOP FERGUSON, of Cape Palmas, calls especial attention to the fact that the Cape Palmas tribe of Greboes had raised a sum of money to purchase a Bible to take the place of their fetiches, and remarks: "Such a thing as a heathen tribe's giving up its gregees and taking instead the Bible as a token of its acceptance of the Christian religion, to be henceforth its rule and guide, has never taken place in this land before, and it speaks loudly in favor of our work. Comparing 1889 with 1892 he finds that the baptisms have increased from 470 to 702, the confirmations from 235 to 281, and the communicants from 645 to 896.

—EVERY Sunday morning sixty per cent. of the population of the Hawaiian Islands are in the pews of Protestant churches. Eighty-three per cent. of the population of the Fiji Islands are communicant members of the Protestant churches.

—A NEW ENGLAND D. D., making a trip round the world, writes the Independent from Australia, saying that there he often hears the blessing at mealtime sung by all present, as follows:

"Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored.
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee."

—IT WERE well if all were to do as George Washington is reported to have done when he had visitors on Sunday. He simply told them that it was time for him to go to church and politely asked them to go with him.

—DR. PHILIPS, the General Secretary of the Sunday-school Union in British India, recently visited the German missionaries in Malabar, in order to arrange with them the organization of Sunday-schools for heathen children. The Doctor was surprised by the blessed results of the good old-fashioned Lutheran "Kinderlehre" conducted by the missionaries in the station churches for long years, which is preferable to the Sunday-school almost in every respect on account of the instruction given by the pastor himself. Dr. Philips, later on, wrote in his Sunday-school journal: "The Sunday services I attended at these stations were the best attended I ever saw in India, and the singing of the congregations the best I ever heard; no other native Christian assembly can come up to them." The Hindu Lutherans take delight in singing the choral tunes of the Church of the Reformation, which breathe the spirit of deep devotion, reverent praise and abiding faith.

—IT is not yet thirty years since our Norwegian brethren began their work in Mada-

gascar. To-day it is one of the most flourishing of modern missions. Its principal stations number 20; congregations, 460; its baptized membership, 57,000, and 30,000 children are in its mission schools; while 20 native ordained pastors, and 1,150 native teachers are in the employ of the mission. A mission college for the training of native pastors, and a normal school for the training of teachers, are among the forces to shape the future of the people in this field.

—SPURGEON was once asked to send a minister who could fill a church. His answer was that they "did not make the preachers at his Seminary that large; he could send them a preacher of the Gospel, but the congregation had to fill the church."

—THE number of Christians in the Province of Bengal has grown during the last decade from 122,000 to 189,000.

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.

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.

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No. 7.

Our Commission.

Ye who hear the blessed call
Of the Spirit and the Bride:
Hear the Master's word to all,
Your commission and your guide,
"And let him that heareth say,
Come," to all yet far away.

"Come!" alike to age and youth,
Tell them of our Friend above,
Of His beauty and His truth,
Preciousness and grace and love,
Tell them what you know is true,
Tell them what He is to you.

"Come!" to those who do not care
For the Saviour's precious death,
Having not a thought to spare
For the gracious words He saith,
Ere the shadows gather deep,
Rouse them from their fatal sleep.

"Come!" to those who, while they hear
Linger, hardly knowing why;
Tell them that the Lord is near,
Tell them Jesus passes by,
Call them *now*; oh! do not wait,
Lest to-morrow be too late.

Brothers, sisters, do not wait,
Speak for Him who speaks to you!
Wherefore should you hesitate?
This is no great thing to do,
Jesus only bids you say,
"Come!" and will you not obey?

Lord! to Thy command we bow,
Touch our lips with altar fire;
Let Thy Spirit kindle now
Faith, and zeal, and strong desire;
So that henceforth we may be
Fellow-workers, Lord, with Thee!

Selected.

Trust in God's Word.

The faith of the believer rests not on his own feelings or on anything he finds in his own sinful self, but on God's word alone. The troubled sinner, aroused to the knowledge of his sin and of God's wrath against sin has heard the precious word, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke 19, 10); "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6, 37); "He that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life" (John 6, 47). This is enough. He is

led by the Holy Ghost to accept as true, and true for himself, the promises of the Gospel; and he knows by the testimony of God who can not lie, that he has passed out of death into life. He does not say: "I have felt religion and will go to heaven because I feel good." No! To every accusation, every doubt, every fear the believer's triumphant answer is: "I know that I am a saved sinner, a child of God and an heir of heaven, because the Saviour in whom I believe says so in His word and He can never tell a lie."

There was a young lady very sick and near her death, to whom her doctor, he being an old friend of hers, also spoke about the state of her soul.

"Are you quite happy?" he asked.

"No, sir," she said.

"Why! Are you not saved?"

"I am not sure of it."

"But why are you not sure of it? Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, but I do not feel as if I were saved."

"Do you feel as if you were lost?"

"Yes, I feel so," she said, and then began to cry.

"How do you know that you are lost?"

"Because I am a sinner and God's word says so.

"Then you believe His word, do you not?"

"O yes, sir, I do."

"Well, then, His word says: 'Look unto me, and be saved.' Do you believe that?"

"Yes."

"But do you look unto Jesus?"

"Yes, sir, but I do not feel as if I were saved."

"That may be; but does the Bible say: Look unto me and *feel* that you are saved?"

"No."

"What does it say, then?"

"And be saved."

"What does it say?"

"And be saved."

"When is this to be, to-day or to-morrow?"

"As soon as I look unto Him."

"But do you look unto Him?"

"Yes, I surely do look unto Jesus."

"Well, then, are you saved?"

The young lady was quiet for a moment and

then replied firmly: "I do not feel it, but God says I am saved." Joy beamed on her pale face when this certainty entered her heart.

The doctor then said: "Well, if some one would come in now and ask you whether you were saved, what would you say?"

"I would say, Yes."

"And if you were asked how you knew it and how you could be sure of it?"

"I would say: I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and God says in His word that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life; and although I do not feel it, still I believe what God says."

"Then you rely on Jesus and on His word?"

"Yes, sir, and I could now die happy. I would like to go to Jesus just now."

"You have no fear?"

"No, none at all."

"No doubt?"

"No; why should I doubt? I now see it all quite plainly. I am a poor sinner—and Jesus died for me—and I believe in Him—and God says I am saved—and so I know I am saved."

She lingered yet a few weeks, during which time the doctor always found her full of joy and peace. Trusting in God's word she, in the full assurance of everlasting life, fell asleep in Jesus.

Dear reader, if you want to be saved, you must not put your trust in your own works, in your own holiness, in your own feelings. You must put your trust in Jesus and His word. God can never tell a lie. The Lutheran church therefore tells every poor sinner to rely on God's word alone, no matter whether he feels good or bad. Your good feelings may easily pass away, but God's word can never pass away. Trust in God's word!

"It is a welcome thought to the true child of God, that with every year which passes that last day comes nearer when time shall be no longer, that last day when all true children of God shall go into an eternity of bliss and happiness. There the light of the Lamb will be in the place of the sun, and that light will cast no shadow."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

A Revival.

Though always having a particular aversion to "revivals," yet I once had occasion to attend one during my sojourn in Virginia some years ago. Thinking that a description of such a revival might prove of interest to the readers of the PIONEER, I have written the following:

To study such a revival calmly and dispassionately I found to be an impossibility. I think it impossible for any man to listen to the preaching, to hear the doctrines advanced, to observe all the many and questionable means brought into use calmly and dispassionately. The preacher's stand is a veritable Mount Sinai, over which hangs a cloud of darkness; it is a Mount Sinai surrounded by fire, shaken by thunder and spits out fierce lightnings. The subjects of sermon and exhortation are wrath and fury, "hell-fire and damnation."

Before anything can be done, the membership must be aroused to action. The preacher says, he wants to hear "a shout raised in the camp of Israel"—"that the walls of Jericho never fell down till the Israelites began to shout; and he never knew anything to have been done till some sister 'got happy'."—"O Lord, make these sisters here shouting happy, right now!"

Upon this now follow appeals to the passions, to the affections and fears; scenes are pictured of dying fathers, dying mothers and dying children. Then come scenes of hell and judgment, of parents meeting their children in heaven and of men "hanging by a single hair over the fiery pit of hell."—During all the preaching may be heard violent sobbings, screams and shouts. As the preacher nears the close of his sermon, the shouting becomes more and more general—the preacher's voice rises over all like the sound of a mighty trumpet: "Fire! fire! Send down fire! Baptize all this congregation with the Holy Ghost and f-i-r-e! Power, p-o-w-e-r! Come in thy mighty POWER!"

Now, the excitement being at the right stage and all aroused to action, the door of the altar is thrown open and all the sinners present are called upon to come forward before they drop into hell. In the midst of the excitement, parents bring their terrified children to the altar, and others from alarm, others from pure nervous excitement, and still others from sympathy rush forward to the mourner's bench. Then follows what some preachers call a "sanctified row." The mourners are told to pray mightily, and a season of prayer commences. A brother with a good strong voice is called upon to lead in prayer, and all the mourners are called upon to pray, and all the christians are told to pray and pray mightily. Now follows a scene that beggars all description, for the next half hour men and women, girls and boys are mingled and commingled in one mass, rolling and tumbling, and throwing their arms and limbs in every imaginable direction; 40 or 50 mourners crying and weeping, praying and

screaming; the same number of christians praying, shouting or swooning; the shrill voice of the leader once in a while rising above the din, calling for "fire!" "power!"; and the ministers shouting the loud and deep "Amen! Amen! do Lord! Hallelujah!" This lasts till ten or eleven o'clock, with the simple variation of a song instead of a prayer, when the noise, uproar and confusion is, if possible, still greater.

This is no exaggeration; it falls far below the sad reality, as all who know will bear me witness. Think you, then, that that altar is a place for young children, or for old children, or for any humble "inquirer" to think calmly, scripturally? Do they know what they are about, think you? They are invited to come forward as "inquirers," to be instructed—can they understand a word? Can they distinguish one single connected sentence? And see there, how those preachers beat them upon their backs, as though "religion," or more properly, *faith*, was a wedge that could be driven in between the shoulderblades! It only too often happens that "mourners" are driven from the altar by the force of these blows with their backs more bruised than their hearts. The preachers were excited and did not know how hard they slapped or pounded them. This revival lasts, perhaps, for two weeks. The last day the preacher asks all who want to go to heaven, to let him put their names down in his book—that he wants them all to be "seekers," and that his church is just the place "to seek religion"—that thousands have "professed religion" in his church. He gets their names and the revival closes.

The next Sunday the preacher will tell his congregation "that the Lord has powerfully revived his work, and that many have been powerfully revived and converted." About a year afterward, many of the converts having become wilder and more wicked than ever, another "revival-meeting" is gotten up, when the same things are acted over again. Again a great number is induced to profess regeneration. They honestly think that they are regenerated—they are told so. According to the announcement of the preacher it would seem that now the whole neighborhood must have been converted.—But in about three months not a few of them profess *unregeneration*. They have forgotten their fears, their excitement has worn off, and they return to their old forsaken sins, as Peter says, "Like a dog turns to his own vomit; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." New Orleans, La., June 28, 1893.

F. J. L.

Chinese Oddity.

If one argues that China, being upon the opposite side of the globe, must be literally upside down, he will not find himself very much mistaken. Dinner begins with cake, pudding and confectionery and ends with soup. Lemonade is always as hot as hot can be. If

a friend sends you a letter, he often sends only an empty envelope addressed to you, and the bearer delivers the message orally. But what seems to me one of the oddest of all customs of the Chinese was the mode of resenting an injury. There is very seldom a real fight. Sometimes they resort to hair-pulling, and they pull with a vengeance; but as a rule, when one feels deeply injured, in any way, he goes right on the street and begins to tell the story of his wrongs, "at the top of his lungs," shouting all sorts of family secrets, and abusing the relative or neighbor who has wronged him, with all the hard words and hard names he can think of. I have seen women on the low, flat roofs of their houses, screaming all sorts of horrible things about their husbands, and men sitting in the street, with back against the wall, shouting till they were dark in the face and too hoarse to speak, telling everybody about their cross and obstinate wives. The most curious part is that no one seems to listen or care anything about it, and, really, I do not think that the people who are howling care, either, whether anyone listens or not. Out upon a country road I once came upon a man who was ventilating his wrongs in this way, and I am sure, that, except his own family, there was not another mortal within sound of his voice; yet he was rattling on at a great rate concerning the treatment he received from his family.—*Wide Awake*.

Boasting.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," says the Word of God: Nothing is to be gained, but much may be lost, by boasting. Charles V., before he invaded France, ordered the court historian to obtain a large quantity of paper to record the victories which he was going to obtain. But he lost his general and a large part of his army by disease, and returned baffled, defeated and mortified.

Mrs. Judge B——, a wealthy and aristocratic lady of New Jersey, was one day sailing with a party of friends, when the subject of losing property was discussed. Mrs. B——, slipping a gold ring from her finger and dropping it into the river, said: "It is as impossible for me ever to become poor as for me to recover this ring." Not many days after, Mrs. B——'s cook came into the sitting-room and showed her a ring which had been taken from a fish. It was the ring she had dropped into the lake. Mrs. B—— died a pauper in Elizabethtown, N. J., and her husband died in the poor-house of an adjoining town.

Humility, and not boasting, is becoming in a Christian. Whatever you are, give all the glory to God. John Newton said: "I am not what I ought to be; I am not what I wish to be; I am not what I hope to be; but, by the grace of God, I am not what I was."

Exchange.

Susannah.

Susannah lived at Abbeokuta. And who was Susannah?

You had better ask first, "Where is Abbeokuta," for I should like to tell you a little about it. Susannah was not a robber, but she lived in what was once a robber's cave; at least that was the beginning of Abbeokuta.

No doubt you have heard of the horrors of the slave trade, and how, years ago, out in Africa, men, women, and little children were seized by those stronger than themselves, put in chains, and sent across the sea as slaves, to work in America and the West Indies. In certain districts the poor black people lived in constant terror of being taken by these cruel slave-hunters.

Now there was in the Yoruba country, in Western Africa, by a river-side, a wild rocky piece of land, and under one of the huge rocks was a large cave, which was the abode of robbers; but for some reason or other the robbers cleared off and went somewhere else.

By-and-by some of these poor black people found out the cave and thought it would be a nice place to hide in away from the slave-hunters. Presently some more came, and at last there were so many that they built huts among the rocks, and planted the ground, and were not afraid

any longer of their enemies. And they called the name of their town Abbeokuta, a word which means in their own language "under the stone" — because of the cave in which they first took refuge.

Something better still happened to them after this. The missionaries came and brought them the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And now, beneath their orange trees and bananas, and amongst the rocks under which they first found shelter, a happy Christian people dwell at this same Abbeokuta.

Here it was that Susannah lived. She had once been a heathen. She was black still in her outward form, but her heart had been made white, washed in the blood of Jesus; and she did all she could to bring others into His fold.

One Sunday morning a woman came to her to ask some question about the market and other matters; but Susannah was just getting ready to go to church and would not be detained by her visitor.

The woman turned to go away, when Su-

sannah remembered she might do some work for the Master, and, calling after her, she said, "Suppose you stop and go with me to God's house."

She replied she could not go to a Christian place of worship with all the heathen ornaments and charms with which her arms and feet were covered.

"Do not mind them," answered Susannah, "they need not hinder you, nobody will observe them." And at last the christian and the heathen went together to the house of God.

How new it all was to the poor ignorant black! The attention, the reverent behavior, the prayer to an unseen Being, the beautiful words of the service, astonished her greatly. But when the preacher began his sermon, she listened in wonder and delight to the story of the cross, the like of which she had never before heard. And as he went on she loosed her ornaments;

The Roman Slave.

Blandina was a Roman slave girl; one of a despised, down-trodden race, for whom life held little of love and less of pleasure. When to her was made known the story of Jesus' love, it filled her heart to overflowing with gratitude. Was it possible, the Incarnate God Himself loved her? that He had stooped to a slave's death to redeem and bless the slave? Matchless grace! To her heart the name of Christ became exceedingly precious; but her fidelity was to be sorely tried. A fierce persecution of the Christians was then raging in Rome. Blandina was arrested. The delicate girl of sixteen was racked, scourged, and her flesh torn with iron hooks to induce her to deny her Redeemer. In vain. All that torture could wring from her was the repeated declaration: "I am a Christian!" "I am a Christian!"

"I am a Christian!" words which seemed to support her wonderfully. When exposed at last to be torn by wild beasts, a calm, sweet smile rested upon her face, and with the name of Christ upon her lips the poor slave passed home to the glory-land.

Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of all who are not yet God's children as being slaves to sin.

What a dreadful fact! But the Lord Jesus died a slave's death to redeem the slave. Is His name precious to you as it

was to this poor child, who could rejoice amid the bitterest suffering that she was "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name"?

Can't Catch It.

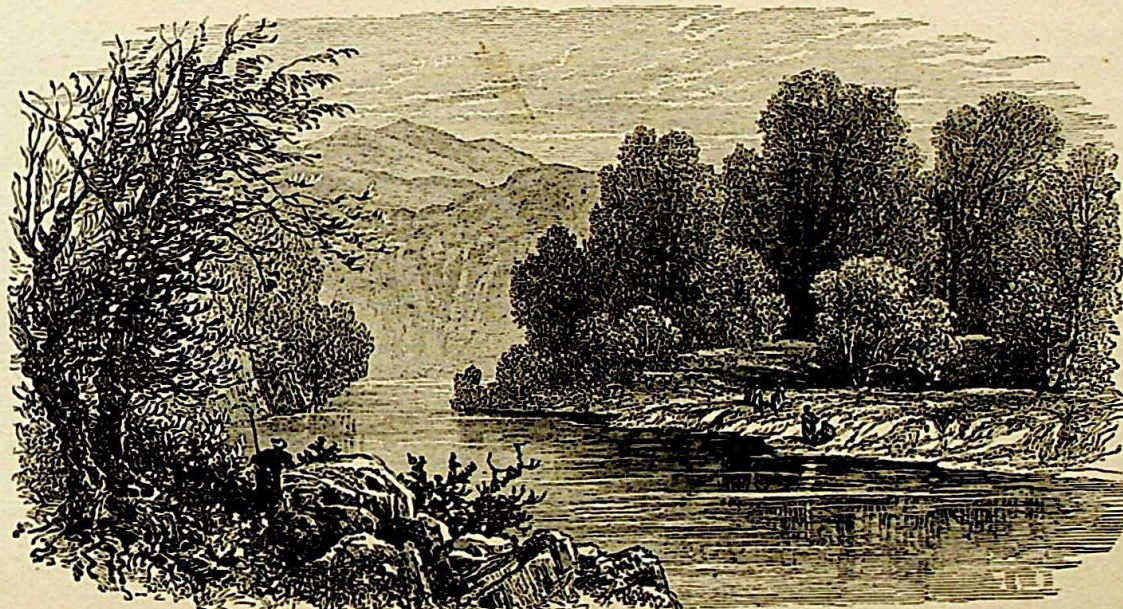
Children, what is it that you can never catch, even if you were to chase after it as quickly as possible with the swiftest horse in the world?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out from your lips.

Once spoken, it is out of your power: do your best, you can never recall it.

Therefore, take care what you say, for "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise." — Prov. 10, 19. — *Bible Circle Monthly.*

"Out of Christ as the way, there is nothing but wandering; out of Christ as the truth, nothing but error; out of Christ as the life, nothing but eternal death. — Look unto Him and be saved."



ON THE JORDAN.

one after another she let them drop gently on the floor, till before he had ended not one was left. What did she want of such things as these, if that Saviour of whom she heard could save and keep and defend in life and in death?

She became a regular attendant, and soon wished to be baptized. But there was one thing that troubled her—a very sad thing. She had pawned her only child! Some time before, she had owed about five shillings, and having no means of paying it, had put her little girl in pawn for that sum. Her friends soon found means to pay the money and restore the child, and the mother's joy was great.

I think Susannah's joy must have been hardly less to think that not only had she made a mother and child happy, but that, by God's grace, she had been the means of turning a soul from heathen darkness to christian light.

Do you not think we might take a lesson, and learn from black Susannah what a blessed thing it is to bring others into the fold of our Lord Jesus Christ?

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR mission at Concord, N. C., has been richly blessed by God during the past year. The number of church members has been more than doubled and the day school is attended by about 175 pupils.

—OUR missionary at Meherrin, Va., reports that station to be in a very prosperous condition. Church and school are very well attended. At Keysville, ten miles from Meherrin, an important mission field has been opened. A building has been erected and the day school already numbers 73 pupils. Besides these two stations two other stations are served by our missionary, where buildings are sadly needed. The Lord is indeed prospering our mission work among the colored people. Would to God that all Christians of the Synodical Conference would prove their gratitude for His rich blessings by becoming cheerful and liberal givers for our missionary treasury.

—THE corner stone of the St. John's Lutheran College at Winfield, Kansas, was recently laid with appropriate ceremonies. The building will not be finished until late in the fall, but arrangements have been made to open school in the first week of September.

—FROM a district in Africa that has but recently been swept by bitter persecution, Bishop Tucker writes: "Exaggeration about the eagerness of the people here to be taught there has been none. No words can describe the emotion which filled my heart as on Sunday I stood up to speak to fully 1000 men and women who crowded the church of Uganda. It was a wonderful sight! There, close beside me, was Katiikiro, the second man in the kingdom. There on every hand were chiefs of various degrees, all Christian men and all in their demeanor devout and earnest."

—A CONVENTION of young men from the various societies of young men in the churches of the Synodical Conference was recently held in Trinity German Lutheran church, Buffalo, to unite the individual associations of this kind into a general Society. The occasion was one of special interest.

—THE wages of Japanese are rarely more than ten cents a day, but last year the converts gave \$27,000 for mission purposes.

—DURING the present century 150,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 226 different languages.

—THE *Chronicle* of the London Society contains an account of the burial of a Betsileo prince, after a period of mourning of nine months on the part of his people. The story shows that among these Betsileos heathenism is still rampant. The body of the prince was borne from village to village, and oxen were killed at every stone altar along the road; an ox was also killed at every stream forded, and another one on entering, and still another on leaving a house. No less than three hundred oxen were thus slain along the way. The grave was in a natural cavern on the face of a per-

pendicular rock, and though the ladder used was seventy-eight feet long, it did not reach up to the tomb. The body was tied around the neck and hauled up by the ladder. The whole proceedings were accompanied by singing and dancing. Two or three accidents which occurred were attributed to the wrath of the deceased man over some want of respect shown in the ceremonies. The only pleasant thing about this incident is the fact that the successor of this prince, a woman, was strongly opposed to these proceedings, declaring that they were all nonsense, and it is hoped that she will break away from the chains of custom.

—FOR an illustration of the transforming power of the Gospel and the success of foreign missions turn to the history of Fiji. Half a century ago these Fijians were the vilest and most brutal of all savages upon the face of the earth. There are now found on these islands 969 churches, 354 other preaching places, 11 English missionaries, 71 native pastors, and over 30,000 members in good standing; 1724 Sunday schools with 2724 teachers and 38,918 scholars, 1976 day schools with 39,364 pupils, and the attendants upon public worship, over 102,000, include almost the entire population of the islands. The chief grounds for solicitude, it is said, relate to the spiritual crudeness of many of the genuine converts; the persistent efforts of Romish priests to beguile the people, though thus far without much success; and above all, the decline of the population, the deaths continually outnumbering the births.

—AFGHANISTAN has 6,000,000 of a population, and no missionary; India, one missionary to 275,000; Persia, one to 300,000; Thibet, one to 2,000,000. If 40,000 missionaries were sent to India, there would still be only one to every 50,000. Surely, the laborers are few.

—AN American missionary was once laboring with much learned argument to convert a Chinaman, but found himself nonplused when the listener retorted, "You are a profound scholar; you know everything. Tell me, then, why you wear those two superfluous buttons on the back of your coat." Whether the Chinaman received a satisfactory answer to his query or not will probably never be known; but one thing is certain—to set investigators to work, and it has since been ascertained that the two buttons are the survival of a semi-barbaric custom, and that they were originally sewed on to hold up a belt at the time when every gentleman wore a sword.

—THE China Mission of two of the Norwegian Synods in the United States supports five missionaries in the "Celestial Empire." Four more are to be sent out soon.

—TERFE, a young Abyssinian of the priest class, was educated in Florence under the care of the Swedish Abyssinian Mission. He has completed the course of study and passed the final examination in the Waldensian Normal School. This young man is able to converse in English, Swedish, Italian and Arabic. He

has large property in his native land, but he will devote himself to the evangelistic work there.

—A GOOD story has been told, illustrating the eagerness of many colored children in the South to go to school. This is about the little Georgia lad who found, on reaching the place where a Northern young woman had opened a school, that every seat was full. The teacher playfully suggested the stove, whereupon the little fellow quickly replied: "I'll sit there if you won't make it too hot." Another boy, hardly in his teens, walked sixteen miles daily to this same school, covering, during the school year, 2,256 miles. There is some food for thought here for the boys and girls who find study irksome, even with only a short distance to travel to reach their comfortable school house.

Acknowledgment.

Received per Rev. F. J. Lankenau from the Mt. Zion Congregation \$53.50 for the Mt. Zion Building Fund.
A. F. LEONHARDT.

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.

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.
Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.
Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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St. Louis, Mo., August, 1893.

No. 8.

The Blessing of Song.

"What a Friend we have in Jesus,"
Sung a weary child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.
All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;
Sweetly rang out baby's treble,
"All our sins and griefs to bear."
She was pointing out the Saviour,
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear helper so!
Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;
But the baby, singing, bid her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."
With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As He was the sinner's Lord.
Jesus was the only refuge;
He could take her sin and care;
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.
And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

Anonymous.

Rest for the Heavy Laden.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matth. 11, 28.) This is Christ's gracious invitation to the heavy laden. Who are they? They are those that have come to a knowledge and sense of their sin. God's holy law has laid open unto them their sinful, corrupt hearts; they find nothing good in themselves, but rottenness all over. Their sins have become a heavy burden unto them, and they know that they have deserved the everlasting punishment of a just and holy God. They labor and are heavy laden with this burden and cry out for rest. And there is rest for the heavy laden; for Christ says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In Christ there is rest, and in Christ only; for He is "the Lamb of God that taketh

away the sins of the world." Therefore "he that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life." (John 3, 36.) The moment the sinner comes to Christ, that is, believes in Christ, all his sins are forgiven, the heavy burden is taken away, and he has found rest. Christ has become to him a "rest stone," as a native of India once said.

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 along the hot, dusty and sandy ways 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 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 learned 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.

"God Knows What Is Best."

Very often in life, says a teacher, we are permitted to see the little child's faith taking firm hold of God's love. I was forcibly reminded of this not long since on being told of the words spoken by a little child whom I knew. Only five summers had passed over her young head, but she had loved going to the Sunday School. I had often taken her on Sunday afternoons, not to teach her, for I taught an older class.

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

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

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

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

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

The Word of Truth.

An honest Roman Catholic who had never heard of the Bible, received one as a gift, and at once began to read it.

"Wife, dear," said he, "if this book be true, we are *astray!*"

Still he read, and exclaimed, "Wife, dear, if this book be true, we are *lost!*"

He continued to search the sacred book. God's gracious Spirit shone upon it; and with joy he said, "Wife, dear, if this book be true, we are *saved!*"

Women of Nazareth.

In our picture we see women of Nazareth fetching water from the well. One of the most common and necessary outdoor occupations in Eastern countries is repairing to the wells for water. This laborious office is usually assigned to women. It is the business of the women in the East to fetch water. This they do in the cool of the mornings and evenings, at which times great numbers of females are seen going together on this employment. It is principally the girls who draw water, though they generally have with them one or more grown persons, and sometimes the married women go out. When thus engaged the Eastern women are much adorned; sometimes with trinkets of very great value. It was not, therefore, strange in the servant to put ornaments on Rebekah when she came forth to draw water.

Letter from Concord, N. C.

DEAR PIONEER:—

A day which will long be remembered by the colored people of Concord and vicinity was the 2d day of July. On that day the Ev. Luth. Grace Church of Concord was set apart for the service of God. The gothic frame building is 50×28×20 with entrance through the tower which from the ground to the cross is 68 ft. high. All the interior wood work and furniture is of North Carolina pine and finished in hard oil, while the walls are plastered and plasticoed. The church in every detail is beautiful and substantial and is a credit to the efficient contractor and builder, Capt. Propst.

The dedicatory services under the assistance of the Missionaries H. D. Schooff of Meherrin, Va., and W. P. Phifer of Charlotte were conducted by the undersigned who preached on Ps. 46, 1—7. In the afternoon the Sunday School, numbering 150 scholars, took possession of the new building. After the usual catechetical exercises Rev. Phifer preached a sermon based on the 122d Psalm. At night Rev. Schooff delivered a sermon on Gen. 28, 17. At all services the seating capacity of the church was taxed to its utmost. Our churches at Rimerstown, Mt. Pleasant and Rockville were fairly represented. The choir of Grace Church added much to the beauty of the services by its well rendered selections. The ladies of the church had turned the old school house into a beautiful dining room for the occasion and entertained at lunch some 100 guests. Between the morning and afternoon services representative men of the churches secured by your Missionary together with the

visiting brethren met in conference at which our Mission work was discussed. Warm and eloquent words of gratitude were expressed by these men for what the Ev. Luth. Synodical Conference had already done for them. They mutually pledged themselves to further the good work begun in their communities with the ability God had given. This little gathering served to cheer and encourage the workers and to strengthen the bonds of faith and love. It was resolved to hold a Mission festival some time in the fall at Immanuel Church.

Grateful acknowledgment is herewith re-

for \$5.00, John Wadsworth \$2.00, R. W. Allison, Esq., \$5.00 towards the furnishing of the interior.

May the Grace Church of Concord for generations to come resound with the fullness and riches of God's grace to fallen sinners. May streams of God's grace and blessing flow forth from her sanctuary to the homes of her children and make glad the city of God. May she amidst the raging of her enemies, amidst religious and political commotions, amidst the coming and going of new sects and new religions stand as a fortress on the mount unmoved and unshaken upon God's Word and Luther's doctrine pure. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

MISSIONARY.

Concord, N. C., July 17, 1893.

What Others Say.

It is always interesting to read what others say about our mission work among the colored people. We therefore clip the following from the *Daily Standard* of Concord, N. C.:—

The Dedication of Grace Lutheran Church.

Ten years ago a small Lutheran congregation of the colored race was organized in Concord. The work struggled on until the leader died.

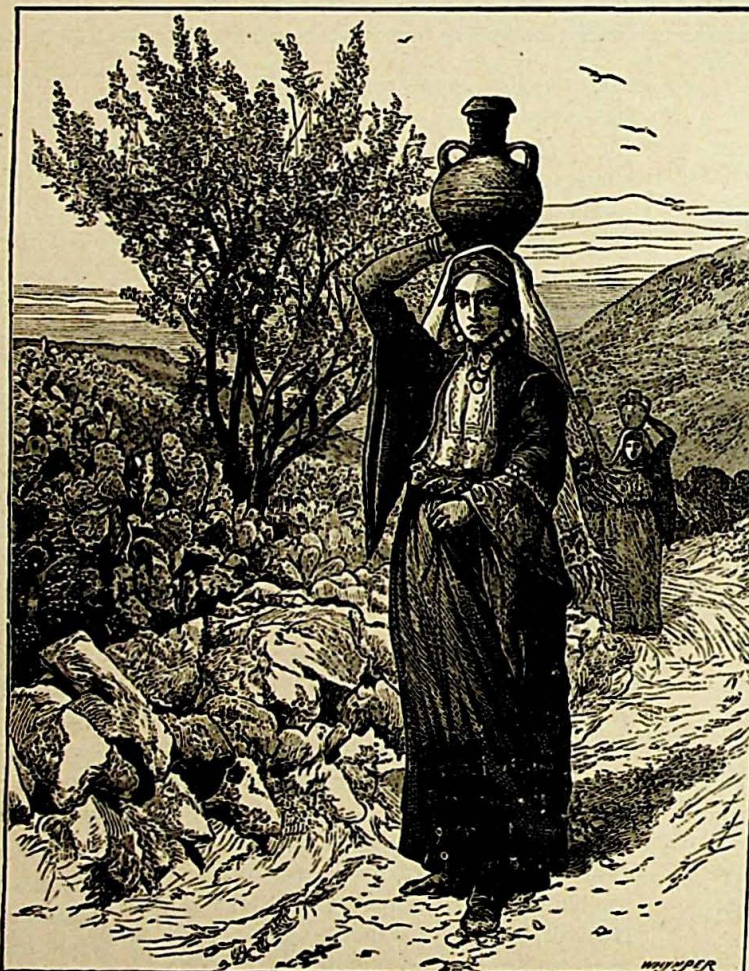
About 18 months ago Rev. N. I. Bakke, a Norwegian, and a representative of the Missouri Lutheran Synod, one of the strongest religious bodies in America, both in finance and numbers, was sent here to take charge of the work.

Mr. Bakke is an earnest and enthusiastic worker. He has been so successful in his work, both in teaching and preaching, that the congregation has grown at a phenomenal rate during Mr. Bakke's pastorate.

This prosperity and growth is to be seen in the handsome, well arranged and substantial new church building on Corbin street. There is not a more attractive church on the inside in the county. The arrangements are tasty and the furnishings are beautiful. The pulpit is exceptionally handsome.

This building was dedicated on Sunday, a large congregation assembled to participate in the services. Rev. N. I. Bakke preached, with feeling and force, the dedicatory sermon; he was assisted in the services by Revs. H. D. Schooff and—Phifer, both of whom preached during the day.

From what we have seen and heard others say, no man ever labored more faithfully, with energy and with purpose, to further the work, than Mr. Bakke. Public acknowledgment was made for the donation of the bell, communion set, organ, bible, etc. The congregation has reasons to feel proud of its church and pastor.



WOMEN OF NAZARETH.

turned to the following persons and churches for valuable donations to our church: To Rev. J. H. Sieker and his church at New York city for a beautiful Pedal Organ with two Manuals; to Rev. Aug. Schuessler and the Young Ladies Association of his church at Joliet, Ill., for a donation of \$88.35 for the purchase of a bell; to Rev. H. F. Sprengeler and his church at Milwaukee for a silver plated communion set; to Rev. P. Th. Roesener and the young people of his church at Altenburg, Mo., for a Baptismal Font; to Mr. H. Grote and members of Rev. F. Koesterings church at St. Louis for Interludes, Preludes and Choral Book; to Mrs. Sallie Alexander of Grace Church, Concord, for an illustrated pulpit Bible; to J. D. Cannen of Concord for 6 beautiful chandelier globes; to Cannen & Fetzer of Concord

The Pledged Violin.

"I will lend thee seven florins upon the instrument. It is not worth so much; nowhere else wouldst thou meet with such an offer."

The speaker—a pawnbroker by trade, a German by nationality, a Jew by birth—peered a little curiously at the customer before him as he spoke. In his hand he held a beautiful little violin worth far more than the trifling sum lent upon it. But the young man opposite him looked so hungry, so shabby, so hopeless, that he aroused only a feeling of extra cupidity in the dealer's heart.

"Seven florins. It is far above the value of such an instrument as this, it is good only for firewood. But there! seven florins, and if not redeemed in a fortnight, to become my property."

George Neumark had tears in his eyes as he gazed at his beloved violin. For ten years that little stringed instrument had been his companion and comforter. Brought with him from his birth-place, Langensalza, he had clung to it through every privation; clothing, even food had been gone without, but his violin had never been parted with. Now it had to go at last, and for so small a sum! No wonder the young man's lips quivered; well he knew that once out of his hands—once pledged for seven florins to the German Jew—he would never be able to redeem it. Never to play on it again, never to speak to his heart through the sensitive musical strings? The thought was almost more than he could bear.

"Mr. Schmidt," he said at last, "I must take your offer, but allow me to play a last tune on my dear violin. At the worst—and, alas! it is the very worst with me now—it has spoken to me and sung back all my courage and hope."

With much reluctance the Jew reached the violin over the counter. It was a valuable prize, and if once again in the young student's hand, he might refuse to part with it.

"Thou hast the florins; here they are," he said, pushing the coins toward the white, trembling fingers that were aching to take up the violin. "No backing from thy bargain. Thine the florins, mine the fiddle."

"Of all the sad hearts that have left your door, there has none been so sad as mine," replied the young man, his voice thick with emotion. "Only one more message through my friend."

Seizing the violin, the musician placed it lovingly beneath his chin and stretched out the bow firmly. Next moment a tune so exquisite, soft and musical throbbed out into the dusty room and even old Joe listened in spite of himself. A few chords, a few strains, and then a rich voice took up the melody:

"Life, so weary!
Saviour, take me."

The words were well known then; they are better known now. Sung as they were in that most obscure shop in one of the most obscure

streets in Hamburg by the author and composer, they were beautiful past all expression. Suddenly the key changed a few bars to the minor, and then their melody poured itself out anew, as Neumark's face lighted up with a smile and he sang:

"Yet who knows?
The cross is precious."

With that smile his renunciation was complete. Laying down the instrument, he said in Latin, "God's will be done!" and rushed out from the place.

"Can you tell me where I can get that song? I would willingly give a florin for it."

The speaker, a well-to-do, portly individual, laid his hand on George Neumark's sleeve as the young man ran out into the gathering darkness, leaving his beloved violin in the Jew's keeping.

George was yet quivering from the violence of his emotion, and it was rather a choking voice that replied:

"My good friend, I will cheerfully fulfill your wish without the florin;" for had he not seven pieces in his doublet-pocket, and would he sell the child of his brain! Taking the stranger into his poor lodging, he gave a copy of the hymn and little by little related the story of his grief at pledging his instrument.

Very skillfully his visitor put question after question until he understood something of the musician's history. Tears stood in honest John Gutig's eyes as he listened to the tale of poverty and privation so nobly borne.

John Gutig was a valet in the service of Baron Von Rosenkranz, the Swedish Ambassador, to the city of Hamburg. Next day the Baron was in possession of George Neumark's history. He was told of the hapless musician's poverty, his musical skill, his beautiful hymns, his beloved violin, and when at length he heard him himself he was as much enchanted as John Gutig had been.

"I am not in need of a court musician," he said smiling at the paled, young eager student, "but I do want a private secretary. Will you accept the post?"

No one need to say what was George Neumark's answer. The situation offered meant comparative wealth and freedom from care. It meant more—even the possession of his beloved instrument. His first step was toward the den of Mr. Schmidt. The Jew was quite taken aback at the redemption of so valuable a pledge; with a sigh he gave it up, for with it went his hopes of a great bargain.

Towards his old lodgings George Neumark next took his way. His landlady had always taken a deep interest in his tribulations; she must be a sharer also in his joy. In a few minutes the room was crowded with friends and neighbors anxious to hear him play again upon his instrument. Bow in hand, he stood considering for an instant how he could best preach a sermon of trust in a living, loving God. Then soft and low, glad and triumphant,

each turn by turn, swelled out the words of his own sweet hymn:

"If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength what'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the Rock that naught can move."

When asked if he made the hymn himself, George Neumark modestly replied:

"Well, yes; I am the instrument, God swept the keys. These words, 'Who trusts in God's unchanging love,' lay like a soft burden on my heart. I went over them again, and so they shaped themselves into the song—how, I can not tell. I began to sing and pray for joy, and my soul blessed the Lord; then word followed word like from a fountain."

May we be able each one to repeat Neumark's beautiful thought in our lives. "I am the instrument, but God sweeps the keys."

Heathen Superstition.

"After the open-preaching," says a missionary in China, "I was going home, when I met a young woman walking slowly along the street holding up a large green umbrella, though it was quite fine, and carrying a lighted lantern, though it was quite light, and with a child's garment on her arm. She was plaintively calling someone by name. The poor thing was looking for the departed soul of her sick child! Everyone, you know, is supposed to have three souls, and the child was so sick it was evident one of its souls had already departed and was hovering about in the neighborhood. She was calling it to come back; the lantern was to enable it to find its way; the child's garment on her arm it would at once recognize and reinhabit; and the umbrella overhead would protect it from the sun and make it otherwise snug and comfortable. On her return to the house she would lay the garment on her child, and the recaptured soul, thus conducted back, would enter in and dispel the sickness!"

"I Just Begged."

A missionary in Jamaica called on a sick boy who had been near death.

"I often wished you had come and prayed with me, sir," said the boy.

"But, Thomas, I hope you prayed yourself?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And how did you pray?" inquired the missionary.

"Why, sir, I just *begged and begged!*"

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."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE Rev. Dr. Harpster, of Canton, Ohio, member of the General Synod, has tendered his resignation to his congregation, his purpose being to return ultimately to mission work in India, which he some years ago laid down on account of sickness. In his letter of resignation he says: "I have been willing to be guided by the indications of Providence and to do the work which seemed to lie nearest me, but I have always held myself ready to say, 'Here am I; send me,' as soon as God should open the way for my return. The way has now been opened and my conviction of duty is altogether clear; so clear, that if God should speak to me with audible voice, I do not think it would deepen much my conviction that the work which still remains for me to do on earth lies among the people of India."

—THE Board of Church Extension of the General Synod has just received a valuable gift, in the shape of a fine farm from Mrs. Sarah Sell. The property is worth over \$11,000.

—OUR Board for Lutheran Colored Mission is in pressing need of money. Church and school buildings have recently been erected, and the expenses for our Colored Mission have increased during the past year. Let this be remembered at all our mission festivals, and not only at our mission festivals, but in all our congregations during the entire church-year.

—AFTER two missionary meetings in Melbourne, Australia, recently, a hard working man sent in the title deeds of a farm of 93½ acres, worth \$2,500, to be divided between missions to India and New Guinea. On being spoken to about the largeness of his gift, he said: "This is how I look at it. Supposing I were a boy, and my father gave me a sovereign, but afterward wanted me to let him have part of the money back to help him in some work he was doing, and I gave him a threepenny-piece, what sort of a son should I be?"

—A MISSIONARY in Madagascar writes as follows as to the source of progress which has been witnessed in that great African island within the past few years: "It was the Bible that has made Madagascar. They had now in Madagascar 1360 congregations—self-supporting Christian congregations—and that work had been mainly done by the Bible. The people of Madagascar had one book, and that book the Bible, and they regarded all other books as only useful so far as they threw light on the Bible, and helped them to understand it. The Roman Catholics had been in Madagascar since 1616, but no trace of their work remains because they did not give the Word of God to the people."

—ACCORDING to the statistics of Dr. Dalman, of Leipzig, one of the foremost authorities on Jewish missions, there are 55 Protestant missionary societies for work among the Jews, with 399 missionaries, and an income of \$406,000. During this century about 120,000

Jews have become converts to Christianity and been baptized. Under the Lord's blessing even this most arduous branch of mission work is not in vain. Even among the proud and perverse children of Israel His promise is fulfilling: "My Word shall not return to me void."

—ICELAND furnishes an example of what the Lutheran Church does for intellectual and religious training of the young. There is no other church on the Island. Every child of seven years is able to read, even in the poorest fisherman's hut. The mothers teach them, and the pastors are careful that this work is not neglected.

—A SOCIETY has recently been formed in Europe to be known as "The United Christian Mission." It sets out to send "one clear Gospel message into every home." It is now one year old, and although so young, has spoken, through the press and otherwise, in twelve different languages, to more than 2,750,000 Roman Catholic families.

—THE bicycle is becoming a favorite means of locomotion not only for pastors in Christian countries, but also for foreign missionaries. Missionary Holten in Malur, near Madura, East Indies, finds he can travel much more conveniently in this way than by the native ox teams. Rev. Ashe, of Uganda, Africa, has made many a long journey on the wheel over the caravan routes.

—BY the last report of the London Missionary Society there were 24,263 Christian adherents in connection with the churches of that society in Samoa. This is out of a population of about 36,000; of this number, 6,526 are reported as communicants. There were 169 native ordained ministers, besides 214 other preachers. The joint Protectorate of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States over the Samoan Islands is not working very well, and the outlook is not hopeful. It has been from Samoa that a large number of native missionaries have gone to New Guinea, and the training institution at Malua is in excellent condition.

—WHEREAS fifty years ago there were but 502 missionary stations in foreign lands, there are now 5,765; and that in the place of 653 ordained missionaries at that time, there are now 6,000, and whereas at that time there were only 1266 other laborers and assistants (besides the regular ordained missionaries) in foreign lands, there are now 40,552, and there are 857,332 communicants in the mission churches, and 1,813,596 adherents, and 457,502 pupils in the mission schools.

—A FACT reported from Uganda illustrates in a striking manner the spirit of the Protestant community in that kingdom. Some boxes arrived, containing copies of the Gospels, prayer-books, and large wall sheets. Notice was given on a Sunday that the books would be sold on the next day. The missionary, Mr. Baskerville, reports that before light he was aroused by the roar of voices and arose

to find his house in a state of siege. He barricaded the doors to keep the people outside, selling the books through the front window. But the barricade was useless; in came the door, and Mr. Baskerville says that there were 1,000 or more people, each with shells, "mad to buy a book." There were only three loads of books, whereas fifty could have been sold. Such eagerness to obtain portions of the Word of God is certainly a most hopeful sign.

—THESE are the words of David Brainerd, with reference to his toil in behalf of the Indian, and they contain the secret of his success: "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls for Christ. While I was asleep I dreamed of these things, and when I awoke the first thing I thought of was this great work. All my desire was for their conversion, and all my hope was in God."

—THE Norwegian Mission Institute at Stavanger will send out fourteen foreign missionaries next spring.

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.

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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No. 9.

"I Have Chosen You."

John 15, 16.

Oh, can it be, Lord Jesus,
That Thou hast chosen me,
So poor and so unworthy,
Thy very own to be;
To dwell amid Thy splendors,
To gaze upon Thy face,
And through unending ages
Thy matchless beauties trace?
Yes, yes, for Thou hast said it,
"I, I have chosen thee;"
And with this sweet assurance
My heart makes melody.
Nought, nought Thy choice can alter;
From Thee I ne'er shall part,
For I am Thine for ever;
My name is on Thy heart.
And now, while I am waiting
To meet Thee in the air,
Oh, fill my mouth with praises,
Oh, free my heart from care;
"Much fruit" let me be bearing,
In prayer be instant still,
And ever till Thou comest
Delight to do Thy will.
Oh, then will be the rapture,
Oh, then will be the song,
Oh, then will be the symphony
Of heaven's angelic throng,
When Christ His bride, His chosen,
Unto Himself shall bring,
Without one spot or wrinkle,
Meet partner for the King.

Selected.

The Self-Righteous.

The self-righteous man will not come to Jesus. He nurses the delusion that it is well with him and does not feel the need of a Saviour. A man that is righteous in his own eyes will not seek other righteousness and will not accept it when it is offered. The self-righteous man is a condemned sinner, but he will not acknowledge his sins. He is on the way to hell, but he will not believe it and therefore rejects the Saviour. Such a man must be brought to the knowledge of his sin and to a sense of God's wrath over sin before he will accept the righteousness of Christ offered to him in the Gospel. Therefore God gives us His holy law to show us our sinful-

ness. When Miss Susan was scolded for the untidiness of the room, she said: "It would be clean enough, if it was not for the bright sun, which is always showing the dirty corners." So it is only when the word of God shines into our hearts and reveals all the secret chambers, that we realize our sinfulness and rottenness. We then see that there is nothing good in us, but that every imagination of the thoughts of our hearts is only evil continually. We then are brought to despair of our own righteousness and see that we are on the road to everlasting death. The precious Gospel news of a Saviour from sin and all its woe will then be welcome news to us.

A lady in Dorsetshire, England, went to the home of a sick man, Joe Whitbread by name. She found him very ill.

After speaking with him for a few minutes concerning his health, she turned the conversation to his state before God. He unhesitatingly declared that in that respect he was all right, as he had never injured any one in his life, and was not afraid to die, altogether evincing his state to be one of stubborn *self-righteousness*.

Having heard all that he had to say without making much answer, she proposed to read to him a little from the Bible. He made no objection, and she accordingly opened her Bible at Romans 3, 9, reading it as follows, very slowly:

"What then? are we better than they? No, in no wise; for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin"—except Joe Whitbread."

"As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one"—except Joe Whitbread."

"There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God"—except Joe Whitbread."

"They are gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one"—except Joe Whitbread."

"Now, we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God"—except Joe Whitbread."

"Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight"—except Joe Whitbread.

"But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets, even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference"—except Joe Whitbread."

"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God"—except Joe Whitbread."

When she came to the last of these verses he cried out in great distress, "O, stop, stop, ma'am!"

She, affecting surprise, asked what was the matter, remarking, "I am only putting together what God says and what you say. God says 'all have sinned'; and you say you have not; so that must be 'except Joe Whitbread.'" Only a few more words passed, and she left.

The next time she saw him his face lighted up with joy as he expressed his longing to see her, that he might tell her how the word she read to him opened his eyes to see his condition as a sinner in the sight of God, and to accept Jesus as his only Saviour from sin.

"Joy and peace," said he, "have filled my heart since the hour I trusted in Jesus."

A few days afterward he fell asleep, praising the name of Him who is the friend of sinners, and who said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Cling the Closer.

We take our little child in our arms out of the bright gas-lighted parlor to carry it to bed. The hall is dark, and almost unconsciously the tiny arms tighten, the head nestles closer in its trust, because we have come away from the light. So God, for the sake of having us cling more closely, sometimes carries us in the dark. Perhaps it is a loss of property, or the coldness of those who have been valued friends. Perchance we have been misjudged, or harshly criticised, or unappreciated. God is carrying us in the dark. Do we cling closer and trust more fully?

Self-Torture.

Who are those men whom you see in our picture cutting and torturing themselves in such a horrible manner? They are Hindoo Fakirs. And who are the Hindoo Fakirs? They are a class of people among the heathen in India who torture their bodies that they may please their gods and obtain forgiveness of sin.

The poor heathen in India know not the true God nor the way to heaven. They therefore torture themselves in many ways, in order to suffer for their sins and gain the favor of their gods.

The cruel custom of driving an iron hook into the back and then swinging on the hook was formerly practiced by many Hindoos. Recently this cruel custom was again witnessed at different places. When the English officers told the victims of this horrible superstition not to do so, one of them said he had lost three of his children and a goddess had come to him in the night and ordered him to swing himself on the iron hook in order to appease the wrath of god and to save his other two children from death.

A few months ago an aged Hindoo, with heavy chains fastened to his body, came to a railroad station to take the train. His chains were so heavy that the conductor would not take him as a passenger but only as freight. By the burning sun the iron chains had been so heated that the old man had to be sprinkled with water, in order to save him from dying at the station.

Missionaries in India have related many stories of self-torture practiced in that heathen country. A young man left his home to visit a famous idol temple. It was hundreds of miles from where he lived. He did not ride or walk, nor did he ever rise upon his feet; but he measured his way by his own body. He rested on his knees, then he stretched his hands forward along the ground, and so drew his body onward. Every time he moved a length he beat his forehead three times against the ground. A missionary saw him and called on him to stop; he did not notice what was said, but continued on his way. The missionary then stood in his path and stopped him. He looked up, his lips moving in prayer to his god in a low, grumbling tone of voice.

He seemed to be about twenty-one years of age, and was worn out with his efforts to move along.

He was asked how far he had come in that manner.

"Seven hundred and fifty miles!" he replied.

"How long have you been on the way?"

"About eight months."

"Where are you going?"

"To Juggernaut's temple."

the vermin gnawed his flesh; then he lay on a bed of spikes, on which he was drawn around the country thousands of miles, for thirty-five years. Everywhere the people honored him as a god. Sometimes, in the cold season, he caused water to be poured on his head, night and day; and in hot weather logs of wood were kept burning around him to make his sufferings the greater.

Another man held his arms over his head till they withered away, and the blood no longer flowed in them. Others have sat with their legs crossed under them till their limbs became useless; or have hung themselves by their legs from the trees; or have lived a long time in a river with the water up to their shoulders; or have placed themselves to be scorched by small fires, or thrust knives through their hands; or practiced many other cruel modes of self-torture on their bodies.

Poor deluded people! Satan indeed leads them captive at his will; and Satan is a murderer from the beginning. How thankful ought we to be that God has made known to us the Gospel of Jesus, in whom we have redemption through His blood, namely the forgiveness of sins! And how zealous ought we to be to bring this Gospel to those that are still sitting in heathen darkness and misery and know not the Saviour who came into this world, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."



HINDOO FAKIRS.

"What do you expect from all the pain and exertion which you endure?"

"Almost everything; particularly that hereby my sins shall all be forgiven."

The missionary told him of Jesus Christ, and that He died to take away our sins, and that if he would believe in Him, he would at once find the blessings he wanted. He looked up with surprise, when a number of wicked priests came around and urged him to proceed; and on he went, dragging himself along beneath a burning sun.

Another missionary writes of a boy, ten years of age, who began torturing himself by lying on thorns and pebbles. After this he shut himself in a cell for twelve years, where

Did You Lose It?

A little five-year-old, who had listened to a sermon on giving to the Lord, was soon thereafter given two pennies, and resolved that one should be the Lord's and that the other should go for candy. She put them in her pocket and went out to play, and in her romps one of the pennies was lost. On her return to the house she exclaimed: "O mamma, I've lost the Lord's penny!" Whose penny do you lose when one is missing?

MANY a coffin is covered with roses by hands that never before gave its occupant anything but thorns.

The Missionary's Well and Its Wonderful Results.

The following most interesting narrative about a well is from the autobiography of the Rev. J. G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides. This well, as will be seen, proved the means of opening up Aniwa to the reception of the Gospel.

The want of fresh water was so great that Mr. Paton almost felt as though the success of his mission depended on his getting it. He decided to sink a well, though unaided by any science that might guide him in so doing, relying entirely on the help of God. The natives earnestly dissuaded him from spending his labor in vain; they had never heard of nor seen a well, and thought it quite madness to attempt to get water from the earth in this fashion. They thought the missionary had lost his senses.

As the old chief remarked:

"Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?"

"I told him," says Mr. Paton, "fresh water does come up springing from the earth in my land at home, and I hope to see it here also."

The old chief grew more tender in his tones and cried:

"Oh, Missi, your head is going wrong; you are losing something, or you would not talk wild like that! Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again."

Most of the work he had to do himself, as no native would venture into the pit. He staked much on this well, knowing that if successful it would not only prove an unspeakable boon, but would be a great moral influence.

"At last so much had been done that it seemed safe to say the water would come tomorrow," says Mr. Paton.

"Next morning I went down again at day-break and sank a narrow hole in the centre about two feet deep. The perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement and I trembled through every limb when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, and the little 'tinny' dropped from my hand with sheer joy, and I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom to praise the Lord. It was water! It was fresh water! True, it was a little brackish, but nothing to speak of; and no spring in the desert cooling the parched lips of a fevered pilgrim ever appeared more worthy of being called a well of God than did that water to me.

"The chiefs had assembled with their men near by. They waited on in eager expectancy. It was a rehearsal, in a small way, of the Israelites coming round while Moses struck the rock and called for water. By-and-by, when I had praised the Lord and my excitement was a little calmed, the mud being also greatly

settled, I filled a jug, which I had taken down empty in the sight of them all, and, ascending to the top, called for them to come and see the rain which Jehovah God had given us through the well. They closed around me in haste and gazed on it in superstitious fear. The old chief shook it to see if it would spill, and then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it and shouted, 'Rain! rain! Yes, it is rain! But how did you get it?'

"I repeated, 'Jehovah, my God, gave it out of His own earth in answer to our labors and prayers. Go and see it springing up for yourselves.'

"Now, though every man there could climb the highest tree as swiftly and as fearlessly as a squirrel or an opossum, not one of them had courage to walk to the side and gaze down into that well. To them this was miraculous. But they were not without a resource that met the emergency. They agreed to take firm hold of each other by the hand, to place themselves in a long line, the foremost man to lean cautiously forward, gaze into the well and then pass to the rear and so on, till all had seen 'Jehovah's rain' far below. It was somewhat comical, yet far more pathetic, to stand by and watch their faces as man after man peered down into the mystery and then looked up at me in blank bewilderment. When all had seen it with their very own eyes and were 'weak with wonder,' the old chief exclaimed,

"'Missi, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God! No god of Aniwa ever helped us in this way.'"

The effect was magical; the natives were overwhelmed with wonder and awe. Though the islanders repeatedly tried to sink wells themselves in imitation of Mr. Paton's feat, their efforts were unavailing. To use Mr. Paton's own words, "The back of heathenism was broken." Piles of idols were brought from all parts of the island and destroyed amid shouts of "Jehovah!" The natives "flocked around us now at every meeting we held. They listened eagerly to the story of the life and death of Jesus. They voluntarily assumed one or another article of clothing." They established "a form of family worship every morning and evening. . . . Industry increased. Huts and plantations were safe. Formerly every man in traveling carried with him all his valuables. Now they were secure left at home."

Driven from Home.

Futika was a native of Bengal, and by trade a weaver. He was a strict idolater. One day a Christian tract was given to him; when he read it he began to think that his religion must be wrong; and that if he could get more of the little books they would teach him the right way to heaven. He obtained others, and was

so pleased with them, that he went among his friends, to tell them about the good news.

He then left his home, and traveled to Serampore, to find out the missionaries who gave the tracts away. It was a long way to go, but he arrived safely at the place. He went up and down the streets, but could not find where the missionaries lived. He called at the house of a great man, thinking he might be able to tell him, but the doorkeeper seized him by the neck, and drove him from the yard. He was very sorry that he could not find the servants of Jesus Christ, and at last was obliged to go back to his village, having spent all his money.

Still his mind was not at rest; the tracts had shown him the folly of bowing down to idols, and he longed to know more of the true way of salvation. After some months had passed away, he left his home again, along with two friends, whose minds had also been impressed by the tracts. They walked to Serampore, and asked for the place where the new books were printed.

It was so that they came near the door of the mission house, and as a Brahmin heard them inquiring for the Christian teachers, he began to dispute with them. This caused a noise to be made, which was heard by a native assistant passing by; and he led them into the house.

Futika was full of joy, and he and his friends remained in the place five days. The tracts Futika carried home with him were his delight; he was so intent in reading them that he almost forgot to eat. His mother, sister, and friends now began to show their rage; and the head man of the village collected a mob, and went one day to his house.

It was Sunday, and Futika was at prayer, when the people rushed in, bound his hands, and dragged him into the road. All the men, women and children of the village now ran to the spot. Some hissed at him, and mocked, others threw dust on him, and rubbed his eyes, and stopped his ears with mud. "If you will worship the gods," they said, "we will let you go." But no, Futika would no more give his heart to idolatry.

The crowd took away his Testament, which the missionaries had given him, and tore it up; then, rushing into his house, they seized his much loved tracts and destroyed them also. This was a sad loss to Futika; still he remained firm and patient under their insults. Finding they could not terrify him, they next dragged him to the idol temple, and tied him to a pillar; and here he remained until the evening, when he was set at liberty.

After this, Futika left his village and went to live at Serampore, where he was engaged in the service of the mission.

THERE are people who seem to lose all their religion the minute they can't have their own way.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A LUTHERAN Home for Aged People has been erected near Chicago and was dedicated Aug. 20th with appropriate ceremonies. Thousands of Lutherans from Chicago and vicinity took part in the dedication services.

—THE *Workman* of Pittsburgh says: The old Norwegian Lutheran Synod, which did not enter into the "United Norwegian Church," so far from being dead or dying, has manifested renewed life and vigor. Its district synods met in a triennial convention in Chicago, on the 16th of June, and transacted a large amount of business. The venerable President, Rev. Preuss, who for the past 31 years has filled this office, gave an encouraging review of the Synod during the past three years. During this time, there had been an increase of 79 churches and 49 pastors, the Theological Seminary at Robinsdale, near Minneapolis, having lately in addition graduated 16 candidates. The Synod is actively engaged in mission work among the Norwegian immigrants at New York, the seamen in Brooklyn and New York, the Mormons in Salt Lake, the heathen in Africa, India, Madagascar (through the missionary societies of the Fatherland) and their scattered people in the Home field both in the East and in the North-eastern States and territories. The Publication House of the Synod has been quite a success, and brought in a revenue of \$10,000 during the past three years. The educational work of the Synod has made large advance during the same time in the rebuilding of the fine college at Decorah, Iowa, the establishment of the Theological Seminary near Minneapolis, and the erection of the college building near Tacoma, Washington. The school for Indians at Wittenberg, Wis., is in a prosperous condition, and last year numbered 164 children. Of these, 12 were baptized, 24 were confirmed, and two are applicants for admission in the college at Decorah. The Synod also conducts an orphan house, to which a valuable farm was donated by a worthy couple.

—THE report of the Foreign and British Bible Society is published, showing that the issues for the past year had been 4,049,756, an increase over the circulation of the previous year of 60,541. The total issues since the formation of the society have been 135,894,552 copies. The sale of Scriptures had amounted to \$499,165, an increase over the previous year of \$14,805; the free contributions had reached the sum of \$687,725. The deficits which had amounted to \$335,000, had been reduced to \$200,000.

—THE first printing of the entire Bible in the language of the Gilbert Islanders was recently finished at the Bible House, New York City, completing the thirty-four years' labor of Rev. Hiram Bingham. Mr. Bingham was born in Honolulu, the son of the first American missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

—A PASTOR in remitting to the treasury of a mission Board the sum of nineteen dollars, gives an interesting account of the way in which this amount was secured. A little more than a year ago a man who had been far astray from God was converted, and he at once gave himself to active Christian work. Feeling that he ought to do something for foreign missions, he prayed earnestly that some way might be opened for him to aid the cause. Procuring five empty beehives he placed them in his field, and solemnly promised the Lord that he would give the product of those hives to foreign missions. Strange to say, it was only a few days before every hive had a colony of bees. Where they came from no one could tell. At the close of the season the honey was sold and the proceeds amounted to the nineteen dollars which have just been remitted. These bees are already at work this year, and a larger amount is anticipated in the autumn for foreign missions. How much might be earned for benevolent work if Christians had their hearts warmed and would set their wits at work!

—A POOR woman brought five dollars to her pastor as a gift to the mission cause, saying: "Here is my thank-offering. The Lord has given me strength to labor and support myself and my children, and I have saved this much during the past three months, and I wish it to help give the Gospel to others." Would that the thank-offering system were more generally observed among us! Reader, have you not often occasion to render special thanksgiving to God for deliverance, helps, comforts and blessings manifold? And will you not thank Him with your hands as well as with your heart and voice? Afflictions would be more fully sanctified unto us, if we were more grateful for deliverance.

—It would seem that the Mohammedans are actually in earnest about converting America to their faith. They will shortly commence the publishing of a weekly paper to be known as the *Moslem World*, and have also arranged to locate a Moslem colony in Georgia, where they are negotiating for a large tract of land.

—THE Census Bureau has issued a bulletin which shows that there are 47 Chinese temples in the United States valued at \$62,000, claiming 100,000 worshippers. Forty of these temples are in California, four in New York, two in Idaho, and one in Oregon. Every Chinese temple is a house of prayer or worship, but no sermon is preached, no priest installed, no religious instruction given and no seating accommodations provided. There is always at least one shrine, the more frequented temples having several, so that a number of persons can perform the same ceremony, each for himself, without being obliged to take turns. The worshippers do not meet in a body, nor is any particular time set for devotions. The revenues are derived largely from the privilege, sold at auction to the highest bid-

der, of selling the articles of worship, which every worshiper must have.

—THE China Inland Mission sent out 57 missionaries between August, 1892, and February of this year. Of these 25 are from Great Britain, 6 from America and 5 from Australia. For three months 113 baptisms are reported.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ERZAEHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. 17. Baendchen: Pompeji's letzte Tage. 18. Baendchen: Ein furchtbares Himmelfahrtsfest. Price 25 cents each. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Missouri.

To counteract the baneful influence of the fashionable rotten and boshy "story-books," our Publishing House at St. Louis from time to time issues wholesome, instructive and interesting narratives for our German youth. These little volumes, handsomely bound, are heartily recommended to our German boys and girls.

SYNODAL-BERICHT. Verhandlungen der deutschen ev.-luth. Synode von Missouri, Ohio und andern Staaten, versammelt als Delegaten-Synode. Anno Domini 1893. Price 25 cents. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

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.

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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.

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.

Cor. Rock & 12th Sts., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
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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. XV.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1893.

No. 10.

Forsake Us Not.

Forsake us not—O Lord! be near
Thy Church, when low'ring clouds appear;
That heav'nly light, Thy word divine,
Continue in our midst to shine.

While sin and death around we see,
Oh! grant that we may constant be;
And pure retain, till life is spent,
Thy precious word and sacrament.

Dear Saviour! help—Thy church uphold;
For we are sluggish, thoughtless, cold—
Indue Thy word with pow'r and grace,
And spread its truth in ev'ry place.

Reformation Day.

On the 31st of October the Lutheran Church celebrates Reformation Day. This day reminds us of the great work which God has done for His Church through His chosen servant Dr. Martin Luther.

When Luther was born, darkness had spread over the Church. The light of God's Word was hidden under the rubbish of Romish errors and superstitions. In this darkness people groped about and found no peace for their souls. They were pointed to other saviours than the Lord Jesus Christ. They were told to trust in their prayers to the saints and in their own works. But the troubled soul can never find peace in the way pointed out by the Romish church. Luther himself went this way but found no peace. Anxious for his soul's salvation, he entered the cloister; he prayed and fasted until he looked more like a corpse than a living man; he heard and said mass; he went to Rome and climbed up the so-called Pilate's stairs on his bare knees to gain rest for his soul. He tried to merit salvation by his own works and to get to heaven by his own righteousness. He went the way which the Romish church tells sinners to go and was brought near to despair. But God's time for the reformation of His Church had come, and Luther was the instrument chosen for this great work.

When Luther was near despair, God opened to him the Bible, which had been hidden from the people for centuries during the long reign of popery. From the Bible Luther learned

the true way to heaven. He learned that the sinner is saved, not by his own works and holiness, but by grace through faith in the merits of Jesus, the only Saviour of sinners. In the Gospel of Christ Luther found rest, and peace, and salvation. This Gospel ever remained dear to his heart. He himself says: "In my heart reigns, and shall ever reign, this one article alone—faith in my dear Lord Jesus Christ, which is the beginning, middle and end of all my religious thoughts, by day and by night."

Having experienced the saving power of the Gospel in his own heart, he loudly proclaimed it for the salvation of sinners and boldly defended it against the pope and all its enemies. In all his sermons and writings it was his aim to make plain the Gospel way to heaven by grace through faith in the merits of Christ Jesus. By this pure Gospel God Himself carried out the work of the reformation. Luther says: "I did nothing but teach and preach the pure doctrine of Christ and translate the Gospels, and laid me down and slept and rose again. The Holy Spirit did the rest through the Gospel."

Thus the victory was won. We still enjoy its fruits and its blessings, and rejoice and give thanks to God for His great mercy on Reformation Day. But a gratitude which bears no fruit is worthless. The true children of the Reformation, enjoying its great blessings, will help to bring these blessings to others. Every true Lutheran must be a zealous missionary. Like our dear Luther he must earnestly labor for the spread of the pure Gospel, bringing others into the true way to heaven.

Look to your Marching Orders.

The gallant Duke Wellington once met a young clergyman, who, being aware of the General's former residence in the East, and of his familiarity with the ignorance and obstinacy of the Hindoos in support of their false religion, gravely proposed the following question:—"Does not your grace think it almost useless and extravagant to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos?" The Duke imme-

diately replied, "Look, sir, to your marching orders: 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.'" (Mark 16, 15.)

Every Christian is a "soldier of the cross," enlisted and held in service under Jesus Christ. It is required of a soldier, not only that he shall not entangle himself with the business of the world, but also that he hold himself ever on the alert to catch his "marching orders"—and do his Captain's bidding. No Christian can doubt or question these things, and hence none should fail to see the pertinence of Wellington's answer as it bears upon the Christian's duty of carrying the Gospel to the ignorant and obstinate. Our mission work among the colored people may be hard work, and our missionaries may often feel discouraged; but let us all look to our "marching orders" and obey our Captain's bidding. No soldier has any responsibility as to the wisdom of his "marching orders," nor has he any responsibility as to the results of his obeying the orders. His only concern is to obey; Christ, his great Captain, will look out for the rest. Has He not promised to be with us, with every detachment of His missionary forces, "always even unto the end of the world"?

Christ Only.

If you can not see Christ with you in the furnace, you can be quite sure He is there. What though I were in the deep three days and three nights, if I have Christ with me there! Whatever the place I am brought into, I shall find sweetness if He is with me. O do not let Christ have the second place! It is to be nothing else than Christ and you, and you and Christ, all the way through the wilderness. Let Him always be the only object before your mind. Refuse to see anything save with Him. Having Him you will find strength for everything.—*Selected.*

"THE souls of believers at death do immediately pass into glory." The Christian who can confidently speak of God as his God, of Christ as his Saviour, and of heaven as his home, need not fear death. There may be "but a step between him and death," but that step takes him into glory!

Reformation sung in by Luther's Hymn.

Luther gave to the people not only the Bible and the Catechism, but also a number of Gospel hymns which aided greatly in spreading the work of the Reformation. A Spanish monk writes of Luther's hymns: "It is a matter of great wonder, how deep a root these hymns have taken, which, coming in numbers from Luther's workshop, are now sung in all houses and shops, markets, streets, and country lanes."

At Brunswick, in the year 1527, the people met in one of the churches to do away with the popish ceremonies. The town-council, who were of Romish opinions, had called to their aid a Doctor of theology from Magdeburg. This Dr. Sprengle proudly promised that, by three sermons, he would root out all "Lutheran heresy" in Brunswick. He was received in great pomp by the priests and monks and soon began to preach. But when, in the middle of his sermon, he tried to prove from a passage in the New Testament that man could get salvation by good works, one of his hearers rose up and cried out with a loud voice: "Doctor, you are misquoting the text; in the Holy Scriptures it is written differently." Visibly annoyed, the Doctor answered: "Good friend, you perhaps have a different translation; in mine it is thus written." However, he went on preaching and again said that every man can be saved by his own good works. An honest citizen now cried out: "Priest, you lie," and in a clear voice began to sing Luther's hymn:

"O God! look down from heav'n, and see
A sight that well may move Thee!
Thy saints, how few! How wretchedly
Forsaken we who love Thee!
Thy Word no more shall have its right;
And faith itself is vanished quite
From all this generation."

The whole congregation at once joined in the hymn. The words of the second verse, which speak of "lies of man's invention not founded on God's word," were like heavy blows to the Romish priest. Ashamed, he left the pulpit, pressed his way through the crowd out of the church, and went away crest-fallen. The congregation cheerfully separated.

The same thing happened, two years later, at Lubeck. A poor blind man had sung Luther's hymns before the houses, and was expelled from the town by the Roman Catholic Council. When, on the following Sunday, the chaplain of St. James's Church, after the sermon, began the customary prayers for the dead, two little boys began to sing Luther's hymn "O God! look down from heav'n and see." All the people fell on their knees, and solemnly sang the hymn to the end. This was the first German hymn sung in the church at Lubeck. From that hour the whole city went over to the Bible doctrines preached by Luther. Whenever a monk or a priest spoke anything from the pulpit contrary to the Gos-

pel, the people at once began to sing "O God! look down from heav'n and see." Thus the people of Lubeck with this simple hymn sung in the Reformation.

Rome and Religious Liberty.

At the Catholic Congress in Chicago speakers of the Romish church spoke of their church as the advocate and defender of religious liberty. All that they said belies the history of the pope's church in the past and present. Our country is still, thank God, a Protestant country, and the Romish church in our country pretends to be what she is not, in order to make herself popular. We must look at countries where the Romish church is mistress of the situation, to know what she really is, and what she will do in this country if she ever gains the majority. Let none be deceived. In Protestant countries the church of Rome pretends to favor religious liberty; but whenever she has it in her power to do so, she stipulates the absolute exclusion of Protestants. A very distinguished French writer, most highly approved at Rome, M. Louis Veuillot, said: "When there is a Protestant majority we claim religious liberty because such is their principle; but when we are in majority we refuse it because that is ours." Quite recently the present pope Leo XIII., when foolishly complaining to the whole world of the outrages to which he was subjected, mentioned, as the worst of all, the erection of Protestant chapels and the exercise of Protestant worship in the city of the popes. When, in 1815, the king of Holland granted to his realm a constitution according freedom of worship, the Romish bishops had it thrown out, because, they said, this liberty is directly opposed to the principles of the Roman church. In the agreement made with Spain (1850), by the late pope Pius IX., one of the articles is as follows: "The Catholic religion shall be maintained as the exclusive religion of the realm, in such sort that the practice of all other worship shall be forbidden and prevented." And, in fact, till the revolution of 1869, the Spanish Protestants were condemned to prison. In the pope's agreement with the republic of Ecuador (1862), there is the following stipulation: "The Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion is to continue to be the religion of the Republic of Ecuador. Consequently, no other worship may be practiced or any other sect tolerated in the republic." When freedom of worship was proclaimed in Mexico, the pope's letter of December 15th, 1856, denounced it to the world as an abominable act destined to corrupt men's mind and to root out the holy religion, that is, the pope's religion. The present pope strongly insists that St. Thomas's works should be the basis of Catholic instruction. Here is what that Romish writer says on religious liberty: "If heretics did not corrupt their fellows, they could, nevertheless, be suppressed. Secular justice can legiti-

imately put them to death, and deprive them of their possessions, even if they do not corrupt others; for they are blasphemers against God and observers of a false faith, so that they deserve more severe punishment than those who are guilty of high treason or of coining false money." Bossuet, another Romish writer, says: "I declare that I have always been of opinion that princes have the right to pass penal laws to compel heretics to conform to the rites and observances of the Catholic church; and, secondly, that this doctrine is a standing one in the church, which has not only followed, but also requested from princes the enactment of such ordinances."

Such statements of Romish writers, recently quoted in a London paper, clearly show the true spirit of the Roman church. La Fayette, the great friend of General Washington, was well aware of this spirit. He therefore said: "It is my opinion that, if ever the liberties of this country—the United States of America—are destroyed, it will be by the subtilty of the Roman Catholic Jesuit priests, for they are the most crafty, dangerous enemies to civil and religious liberty." The day may not be far distant when the Protestants of this land will have their eyes opened to the true spirit of the disloyal and scheming adherents of a foreign power.

Rome's Blessings.

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

St. Paul, a Lutheran.

A Bishop of Augsburg found in an inn the New Testament behind the table. Opening it, he noticed the words of St. Paul (Rom. 3, 28): "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." Having read this, he said: "See there, art thou also a Lutheran?" and threw down the book.

You can not repent too soon, because you do not know how soon it may be too late.

Rome and the Bible.

One day in the winter of 1832-'33, four Flathead Indians appeared upon the streets of St. Louis, with a request which no white man had ever heard before. They came, they said, from the land of the setting sun. They had heard of the white man's God, and they wanted the white man's book of heaven—the Bible.

General Clark, then commanding the military post at St. Louis, was a member of the Romish church. While the four Indians were received with the greatest hospitality, and were shown the Roman Catholic church, the pictures of the saints, etc., yet they were steadily denied their oft-repeated request for the Bible. Two of the Indians died in St. Louis from the fatigue of their long journey from Oregon. The other two, homesick and disappointed, prepared to return. General Clark made a banquet for them, at which one of the Indians was called on to speak. He arose and spoke as follows:

"I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly opened for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us. They were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great waters and wigwam. They were tried in many moons, and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's book of heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do ours, and the book was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the book was not there. You showed me the images of the good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail, to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, yet the book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people after one more snow in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men, or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

Cruel-hearted Rome would not give to these children of the forest the book they sought

and begged for so earnestly. The plaintive wail of the Indians went up in vain. These hungry souls asked bread of the Romish church and she gave them stones.

The Chopped Bible.

A few years ago a Bible-distributor, while passing through a village in Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of the Scriptures, so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity. The distributor started at once to visit the family, and found

tation that he replied to him with civility; but, stepping up to his wife, he took the Bible from her hand, saying:

"We've always had everything in common, and we'll have this, too."

Placing the Bible on the chopping-block, he chopped it in two parts with one blow of the axe. Giving one part to his wife and putting the other in his pocket, he walked away. Several days after this division of the Bible he was in the forest chopping wood. At noon he seated himself on a log and began to eat his dinner. The dissevered Bible suggested itself. He took it from his pocket, and his eyes fell on the last page. He began reading, and soon was deeply interested in the story of the prodigal son, but his part ended with the son's exclamation: "I will arise and go to my father." At night he said to his wife, with affected carelessness:

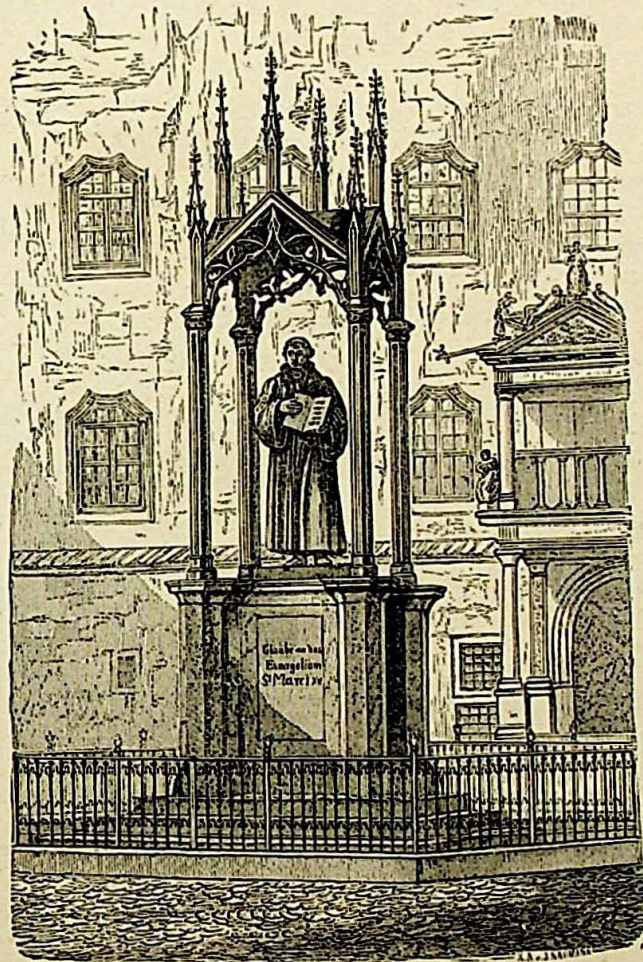
"Let me have your part of the Bible. I've been reading about a boy who ran away from home, and after having a hard time decided to go back. There my part of the book ends, and I want to know if he got back and how the old man received him."

The wife's heart beat violently, but she mastered her joy, and quietly handed her husband her part without a word. He read the story through, and then re-read it. He read on far into the night, but not a word did he say to his wife. During the leisure moments of the next day his wife saw him reading the now joined parts, and at night he said abruptly:

"Wife, I think that is the best book I ever read."

Day after day he read it. His wife noticed his few words which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said:

"Wife, I am going to try to live by that book. I guess it's the best sort of a guide for a man."—*Selected.*



Luther Statue at Wittenberg.

the wife hanging out the week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation he offered her a neatly-bound Bible. With a smile which said "Thank you," she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing that her husband would be displeased if she took it. A few pleasant words followed, in which the visitor spoke of man's need of divine direction and of the divine adaptation of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then the husband came from behind the house with an axe on his shoulder. Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the distributor:

"What do you want, sir, of my wife?"

The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way, so softened his irri-

Costly, but not Dear.

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."

WHAT ONE SIN CAN DO.—There is but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out and blown out the candle. One spark blew up the magazine, and shook the world for miles around. One leak sank the ship, and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body—one sin destroy the soul.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—IN the death of Rev. G. E. C. F. Sievers the Lutheran church has lost an earnest and zealous advocate of mission work. He departed this life on the 9th of September, at the age of 77 years. After having labored faithfully in the Lord's vineyard for more than 40 years, he was called by the Master to enter the joys of the redeemed in heaven, there to shine as the stars for ever and ever.

—ON the 17th of September the large and beautiful new Seminary of the Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin was dedicated at Milwaukee, Wis., a large number of Lutherans of that "Lutheran city" attending the services.

—FROM the Report of the Lutheran Orphans' Home at Addison, Ill., we learn that there are at present 91 children in the Home—55 boys and 36 girls.

—THE remnant of the Maori race in New Zealand numbers about 38,000.

—LEPERS in India were treated with shocking inhumanity before Christianity entered that country. Many of them were buried alive. The English rulers have put a stop to this custom, and for fourteen years there has been a special Christian mission to the 130,000 lepers in India.

—A SIGN of the reviving activity of the Buddhist religion is seen in the work of the Buddha Gaya Maha Bodhi Society, the objects of which are the establishment of a Buddhist monastery and a Buddhist college, the publication of Buddhist literature in Indian vernaculars and the support of Buddhist missionaries at Buddha Gaya, or Bud Gya, in Behar, India, the spot where Gautama, sitting under the great banyan tree, B. C. 588, is said to have received his call. From this place it is intended to start a gigantic mission for the propagation of the faith throughout the world. It is intended to unite the Buddhist countries—China, Japan, Siam, Cambodia, Nepal, Burmah, Ceylon, Chittagong, Tibet, and Asakan—in this movement; and the secretary of the society represents that it has been cordially welcomed by the educated Hindus of India.

—THE London Missionary Society, in view of the expansion of its work in the islands of Pacific Ocean, has at length decided to build a steamer to take the place of the *John Williams*. The new mission in New Guinea promises, it is said, to be more extensive and important than all the other South Sea missions combined. It extends over 1000 miles of coast, with seventy native evangelists from the different groups. Navigation in this region is difficult, and a vessel with full steam-power is deemed essential. It is proposed to build a vessel which will cost about \$80,000.

—ABOUT 90 years ago a teacher in a school in New York city talked to his pupils about the heathen. A little girl eight years old, who heard him, made up her mind that she would become a missionary, if it was God's will.

Home duties kept her from fulfilling her resolution until she was 30 years old. She then went to the island Ceylon as a missionary. She labored there for 43 years without once returning to America. When people asked her, "Why do you not take a vacation?" she replied, "I am too busy." The name of this woman was Eliza Agnew.

—THE missionaries of the Southern Lutheran Synod, Messrs. Scherer and Perry, have just completed a translation of Luther's Small Catechism into Japanese. It would be wise to delay the publication of this invaluable little manual, until time and a more critical knowledge of the language will enable them to bring out a classic, says the *Workman* of Pittsburg.

—THE *London Chronicle* is authority for the statement that a certain priest, one Arnold Janssen, with the full consent of the Propaganda in Rome, has founded three institutions—one in Holland, one in Austria, and one in Silesia—which, like the great missionary school in Lyons, founded by the late Cardinal Lavignerie, have for their express object the training of priests and others to work "in places where Protestant missions exist, and in order to destroy them!"

—ON a moss grown 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."

—COMMANDER F. M. Barber, of the U. S. Steamer *Monocacy*, the gunboat maintained on the Yang-tse-Kiang, says: "Fourteen years ago I thought that China was a country where even the continued dripping of the water of Christianity would never wear away the stone of heathenism, but now it is apparent to my unprejudiced mind that the stone will ultimately be forced from its bed."

—"WHAT is the meaning of righteousness?" said a teacher to her Chinese pupil. "Lighteousness? Lighteousness? Why, lighteousness is all goody, no baddy at all." To the question, "What is a hypocrite?" "All goody outside, all baddy inside. You don't know him some time, bimeby find him out."

—A ROMISH priest watching the children issuing from a Protestant mission school, at last discovered a boy from his parish. Calling the boy to him, he asked where he had been. "To the Sunday school," was the prompt reply. "Sunday school?" said the priest. "What is that?" "A place where they teach the Gospel," was the boy's quick explanation. "Oh!" muttered the priest, "but do you know what Christ said to Peter?" (expecting, most probably, as a reply, a reference to the building of the Church on the Rock). "Yes," was the boy's quick response, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The priest at once departed.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE THIRD CONVENTION OF THE ENGLISH EV. LUTH. SYNOD OF MISSOURI AND OTHER STATES. Held at Chicago May 3—10, 1893. Price 15 cts. per copy. Address, Manager Lutheran Witness, Baltimore, Md.

Besides the President's Address and Report, Transactions of important Business Matters and Reports of various Committees, this pamphlet contains interesting Discussions on Parish Rights. On account of these doctrinal discussions this pamphlet should have a wide sale, not only among our English brethren, but also among the German pastors of the Synodical Conference. They will be glad to read the sound Lutheran principles held by our English brethren in regard to the highly important question of Parish Rights.

LEHRBUCH DER DEUTSCHEN SPRACHE fuer die unteren und mittleren Klassen hoererer Schulen von August Crull, Professor am Concordia College zu Ft. Wayne, Ind. St. Louis, Mo. Concordia Publishing House. Price 85 cts.

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St. Louis, Mo., November, 1893.

No. 11.

Eternity!

Eternity! *Eternity!*
How long art thou, *Eternity!*
And yet to thee Time hastes away,
Like as the war-horse to the fray;
Or, swift as couriers homeward go,
Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
Ponder, O Man, ETERNITY!

Eternity! *Eternity!*
How long art thou, *Eternity!*
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet thou wert then, as now the same.
Ponder, O Man, ETERNITY!

Eternity! *Eternity!*
How long art thou, *Eternity!*
How terrible art thou in woe!
How fair where joys forever glow,
God's goodness sheddeth gladness here,
His justice there wakes bitter fear.
Ponder, O Man, ETERNITY!

Eternity! *Eternity!*
How long art thou, *Eternity!*
Who ponders oft on thee is wise!
All fleshly lusts he will despise,
The world finds place with him no more;
The love of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O Man, ETERNITY!

Eternity! *Eternity!*
How long art thou, *Eternity!*
Lo! I, ETERNITY, warn thee,
O Man, that oft thou think on me,
The sinner's punishment and pain,
To them who trust in Christ, rich gain.
Ponder, O MAN, ETERNITY.

Selected.

Be Ye Ready.

The end of the church-year reminds us of the end of all things. On every Sunday of the church-year we hear of Him who has come to be the Saviour of all and who in the Gospel offers salvation to all. Have we accepted Him and His salvation? Is He more than all to us? Or must the past Sundays of the church-year bear witness against us? Have we rejected their sweet message of a living Saviour? Are we ready to meet that Saviour when He comes again in the clouds of heaven? Of His coming to judgment the last lessons of the church-year remind us. He that is brought so near

to us in the Gospels of the church-year shall come again to judge us. Be ye ready to meet Him! The foolish virgins, of whom we read in 25th chapter of St. Luke, were not ready when the Bridegroom came. They had no oil in their lamps, that is, they were without faith. The wise virgins, having faith, were ready to meet the Bridegroom, and they went in with Him to the marriage, and the door was shut. When the foolish virgins came, it was too late. The door was not opened. The Bridegroom said, "I know you not."

How foolish they had been! They had thought the Bridegroom would not come for a long time. And suddenly there was a cry made, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" And the foolish virgins were not ready to meet Him and were shut out from the marriage supper.

How many foolish virgins there are in the church! Every Sunday of the church-year they are called to repentance and to faith, but they put off their conversion from Sunday to Sunday. So the church-year passes by, and time passes by, and suddenly, when they think it not, the cry might be heard: "The Bridegroom cometh!" They choose sin and the world and are not ready when the Lord comes in His glory. It will then be too late to prepare for His coming. The doors will be shut, and the Bridegroom will say to those that were not ready to meet Him: "I know you not."

A young lady was once gently but firmly told by her pastor that she was in great danger, since the Lord might come at any moment and she was not ready to meet Him. She knew that she loved sin and the world and said to her pastor that she was determined to have both Christ and the world. The pastor told her that she could not serve God and mammon, and so forcibly did he speak to her that she was brought to a decision—but to what a startling one! She said, "Then I choose the world!"

"If that be your choice," said the pastor, "take all the pleasure out of it you can, for you will have no other enjoyment in eternity."

She did so, and plunged into all sorts of gayety, determined to have her full share of pleasure.

One evening at a fashionable assembly a friend said to her, "Will you oblige us by singing?" She consented, and her choice fell upon a poem treating of "The Wise and Foolish Virgins." The book contained no other religious piece. How singular she should choose this above all others! This is the piece:

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill,
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still—
"Too late! too late! ye can not enter now."

No light had we, for that we do repent,
And hearing this the Bridegroom will relent,
"Too late! too late! ye can not enter now."

No light! so late! and dark and chill the night,
Oh let us in that we may find the light!
"Too late! too late! ye can not enter now."

Have ye not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!
"Oh no, too late! ye can not enter now."

The young lady sang as far as the last verse, when in singing the words "Ye can not enter now," she seemed to be pronouncing her own doom. The thought flashed into her mind—this will be my case at last. She trembled through the last few notes and hurried from the room without waiting for the compliment of the company. The night was spent in tears and prayer. For many days she was in great distress of mind. By the power of the Holy Spirit she found peace and joy in the words of the Saviour: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Once again she stood by the pastor, but with what different feelings! Having heard of her distress, he said: "And what is now your choice?" Mark her answer:

"My heart is fixed, Eternal God—
Fixed on Thee:
And my immortal choice is made,
Christ for me."

Remember, dear reader, "The fashion of this world passeth away, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." During the entire church-year Jesus comes to you with His sweet invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Heed His words ere it is too late. "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh" to you in the lessons of the church-year. As the church-year comes to an end, so the time of grace will also come to an end. The Lord will come in glory to judge the quick and the dead. Be ye ready to meet Him!

Our Answer to a Catholic Layman.

A "Catholic layman," who "was shown by a Lutheran neighbor the article in the October number of the PIONEER on Rome and Religious Liberty," has sent us Judge Dunne's speech recently delivered at Chicago. Together with the speech he also sends some remarks of his own. We have read the speech of Judge Dunne, a member of the Roman church, but we see in it no refutation of the statements given in our article. The Judge says that the Roman church is a friend of civil and religious liberty and tries to prove this from the history of our country. We did not deny that the Roman church favors religious liberty in our country. We expressly said: "In Protestant countries the Church of Rome pretends to favor religious liberty." Our country is still a Protestant country and the Roman church here speaks for religious liberty, since that is in her own interest. But whenever the Roman church is in the majority, she does not favor religious liberty. In proof of this we, among other quotations, gave the following from a French writer, highly approved at Rome: "When there is a Protestant majority we claim religious liberty because such is their principle; but when we are in majority we refuse it because that is ours." Judge Dunne in his speech points to "the Catholic Lafayette," of whose "valuable services not a school-boy in America of ten years of age is ignorant." But he did not tell his hearers that this same Lafayette, during his visit to America, said: "It is my opinion that, if ever the liberties of this country are destroyed, it will be by the subtilty of the Roman Catholic Jesuit priests, for they are the most crafty, dangerous enemies to civil and religious liberty."

We had quoted the following from Bossuet: "I declare that I have always been of the opinion that princes have the right to pass penal laws to compel heretics to conform to the rites and observances of the Catholic church; and, secondly, that this doctrine is a standing one in the church." Our correspondent seems to doubt the correctness of our quotation. He reminds us "of the fact that Bossuet was of the opinion that Protestants should not be compelled to attend the mass." Now, we know that Bossuet, in his debate with the Bishop of Montauban as to whether Protestants converted by the dragoons were to be compelled to attend mass, was of the opinion that they should not be compelled. But why not? Not from any consideration for their liberty of conscience. No! But out of respect for the mass. Our correspondent, we hope, will see the difference.

"Catholic layman" will not expect us to reply to his base slanders of Luther or to his silly story about Melancthon's having declared the Catholic faith to be good to die by. He never said anything of the kind. All such silly stories about Luther and his co-laborers, which Romish priests hammer into the minds

of their hearers, are simply the inventions of these priests.

We believe that our correspondent and many others in the Roman church do not know the true spirit of their church as to religious liberty. They do not know the principles held and followed by the leaders of their church. The Roman church is best studied in countries where it has been working out its real principles and spirit, uninfluenced by Protestantism, for hundreds of years. As a specimen of its intolerance in such a country we in conclusion give our correspondent the following notice lately circulated extensively in Leon, Nicaragua:

"ATTENTION, CATHOLICS!

The wolf of Protestantism has found its way into the Catholic flock. A minister of the sect of Luther and Voltaire is in Leon, accompanied by various mercenaries, who are busy selling in the streets Protestant Bibles and a false book of the Gospels. . . . Scorn the propagandists divorced from the Catholic Church. . . . Let us hurl them away. No law authorizes their coming here. . . . Nicaragua belongs to God; Protestantism to the devil. Away with them!"

Such is the spirit of the Romish church.

Letter from Concord, N. C.

DEAR PIONEER:—On the 16th day of July Rev. Mr. F. Herm. Meyer, a graduate from our Theological Seminary at St. Louis, was set apart for the service of the Colored Mission by your missionary at the Grace Church in Concord. On the Sunday following we conducted him into his office at a joint service of the Colored Lutherans of Alamance. In the afternoon of the same day Rev. Meyer delivered his inaugural sermon based on Acts 8, 29—40. The Revs. Holt and Clapp, who last winter resigned their charges, were present to receive the new missionary. Like Cornelius and his house upon the arrival of the holy Apostle Peter, the few Lutherans, gathered at the little school-house in Alamance County, expressed their joy at the coming of their pastor. May the working together of pastor and people redound to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

On the last Sunday of September the Colored Lutherans of Cabarrus, Rowan and Stanley counties celebrated their first Mission Festival under the shady trees at the Emmanuel Church in Rimertown. It is estimated that 300 people were present. Sermons on missions were delivered by the Revs. Meyer, from Elon College, W. P. Phifer, from Charlotte, and the undersigned. The Choir of the Concord Grace Church helped to beautify the services by the rendering of several select anthems. It was an occasion on which pastors and people could truthfully say: "This is the day of the Lord, let us rejoice and be glad in it."

The mites gathered for mission purposes

were appropriated to the Gold Hill Mission which is greatly in need of a house of worship. The same is the case with several other places. To the great detriment of the work we are compelled to conduct our services in small public school-houses. Help is needed and that right early. Despite the difficulties, however, with which the missionaries have to contend, the work is growing all along the line. May the Lord continue to establish the work of our hands.

Concord, Oct. 17, 1893. MISSIONARY.

A Noble Gift!

MR. EDITOR:—With more than a grateful heart I pen you these lines to let all the readers of the PIONEER know that we have received a noble gift. Two Colored Lutheran churches at New Orleans, Rev. Lankenau, pastor, have been led by the Spirit of God to assist us towards building a new church, the old church having been wrecked in the late hurricane. The St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church sent us \$5.00 and the Mt. Zion Colored Lutheran Church sent us \$5.65. Indeed, this donation is beyond our expectation. It is a surprise to us that these poor Colored brethren and sisters come so nobly to our assistance, but it demonstrates a living faith. May God richly bless these donors in time with a strong faith and after this life with heaven and its bliss.

Scranton, Miss., Oct. 25, 1893.

C. J. BRODERS.

Selling Himself.

A farmer sold a load of corn in a town one day. When it was weighed, he slyly stepped on the scales and then drove off to unload. When the empty wagon was weighed, he took good care not to be in it, and congratulated himself that he had cheated the buyer in good shape. The grain dealer called him in, and, after figuring up the load, paid him in full. As the farmer buttoned up his coat to go out, the buyer kindly asked him to smoke with him, and then talked over the crops and the price of hogs, and the likelihood of the Maple Valley Railroad building up that way, until the farmer fairly squirmed in his chair with uneasiness about his chores at home. At last he could stand it no longer, and said he must go. The dealer quietly said that was not to be thought of; that he had bought the farmer at full weight, and paid him his own price, and that he would insist on doing what he pleased with his own property. The farmer saw that he had indeed sold himself, in one sense at least. He acknowledged his cheating and compromised the affair. Now, when he markets grain, he does not stand on the scales or sell himself with the load. A good many boys sell themselves at a still cheaper rate. The boy who lies, cheats, swears or steals, sells himself.

"There will be Room in Heaven."

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats; for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly-dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she went into the pew of the richest member of the church, and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something; but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said, gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable—quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I'll see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her shrunken proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I am not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly in a polite, underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she arose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she left vacant, she said, gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. — preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely! There's Dr. — coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he promised to dine with us while he is here."

He is a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and he looked

over the crowd of worshipers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly, leaning over the reading desk, he beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive the mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its other occupants making room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition; and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could

conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept too, and when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till they brought him to the Saviour.

Reader, what will you say?

Spilling the Sermon.

There is a Sunday School in Siam taught by the missionaries directly after their return from church. The children attend the church, and then in Sunday School they are asked what they can remember of the sermon. On most Sundays they have something to tell; but one day not a child could tell a thing that had been said by the preacher. The silence grew longer and longer. At last a little fellow piped up: "Teacher, while I was there I caught a whole bowlfull, but I spilled it on the way home."

Do any of you children spill the sermon or the Sunday School lesson on the way home?

Eternity.

"O mother," said one, "I do not know how to think of eternity, for there is no *till* in eternity—till next year; till to-morrow; till New Year's day."

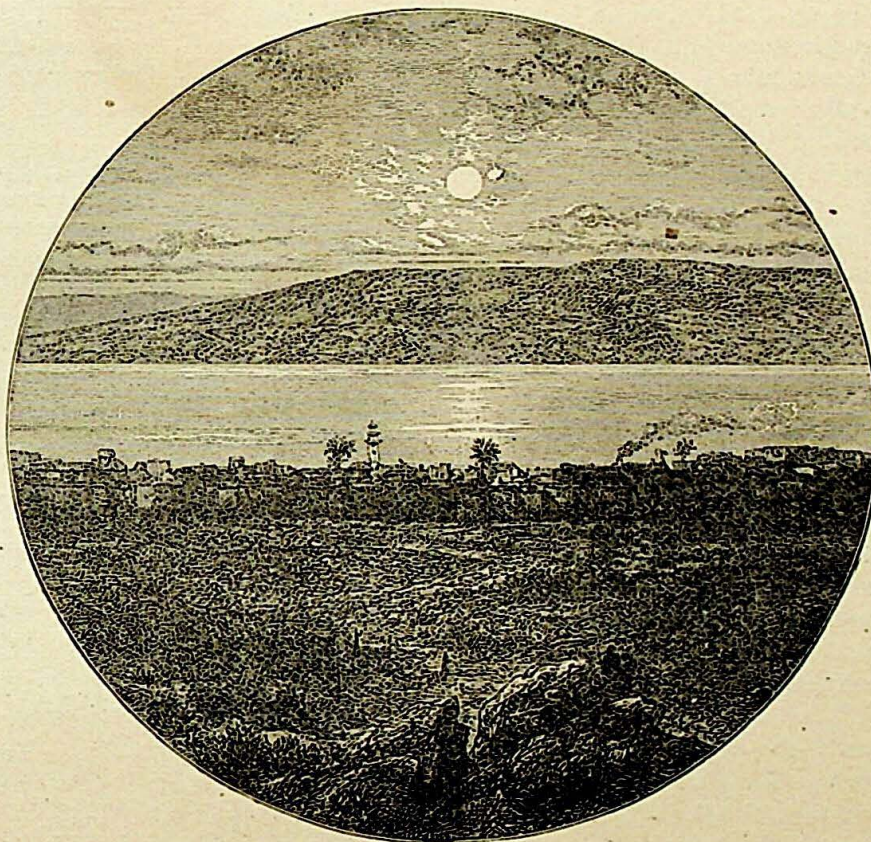
Yes, there are measures for time. We know none to measure eternity. It is enough for us to know that heaven or hell are there. One of these will be our final home. How can we reach

the one? How escape the other? Jesus says, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." If you reach heaven, there will be no fear of a "till" to disquiet your perfect peace; if you are among the lost, there will be no hope of "till" to end your sorrow. Oh, do not delay to choose the better part till it be forever too late.

God's Shadow.

In the bright sunlight a father stooped down to kiss his child, and as he did so his shadow fell on the little one—a true parable.

The misfortunes that we meet with are not God going away from us, but our dearest Father in heaven stooping down to kiss us—God's shadow falling on us.



SEA OF GALILEE.

not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," answered that functionary, in an injured tone.—*Selected.*

What will YOU Say?

While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in that country, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length Hopu said, "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say 'Yes.' What will you say, sir?" When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that as the evening was far gone they had better

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—MISSIONARIES in China report that in some parts of that heathen country those that by their vices or by some incurable disease have become a burden to their families and to society are buried alive. A missionary writes that a passionate smoker of opium, who had sold all his property and also his two children in order to get the poisonous drug was buried alive by his relatives. He did not resist, but only begged as a favor that his face be covered with grass. In another province of China the same missionary saw several lepers buried alive. As a rule they offer no resistance to this death penalty but gladly welcome it. They believe that in the other world man continues to live in the same form in which he departed this life. If, for instance, his head has been cut off, they think he will retain this mutilation of his body and go about in the other world carrying his head under his arm or at his belt. Hence the various death penalties in China, of which that penalty seems the most dreadful to the people by which the members of the body are mutilated. Therefore being buried alive is preferred to other death penalties.

—IN one of the Northwestern provinces of India a village priest persuaded a family to sacrifice their son, aged 16 years, to the goddess worshiped by the heathen of the village. Attended by a large number of people the young man was taken to the temple, where the priest cut his throat and sprinkled the image of the goddess with his blood. The English government is investigating the matter.

—A NATIVE preacher in the Foochow Conference refused an offer of a consular position at \$50 a month, preferring to preach the Gospel with a salary of \$3 a month.

—IT is fashionable in Madagascar to be a Christian, and this fact is a hindrance. The missionaries have to strive, not to get people into the church, but to keep them out until they give evidence of being truly converted.

—THE Buddhists of Japan are renewing their fight against Christianity; are organizing "salvation armies" and "moral associations;" buying up timber so that churches can not be built; seeking to persuade hotel keepers not to lodge Christians, and in some cases they are resorting to force, destroying chapels and other buildings.

—A PROMINENT man of Lowell, Mass., is reported to have said: "If all the churches of this city were destroyed, it would well repay us manufacturers to rebuild them, even at an expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars." Even those who are not Christians recognize the security of a Christian neighborhood, and the importance of maintaining public worship.

—A BOY twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross questioning him severely, said: "Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?" "Yes," said the

boy. "Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify." "Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try to tangle me in my testimony; but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

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

—IT is stated that 36,000, out of a population of 46,000 in the Samoan Islands, profess Christianity.

—AN English traveler, who visited a heathen temple in India, observed that the idol which was set up for worship bore a striking resemblance to the image of the virgin Mary which he had seen in a neighboring chapel of the Roman Catholics. On inquiry he learned that both images had been carved by the same Hindoo for purposes of idolatrous worship.

—THE Bible itself is the greatest and most effective of missionaries. Many illustrations have been given of the power of that printed Word and of the magnificent fruits it has borne. Here is one that is worthy of being recorded and remembered. A missionary in Turkey writes respecting the work performed by a Testament: "Years ago a missionary gave to a poor villager a little Testament, who sold it to a youth from another village. This young man knew how to read, and with two companions became deeply interested in its contents. At length, that they might have a quiet place in which to read and meditate, they built a small room, dedicating it simply 'To the Book.' Soon listeners gathered around these men as they read, and the attention of the Armenian priests being attracted, it was ordered that the room be closed and the Testament destroyed. This the young men refused to do, and the little band of seekers after truth for some time continued their reading and simple worship in the midst of persecution, till one happy day a touring missionary came upon this embryo church and was able to give them the help they so much needed. Very soon those who heard and believed became sufficient to organize a church, and a large proportion of the entire village have become Protestants."

—IN these days when so many young people are apt to forget the deference due to their elders, it may be suggestive to read the following: "One curious thing in a Japanese household is to see the formalities that pass between brothers and sisters, and the respect paid to age by every member of the family. The grandfather and grandmother come first of all in everything; no one at table must be helped before them in any case; after them come the father and mother; and lastly, the

children according to their ages. A younger sister must always wait for the elder and pay her due respect, even in the matter of walking into the room before her. The wishes and convenience of the elder, rather than of the younger, are to be consulted in everything, and this lesson must be learned early by the children. The difference in years may be slight, but the elder born has the first right in all cases."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

DAS WALTE GOTT! Ein Handbuch zur taeglichen Hausandacht, aus den Predigten des seligen Prof. Dr. C. F. W. Walther. Zusammengestellt von Aug. Crull. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$2.50.

GESCHICHTSBILDER aus der Zeit der Reformation und dem dreissigjaehrigen Kriege, von Dr. R. Wagemann. Mit Bildern. Price 50 cts; per dozen \$5.00; per hundred \$35.00. Address Lutheran Orphans' Home, West Roxbury, Mass.

Acknowledgment.

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

Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.

Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

Springfield, Ill.
Divine Services at half past 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.
Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.
Singing-school Tuesday evening.

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Vol. XV.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1893.

No. 12.

Christmas.

All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
Till the air,
Everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder,
Love Him who with love is yearning,
Hail the star
Near and far
Bright with hope is burning!

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found of gladness;
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss
Can again betide you.

Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin,
Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling
Help is near;
One is here
Mighty for their healing.

Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee;
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life for life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee
And with Thee
Dying shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever
Far on high
In the joy
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt.

The Christmas Tidings.

"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." These are the tidings that fill our hearts with joy on Christmas day. They are wonderful tidings. The Child whose birth they announce is no ordinary child. This Child is Christ—the Messiah, promised for four thousand years and longed for by a multitude of believing hearts in the time of the Old Testament. Of this Child the prophets spoke and the psalmist sang. Indeed, this is no ordinary child. The angel that brought the tidings of His birth to the shepherds on the fields of Bethlehem calls this Child "the Lord." How wonderful! The Child for whom there was no room in the inn, and who was wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in the manger, was the Lord, the great Jehovah, God over all blessed for ever. The Child that was sheltered in a stable and cradled in a crib was the Maker of all. "The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made," John 1, 2, 3. The Word was made flesh. The Son of God became the Son of man. And why? The angel who made known the birth of this Child, said, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." The Christmas tidings are not only wonderful tidings, but also tidings of great joy. The Son of God took upon Himself our human nature and was born of the virgin Mary in order to become our Saviour. Good tidings of great joy!

Man has sinned, and "the wages of sin is death"—everlasting damnation. No mere human being and no angel in heaven could rescue us from our awful doom. Our Saviour must be God, for God's own power was needed to bear the great punishment of sin. Our Saviour must at the same time be man, for he was to take man's place and suffer and die for man's sin. How were we to get such a Saviour? Behold, God came to the rescue. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The Son of God became man, and this God-man took our place and bore the punish-

ment of our sin. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Thus God's own Son became our Saviour and redeemed us from sin and death and endless misery. Good tidings of great joy! In the manger of Bethlehem there is a Saviour for sinners; there is redemption for the captives; there is help for the helpless; there is salvation for the lost; there is heaven for the condemned.

These tidings are good tidings, for they are to all people. If there were one exception, then each might think himself that one. But there is not one excepted. The tidings are to all people, for the Saviour whose birth they make known is the Saviour of all sinners. The angel plainly says, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." There is none shut out. To all people—to the high and the low, to the rich and the poor, to the old and the young, to the colored and the white, to the greatest sinner, to every sinner the good tidings bring the Saviour from sin and woe.

May we all receive the Christmas tidings with believing hearts and thus enjoy the blessing they bring! Our Christmas will then be, not only a merry Christmas, but, which is far better, a blessed Christmas.

The True Christmas Joy.

Great are the joys which Christmas brings to our homes and hearts. The pleasure of giving and receiving gifts, the good cheer universally provided, and the good will everywhere prevalent serve to make Christmas the happiest day of the year. But to him who has opened his heart's door "that the King of Glory might enter in," Christmas brings a far deeper joy than all this. The joy of such a one is greater far than that of the angels who sang at Messiah's birth. For as only he who has been a captive can truly realize the blessings of freedom, so only he who has been released by Christ from the fetters of sin, the bondage of the law and the dominion of Satan, can really appreciate all that is implied in the birth of Jesus our Saviour. He alone enjoys the "good tidings of great joy."

Bethlehem.

In the blessed Christmas time millions turn their thoughts to Bethlehem, the birth place of our Saviour.

Bethlehem means "Bread Town" and was probably thus called on account of the fertility of the soil around it. The town, situated about two hours' walk south of Jerusalem, numbers some four or five thousand inhabitants, who mostly engage in the manufacture of crucifixes, bracelets, etc., from cedar and other hard woods. These goods are sent to all countries of the world.

The general appearance of the town is like that of other towns in Palestine. The streets are narrow and crooked; the houses flat-roofed, mostly small, with the fronts all walled up, with the exception of one small door. East of the town are green hills, where to the present day yet shepherds are seen watching their sheep. It was on these fields, it is said, that David kept his father's sheep and was anointed king by the prophet Samuel. Sloping plains stretch away to the northward, and it was on these plains, it is said, that the angel of the Lord came upon the shepherds in the blessed Christmas night and brought them the good tidings of the Saviour's birth.

Naturally, the chief attraction of the town lies in its historic interest, and each year thousands from many Christian lands come there to visit the birth place of the Saviour. A magnificent church has been erected over the traditional site of the place where Christ was born. It is the joint property of the Greek and Roman churches. In the portion belonging to the Greeks there is a cave lighted by fourteen silver lamps. At the bottom of the cave is a large flat stone into which is carved a star with fourteen rays composed of glittering inlaid precious stones. It bears a Latin inscription, the translation of which is: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the virgin Mary." That this is the exact spot of Christ's birth is, of course, more than doubtful. Each year thousands of pilgrims come to this place to worship, many of them bringing valuable presents. All that enter leave their shoes and sandals without, and as soon as they reach the front of the stairs entering the cave, they prostrate themselves with their faces to the pavement. A Protestant church has recently

been erected, in the building of which the German Empress has taken special interest, contributing a large sum to that purpose.

We need not go to Bethlehem to find and worship the Saviour. He comes to us in the Gospel. Wherever the Gospel is preached there is a Bethlehem, a "house of bread," in which Jesus, the Bread from heaven, is brought to sinners. May we receive this Bread in true faith, and then see to it that it is also brought to those that are perishing for want of it.

Little Eugene.

In a small town in Germany there lived in 1871 a little boy, Eugene by name. He was only five years old. He took great delight in



Houses in Bethlehem.

the hymns that his older brothers and sisters learned and sang at home. His favorite was Luther's Christmas hymn "From heaven above to earth I come," of which he especially loved the third verse:

"This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need will aid afford;
He will Himself your Saviour be,
From all your sins to set you free."

"Mamma," said he, "of all verses in the whole world this is indeed one of the most beautiful. It is also very easy to learn." During the season of Advent his little sister took the small-pox, and Eugene and his father also became sick. Still the little fellow was able to stand with the rest under the shining Christmas tree and with beaming eyes recite his favorite Christmas hymn "From heaven above to earth I come." Then he had to be taken to bed, and by New Year's Day he was all covered with small-pox. At his request his mamma sang one hymn after another for him, among others also the Christmas hymn

"From heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home."

When she had ceased singing, he said with a feeble voice, "Mamma, more! 'This is the Christ, our God and Lord.'" Then he fell asleep in Jesus, to awake in the company of the saints made perfect round the throne of the Lamb.

The First Christmas Service in New Zealand.

Over the wide wide sea a vessel was making its way to New Zealand. It was not a steamer; there was no such thing dreamt of in those days; it was a sailing boat, and six months would have passed before it reached the far-off island whither it was bound.

There was one on board whose name has since been widely known, the missionary Samuel Marsden—returning to his post as chaplain in Australia, but with his mind full of plans for the conversion of New Zealand. There was another, a dark skinned man, pale and weak and wretched, wrapped in an old great-coat and not likely to live, as it would seem, to the end of the voyage. And he was a New Zealander, named Duaterra. It was not accident; it was God's ordering that these two should meet in the same ship.

Duaterra had had a strange life. He wanted to see the world and had gone on board a whaling vessel which touched at New Zealand. Then he had passed from one ship to another; now six months on land; now cast on a desert island and living for many weeks on seals and sea-fowl; cheated, robbed, ill treated, he lived through it all, and at last found himself in England.

"Now," said Duaterra, "my greatest wish will be granted—I shall see the chief of this wonderful people," and he asked to be taken to Windsor to see the king. But again he was deceived; the captain who had promised to take him there only made excuses, and, refusing even to pay him his wages, put him on board the vessel on which Mr. Marsden embarked, to send him back to New Zealand.

But he found a friend at last. Through Mr. Marsden's kindness he recovered from his illness, and after spending six months with him in his house at Sydney, he returned to his own country a Christian.

A few years went by, and now it is Christmas Day and Sunday, both in one—just as we had it last year, but this was long ago.

A vessel was lying at anchor near the shore on a calm and sunny sea; for it was not like our Christmas, remember, one of frost and snow. Though there was no church building, there were preparations for a service. A piece of ground had been enclosed with a rough fence, and in the middle were a reading-desk and a pulpit, both made out of a canoe, and covered quite properly with black cloth. From the hill behind the English flag was flying. What could it all mean?

It meant that here in New Zealand, a land of cannibals, God was to be worshiped, the Saviour of Bethlehem was to be preached. It was the first time, and this was the beginning of Mr. Marsden's mission. He had just landed for the service, but who could had got it all so nicely ready for him?

It was our old friend Duaterra. He had not gone back to his own land for nothing. He had done all he could to prepare for the dear friend who had been so kind to him, and he wanted him to teach the savage natives just as he had taught him.

Now, on this never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Day, in the year 1815, a Christian missionary held a Christmas service on the New Zealand shore. The sound of a Christian hymn floated across the plain. The message of the day, "I bring you good tidings of great joy," which we on every Christmas Day hear in our churches, was on that day heard for the first time in New Zealand.

And they were cannibals who sat there and listened; fierce and cruel men whose hands were steeped in blood. Duaterra interpreted, and they were all as quiet as lambs. Nobody before had talked to them of a Saviour's birth, of peace and good will to men.

The lamp that was lighted that Christmas Day never went out. The seed that was planted then has grown into a large tree. After many years New Zealand is now a Christian country. The voice of prayer and praise is heard throughout the land. Mr. Marsden, helped by Duaterra, began the work, but it is God's grace which has done it all.

A Christmas Gift.

It was a cold Christmas eve when a little boy, eight years of age, entered his pastor's study, his clothes covered with snow.

"My dear pastor," said the boy, laying twelve pennies upon the table, "I want to give something for the poor heathen children; will you please soon send it to them?"

The pastor knew the little boy. He was the child of a very poor, but pious washer-

The boy shook his head.

"Has your mother or some one else already given you a Christmas present?"

The boy again shook his head.

"Well," said the pastor, "do you really want to send your money far away to heathen children, whom you do not know? Or will you take it back and use it for yourself?"

The boy was silent for a few moments and then replied, "Dear pastor, my mother told me that we in our poverty received a beautiful present on Christmas Day; for to us Jesus is given as a Saviour, but the poor heathen children have nothing at all. And so we Christian children must help that the Lord Jesus is brought to them also."

The pastor was deeply moved. He kindly shook the boy's hand and wished him God's richest blessing for his missionary gift. The boy looked quite happy and with a smiling face returned to his mother's humble dwelling.

Christmas Day can not be celebrated more worthily by Christians than by giving a Christmas gift to our missionary treasury as an expression of love to Him who came into the world as our Saviour. At His birth the good tidings were brought to men by an angel from heaven, but it is not our Lord's will that angels should make known these tidings for all time. He says to the Christians, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Christians are to see to it that the Gospel tidings are brought to those that know them not, so that they also may come to faith and joy in their Saviour.



"I bring you good tidings of great joy."

woman, who found it very hard to bring up her children with the little she earned.

"Why, my child," said the pastor, "where did you get this money? Has your mother given it to you?"

"No, sir," said the boy, "my mother is poor. I have earned the money myself."

"And how did you earn it?" asked the pastor.

"I collected the bones which I found lying about, and sold them in a factory, where I got one penny for a basketful and sometimes two," was the boy's reply.

"But would you not rather, on this Christmas eve, buy yourself a cake or something else for the twelve pennies?" asked the pastor.

Let us, therefore, not forget our mission treasury in our distribution of Christmas gifts. And if the times are hard and money is scarce and we are tempted to withhold our gift from the mission treasury, then let us think of the little boy who would rather send his twelve pennies to the heathen than buy a Christmas gift for himself. Mission work is God's work, and God's work must not be allowed to suffer.

It is a shame for a rich Christian man to be like a Christmas-box that receives all and nothing can be got out till it is broken in pieces.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THIS number closes the fifteenth volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER and with the next issue a new volume begins. So this is a good time to send in new subscriptions for the paper. We thank all that have in the past interested themselves in the circulation of our little monthly, and ask their hearty co-operation for the future. It sometimes seems to us as if our PIONEER is no longer needed, and we would gladly lay down our pen. But this is not for us to decide. We know that if the paper is needed, God will raise up friends to carry it forward to the accomplishment of its mission. In our next volume the little PIONEER will continue to speak his simple words for Jesus. Those that will help to increase the circulation of our monthly will render a service unto the Master.

—A FRIEND of the PIONEER, referring to our Answer to a Catholic Layman in the last number of our paper, calls our attention to an official declaration of the Roman church in regard to religious liberty. In the Bull of pope Leo X. against Luther, dated June 14, 1520, statements taken from Luther's writings are rejected and condemned as false and heretical. One of these statements reads thus: "To burn heretics is contrary to the will of the Spirit." This statement the Roman church in that Bull rejects and condemns, thereby declaring herself opposed to religious liberty and in favor of burning all that do not agree with her. We call the attention of "Catholic layman" to that Bull of Leo X. He will find it in Smets Concilium Tridentinum p. 259 ff. The 33d statement is the one to which we referred above.

—A STORY comes from Constantinople which illustrates the degree of intelligence as to Christianity which prevails among those who are not commonly regarded as belonging to the ignorant classes. In the Galata district of the city, a colporteur was found having in his possession a portion of the Scriptures, namely, the Epistle to the Galatians, whereupon the authorities seized the book with the thought that it was a seditious document especially addressed to the denizens of Galata, and they imprisoned the colporteur. The matter was explained to the official, who denounced the book as one calculated to make the people dissatisfied with their lot. In order to make sure that it was not a document of recent incendiary origin, the officer called for the death certificate of St. Paul, the author.

—A FEW months ago two Swedish Lutheran missionaries were murdered by a heathen mob in China. The matter has recently been investigated, but the really guilty parties are not prosecuted. No. The persons in whose houses the missionaries took refuge are declared to be responsible for the crime. For if they had not given shelter to the missionaries, the latter could not have been taken out of the houses and murdered by the mob. Don't you see? Queer logic of a Chinese judge!

—IN spite of persecutions Christianity gains ground in China. It has even entered the emperors court, since the wife of the Chinese prince Tschung was baptized. She had read Christians books, especially the New Testament, which had been given by Protestant missionaries to one of her court-ladies. Through the reading of the New Testament the prince's wife came to faith in her Saviour. Every Sunday 31 inmates of her palace now join her in private Christian worship.

—SARAH HOSMER, of Lowell, Mass., a poor woman living in an attic and working with her needle, saved, on different occasions, \$50, and sent it to educate a native preacher in Oriental countries. When she was borne to her rest six men were preaching in foreign countries whom she had helped in the ministry.

—A LITTLE boy closed a short article that he had written for one of the meetings of the mission band to which he belonged, with these words: "It's my opinion that all the folks in the world what has got the Bible, ought to send it to all what hasn't;" which expression was good in sentiment, if not correct in its English.

—MORE than 20,000 Icelanders, two-sevenths of the whole population of that bleak island in the Arctic Sea, have found a home in Manitoba. A New York M. E. minister of note, Dr. Buckley, on a recent visit to Winnipeg, attended services at the Icelandic Evangelical Lutheran church, and writes enthusiastically of the good religious condition of these people. "The minister," he says, "conducted the worship in a way which might serve as a model for any preacher of the Gospel. All participated in the singing; children, of whom there were a large number, sang from their own books, and not the least inattention or irreverence was seen."

—MADAGASCAR has a remarkable history, and the fact that the Gospel has any foothold at all in that martyr land is one of the marvels of modern missions. From what is sometimes written and said about it one might infer that the land is practically Christianized, and that few heathen remain to be enlightened. This is a mistake, however. Though there are on the island 1360 self-supporting Christian congregations, there are, out of a population of 4,500,000, probably 3,000,000 still living in heathen darkness.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. Explained in Sermonic Lectures. By Rev. W. Dallmann. Price, \$1.00 per single copy; \$9.00 per dozen. Address, Lutheran Witness, 922 Mulberry Str., Baltimore, Md.

These lectures on the Ten Commandments, presenting the truths of God's holy law in a lucid and vigorous style, will prove a valuable addition to our English Lutheran literature. The pastor will find it a valuable aid for catechetical instruction, and the church member will get from it a correct understanding of the Commandments and of the important doctrines concerning the Law of God. Many quotations from our theologians and from ancient and modern classics are given in illustration of the truths presented, which makes the reading of the

book a delight. The entire profit derived from the sale of the book will be devoted to English mission work, which fact, the author says, will console any buyer that thinks he did not get his money's worth.

ERZAEHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. No. 19, Wilhelm Tell; No. 20, Belisar; No. 21, Wer ist mein Naechster? Price, 25 cents per copy. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

These are beautiful gift books for the Christmas time. Stories that may be recommended to our young people are most desirable works. The story books issued by our Publishing House will, therefore, not fail to be welcome to those upon whom devolves the responsibility of bringing up children, and who seek to cultivate in them a love for good reading.

DER AMERIKANISCHE KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner fuer das Jahr 1894. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cents.

This well known German Lutheran Almanac has made its appearance in its usual form and with a variety of entertaining and instructive reading matter, which will make it welcome in all our German Lutheran homes.

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A. F. LEONHARDT.
New Orleans, La., Nov. 22, 1893.

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