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### The Lutheran Pioneer 1894

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. XVI.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1894.

No. 1.

## "He Knows."

I see not a step before me, as I tread the days of the year,  
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future  
His mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten  
as I draw near.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future  
may disclose,  
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord  
chose;  
So I send the coming tears back with the whispered  
word "He knows."

*Selected.*

## The Precious Name.

Some years ago a native residing in a distant part of India had a tract given to him, telling of Jesus and His great love to sinners. The man was deeply interested in the story, and read it again and again, until he was very anxious to know more about Jesus. After thinking much about it, he determined to go to the nearest mission station and try to learn something more about this loving Saviour.

At the close of a long and weary journey, he came to the place where the missionary resided, and found him holding public worship. He drew near to the group that surrounded the preacher, who was giving out his text from 1 Tim. 1, 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." When the missionary came to the word "Jesus," the Hindoo cried out with great joy, "Ah! that's the name! ah! that's the name!—the precious name!"

The longing of his heart was satisfied. He heard more about the Saviour. He drank in the glad tidings of the Gospel, and received the message of mercy, believed in the name of Jesus, and was exceedingly happy.

He soon went back to his own part of the country, to make known the treasure he had found, and tell others of the preciousness of the name of Jesus.

Those that have found joy and peace and happiness in the name of Jesus will make that name known to those that know it not and who therefore are without hope in this world.

Oh, how hopeless are they! As the years pass by, they are hastening to the grave and to eternity and have no hope, for they know not the Saviour. Therefore make known to them that precious name in which alone we have peace and hope and everlasting salvation.

## The Name of Jesus.

How precious is the name of Jesus! Through all the changing scenes of our pilgrimage it comforts when no other will; even in death Jesus often is the last name lisped by the dying one, and causes a smile of joy even as life ebbs away.

A Christian Hindoo was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading from a heathen book; but he waved his hand, as much as to say, "I don't want to hear it." Then they told him to call on the heathen god Juggernaut. He shook his head, as much as to say, "I can't do that." Then they thought he perhaps was too weary to speak, and they said, "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut' think of that god." He shook his head again, as much as to say, "No, no." Then they bent down to his pillow and said, "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with joy as he, rallying all his dying energies, cried out: "Jesus!"

Yes, the name of Jesus is the most precious name; for in that name we have salvation. "You shall call His name Jesus," said the angel to Joseph, "for He shall save His people from their sins." Jesus means Saviour, and that name was given to the Babe of Bethlehem, because He is the Saviour—He alone. Our good resolutions, and our own righteousness, and our good works were not called Jesus; for they can not save us. But He, the Son of God and Mary's Son, was called Jesus; "for He shall save His people from their sins." Without Him our life in this world would be but a journey to endless woe. "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts 4, 12. But by faith in His name the greatest sinner may find salvation and make his life a journey to endless bliss. He need

not fear what another day or another year may bring forth. The name of Jesus will comfort him in the dark days of sorrow; it will lighten up the valley of the shadow of death, so that he need fear no evil. Yes, he has nothing to fear, even though death come. It is for him the gate to eternal life. Precious name—the name of Jesus!

"Jesus is the Name we treasure,  
Name beyond what words can tell;  
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
Saving us from sin and hell."

## When to Prepare for Eternity.

An old man used to say, "Be sure you prepare to meet God the day before you die." When asked, how can we tell the day of our death? he replied, "It may be to-morrow, therefore prepare to meet God to-day." Friend, are you prepared to meet God? What will it profit you to gain the whole world and lose your precious soul? What? Nothing, surely nothing, a thousand times nothing. Your soul is worth saving, for Jesus Christ died to save it; yes, shed His life's blood to save *your soul*. How He must have loved you, and still He loves you, for His Word declares that "God commendeth His love toward us, in that whilst we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

## God's Protection.

He has kept and folded us from ten thousand ills when we did not know it; in the midst of our security we should have perished, every hour, but that He sheltered us "from the terror by night and from the arrow that flieth by day"—from the powers of evil that walk in darkness, from snares of our own evil will. He has kept us even against ourselves, and saved us from our own undoing. Let us read the traces of His hand in all our ways, in all the events, the chances, changes of this troubled state. It is He that folds and feeds us, that makes us to go in and out—to be faint, or to find pasture—to lie down by the still waters, or to walk by the way that is parched and desert.

### Comfort.

Is the work difficult?  
Jesus directs thee.  
Is the path dangerous?  
Jesus protects thee.  
Fear not, and falter not;  
Let the word cheer thee:  
All through the coming years  
He will be near thee!

### Our Work.

Our work for the year upon which we have entered does not differ from the work of the past year. Each has his appointed station and calling, in which he is to serve his fellow men with the gifts bestowed upon him by God. He is to be faithful in this calling and thus help to show forth the praises of Him who has called him from darkness to His marvelous light. But the main work to be done by every Christian is mission work. He is to make the Saviour's name known on earth and to bring sinners to Him, that they may be saved with an everlasting salvation. This is not to be treated as a secondary thing as so many do. Live to obey the Lord's command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The command is given to every Christian, and therefore every Christian is to take part in mission work. Having found salvation in Jesus, the Christian has no more important, no greater work to do than to bring others to the same happiness. What an important, what a great work it is! Compared with this work other things of this life are but trifling. They will in a little while pass away forever, but the soul, the soul of man must continue to exist for weal or for woe, while eternity endures. "Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," Jas. 5, 20. Therefore the Bible says, "He that winneth souls is wise."

In the new year we ought to be filled with new and greater zeal for our mission work. The passing of the years reminds us that time is short and that "the night cometh when no man can work." Let us heed the solemn words of the Bible: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." God has spared us another year that we might live under Him and serve Him in the winning of souls and in the spreading of His Kingdom. May He make us more earnest in our prayers, more liberal in our gifts for mission work in the year upon which we have entered.

### New Year in China.

"Pai nieng!" the first man says, and "Pai nieng!" the second man replies. This is the New Year greeting in China, and is about the same as our "Happy New Year!" Sometimes

the Chinese wish each other a prosperous year; but if they are Christians, they wish each other peace: that is, "Ping ang!"

The Chinese New Year does not come, as ours does, on the first day of January, but about a month later. They count by the moon, and sometimes the first moon comes in February.

Just before New Year is the busiest time in the whole year. The streets are so full of people coming and going, that it is almost impossible for a sedan chair to pass, and the noise is something dreadful. Every man seems to try to shout louder than any other man, as all push forward with their loads on their shoulders. The beggars are worse than at any other time, and the shops are full of bright, pretty things to tempt the people who come there to do their New Year's shopping. If we are not very careful to lay in a supply from the market the day before New Year's, we shall find we have not enough to eat in the first few days afterward.

In the idol shops all of the idols look as bright as fresh paint and gilding can make them. At this time the old kitchen god is taken down, and early in the new year a new one is put up. It is only a large sheet of paper with an old man, an old woman, and a cow, a pig and some other animals printed on it in bright colors, and is pasted on the wall over the cooking furnace in every house where the people are not Christians, but it is considered as necessary as a stovepipe in an American kitchen. The people offer incense to it, and it superintends the kitchen affairs.

The first time we went to Ku Liang we rented a room, and there was no place to cook, so our landlord let us build a range in his back porch. It was a new thing to have foreigners live on the mountain, and they were a little afraid; so, to make everything safe, they pasted a kitchen god up on the wall over our range.

Sometimes Chinese New Year comes on Sunday, and then we walk to Ching Sing Tong to church; and it seems very strange, but very pleasant to see the shops and stores all shut up. We meet people going to make their calls, and we see a few peanut-stands, and groups of people—sometimes little children—busy gambling near the doors of their houses. New Year's would not be New Year's in China without gambling. Especially during the last part of the year everybody has worked as hard as he could to get all the money he could to pay all the debts he could; so now he will be idle, and visit his friends, and feast and eat watermelon-seeds as long as he is able, to make things even.

Fireworks belong especially to New Year's too. Last Fourth of July papa ordered a few fireworks for us to let off. The man who made them said, "How happy these foreigners must be! They have one New Year in the winter as we do, and another in the summer."

H. L. P., in *Heathen Woman's Friend*.

### How God Protected a Man in Danger.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him and delivereth them." Often times the daily papers tell us of how strangely some one was protected from death. The world says, It just happened so. But we Christians say, God protected him. Just today I read an account of a wonderful escape from death that shows God's protecting care very plainly.

Mr. H. was hired to keep a signal station along a certain rail-road. One evening as he started out for his night's work his wife bade him good-bye, and, as was her custom, said, "God protect you." Just as he got near his watch house two men, who had a grudge against him, seized and gagged him, and, leading him up the road a distance, tied him upon the track. An express train would soon pass, and crush him to death.

While this was taking place, Mrs. H., who was some distance away in their humble home, began to feel very uneasy about her husband. She tried to shake off her anxiety, but could not do it. At last she said, "Something must be wrong with my husband, and I will go and see." She hurried to the signal house, but he was not there. She called and called to him, but received no answer. She ran first one way, and then another, but could see nothing of him. Just then she heard the express train coming. Her husband was not there to signal it. She ran and hoisted the signal. Soon the train came in sight, but instead of rushing by, it stopped. In her excitement, instead of hoisting the signal that meant—*go on*, she hoisted the one that meant—*stop*. God guided her hand and caused her to hoist the signal that she did not intend to hoist.

The conductor jumped from the train and hastened to the signal house to see why the train had been stopped. Here he found the weeping woman, who told them that she could not find her husband anywhere. The train men got out their lanterns and began a search. Up the road a short distance they found Mr. H. gagged and securely strapped to the track. He was soon released. As he well knew the bad men who did the deed, they were caught and punished as they deserved.

*Luth. Child's Paper.*

### Trust.

There was once a father who took his three children on a lake in the rowboat. The waves were rather high, and whenever the boat rocked the two older ones would cry out in fear. Little Fanny, who was humming a song, would stop with a startled look on her face and say, "Papa, is I 'fraid?" Her father would say, "No, darling; there is nothing to fear; papa will take care of you." Then Fanny would smile and sing on. She trusted her father. Let us thus trust our heavenly Father.

**The Lost Child.**

One day the Count von Sternan went a hunting. While in the woods a cry of distress from a cliff high above arrested his attention. Looking up in the direction from which the cry came, he saw, in an eagle's nest, a sweet little boy, whom the bird of prey was just on the point of throwing to her young for food. The sight of the lovely child moved the heart of the Count. He climbed the cliff as anxiously as the most loving of fathers, and rescued the child from the beak and talons of the bird.

The Count afterwards educated the child, who was called Otto, in all useful and necessary knowledge, and, in return, the boy gave his foster-father a great deal of happiness, and grew up to be a promising youth.

After some years the Count went with Otto to his country seat. There came one day a stranger to the Castle. He had recently lost his humble cottage by a disastrous fire, together with all his other possessions, and was now obliged to ask help of benevolent people.

Otto, who at this time was feeding the fish in a pond in the garden, as soon as he saw the poorly-clad man, went up to him, and, speaking kindly to him, asked what he wanted. Upon hearing the poor man's sad tale, he assured him of his sympathy, and conducted him to the Count.

The Count was very gracious to the afflicted man, and after encouraging him by promising help, ordered him to wait until he should return from his study. In the meanwhile the poor man looked about him in the beautifully furnished room, and discovered a picture which represented the rescue of Otto from the eagle's nest. The Count had caused this picture to be painted in memory of that adventure and hung in this room. The poor man gazed long on this picture. Tears glistened in his eyes.

"Oh, gracious sir," said he, greatly excited, when the Count came back into the room, "pray tell me what this picture represents?"

The Count then related how he had found

his beloved Otto in the eagle's nest, and had taken him to himself, and treated him as his own; and how, in spite of all his efforts, he could never gain any reliable information concerning his parents.

"I, too," said the distressed man, "about twenty years ago, lost a darling son in a like manner. We were mowing in the meadows, and the child was asleep on the grass, when

Pointing to Otto, he said: "Look, my good man! that youth who brought you to me is your lost Martin!"

For a moment the happy father could not speak for joy; then he began to weep out and cry: "Oh, my son!"

Otto cried: "Oh, my father!"

And each embraced the other heartily. They could not sufficiently thank and bless the good God who had prepared for them this great joy.

The Count now desired to know the mother, and Otto's brothers and sisters. He sent his own coach for them, and after a few days they arrived at the castle. The happiness which both parents and children felt at meeting thus with their long lost Martin was indescribable.

The Count, when he had become satisfied of the poor man's honesty, made him the proposal that he should settle near there with his family, and gave him a nice farm for his own.

Jacob, for that was the poor man's name, soon was in comfortable circumstances; but Otto became an active and noble man. He was esteemed and beloved by all who knew him, and afterwards the Emperor, in consideration of the valuable services he had rendered the country, raised him to the office and honor of Baron of Adlerheim.

*From the German.*

**Blessing of Conflict.**

Conflict makes us live in the fear of God, walk circumspectly, pray with-

out ceasing, grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, and learn to understand the power of the Word. Therefore be not faint-hearted, nor dismayed, but take such conflicts for a sure sign that thou hast a gracious God, since thou art being fashioned into the likeness of His Son; and doubt not that thou belongest to the great and glorious brotherhood of all the Saints, of whom St. Peter says, "Resist the devil, steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren which are in the world."

*Luther.*

a powerful bird of prey, swooping suddenly down, seized him and flew away."

The Count thought instantly that perhaps his Otto might be this man's child. He said to him: "Do you know of no mark by which, if the child lives, you may identify him?"

"Oh, yes," answered the man, "our little Martin had a mother-mark on his right arm."

Now, the Count had already discovered such a mark on Otto's right arm, and the clothes which Otto wore at the time of the rescue were identical with the description which the man gave.

The Count could now doubt no longer.



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

—THE two missionaries sent out by the Lutheran Wisconsin Synod to carry on mission work among the Indians of Arizona, are already at work in their new field. May God bless their labors among the Indians! When praying for the success of mission work on foreign fields, let us not forget this work among the poor savages at our doors. When the pious Chippewa chief, Minnegeshig, returned from a visit to our eastern cities, his people gathered around him and said, "Tell us what of all that you saw was the most wonderful." After a long silence the Chippewa chief replied: "When I was in the great churches and heard the great organ, and all the pale faces stood up and said, The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence; I thought that the pale faces had had this religion four hundred years and did not give it to us, and now it is late. This is the most wonderful thing I saw." And the people said, "This is indeed wonderful!"

—LET us do our part faithfully and energetically, but trust wholly in the Lord for results. When Morrison set forth for China in 1807 he was compelled to travel from England via New York. After his final arrangements for the voyage had been made in this city with the vessel owner, the latter wheeled around from his desk and said, with a smile of superior sagacity, "So, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," replied with emphasis this pioneer missionary to the Middle Kingdom, with its hundreds of millions, then utterly closed against all foreigners, "no, sir; but I expect that God will!"

—THAT Christianity, even where it is imperfectly received, is having a powerful and beneficent influence in Central Africa is seen in an incident which recently occurred in Uganda, where the king was holding court and a case involving a breach of the law was on trial. The king gave sentence that the offender should pay as a fine so many cattle and sheep and two women; but a Christian chief who was present interposed, saying, "Christians do not give men or women; they give cattle and goats, not human beings." The result was that the king altered the sentence, so that no women were to be given.

—THERE were more copies of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, put into circulation last year than ever in one year before. The total circulation of the British and Foreign Bible Society last year was 4,049,756 copies. This number was surpassed on three occasions during the abnormal demand for the penny Testament. But it marks a steady advance in the normal demand. Add to this total the numbers circulated by the two great sister societies, the American Bible Society (1,394,865 copies) and the National Bible Society of Scotland (678,261 copies), and add to these totals

the circulation of some sixty other Bible societies, and the sales of the great trade Bible houses, and the result shows an increasing demand for the Scriptures.

—THE true missionary spirit was displayed by a brilliant Oxford student who was giving himself to the Missionary Society for African service. His tutor remonstrated. "You are going out to die in a year or two. It is madness." The young fellow (who did die after being on the field only a year) answered: "I think it is with African missions as with the building of a great bridge. You know how many stones have to be buried in the earth, all unseen, to be a foundation for the bridge. If Christ wants me to be one of the unseen stones lying in an African grave, I am content; certain as I am that the final result will be a Christian Africa."

—AFGHANISTAN has six millions of population and no missionary; India, one missionary to two hundred and seventy-five thousand; Persia, one to three hundred thousand; Thibet, one to two million. If forty thousand missionaries were sent to India there would still be only one to every fifty thousand.

—SOME of the prayers of the South Sea Islanders in their childish simplicity and touching originality are very edifying. One runs thus:—"Grant, O Lord, that the good words that we have heard may not be like our fine Sunday garments, which we soon take off and put by in a box till the next Sunday comes. But let this truth be like the tattooing on our bodies, ineffaceable till death." Many who are not South Sea Islanders need the same simple directness in prayer, and likewise to pray that their religion may not be a matter of "fine Sunday garments."

—"How do you get such beautiful sheep?" was a question put to a farmer. "I take care of the lambs," was the reply. There is a word for pastors in that reply. "If I were to repeat my ministry," said an aged pastor, "I would give my chief attention to the young."

—A CLERGYMAN observing a poor man by the road breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark: "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking those stones." "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees," was the reply.

—MULTIPLICATION OF SCANDAL.—Mrs. A. (to Mrs. B.): "That Mrs. Newcomer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap bubbles with them through a common clay pipe." Mrs. B. (to Mrs. C.): "That Mrs. Newcomer is so funny. Mrs. A. saw her amusing the children with a common clay pipe." Mrs. C. (to Mrs. D.): "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a common clay pipe." Mrs. D. (to Mrs. E.): "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a horrid pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that." Mrs. E. (to Mrs. F.): "That Mrs. Newcomer smokes a pipe and drinks awfully."—We close our window.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER'S SAEMMTLICHE SCHRIFTEN. Neunter Band. Auslegung des Neuen Testaments. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$3.75; postage paid.

The new edition of Luther's Works, issued by our Publishing House at St. Louis, has secured the attention and praise of Lutherans in all lands. This ninth volume has been prepared with great care and skill by Prof. Hoppe, the learned editor. Among other exegetical writings of Luther on the books of the New Testament it brings the great Reformer's powerful Commentary on the Galatians.

REDEN, gehalten bei einer Versammlung der mit der Missouri-Synode verbundenen Gemeinden Chicagos im Art Institute am 3. September 1893. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 15 cts.

This interesting pamphlet contains the addresses delivered on the Lutheran Day in Chicago: 1) Was ist Lutherthum? Von Prof. F. Pieper; 2) Epochs of Lutheranism in America. By Prof. A. Graebner; 3) Wir lieben unser Land und auch aus diesem Grund lieben wir unsere Gemeindeschulen. Von Pastor H. Sauer; 4) A free Church in a free State. By Prof. A. Crull.

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No. 2.

## Behold the Man!

Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,  
Bearer of the sinner's load;  
Thou the sinner's death hast died,  
Thou for us wast crucified;  
For our sins Thy flesh was torn,  
Thou the penalty hast borne  
Of our guilt, upon the tree,  
Which the Father laid on Thee!  
Saviour, Surety, Lamb of God,  
Thou hast bought us with Thy blood;  
Thou hast wiped the debt away,  
Nothing left for us to pay;  
Nothing left for us to bear,  
Nothing left for us to share,  
But the pardon and the bliss,  
But the love, the light, the peace.

Bonar.

## The Lenten Season.

In all the Gospel sermons of the Church year we are told of the sufferings and death of our Saviour. And whenever the Lord's Supper is celebrated in our churches, we are reminded of Christ's sufferings and death, by which we were redeemed. For in that Holy Supper all communicants receive with the bread the true body of Christ which was given for them, and with the wine the true blood of Christ which was shed for the remission of their sins.

But a special season of the Church year has been set apart, in which all members of the Church are called upon to meditate especially upon the sufferings and death of the Saviour. This season comprises the forty days before Easter and is called the Lenten Season.

This season we observe, not because God has so commanded, but because we are convinced of the usefulness of devoting a special time of the year to the special contemplation of the sufferings and death of our Saviour. We receive great spiritual blessings by going with the suffering Saviour on His way of sorrows from Gethsemane to Calvary, and by contemplating with contrite and prayerful hearts the great work of the only Mediator between God and man. We learn to know more fully what a horrible thing sin is. Men often speak lightly of sin and practice it as if it amounted

to nothing, but it is a horrible thing and horrible are its results. God hates sin and must punish sin. When therefore the sin-hating God saw His Son bearing the sins of the world, He poured upon Him all the wrath that sin deserved. What a dreadful thing must sin be, since it brought upon Christ those bitter sufferings, that great agony, that shameful death upon the cross! How great must be God's wrath over sin, since He spared not His beloved Son when He saw Him laden with the sins of the world!

And how great must be God's love to sinners! Christ is the Holy One, and there is no sin in Him. But He took our sins upon Himself and bore the punishment which we deserved. "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all," says the prophet. And the apostle says, "He bore our sins." And what moved God the Father to send His Son into this world to bear our sins and to suffer and die in our stead? The Bible says, "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." And what moved the Son of God to offer Himself a sacrifice for our sins? He "loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood," says the Bible. Was ever love like this? Such love must move the sinner's heart to trust in that Saviour for forgiveness of sin and life everlasting, and to love Him who loved us first.

As we come to know more fully the greatness of the Saviour's love, shall not the very thought of self perish, and Christ be all in all? His honor, His kingdom, His glory, and the salvation of those He died to save, should be the themes and thoughts of our grateful hearts. The observance of the Lenten season should make us more diligent in Christ's service, more zealous in our mission work.

## The Season of Lent.

In this season of the year it is customary for the Church, both in her hymns and sermons, to dwell especially upon the passion of Christ. We also will follow this custom. Indeed, we consider it very appropriate that the narrative of the sufferings of our Lord should, at a certain fixed period of the year, be read

in the churches to the people, word for word, from beginning to end, and that it be fully explained to them, so that they may understand its use, and derive from it much consolation.—*Luther.*

## Which was the Fool?

There was a certain nobleman who kept a fool, to whom one day he gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Years passed by, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. He said to his fool, "I must shortly leave you."

"And whither are you going?" said the jester. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you return? Within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never!" "Never?" said the fool. "And what provision have you made for your entertainment, whither you are going?" asked the fool. "None at all!" "What, none at all?" said the fool. "Here, then, take my staff; for with all my folly I am not guilty of any such folly as this!"—*From the German.*

## A Gentle Reminder.

An old man and a young man were riding in a stage coach. The old man was grave but sprightly, short of stature, spare, with a smooth forehead, a fresh complexion, and a bright and piercing eye. The young man swore a great deal; until once when they stopped to change horses, the old man said to him, "I perceive by the registry books that you and I are going to travel together a long distance in this coach. I have a favor to ask of you. I am getting to be an old man, and if I should so forget myself as to swear, you will oblige me if you will caution me about it." The young man instantly apologized, and there was no more swearing heard from him during that journey.

St. Ambrose saith, "God hath promised pardon to the penitent, but He hath not promised to-morrow to the negligent."

## Japan.

Of all foreign countries in which Christians are doing missionary work, perhaps none is more interesting than Japan. It is called the Sunrise Kingdom. That is because it is the most eastern country of the earth. It is a kingdom made up of islands—over three thousand islands. Only four of these islands are of any considerable size. Many of the others are very small. It is a hilly country, and many short rivers run across these narrow islands, and become very useful for shipping lumber when the snow in the mountains melts and swells them.

Japan grows plenty of vegetation and fruit, the latter, however, being of an inferior quality. There are forests of fine timber here. Grains of various kinds are cultivated.

Domestic animals, such as we have, are found there, also wild animals, as bear, deer, fox, etc.

Have you ever seen a Japanese? They are medium in size, of a light olive color, and black hair.

Men have their hair cut off, except a tuft on the crown.

Women wear their hair long and adorn them with jewelry. The Japanese baby is a funny brown creature, with snapping black eyes, and a full crop of hair. That is, he would have a full crop if his mother did not shave his head, sometimes as bare as a croquet ball, but other times in fancy patterns. A favorite way of doing this is to leave two little tufts at the side and a larger one the size of a saucer on the top of its head.

We have said that Japan is only a group of islands, but do not conclude that there are only a few people to be found there. This is a large kingdom. There are about 34 millions of Japanese. And these are not an illiterate people. They have their schools, and their own literature. They have false religions, for they are heathen. But they teach their children of their false gods. Indeed, they seem to be more concerned in teaching their false

religion to their offspring, than many so-called Christians are in teaching the true religion to their little ones.

The Japanese have a love for the beautiful. They make many ornaments. You have often seen, no doubt, samples of their handiwork. They manufacture fine pottery and porcelain, and carve beautiful designs out of wood and ivory and paper. However, not all that is sold as Japanese ware is the genuine article.

The people of this far-off land had learned to mistrust foreigners. Their treatment at the hands of Portuguese and Spanish missionaries led to this. So they would have nothing to do with missionaries, but for many years would

2000. Theological seminaries have been established, and native converts are prepared for the ministry. The native Christians seem to be in deep earnest. Last year the native converts of Japan, with average wages of less than twenty-five cents a day, contributed \$27,000 to mission work. Surely, we ought to be interested in missionary work when such results as these are to be seen.—*Little Missionary*.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

## Chips from New Orleans.

In the past year Bethlehem Chapel had grown from 113 to 133 souls. But owing to the removal of some and the death or apostasy of others, the congregation at the end of the year numbered 125 souls.

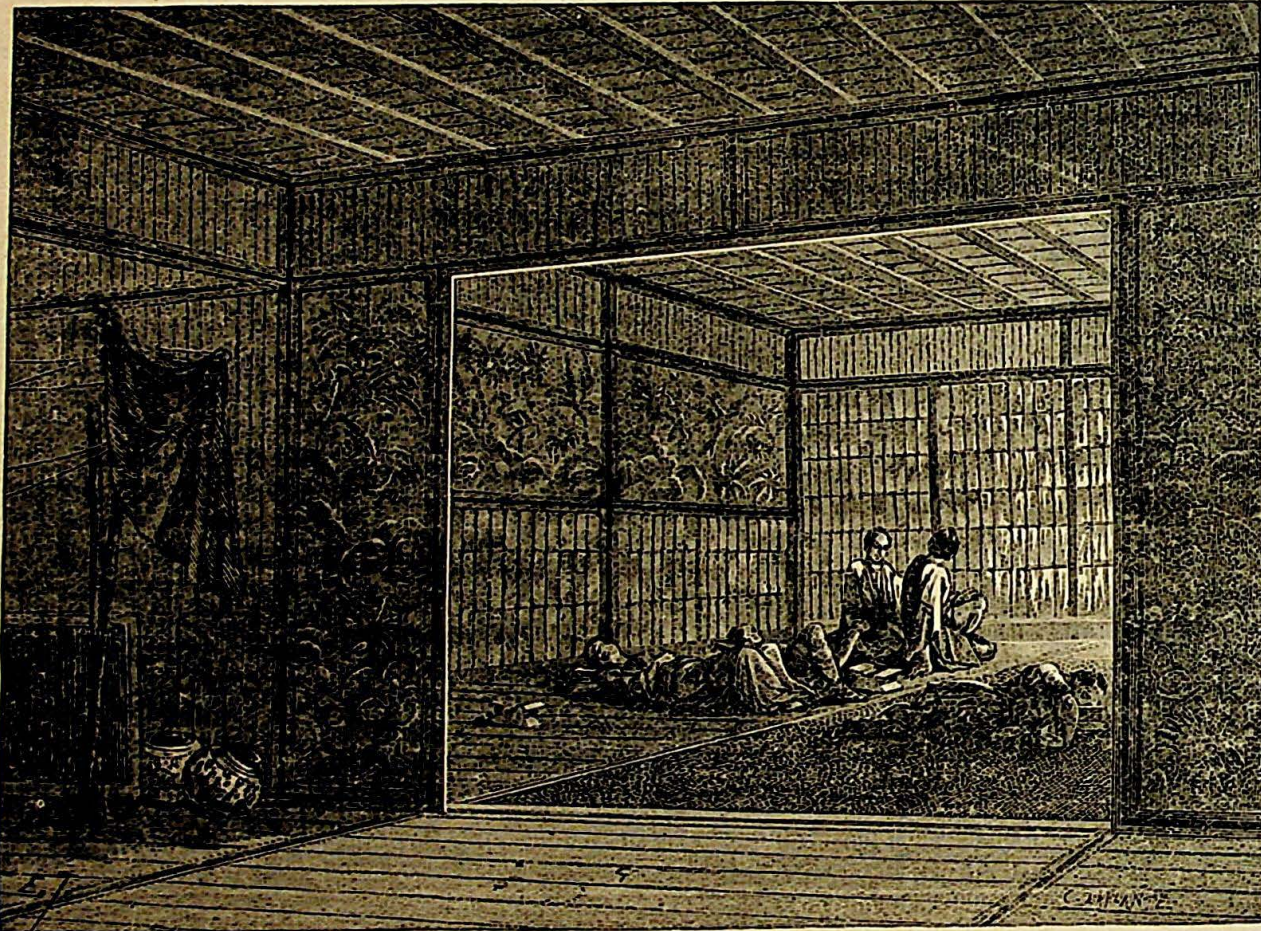
Since last summer the services have not been attended any better than the year previous. Before that, however, the attendance had been gratifying, indeed, and since the holidays the audiences have been larger again. Invariably, more people come to church the former half of the year than the latter.

There are

170 pupils at school. Over 200 are enrolled in the Sunday School.

The total receipts during the last year amounted to \$632.47. That this amount is not nearly enough to maintain the church and school ought to be plain to anybody. Yet our members are always berated by prejudiced people for "depriving their own color" by taking their mites to the "church with the white preacher." If the laborers at this mission were to depend on the money contributed by the congregation, they would forsooth! have been starved long ago. This statement is merely made, however, to show who the beneficiaries of the mission are. Some of our members—to the praise of God be it said—contribute quite generously.

That deep sigh of the PIONEER at the close of the past year aroused our sympathy. Could



Interior of Japanese House.

not even allow them to land upon their shore. In 1853 a treaty was entered into between our country and Japan, the result of which was, that these time-worn barriers were thrown down, and missionaries soon began to pour into the Sunrise Kingdom. And the missionary work in Japan for the last forty years is bearing rich fruit. The Japanese are rapidly becoming disgusted with their false religions, and are forsaking their idolatry. In many places they listen right eagerly to what the missionaries tell them of Christ and His holy religion.

The introduction of Christianity is making wonderful changes in Japan in every way. It is not 20 years since the first Protestant church was built there, and now there are perhaps 200. Twenty-five years ago there was not a newspaper in all Japan, now there are more than

we do nothing, we thought, to encourage the little fellow and make him smile? We tried. Twenty-one new subscribers were secured. That is not much, but perhaps even this is pleasant news to the little man. We shall endeavor to gain more friends for him.

Everybody who has met the PIONEER is pleased with him. We hear only words of praise and the highest commendation for him. The only trouble is, that not everybody comes forward to pay the subscription price. However, some may not know how much it is. Permit us to call their attention to the fact, that for 25 cents, for only 25 cents, the PIONEER will visit them every month in the year. If anybody does not know from whom to obtain it, let him enclose 25 cents in stamps in an envelope, and send his address, plainly written, with the request for a copy of the PIONEER to the Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo., and the paper will be mailed to him promptly and regularly.

Another word concerning the PIONEER. Some are in the habit of throwing the paper away, when they have read it. This should not be done. It should be carefully laid aside. He that goes to this slight trouble will not regret it. He will read it again later with the same relish with which he read it before. And what a blessed companion the old PIONEER is in the lonely hours, when persons are confined to their room or bed with sickness, anybody who has tried him can testify.

AUG.

### Cruelty in Heathen Lands.

About 20 years ago two missionaries of the Basle Society, laboring on the Gold Coast, one of them with wife and child, were captured by the notoriously savage natives of Ashantee and carried to Coomassie, the capital of the province. They were kept for four years in this African dungeon, until finally by the war of the English against Ashantee they secured their liberty. Their diaries are full of accounts of bloody and atrocious deeds which they were compelled to witness. Upon the return of the warriors, for example, there ensued great slaughter of human victims. "During the entire day we heard the wailing of the mourners; most of the inhabitants were fasting, with skin painted red. It seemed as though the clangor of horns and drums would never cease. In a single yard 15 poor captives lay in irons, waiting their slaughter. One poor woman attempted to run away, but she was soon recaptured and her cheeks pierced with a knife. In honor of the six chiefs of Coomassie who had fallen in battle 40 victims were slain."

Whenever the king pays a visit to Bantama, and enters the house where his forefathers sleep, or whenever this house is to undergo any repairs, human sacrifices are paid. In this house the skeletons of the deceased kings are preserved; and the ruling king enjoys the honor of besmearing them with the blood of

the newly slain victims. Oh, how often during the years of their captivity did the missionaries hear the sound of the death-horn and the death-drum.

"Two blasts of the horn signify 'Death, death!' and three taps of the drum, 'Cut it off!' whereupon a tap upon another drum announces, 'The head has fallen.'" How often, in the walks which they were permitted to take, did the poor prisoners come upon the trunks of bodies from which the heads had been severed. Again and again their diaries recount the awful fact: "We passed ten, we beheld five bleeding trunks." When in 1874 the British took possession of this den of murderers, an army surgeon who had been quartered in the house of the executioner-in-chief related that the latter had informed him that during the last year between two and three thousand persons, five to six daily, had been slain. "Whenever the king commutes a sentence of death, fines are imposed, or the ears, nose or lips of the person are cut off. Every day one may meet people who have been deprived of all these members. Frequently the mouth of those whose lips are cut off becomes almost entirely closed by the development of proud flesh, so that they can hardly eat. Then they must ask the king to open their mouth, and this operation is gruffly performed by the executioner with one cut of his knife."

The province of Dahomey was even more terrible than Ashantee. Only about seven years ago a missionary ventured to enter this den of lions for the purpose of securing the king's permission to begin mission work in his dominion. This king has been reigning since 1853 and has, during this time, on a moderate estimate, slain on an average 200 persons every year. If the thousands of heads taken in the numerous wars be added, he may doubtless be regarded the greatest of all living murderers. While the above mentioned missionary tarried in the capital a bloody festival was in progress, and daily fresh human heads were impaled at the entrance of the king's palace.—The history of many other parts of Africa, Madagascar, the South Sea Islands, and other parts of the heathen world, presents a horrible tale of similar deeds of bloodshed and savage cruelty.

### A True Story.

A few years ago a couple of good women, living together near one of our great cities, took two or three orphan children into their homes.

As time passed, other helpless, friendless little ones came to them, until they had thirty under their care. Their own means they gave to the last dollar, and for the rest they trusted God, living from week to week on the contributions of the charitable, but making it a rule to ask help of nobody but Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless.

Last winter one of their friends published a short account of the little home, and happening to meet that day a gentleman well known as a financier all over the country, handed it to him.

"This Home is but a mile or two from your house, Mr. C——," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. C——, carelessly; "I have heard of it. Kept up by prayer and faith, eh?"

"Yes. A bad capital for business, I fancy."

Mr. C—— thrust the paper in his pocket, and thought no more about it. That night, at about 11 o'clock, he was sitting toasting his feet before going to bed, when there was a tap at his door, and his daughter came in with the paper in her hand and her cheeks burning with excitement.

"Father, I've been reading about this Orphan Home. We never have done anything for it."

"And you wish to help the orphans, do you? Very well, we will look into the matter tomorrow."

She hesitated. "Father, I want to do it to-night."

It was a bitter night in December; the snow lay upon the ground. "The horses and coachman are asleep long ago. Nonsense, my dear; wait until morning."

"Something tells me we ought to go now," she pleaded, with tears in her eyes.

Mr. C—— yielded; he even caught the infection of her excitement, and while she called the servants and heaped the carriage with bundles of bedding, clothes and baskets of provisions, he inclosed a hundred dollar bill in a blank envelope.

In the meantime the guardians of the orphans had on that day spent their last dollar. "We had," said the matron, "actually nothing to give the children for breakfast."

The two women went to their knees that night, God only knows with what meaning in their cries for daily bread.

While they were yet praying, a carriage drove to the door, and without a word, the clothes, provisions and money were handed out by an unknown lady inside.

They knew God had sent her in answer to their prayers.

In brief, in all, even in the smallest creatures, yea, even in their least members, we see the almighty power and the great wonder-working of God. For what man, however powerful, wise, and holy he be, can out of a fig make a fig-tree, or even one other fig? or out of a cherry-stone a cherry-tree, or even understand how God does it?—*Luther*.

"NOTHING to give," did you say? No one is so poor as that. You may not have money, but there are other things often better than money. Here are some of them: time, patient care, a cordial welcome, advice, a good example, the pleasure of being appreciated, a pleasant word. You have many things to give. Such as you have, give.



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

—OUR missionary at Bethlehem Chapel, New Orleans, sends us the following news: With doors and windows wide open to admit the balmy breezes, Christmas was celebrated as usual. The attendance was gratifying. The audience appeared very attentive. The hymns sung by the children, especially a solo and chorus rendered by the first department, pleased the people very much. A number of our young members have, of their own accord, organized a Circle for the purpose of aiding indigent students, preparing themselves for the ministry. This is highly commendable! The Lord who said: "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward," will surely bless the mites gathered by the Circle, and the members of the Circle as well. God speed the organization, grant it perseverance, and let its members never grow weary in well-doing.

—THE following figures indicate a condition of things in this country startling to every Christian citizen: In 1889 there were in the United States 3568 murders; in 1890 there were 4290, an increase of 772; in 1891 there were 5908, and in 1892 there were 6790. These were discovered murders, and do not include secret murders. In four years there were 20,557 murders in the United States.

—THE Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, says an exchange, tells of one whose income is \$10,000 yearly, who lives on \$1000 and gives the remaining \$9000 to the cause of foreign missions. Another, whose income is \$10,000, who lives on \$1200 and gives away the remainder. A governess who earns \$500, of which she gives \$250. Another who has a comfortable competence, remains in business, all the profits of which he gives. Sarah Hosmer, a worker in a factory, supported a student in the Nestorian Seminary. Five times she gave \$50, and sent five native preachers.

—THE *Independent* says that more than one half (or three and a quarter millions) of the immigrants that came to this country during the past decade were members of the Roman Catholic Church, the greater part of whom could neither read nor write their own language. "According to the work-house reports for 1892 the Roman Catholic Church, with six per cent of the population of Minneapolis, furnished 941 out of the 1738 persons sent there for crime; in Toledo, with fourteen per cent of the population, 841, out of 1437, and in Cleveland, with about the same per cent of the population as in Toledo, it furnished 2138 out of a total of 3569."

—AN Australian tribe when they first saw a wagon drawn by oxen were much puzzled as to what the oxen could be. It afterward appeared that some thought they were spirits, because they had spears on their heads; while others maintained that they were the wives of the white men, because they carried the bur-

dens, which among Australians is women's special duty.

—WE must not expect to reap where we have not sown, nor become impatient and despondent when fruits do not at once appear. In due season we shall reap if we faint not. In Tahiti fourteen years passed without a convert; now there are 850,000 Christians in Western Polynesia. At the end of ten years Judson had only 18 to show as the fruit of his toil; since then the rate of increase has been so great in Burmah that during the interval a new church has, on an average, been established every three weeks. Ground was first broken in China in 1842; now there have been gathered into Christian churches nearly 50,000 converts. Missionaries entered the Fiji Islands in 1835, where the darkness of heathenism reigned everywhere; in 1885 there were 1300 churches in the group, with 104,000 habitual attendants on public worship.

—JAPAN has now 600 Protestant missionaries, 630 Japanese ministers and evangelists, and over 200 churches with 30,000 members. The whole Bible has been published in Japanese, with commentaries on the New Testament. Other books and tracts are in preparation and a beginning has been made in hymnology.

—IT costs something to confess Christ in the province of Honan, China. The following proclamation was issued some time ago: "Should any one become bewitched by the foreign doctrines and not be willing to sacrifice either to Confucius or to the spirits of his ancestors, he must be severely dealt with by his clan. His name must be erased from the family register and his whole family driven from the province."

—HERR CANNE, formerly Governor of Western Sumatra, gives an interesting description of the activity of the Rhenish missionaries as he had become acquainted with them on his visits: "Scarcely had day dawned when from all sides you would see the sick hastening to procure help and advice. Such as were too sick to come to the house were visited at their own homes. Meanwhile, not only the sick, but all that needed help, came to the missionaries. All manner of disputes were submitted to their arbitration. Their advice was asked about everything. A still further claim was laid on their time for the giving of instruction, ordinary and catechetical. From early morning till late at night they were busy. Their wives gave instruction in sewing and other manual arts. The households of the missionaries were in everything pioneers of culture, and a blessing to thousands."

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

DIE STIMME UNSERER KIRCHE IN DER FRAGE VON KIRCHE UND AMT, vorgelegt von C. F. W. Walther. Fourth Edition. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$2.00.

This valuable book, which ever since its first appearance in the year 1852 has done good service in

the Church, will continue to be of great value to all that earnestly strive for the truth. The doctrine of the Church and the Ministry has been and still is, in certain quarters, a subject of warm debate. Of that doctrine, which is of great importance in the development of a true Church life and of a proper activity in the Christian work, the book treats. It sets forth the scriptural doctrine concerning the Church and the Ministry, and at the same time shows by quotations from the Lutheran Confessions and from writers of acknowledged ability that that scriptural doctrine is maintained in its purity in the Church that bears the name of Luther. May God continue to bless the book to the glory of His great name and to the welfare of His beloved Church.

### Acknowledgments.

Received per Rev. G. J. F. Koch, Elmore, Ohio, from his school children \$1 45 as a Christmas present for the Colored children of Concord, for which grateful acknowledgment is herewith returned.

N. J. BAKKE.

Received from the Mt. Zion Colored Congregation \$30.00 for their Building Fund.

A. F. LEONHARDT.

New Orleans, January 16th, 1894.

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

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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 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.  
Sunday School at 9½ o'clock.  
E. W. KUSS, Missionary.

#### EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

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

### 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. 3.

## "It Is Finished."

Were Jesus on the cross,  
The work were not completed;  
But He to glory's gone,  
Above the heavens now seated.

Were Jesus in the grave,  
Death had not been defeated;  
But God has raised Him up,  
And now the work's completed!

Were Jesus not on high,  
We had been doubting, fearing;  
But every doubt is stilled  
By Christ, in heaven appearing.

Oh! 'tis a finished work,  
And God delights to view it;  
Oh! 'tis a wondrous work,  
And none but Christ could do it!

On it I rest my all,  
Without one doubt or quiver;  
For by the precious blood  
I'm perfected forever!

And God is glorified,  
O wondrous, blessed story!  
And rebel man is saved  
And rendered meet for glory!

*Selected.*

## It Is Finished.

The redemption of sinners is finished. It was finished more than eighteen hundred years ago. Christ came into the world to redeem sinners, and He has finished the work of redemption. He was made under the law and, in our stead, perfectly fulfilled all its demands. He took upon Himself also the curse of the law which we deserved by our transgressions. Our sins were laid on Him, and He bore the wrath and the punishment of a just and holy God which were our due. Our sins brought upon Him the deep agony, the bitter sufferings, the shameful death upon the cross. "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities," says the Bible. And when He had borne all the punishment, when nothing more was to be done or to be suffered, He cried out upon the cross: "It is finished!" Then our redemption was finished. Our enemies were conquered and sinners were redeemed.

Our enemies thought they had won the victory. Christ had died upon the cross. His body was laid into the grave, a large stone was placed over the mouth of the tomb, the Roman seal was put upon the stone, and the soldiers watched the sepulchre. But, behold! in the early dawn of Easter morning Christ rose triumphantly from the grave as the conqueror over sin, death, devil, and hell. Glad Easter tidings! Our redemption is finished. Christ has won the victory, and His victory is our victory, since He is our substitute. He suffered in our place, He conquered in our stead. He was "raised again for our justification," says the apostle.

Now we know that God the Father is perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son. By raising Christ from the dead He has declared before heaven and earth that our redemption is finished.

The sinner has now nothing to do but to accept by faith the finished redemption offered to him in the Gospel. Every attempt to add something of his own to that finished work of Christ is an insult to God, a dishonor to the Saviour. He must trust for salvation in the finished work of Christ. Not half in Christ's work and half in some other work, but in Christ's work alone. Not in Christ's work and in some work of his own. No. Not in Christ's work and in his feelings or in anything that he finds in his own sinful self. No. Not in Christ's work and in the work of some saint. No. But in Christ's work alone. That work is a finished work, and God will have nothing whatever added to it. He will hurl away in His wrath all that try to add their own dirty rags to that beautiful finished work of His Son. God is perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son, why will not you be satisfied? Accept that redemption finished long ago and offered to you in the Gospel.

"It is finished! yes, indeed—  
Finished every jot,  
Sinner, this is all you need;  
Tell me, is it not?"

THE HINDOOS extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying: "The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood cutter."

## The Glorious Saviour.

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

## Faith.

Faith is the eye by which we look to Jesus. A weeping eye is still an eye; a dim-sighted eye is still an eye.

Faith is the hand by which we lay hold on Jesus. A trembling hand is still a hand; and he is a believer whose heart within him trembles when he touches the hem of his Saviour's garment that he may be healed.

Faith is the tongue by which we taste how good the Lord is. A feverish tongue is nevertheless a tongue. And even then we may believe when we are without the smallest portion of comfort, for our faith is founded not upon feeling, but upon the promise of God.

Faith is the foot by which we go to Jesus. A lame foot is still a foot. He who comes slowly nevertheless comes. — *H. Miller.*

## Resist the Devil.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you," James 4, 7. An honest Christian farmer had sold a large quantity of wheat to be delivered. The purchaser, relying on his well known integrity, left him to measure up and forward the grain. While measuring it, as he filled the half-bushel and struck it off evenly, this suggestion each time was thrust into his mind, "Strike a little under, and you will save a bushel before you are done." He resisted it, of course, and still it kept coming. At length, the honest old man turned his head, and said, "Satan, if you don't let me alone, I will heap the bushel every time."

### Henry Martyn.

On the 8th of February, 1812, at Shiraz, Persia, Henry Martyn wrote in his diary: "This is my birthday on which I complete my thirty-first year. The Persian New Testament has been begun and finished in it. Such a painful year I have never passed, owing to the privations I have been called to on the one hand, and the spectacle before me of human depravity on the other. But I hope I have not come to this seat of Satan in vain. The Word of God has found its way into Persia, and it is not in Satan's power to oppose its progress; the Lord hath sent it." Another birthday found him in the presence of his Master, but his translations of the New Testament and Psalms are still used in Persia.

A gentleman visiting in the city of Shiraz was invited to a party where he met a man who had been educated for a Mohammedan priest, but who appeared deeply interested in the conversation, especially while the Englishman talked of the Christian faith. On calling at his house the man confessed that he was a Christian, saying, "There once came to this city an Englishman who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness never known in Persia, in spite of much scorn and ill-treatment. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt among us more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to

Christians, and I visited him with the object of treating him with scorn and exposing his doctrines to contempt. But every interview increased my respect for him, and weakened my confidence in my old faith, until I knew he was in the right. Shame or fear kept me from confessing it, and I avoided him. Just before he left Shiraz I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. He gave me a book; it has ever been my constant companion." With these words he produced a copy of the New Testament in Persian; on one of the blank leaves was written, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Henry Martyn."

The influence of Henry Martyn's short but consecrated life will long be felt. It is said that a clergyman in England under whose influence Martyn had been led into the ministry, always kept his picture before him in his study, and that wherever he moved in the room it

seemed to keep its eyes on him, saying, "Be earnest, be earnest; don't trifle, don't trifle;" and the clergyman would reply, "Yes, I will be in earnest. I will not trifle; for souls are perishing, and Jesus is to be glorified."

### No Play for Girls.

Have you heard of some rescued slave children who were released by an English vessel that captured an Arab slave dhow as it was carrying these captured young people across the Red Sea into Arabia? There were sixty of them who were taken to Aden, which is a port in Southern Arabia now belonging to



Jesus Crowned with Thorns.

Great Britain, and placed under the care of the Keith-Falconer Mission connected with the Scotch Free Church. There they have been kept for about two years. It seems they were Somalis from the interior of Africa, and that the Arabs came down on their homes and killed their fathers and mothers, carrying the children off to be slaves. But since they were rescued and placed in this mission home, they are learning to read and to write, and to know much about Jesus Christ. They have learned to pray, and at night, when they retire to their rooms, it is said you might hear quite a murmur of prayers. The boys play all sorts of games during the play hours, but it is a striking fact that the girls have no games, and they think it quite strange to be allowed and even to be asked to play. They say that in their own country girls never play; that they are made to work from the time that they are mere babies. These children sometimes look very

sad. When asked about it they say they are thinking about their old homes that they shall never see again, and about their fathers and mothers who were killed, and about the Arabs who seized them and carried them away. But they are learning of a better way than they or their parents knew about, and some of them hope to go back to their native land and tell the good tidings of Jesus Christ and of the way of life through Him.

### A Brass Doctor.

In China they have some queer ways of doctoring sick people, and in Peking, it is said, they have a brass mule for a doctor!

This mule stands in one of their temples, and sick people flock there by the thousand to be cured. How can a brass mule cure anybody? do you ask. Sure enough, how can he? and yet those poor ignorant people believe it. If you lived there, instead of in this country, it is likely that when you had a toothache your father would take you—to a dentist? O, no! That is what they do in this country. In Peking you would probably be taken to the temple where the brass mule stands, and be lifted up so you could rub his tooth, then rub your own and then they think the pain ought to go away. If you fell down and hurt your knee, you would go and rub the mule's knee, and then your own to make it well. They say

so many have rubbed the mule that they have rubbed the brass off in many places, so that new patches had to be put on, and his eyes have been rubbed out altogether. But a brand-new mule stands waiting to take the place of the old one when that finally falls to pieces.

It seems a very simple way to cure pains and aches, but, I fear, the pain is not very much better after the visit to the mule; and, I am sure, all boys and girls who read of the "brass doctor" will be glad they live in this land, even if dentists do sometimes pull teeth that ache, and doctors often give medicine that is not pleasant to take.

THE love of Christ is like the blue sky into which you may see clearly, but the vastness of which you can not measure. It is like the sea, into whose bosom you can look a little way, but its depths are unfathomable.

## How Jake Traphagen died.

"Is the Dominie to home?"

"No; he has gone away to preach, and will not be back till Monday afternoon."

"Well, I do hate to go back and tell old Jake Traphagen, that's dyin', that he can't have nobody with enfluence up thar, to get him ready fur heaven. He knowed a consid'able 'bout 'ligion when he was a boy, kase he lived 'long o' old Job Blitterman that's buried close to your husband's church, thar; and was a awful good old man. Old Jake keeps a-talking 'bout him and his teachin's, and frettin fear he won't be let in, up thar. I told him he was all right, and so is all that's done the best they could."

"But has he, and have you and I, done the best we could?" asked the lady, who stood in the porch of the parsonage.

"Wall, him and me's been putty decent— for mountain folks. We never killed nobody, nor never stole nothin' o' consekence. And we've done heaps o' good to neighbors poorer than us. I've lugged bags o' meal, and codfish and sich like, up the mountain on my shoulders many a time for widders and sick men; and everybody up thar sends me for the doctor—day or night; and I've dug lots o' graves, and helped bury lots o' folks for nothin'. But it's old Jake I'm worryin' about."

Such were the claims that Abe Van Schaick put forth to a high seat in heaven.

"Tell him from me," said the lady, "that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; and that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish but have everlasting life."

The man who was trying to comprehend this message belonged to a class scattered through the rough mountainous regions of New York.

These people pick berries in summer, and cut fence-rails, and shave barrel-hoops at other seasons, for a living; and a poor living they have, far from public roads and schools and churches. They never went to church, "kase folks starved at 'em," and their children did not go to school with other children.

This poor, ignorant, and simple man, who expected heaven, for "luggin' meal and diggin' graves for nothin'," asked the lady if he might "say them words arter her slow, so's to get 'em tight fixed into his head."

"Certainly, my friend; they are worth repeating a thousand times," was the reply.

He followed her through the wondrous words carefully, and then, after assuring her that "all the jobs should be kept for her husband," walked off toward the mountain pass, muttering to himself: "Christ Jesus come along to save sinners, and, if you believe it, He'll give you everlastin' life. But whar's your sinners? The old man ain't so very bad, and I'm sure I ain't, and I don't know who'll own up to bein' a villyan! Still, there must be some sinners some'heres, or else He'd never 'a' come to save 'em. Everybody down in the

walley and 'long the river is better than us. I reckon He must ha' come to save the folks that's in State Prison, for horse-stealin' and such like. I'm a poor, miserable, simple know-nothin' but I don't believe I'm a sinner. I wish I knowed more about God and everythin'. I'm sick o' my poor life, but I'm skeart o' death 'cause I reckon my chance is mighty poor up there. And yit, arter all, I'm a 'Merican citizen, as free and equal as anybody, and I don't see why I hain't as good a right to heaven as I have to the polls. Mebbe it's for the same reason that I can't go to church, 'cause I ain't respec'able enough. I can go to the polls, and to the store, with my elbows and knees out, and barefoot, if I've a mind ter, and nobody notices me. But, if I go nigh to the church, even into the hoss-sheds of a Sunday, why, I'm starved at as if I was a wild tiger!"

And so the poor, ignorant, simple man conversed and argued with himself, as with the aid of his oaken staff he walked and stumbled up the rocky road-bed that led to a group of poor log cabins and rough board houses.

He passed by his own door, and entered that of old Jake Traphagen.

The old man was bolstered up on his poor pallet, the sun lighting his wan and wasted features. Several neighbors were with him.

"Is the Dominie coming?" he asked, as the long, awkward shadow of Abe fell across the door-way.

"No, not till day arter to-morrow; but I got all the di—rections from the lady; and she's lived with him so long she knows all about it, just as good as he does! She says you're all right—no danger o' you; that Christ Jesus came down here to save—folks, and that if you'll believe it, you won't perish but have everlastin' life. There now!" cried poor Abe triumphantly.

"Not to save folks—it was to save sinners!" said the old man.

"Well, but you hain't done nothin', you'll get in all right any way."

"Stop that," cried the old man, almost fiercely. "I've sinned all my days. If it's sinners He's after, wher'll He find a wuss one than I be? If you'd made me a promise you wouldn't break it now when I'm old and sick and poor, Abe?"

"I'd cut off my right hand fust!" replied Abe.

"Well, then, isn't God better, and truer, and faithfuller, and mercifuller than a poor, miserable, good-for-nothin' like you?"

This doubtful compliment made poor Abe wince, and he said: "I took your part to the lady, place o' callin' you names. I told her you'd always been a good man, and no sinner at all!"

"I've a great mind to send you straight back!" said the old man. "I am a great sinner; but since you went away, Abe, I've had mighty words come back to me that I heard when I was living at old Job Blitter-

man's. Hark to me, neighbors! if He came to save sinners, He'll do it; and I'm chief on 'em all! I've got my memory back, and I've thought on a himm they used to sing to Blitterman's;" and he mangled it thus:

"My sins is great, but they can't pass  
The powers and wonders of Thy grace;  
Isn't Thy mercy large and free?  
Mayn't a poor sinner trust in Thee?"

"There! Old Job Blitterman used to hoe, and rake, and mow, and drive, to the tune o' that, sixty years ago; and I, aside o' him, used to wonder and amaze where he found his sinners! I thought I'd forgot all I'd heerd there, but the words had stuck some'here into me, and now they're come up, and I've dared to talk to the old man's God. Then it come to me that he read, 'Though your sins be scarlet and crimson, you shall be as white as wool and snow.' Think o' me, Abe, bein' whiter than snow, and goin' in at the shinin' gate old Job used to tell on, and lookin' at God! He came to save sinners. Now, I don't see how He can help savin' me, the head one on 'em all! Oh, neighbors, heave away your whisky jugs, quit swearin', be kind to your wives and children, and seek the Lord while He may be found. Good-bye."

The minister came to the funeral, and standing beside old Jake's open grave, he told the poor people—"who saved all their jobs for him," but who never paid even his horse hire for the rough journey—of the seed sown by old Job Blitterman sixty years old, that had just borne its harvest, and reminded them of the words that lingered on their aged neighbor's lips while he was dying: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

## Love for God's House.

An old man of the Coranna tribe in South Africa, 70 years of age according to the reckoning of his sons, and feeble in body, was accustomed to walk every Saturday a distance of 16 or 17 miles from his home to the mission station, in order to attend the services on Sunday, and return the next day. In one hand he would carry a jackal's tail, with which he would wipe the sweat from his face, and in the other a staff for his support. From one of the button-holes of his coat hung his calendar. It consisted of a small, narrow board, in which 7 holes were punched. Every morning he would stick a peg into one of the holes, and as he began on Sunday he knew, whenever he reached the last hole in the row, that it was Saturday. Then he would set out on his tedious journey, which he performed, however, so cheerfully and eagerly. In addition to his other burdens the old man also carried a chair strapped to his back, in order that he might have his own seat in the house of the Lord. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple." Ps. 27, 4.

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

—“WHAT good is your religion after all? Could it help me if I lost all my money?” a scoffer asked once of a Christian man. “Yes, it could,” was the reply; “God can help and comfort whatever may be lost.” So you are rich, child of God, whatever else may seem lost, while the love of God remains to you. Think much about His love, and how He has proved it by dying for you, and by rising evermore as your living Lord and King, and in the fullness of that love find your strength, your peace, your rest.

—IN Hatta there is the most northern Lutheran church in the world. It is an unpretending building, standing almost on an eminence, and in it service is rarely held more than once a month, for the clergyman resides many miles away, and is obliged to ride his circuit over an almost roadless country under circumstances of difficulty which would hinder the clergy of more civilized countries from going at all.

—“LORD, Thou knowest how he loves Thee!” cried a good man, praying by the bedside of a pastor laid low by weakness. “Ah, do not plead that,” cried the invalid; “my love to Him is not my comfort; it is His love to me. ‘Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick.’” The same plea may go up to heaven concerning you; amid all your need and weakness, you are the soul the Master loves, therefore fear no evil evermore.

—A GENTLEMAN called upon a rich friend for some charity. “Yes, I must give my mite,” said the rich man. “Do you mean the widow's mite?” asked the solicitor. “Certainly,” was the answer. “I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave,” said his friend. “How much are you worth?” “Seventy thousand dollars.” “Give me then your check for \$35,000; that will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her *all*.” The rich man was cornered. Stingy people often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite.

—A NEW YORK paper relates this anecdote of the late Hon. Hamilton Fish. Mr. Fish often gave dinners in honor of distinguished guests. On one of these occasions among the guests was a United States senator, widely known. This man, up to the age of thirty-six years, when he went into politics, had been a devout Christian, in the habit of taking part in religious meetings with fervency; but after he became a politician he underwent a sad degeneration in most elements, except commercial honesty. He had much to say against the Church and against religion. On this occasion he was particularly coarse and loud. Mr. Fish listened for a time, his face wearing an expression of astonishment and disapproval which would have checked a more sensitive nature. In this case it seemed rather to incite to further efforts. At last said Mr. Fish: “Senator —, pardon me, but I must request

you to desist. I firmly believe in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world; of His Church I am a member, in my house I have tried to honor Him, and in His faith I expect to die; and it is painful to me to hear you speak in this way.” There were no more vulgar jokes nor anecdotes derogatory to religion.

—THE following story is told of the late General Gordon by Dr. Russell, whose stories of the Crimean campaign are so many and interesting. It represents the hero at Sebastopol: “There was a sortie, and the Russians got into our parallel. The trench guards were encouraged to drive them out by Gordon, who stood on the parapet, in imminent danger of his life, prepared to meet death with nothing save his stick in his hand. ‘Gordon—Gordon! come down! you'll be killed,’ they cried. But he paid no heed to them. A soldier said, ‘He's all right. He don't mind being killed. *He's one of those blessed Christians!*’”

—A CAREFULLY taken census of India by the British Government has just been published. The exact population of that ancient land is 387,735,656. Of this vast number those enumerated as Christians amount to only 2,250,000. The command of our Lord rings out like a trumpet from heaven, “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

—A BOOKSELLER in Prague, Austria, has decided, as a business enterprise, to bring out an edition of the Bible in portions, issuing one or two a month, selling each portion for about one cent, making the cost of the whole Bible from forty to fifty cents. The first edition is to be fifty thousand copies, and it will be sold in the bookstores and advertised everywhere. A similar enterprise to this was inaugurated several years since by a bookseller in Milan, thus giving to the Italians a beautiful and illustrated Bible at a very low cost. These certainly are hopeful signs.

—A CLEARFIELD church member who, by mistake, dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the contribution box, returned next day and received \$4.99 in change.

—IT is known that Protestant missions are extending from China proper into the northern regions of Mongolia and Manchuria, from which latter country came the present imperial family. Dr. James A. Greig, a medical missionary, writes to the *Missionary Record* concerning his work. Speaking of one patient, suffering under a malignant tumor, he remarks: “I asked, ‘Have you ever heard of Jesus?’ ‘Never.’ ‘Have you ever heard of heaven?’ ‘Never.’ ‘Of hell?’ ‘Never.’ Yet here he stood, as thousands in this dark land, on the brink of eternity; the future dark and unknown, the present hopeless. After simply explaining to him the way of salvation and urging upon him its acceptance, he left us, bearing with him John 3, 16 as an epitome of all we had said. He left, but his ‘Never’ remained. It sounded and resounded through our ears and in our brain.”

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

CLASS BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 6 cents per copy; \$6.00 per hundred.

Sunday School teachers will welcome this excellently arranged Class Book. It is said that there is always room for improvement, but we do not see how this Class Book could be improved. It can be had in English and German.

THE DANCE. By Rev. W. Dallmann. Lutheran Publication Board, Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents per copy; 48 cents per dozen; \$3.00 per hundred. Bound, 10 cents per copy; \$1.00 per dozen.

A plain, earnest, and vigorous protest against the worldly dance now so common, alas! even in the church. It is just the tract needed on the subject and will, we hope, have a large sale.

THIRTEEN THESES ON ELECTION. Lutheran Publication Board, Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents per dozen; 50 cents per hundred.

This is No. 11 of the Lutheran Witness Tracts. The editor says: “Being charged with Calvinism, the Missouri Synod in 1880, and the Synodical Conference in 1882, adopted these theses to show to the world that the charge is false. The same charge being still made in certain quarters, the theses are published as a witness against it. The doctrine contained herein is not new, but the old Lutheran doctrine of the XI. Article of the *Formula of Concord* in its native sense.”

#### 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 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.  
Sunday School at 9½ o'clock. E. W. KUSS, Missionary.

##### 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.

## "Other Sheep I Have."

JOHN 10, 16.

Hark! 'tis the Lord who calls;  
Saved one, He speaks to thee:  
I shed My precious blood  
That thou might'st rescued be;  
And now, rejoicing in My love,  
Thou'rt journeying to the Home above.

But "other sheep I have,"  
Who're wandering from the fold;  
And how to enter in  
They never have been told:  
'Oh, canst thou leave them still to roam?  
Wilt thou not seek to lead them home?

Thousands of precious souls,  
In regions far away,  
For want of what thou hast  
Are dying day by day.

Wilt thou not take the Living Bread,  
And let these starving ones be fed?

'Neath Satan's galling yoke  
They struggle all in vain;  
Oh! must they still in sin  
And ignorance remain?  
Canst thou their silent plea withstand,  
And not stretch out thy helping hand?

Think, think what it would be  
If thou wert in their place,  
With none at hand to care  
Or undertake thy case.

What if without one pitying eye  
Thy soul had thus been left to die!

What if thou ne'er hadst known  
Of My redeeming love,  
And so no peace were thine,  
Nor hope of joys above!  
Oh, think of what thou owest Me;  
Then surely thou "constrained" wilt be.

My Saviour and my Lord.  
Before Thy feet I fall;  
Unworthy is the gift,  
But, oh, accept my all.

Send me wherever Thou dost choose,  
And deign Thyself my life to use.

C. P. C.

## Christ is our Peace.

The apostle Paul, speaking of Christ, says, "He is our peace," Eph. 2, 14. Christ is our peace, because He made peace. For this He came into the world.

God is holy, and therefore hates and must punish sin. When sin entered the world and

men became sinners, there was enmity between God and man. The peace of Paradise was lost, and since the curse of God rested upon man on account of his sin, he could only be full of fears and unrest. If peace was to be restored, sin must be put away, the curse and punishment of sin must be borne.

The Son of God became man to make peace. At His birth the angels sang of peace on earth, good-will to men. He took our sins upon Himself and suffered the wrath, and the curse, and the punishment which we deserved. Thus He put away sin and made peace between God and man. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him," says the prophet. He "made peace through the blood of His cross," says the apostle.

Yes, He made peace. "The God of peace brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus," says the Bible. By bringing Him again from the dead, God declared that He is perfectly satisfied and that peace has been made. Every enemy has been conquered, every accuser silenced. Therefore Christ, after His resurrection, came to His disciples and said, "Peace be unto you." No wonder they were glad when they saw the Lord; for the words spoken by the risen Saviour were not a powerless wish, but actually gave to the disciples the peace which He had made by His blood. They by faith accepted the peace offered to them, and their hearts were filled with gladness.

Christ still comes to us as our peace, as surely as He came to His disciples on the day of His resurrection. He comes to us in the Gospel, for in the Gospel He preaches peace to sinners. Christ "preached peace to you that were afar off, and to them that were nigh," says the apostle. The peace which the risen Saviour brought to His disciples was secured for all men. Therefore He said unto them: "As my father hath sent me, even so send I you." They too should be preachers of the Gospel of peace. This Gospel is still brought to sinners as a message of peace. It speaks of wrath endured, of sin forever put away, and of everlasting righteousness brought in. All our mission work is nothing else than "the preaching of peace" to poor, restless sinners. Those who in unbelief reject this

Gospel thereby reject the peace offered to them and remain restless; for the wicked have no peace. And if they die in their unbelief, they cast themselves into the everlasting restlessness of hell.

Those that believe have peace. The apostle says that we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5, 1. The believer finds peace, not in works and feelings, not in prayers and tears, not in any of these things, but only in Jesus, who comes to him in the Gospel, saying, "Peace be unto you." A peace that has its source in something we find in our own selves is easily disturbed. How often do our feelings change! He that rests his peace on his good feelings builds on sand. When his good feelings pass away, his peace is gone. The believer's peace rests upon the everlasting Rock. Christ is his peace, and He is yesterday, to-day, and forever the same. The believer has peace, because he has Christ. "HE IS OUR PEACE."

## The Little Swedish Girl.

A little Swedish girl eleven years old was taken to a hospital, where, after an illness of several months, she recovered. She was a homely child, but, being very kind and thoughtful, she endeared herself to all around her. There was brought into the hospital a little girl of a peevish and disagreeable disposition who was very sick. The Swedish girl at once took her place by the cot of the little stranger and assumed entire charge of her—in fact, acted the part of a little mother. The little child grew rapidly worse, and at last she died. When the little mother, as she was called, was asked by the matron why she had treated the sick baby so tenderly, she looked bewildered and said:

"Do not all the people in the world help one another? You have helped me."

"But why did you choose that baby?" the matron insisted. "There are many others here prettier, better tempered, more lovable."

"Yes," replied the little Swede, with tears in her eyes, "but she had nobody but me to take care of her, madam."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

**A Day of Joy.**

The first day of March, 1894, was a day of joy for our little band of friends at Winfield, Kans., and also for all of the visiting brethren who were there on that day of joy. On that day, in the forenoon, St. John's Lutheran College, in the presence of a large audience, was dedicated, or set apart to the service of the Triune God, to prepare boys to carry the message of peace to the lost and needy; and in the afternoon of the same day Professors Henry Sieck and H. Stoeppelwerth were installed with appropriate ceremonies, to be the professors of that college, who, by the grace of God, are to prepare boys to preach the gospel of peace in English.

Now, dear Christian fathers and mothers, at Winfield we have a magnificent building, well furnished in every respect already, save one, and that is, the spacious, comfortable rooms are not full of young boys to work for our glorious faith. The boys are yours. You can fill these rooms. The Hon. J. P. Baden, a lover of the Lord, indeed, did not only give \$60,000 to have the gospel preached in its purity in English to the glory of our God, but also gave a son immediately to the work. Can not each one of us also find one to place in that college, and not only this, but a little money to support indigent students of that college? That is the best way to fulfill the Lord's command in Matth. 9, 38.: "Pray ye

therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send laborers into His harvest."

In the evening of the same day, March 1st, the brethren met again at St. John's College and organized a conference, naming it St. John's Conference. It organized with ten members and will meet again, God willing, July next at Winfield, Kans.

Our hearts are full of thankfulness to the good Lord, because He has done such great things for us.

J. E. RADER.

**Testimony of Statesmen Against Secret Societies.**

John Hancock—"I am opposed to all secret associations."

Samuel Adams—"I am decidedly opposed to all secret societies whatever."

Thaddeus Stevens—"By Freemasonry trial by jury is transformed into an engine of despotism and Masonic fraud."

Wendell Phillips—"Every good citizen should make war on all secret societies, and give himself no rest until they are forbidden by law and rooted out of existence."

Edward Everett—"A secret society so widely diffused and connected as this puts a vast power, capable of the most dangerous abuse, into hands irresponsible to the public."

Gen. U. S. Grant—"All secret, oathbound political parties are dangerous to any nation, no matter how pure or how patriotic the motives and principles which first bring them together."

Chief Justice John Marshall—"The institution of Masonry ought to be abandoned as one capable of much evil, and incapable of producing any good which might not be effected by safe and open means."

and slavery; and they must both be destroyed if our country is to be the home of the free, as our ancestors designed it."

Garrett Smith, in an address, 1870—"Masonry murdered Morgan. If it could not conceal his murderers, it nevertheless protected them. It overrode the laws of the land and ruled the courts and ballot-boxes. Moreover, it is capable of repeating the crimes. Why then should we not dread secret societies, and do what we can to bring them to an end?"

William H. Seward, in a speech on Know-Nothingism in the U. S. Senate in 1855—"Before I would place my hand between the hands of other men in a secret lodge, order, class or council, and, bending on my knee before them, enter into combination with them for

any object, personal or political, good or bad, I would pray to God that that hand and that knee might be paralyzed, and that I might become an object of pity and even the mockery of my fellow-men. Swear, sir! I, a man, an American citizen, a Christian, swear to submit myself to the guidance and direction of other men, surrendering my own judgment to their judgments, and my own conscience to their keeping! No, no, sir! I know too well the danger of confiding power to irresponsible hands, to make myself a willing slave." "Proscribe a man, sir, because he was not born in the same town, or county, in which I was born. No! Mr. President, you know now the length and the breadth of my con-



Traveling by Wheelbarrow in Japan.

President Millard Fillmore, John C. Spencer and others—"The Masonic fraternity tramples upon our rights, defeats the administration of justice, and bids defiance to every government which it can not control."

John Quincy Adams—"I am prepared to complete the demonstration before God and man, that the Masonic oaths, obligations and penalties can not by any possibility be reconciled to the laws of morality, of Christianity, or of the land."

Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield—"In conducting the governments of the world there are not only sovereigns and ministers, but secret orders to be considered, which have agents everywhere—reckless agents, who countenance assassination, and, if necessary, can produce a massacre."

Charles Sumner—"I find two powers here in Washington in harmony, and both are antagonistical to our free institutions, and tend to centralization and anarchy—Freemasonry

nection with the new and mysterious order of patriots, the Know-Nothings!"

**Bible Reading.**

A young lady, asked by her friend to explain what is meant by devotional reading of the Bible, made answer as follows: "Yesterday morning, I received a letter from one to whom I have given my heart and devoted my life. I freely confess to you that I have read that letter five times, not because I did not understand it at the first reading, nor because I expected to commend myself to the author by frequent reading of his epistle. It was not with me a question of duty, but simply one of pleasure. I read it because I am devoted to the one who wrote it. To read the Bible with the same motive, is to read it devotionally, and to one who reads it in that spirit, it is, indeed, a love letter."—U. P.

### Heathen Superstition.

A traveler depicts the following heart-rending scene, which occurred in western Africa, and of which he was an eye-witness.

A young chief, by the name of Mpomo, had died. A celebrated medicine-man was engaged to discover the person who had bewitched the chief and thus caused his death. For two days and two nights the dark and mysterious preparations were in progress. Finally on the third day, when the excitement had reached the highest pitch, the doctor gathered the people together in a central place in the town and performed his concluding incantations. Everybody was armed, and every countenance betrayed the determination to mete out bloody vengeance upon those who should be revealed as the murderers of the deceased. The sorcerer waved his hand over the excited multitude, and death-like stillness ensued. Then the loud, shrill voice of the doctor resounded: "There is a very black girl, who lives in a house"—(describing the same)—"she bewitched Mpomo." He had hardly spoken the words, when the assembled mob, yelling and howling like a pack of wild beasts, rushed off to the designated place and seized a poor girl, Okandaga by name, the sister of my good friend and guide, Aduma. Brandishing their weapons over the head of the unfortunate girl, they dragged her down to the river. Here she was quickly bound with ropes, and then they all ran back to the medicine-man.

Again there was hushed silence, and the demon-like voice of the magician sounded forth anew: "There is an old woman, living in such and such a house, she bewitched Mpomo." Again the people rushed away. This time they came to a niece of the king, a large-hearted and truly majestic old lady. While her murderers surrounded her with flashing eyes and threats of death, she calmly arose from the floor and looked them in the face without a sign of fear. She too was escorted to the river bank; but they did not bind her. Not a tear came to her eye, nor a single prayer for mercy upon her lips.

The voice of the sorcerer rang for the third time over the silent multitude: "There is a woman with six children; she lives on a plantation toward the rising of the sun; she too bewitched Mpomo." Again the people broke out in wild howling, and in a short time a good and respected woman, a slave of the king, with whom I was personally acquainted, was dragged to the river. The medicine-man now went with the multitude to the bank of the river, where the victims were. With a loud voice he rehearsed the crimes, of which, as he claimed, the unfortunate women were guilty. Upon every new accusation the people broke forth into curses and imprecations. It seemed as though each wished to surpass the other, for every one feared, that, if he should appear indifferent or sympathetic, a similar lot might befall him. The victims were now placed in

a large boat, together with the executioner, the medicine-man, and a body of armed men. Amid the beating of drums the poisoned draught, which was to prove the guilt or innocence of the accused, was prepared. Quabi, the oldest brother of the deceased Mpomo, held the cup. The latter was now handed first to the old slave, then to the king's niece, and lastly to poor Okandaga. While they were drinking the multitude screeched: "If they are witches, let the draught kill them; but if they are innocent, let it pass from them!" It was the most tumultuous and awful scene that I ever witnessed. The stillness of death hung over the place. Suddenly the aged slave swooned. But before her body had reached the bottom of the boat her head was cut off. Then the royal niece began to faint. Her head was severed from the body, and her blood dyed the water of the river. Meanwhile poor Okandaga also began to stagger. She strove to remain erect and, amid weeping and wailing, tried to resist and overcome the effect of the poison. But finally she too fell, and instantly her head was cut off. The people dispersed, and for the remainder of the day the town was quiet. In the evening my friend Aduma, whose sister was among the victims, said to me with tears: "*O Shelly (Du Chaillu), when you go back to your fatherland, then tell your friends to send men to us poor people, who shall teach us out of the Book which you call the mouth of God.*" He meant the Bible. I promised to fulfill his request. And I now do it here in public.

### He Slept Well.

He was a stranger in the city, and had arrived by the evening train. Tired and dusty he hurried to the principal hotel, and was disappointed at not being able to secure a room. The hotel was filled to overflowing with cots in the parlors, all engaged. A great convention was in session in the city; and as he went to the other hotels he found the same difficulty; not a room, not even a cot could he secure. At last, at a third-rate hotel, he found he could secure a bed in a double room. He tried to hire both beds, so that he could have the whole room, not liking the idea of a room-mate in such a place. But the other bed had been hired, and so he was obliged to take his chances. He went upstairs, and after retiring, concluded that he would not go to sleep—at least not until he had seen what kind of a man was to occupy the other bed. In order to keep awake, as he was both tired and sleepy, he took out his pocket Bible and soon became deeply interested in a Bible reading that had lately attracted his attention. He was engaged in this study when the door suddenly opened, and in came the stranger who was to be his room-mate for the night. The man, as he entered, gave a sharp glance at him, and then went across the room and prepared for bed. Looking over the top of his

Bible, he quietly studied the stranger. The man appeared to be a quiet person and seemed to be honest. Still he hesitated about trusting a stranger and began to make calculations about keeping awake. But he changed his mind, for he saw the stranger, who was ready to retire, quietly kneel down in a manner that showed it to be a familiar custom, and engage in prayer. That was enough, he put the Bible under his pillow, and went off himself into quiet, refreshing sleep. In the morning, while they were dressing, he turned to the stranger, and explaining the circumstances of the past evening, said:

"So I slept well."

The stranger listened attentively, and then said:

"I slept well, too. I had not expected to sleep at all in this place with one I did not know in the other bed, but when I came in so suddenly, and found you reading your Bible, I concluded I could trust that book, and so said my prayers and went to sleep."

It is a glorious truth that man trusts his fellow-man who believes and trusts in the living God, and who accepts, trusts and obeys the Bible. Is there any other book that possesses such a character, and so carries in itself the proof of a divine origin and living power? God's Word in the hearts of men means, indeed, "Peace on earth."—*Selected.*

### The Best Passport.

Some years ago, a father and mother set out from their little home in Germany to look for better fortunes in America. Settling in St. Louis, they worked hard and before very long had saved money enough to send for the three children who had been left behind. But how were they to come? The cost prevented father or mother from going to bring them, and the friend with whom they had been staying could find no one to take them in charge. And they were such tiny travelers—the oldest but ten, and the youngest only four—to start on the long journey alone, and with no language but their childish German! But there was no other way. In his perplexity their friend bethought him of what proved to be as safe a conveyance as little pilgrims ever had. He provided them with a copy of the New Testament, and impressed upon them that in any case of questioning or trouble, they must open it and point to its flyleaf. On the leaf he wrote, very plainly, the children's name and their destination, and below, the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." The children did exactly as they had been told, and under the protection of the promise they made their journey and came safe and happy to their new home.

WHEN the heart is occupied with Christ it has neither taste nor eye for the trash of the gay world. The question as to whether there be harm in this or that, becomes puerile.



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

—THE first book translated into the language of the North American Indian was Luther's Smaller Catechism. The first Orphan's Home established by the Church in America was by Lutherans. And a Lutheran missionary was the first to give to the people of India a translation of the New Testament in their own language.

—THERE are 25,530 negro schools now in the South, where 2,250,000 negroes have learned to read, and most of them to write. In the colored schools are 238,000 pupils and 20,000 negro teachers. There are 150 schools for advanced education, and 7 colleges administered by negro presidents and faculties, and of these presidents 3 were formerly slaves. There are 154 negro editors, 250 lawyers, 740 physicians, and there are now educating themselves in European universities 247 negroes from the South. What the colored man needs is not merely culture, but an education in the pure word of God.

—BORNEO was once called the "Nation of Head-hunters," because the cutting off of their enemies' heads was their favorite occupation. Now their deadly instruments, which could easily cut off men's heads at a single sweep, are only rusty heirlooms, and a missionary says, "Nowhere in the world, so far as I know, are life and property more secure than among the once fierce head-hunters of Borneo."

—DR. GRIFFITH JOHN, the veteran missionary in China, tells of a native Christian whose consistency and faithfulness were such that his native friends said to him, "There is no difference between him and the Book."

—JAPAN.—An agitation against foreigners is increasing in energy. In Kumamoto a petition was circulated and signed with 150,000 names to move the government to assign special quarters for all resident foreigners.

—PROF. SAMUEL IVES CURTISS has been sending some more literature to this country from Sweden. Among other good things of the people there he has this to say: "One can lie down in confidence in Sweden without fear of thieves. In certain parts of the country, whither strangers have not come, it is said to be customary for the people to sleep without locking their doors, or even with them open. A certain Swede who had lived in a place frequented by strangers, where the people were in the habit of locking their doors, came to such a community as I have just described. From habit he locked his door as before. The people asked, 'What kind of a man is Mr. —?' He locks his door, and yet he professes to be a Christian?"

—THE African International Transport Company is building three steamers, with a view to establish a bi-monthly navigation of the Lower Zambesi. This company also proposes to build lighthouses, quays and factories along the Zambesi and the Shiré Rivers. Its capital is \$250,000, half of which has been paid in.

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

—THERE used to be a sharp story told of a stingy millionaire in New York, who was solicited to contribute toward rearing a statue to Washington. The miser refused with the excuse: "I keep Washington always in my heart." "Well," replied the indignant solicitor, "I don't believe the father of his country ever got into such a tight place as that."

—A TAOIST priest of Lin-kia, Kiang-si, who first heard the Gospel in 1892, has given up everything connected with his former religion. His books, charms and idols were the accumulation of many years, his ancestors for seven generations having been Taoist priests, and were esteemed of great value. This collection he freely brought, with his own hands lit the fire, and stirred the flames until all were consumed. The following day he was baptized.

—MAKANJILA, who was the great slave-trading chief on Lake Nyasa in Africa, and the most powerful enemy of the British officials on the lake, has died. He died by the hand of an assassin in revenge for the killing by this chief of a prominent native, named Makwinja. The story is told that after Makanjila had killed this man, he kept the body in his hut, and then prepared a great feast in which the body of his victim was cooked with those of three oxen and the flesh mixed with other articles, making a mountain of food. The guests, including the Mohammedans, came and gorged themselves, not suspecting the composition of the viands. After the banquet Makanjila taunted them: "I thought it was your boast that you never would eat human flesh. Why, then, have you eaten Makwinja to-day?" A great uproar followed, and the guests resolved that Makanjila should die. The vow was fulfilled later.

—CAMEROON LAND in Africa is attracting the attention of the friends of missions more than formerly. The German government has been content hitherto to exploit the district for commercial ends, but is now inclined to undertake the social and religious education of the natives. It will be a difficult work, for in the back country idolatry, witchcraft and never ending wars hinder the progress of civilization. Six years ago the English mission

was transferred to the German Missionary Society of Basle. In that time the number of stations has grown from 6 to 50, with a present roll of 900 communicants, 1400 children in the schools, and 50 students in training as helpers. Efforts will soon be made to extend operations to the Bakosi mountains. Thirty-five condemned railway station bells were sent to Cameroon and were eagerly bought up at \$12.50 each. The natives gather in large crowds at the tolling of these novel church bells.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

LIEDER-PERLEN. Eine Sammlung von Liedern geistlichen und gemischten Inhalts, theils in deutscher, theils in englischer Sprache, ein-, zwei- und dreistimmig gesetzt fuer unsere Schulen. Price 30 cents per copy; \$2.75 per dozen. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

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Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.  
F. LANKENAU, Missionary.

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

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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.

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Springfield, Ill.  
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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.

## Prayer to the Holy Spirit.

Gracious Spirit—Love divine!  
Let Thy light within me shine;  
All my guilty fears remove;  
Fill me with Thy heav'nly love.

Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me;  
Set the burdened sinner free;  
Lead me to the Lamb of God;  
Wash me in His precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart;  
Seal salvation on my heart;  
Dwell Thyself within my breast,  
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from Thee stray;  
Keep me in the narrow way;  
Fill my soul with joy divine;  
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

Selected.

## The Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit, whose outpouring upon the apostles the Church commemorates on the day of Pentecost, is still with us and continues His work among men. It is therefore important to know Him and His work.

### WHO IS THE HOLY SPIRIT?

He is the third Person in the Godhead. Some people speak of the Holy Spirit as if He were, not a person, but a mere power, or influence, or attribute of God. Such people do not know the Scriptures, or do not believe what God's word says. The Bible speaks of the Holy Spirit as of a Person. It says that men vex, blaspheme, and grieve the Spirit. Such expressions prove that the Holy Spirit is a Person. Again, Christ said to His disciples: "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that *He* may abide with you forever. Even the Spirit of truth, *whom* the world can not receive because it seeth *Him* not, neither knoweth *Him*; but ye know *Him*, for *He* dwelleth with you and shall be in you." Speaking of the Holy Spirit, Christ uses the words "He" and "Him" and "whom." From this it is plain that the Holy Spirit is a Person.

He is a DIVINE Person. In the fifth chapter of the Acts we read: "Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thy heart, to lie to the

*Holy Ghost* . . . thou hast not lied unto men but unto God." The apostle here tells Ananias that, in lying to the Holy Ghost, he had lied unto God. From this we see that the Holy Ghost must be God. Again, the Bible ascribes to the Holy Spirit the attributes, the works, and the honor due to God alone. This could not be done, if the Holy Spirit were not a DIVINE Person.

### WHAT IS THE SPIRIT'S WORK?

The work of the Holy Spirit is to bring men to faith and to keep them in the faith. In our Catechism we confess: "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."

If sinners are to be saved, the forgiveness of sins, procured for them by Christ, must be brought to them and must be made their own. The forgiveness of sins is brought to sinners in the Gospel and is made their own through faith. The moment the sinner believes in His Saviour he has forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. But the sinner can not come to faith by his own reason or strength. The Bible says that man by nature is "dead in trespasses and sin." There is not the least particle of strength in him by which he could bring himself to spiritual life or in any way assist in this work. It is wholly the work of the Holy Spirit. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost," 1 Cor. 12, 3.

But the Holy Spirit does His work through certain means. These means are the Word of God and the Sacraments. In these means of grace the Holy Spirit comes to us, offers us forgiveness of sins, and works in our hearts true faith in the Saviour, by which the forgiveness of sins is made our own. Thus by the Spirit's work in us we are made partakers of Christ's work for us. And He who works faith in the heart of man also preserves it until the end. Through the means of grace the Holy Spirit comforts, and guides, and keeps us in the faith until the end of our pilgrimage.

Happy are they who are brought to faith by the Holy Spirit. They enjoy all the heavenly

gifts procured for sinners by the sufferings and death of Christ. They are children of God and heirs of heaven. The happiness they enjoy must move them to bring the same blessing to others. They can not suffer souls to die for lack of the means of grace, by which the Holy Spirit works faith in the hearts of sinners. Knowing from their own experience the great blessedness of the Holy Spirit's work, Christians must be active and zealous in bringing the life-giving Gospel to dying men and in spreading the blessings of the Holy Spirit over a ruined world.

## A Home-Thrust.

A story is told of an old Fijan chief and an English earl—an infidel—who visited the islands. The Englishman said to the chief, "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who only want to get rich among you. No one now-a-days would believe any more in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men listen to that story about Jesus Christ; people know better now, and I am sorry for you that you are so foolish." When he said that the old chief's eyes flashed, and he said, "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now you! you!—if it had not been for these good missionaries, for that old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you! you would never leave this spot! You have to thank God for the gospel, as otherwise you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on your body in no time!"

Of Enoch we read: "He was not, for God took him." These words describe the death of every believer as accurately as they do the translation of the saintly patriarch, who "walked with God." Union with Christ robs death of its terrors. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.

### The Holy Trinity.

Trinity means three in one. The word signifies that there are three Persons in the Unity of the Godhead. This doctrine of the Holy Trinity we learn from the Bible only. Nature and human reason can not tell us who God is. In the Bible God has revealed Himself to us, and from the Bible only we can learn to know Him.

The Bible tells us that there is *one God*. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," Deut. 6, 4. "There is none other God but one," 1 Cor. 8, 4. "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all," Eph. 4, 6. From these and other passages of the Bible we see that there is only one God.

The same Bible speaks of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. From this we learn that there are three distinct Persons in the one Godhead. Christ commanded His disciples to baptize "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Such passages plainly teach that there are three distinct Persons.

The Unitarians and others, who deny the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, say that there is one Person only and that this one Person is sometimes called

Father, sometimes Son, and sometimes Holy Ghost, just as a doctor who has been elected mayor of a city may be called doctor, or mayor, or squire. But such a doctrine is contrary to the holy Scriptures, and they that teach such a doctrine have not the true God, they are not Christians. For from the Bible we learn that there are three distinct Persons in the one Godhead. This is plainly seen from the history of Christ's baptism. (Matth. 3, 16, 17.) There each Person of the Holy Trinity revealed Himself. The Father's voice was heard from heaven: "This is my beloved Son;" the Son was baptized in the Jordan; the Holy Ghost descended and lighted upon Him. Here we have three distinct Persons. Therefore the Christians in the first centuries would say to those that doubted the truth of this doctrine: "Go to Jordan and you will see the Trinity."

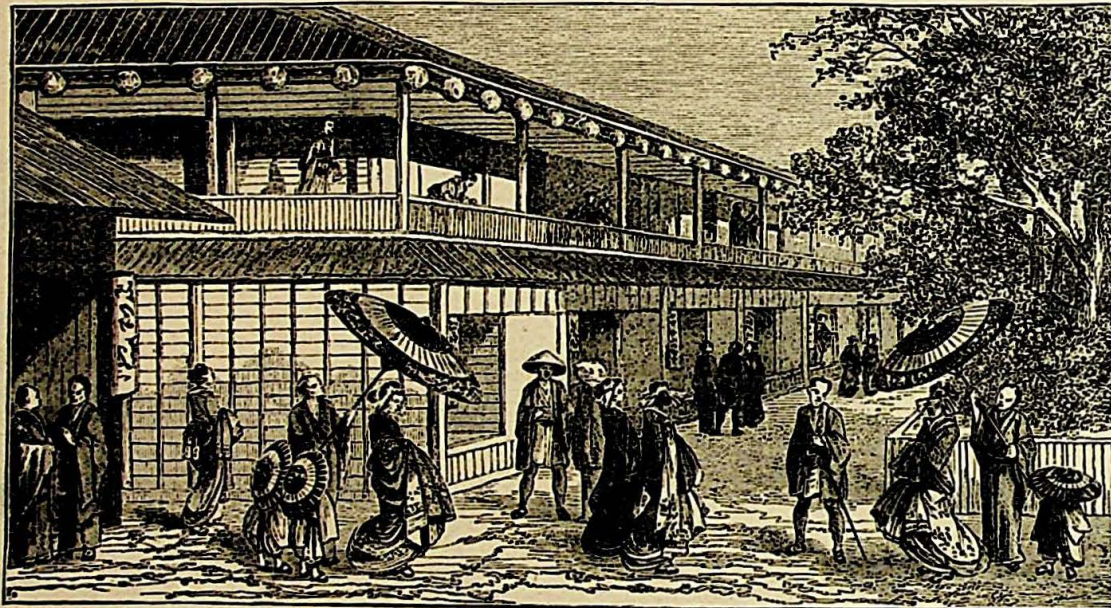
The Triune God is the only true God. There is no other God. Men may worship some one that they call God, but if he is not this God of the Bible, they have not the true God, and their worship is simply idolatry. The secret

oath-bound societies speak of a God in their Forms of Worship, but these societies as such do not accept the three Persons in the one Godhead, they do not worship the God of the Bible, and Christians can not join such societies; for Christians will not deny the true God and will at all times beware of the great sin of idolatry.

The doctrine that there are three co-equal and co-eternal Persons but only one God, is above all human reason. It is a doctrine which no man can comprehend, but which we Christians believe because it is plainly revealed in the Word of God. A Christian does not belong to the "How Family." If he finds a doctrine revealed in the Bible, he simply accepts it without asking, How can this be? He knows that human reason is blind in all spiritual matters and must bow to the authority of God's Word. There are many things even in this

quiet villages saw the telegraph posts, and the wires passing through the village. And she said, "They tell me that thing carries a message from New York to Boston in no time at all; but I don't believe it, and I never will believe it. It is not possible." One day a letter came to the old lady, and on opening it she found it was a message by telegraph, saying, 'Your son Robert is very ill; come immediately.' She asked a great many questions as to how the message came, and when she heard that the wires brought it, and when she saw the date only an hour before the time that she was reading it, she said, 'It is a hoax. It isn't possible a message could come to me that way.' So she stayed at home. The following day she got a letter, saying, 'Robert has just breathed his last. How he longed to see his mother! We telegraphed to you to come, and if you received the message and

had started immediately, you might have seen him before he died.' Sorely she reproached herself! After that, she did not refuse to believe a thing which she did not understand. Now, my dear children, we have the Word of God telling us of many things which our poor, weak minds can no more understand than the old lady could the telegraph, or the little fly which crawls on my book can understand the words printed



Private Promenade in Japan.

world that we can not comprehend; much less can we poor human beings comprehend the great God with our weak human reason.

A teacher one day said to her class: "Little girls, what do you understand by the Trinity?"

"Three Persons in one God: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost," answered the children.

"Do you understand how there can be three Persons in one God, and all equal?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am."

"Do you think any one does?"

"I suppose you do, ma'am," said Sophie.

"No," said the teacher, "I do not understand how the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are one. But, dear children, there are many things even in this world which you do not understand, and yet you know they are true. You do not understand how the flowers grow; or how one kind of seed always produces one kind of flower. You know the sun and the rain make the grain grow, but *how*, you can not tell. An old lady in one of our

there; but we know that they are true, because the God of all truth tells us they are. We have only to believe, and we must be contented not to understand, saying with the psalmist 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; I can not attain unto it.'"

### Not Afraid of the Weather.

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

He who has a God without His Word, has no God.—*Luther*.

### One of the Moys.

A CHINESE BOY IN AMERICA.

"You teachee me read the Bible?" he asked, and there was an eagerness in his voice and manner which proved the question one of real interest.

No teacher could turn from such a question with a cold and formal reply. The work was wearisome, and her hands were full—overfull, she sometimes thought. But here was this dark-faced heathen "boy," with his eager eyes and ready smile, asking her, "You teachee me the Bible?" Could she, dare she, evade the question? Was it not God Himself who stood back of this needy soul, awaiting her reply?

She sighed softly at the thought of the afternoon hour of rest; and following the sigh, a prayer—a cry for grace sufficient. Then she said, "Yes, Sing, I will teach you."

When, indeed, had any Sunday School pupil ever thanked her with such a sincerity as that? When had any ever shown so glad a face at the prospect of being taught God's truth?

There are those who declare that the Chinese boys only care to learn our language. Perhaps. And what then? Will not our language bring to them the knowledge of the only one God, and Jesus, His Son, who gave Himself for their ransom?

Every Sunday his bright, eager face met her, and he searched diligently with her those wondrous Scriptures which would make him wise unto salvation.

Sometimes Sing would tell her of his troubles; of his laundry, and of how the "'melican boys" tormented him—breaking panes of glass and committing other mean trespasses.

Then she taught him the Lord's Prayer, and the meaning of "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

"Yes, me forgive 'em; bleak glass, do what 'em likee to me, no touchee my Fay!" And his dark eyes grew very tender.

"Who is Fay?" she asked.

Fay was his cousin—Moy Fay. He was a hunchback, she found out afterwards, and rarely went from the doorway of the laundry, because the "'melican boys" were so rude to him.

When she told Sing to teach his cousin about Jesus, he asked, "You could come and tellee him," so pleadingly that she overcame her scruples and went to the laundry and taught the poor cripple.

Do you know how those Chinese boys love one another? We may well learn from them in this respect.

Moy Sing gave always the best of everything to Fay. Many a little delicacy of fruit or a few bright flowers made the poor cousin's life happier. Many a long evening, when other men were enjoying an entertainment, or the meeting in church would have been very pleasant to Sing, he would sit with Fay in cheerful self-denial, striving to brighten his lonely life.

And as he learned to read the Bible, he would read it aloud to his cousin, repeating the lesson which his teacher had given him.

As the soft spring days dawned upon the great city, there came a Sunday when Moy Sing was not there. His teacher waited and wondered. She sat at her little table in her quiet corner, the hum of voices all around her. At last she heard some one say: "Tell Miss —. She does not know." Then one of the boys went to her and told her that Moy Sing had been badly hurt in a quarrel, and "he not live; he want you come quick." Her heart sank. In a quarrel! And she thought he had learned to love the meek and lowly Jesus.

She was soon there. The "'melican boys" had done their work well this time. Not broken panes only, but a simple, gentle, loving heart—a human creature who would not have harmed his worst enemy.

"Not for me, Miss —," he said, lifting his eyes fearlessly to meet hers. "I not fight for me; only to keep Fay flom get hurt."

He was very weak from loss of blood, but his mind was very clear, and he looked around from time to time at poor Fay, who sat silently weeping.

"Sing, God knows all about it. It was right for you to take care of Fay. Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

He repeated it with her, in weak, but clear tones. When they had finished, "Miss —," he said, "I t'ank you for teachee me how to read the Bible. Fay mos' learn, too. So glad 'melican boys not hurt Fay. Who take care of Fay now?"

The lady assured him that she would do so, and he seemed satisfied. He asked his teacher to say a prayer for him to Jesus, that he "not mean to strike, only so Fay not get hurt," and to tell Jesus "he sorry; please forgive."

It had been one of the unprovoked assaults, too shamefully common in many parts of our country, where a "heathen's" home had been invaded and the poor, deformed Fay made the target for the attacks called "fun." No one, of all the crowd that gathered, moved to shield the Chinese lad, and his cousin, strong in his great affection, had to battle for him alone. He did not mind that he had received his death wound. His simple, peaceful heart was only sad for the part he had been compelled to take.

But he would soon be at rest now, and those blessed Bible truths which he had so longed to read for himself would become fully known to him. A little hour or two, and one of the Moy family would be one of that great multitude who had come through much tribulation, and received white robes.

Children's Work for Children.

ALL the greatness of whole mankind compared to the greatness of the One Triune God, amounts to just as much as a small spark from a large fire.—*Luther.*

### Constrained by Love.

A negro girl was being sold in a southern market-place. She was young and handsome. She trembled as she saw the evil-looking men gather about her, and bid for her. A wealthy gentleman, seeing her terror, purchased her and set her free. She was overjoyed at being delivered from the evil men who sought to buy her. She followed him to his home, and although he was in no need of her service, she refused to leave. She remained a life-long and trusty servant of him and his family. It was her delight to serve the man who had redeemed her from that which was worse than death. Love constrained her. If we love Him who has purchased us from sin and Satan, and are truly grateful, we will be constrained to serve Him as long as we live.

On the deck of a foundering vessel stood a negro slave, the last man on board. He was about to step into the life-boat at her last trip, which was loaded almost to the gunwale. He was observed to carry in his arms a bundle; and the boat's crew, who had great difficulty in keeping her afloat in such a roaring sea, refused to receive him unless he came unencumbered and alone. He pressed to his bosom what he carried in his arms, and seemed loth to part with it. They insisted. He had his choice, either to leap into the boat and leave that behind, or throw it in and perish. He opened its folds, and there, warmly wrapped, lay two children whom their father, his master, had committed to his care. He kissed them, bade the sailors carry his affectionate farewell to his master, and tell him that he was faithful to them to the end. Then, lowering the children into the boat, which pushed off, that noble-hearted black man stood alone on the smoking deck, and soon went down with the foundering ship. That is love. If we have love for our Master, what will we not do in His service?

### The Blind Indian Missionary.

A blind Indian who had become a Christian went to a missionary and said: "I want a bell and a hymn-book and a God-book." When asked why he wished them he said: "I live far away in a heathen village. If I can show the books to my friends they will, perhaps, believe what I tell them they contain, and I will ring the bell for them to listen to me."

He went away, and after awhile the message came from his village asking for a missionary. The blind Christian was dead, but as long as he lived—a year and a half from the time of his visit—he kept tally of the Sundays, and when they came he would go through the village ringing his bell and singing his hymns and telling the "old, old story" as best he could. Some of his hearers believed, and they wished to know more of Jesus.

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

—CHINA will pay \$40,000 to the relatives of the Swedish missionaries, Wickholm and Johannsen, who were murdered by a mob at Sung Pu, in July last. But what will be done with the murderers? That is the question.

—CHINA proper is divided into nineteen provinces. Most Chinese are Buddhists and Confucianists at the same time; many of them are also Taoists. The Mohammedans in China number about 30,000,000 and are found chiefly in the north-east and south-west. There are about 1,000,000 Roman Catholics. Protestants number 60,000. Many of the natives are still nature worshipers. There are at work in the Flowery Kingdom about 66 societies, 18 of which are British, 13 Continental and 17 American, and they support about 1500 missionaries. Native helpers number over 20,000 and native churches 525. Last year over 500,000 copies of the Bible were distributed.

—A MISSIONARY tells a story of a Chinaman who came one day to the mission rooms. "Have you ever heard the Gospel?" asked the missionary. "No," was the reply, "but I have seen it. I knew a man who was like a wild beast; he would shout at you when angry, and would curse both day and night. But he learned the religion of Jesus, and now he is kind, gentle, and speaks good words." The converted heathen had become a preacher of the religion of Jesus without knowing it. The missionary himself could not preach and teach better than this poor man was doing by his changed life. His former companions saw a great change in him. They said: "What has made this man so different?" And when they heard that it was the religion of Jesus, they said in their hearts, "If we believe it is a good religion let us send it to those who have it not."

—REV. MR. FULTON, of the American Presbyterian Mission in China, wrote recently: "During this very month more money will be spent in propitiating evil spirits that have no existence, than all the churches in the United States give in one year for foreign missions." Do we believe our beliefs as profoundly as the Chinese believe theirs?

—OVER 200 African converts in Uganda and the regions about have suffered death rather than give up their faith in Christ.

—UGANDA, East Africa, had no written language when missionaries went there in 1877. Now many thousands of the people can read.

—IN Malaysia, India, there is a population of 60,000,000, mostly Mohammedan Malays. The British and Foreign Bible Society has seven European colporteurs at work, and twenty-five who are natives. At Singapore alone Bibles are furnished in forty-five languages.

—THESE are significant and suggestive words, written by a missionary in Japan:

"The civilization of Japan has been misleading, even to missionaries. The Japanese are so sweet and courteous in manners, so artistic in fine arts, so bright and gay, that we lose sight of the fact that they are as veritable heathen as if they were savages and fought with bow and arrow. We look for truth and find lying; we look for virtue and find vice; and we are disgusted. If they were living in wigwams we would expect no better. We forget their environment for generations." Here then is an example showing what a polite civilization amounts to when it is practically godless, not permeated by the leaven of Christianity. What the Japanese, with all their elegant manners and beautiful shams, need is a thorough change of nature, a spiritual regeneration of heart, and an infusion of the saving and sanctifying Gospel into their lives.

—CONSIDERABLE success has already been secured for Christianity in the Turkish Empire; nearly 500 missionaries and 1800 native helpers are toiling for the Gospel. Over 200 churches are organized, with 21,000 communicants, and there are 84,000 Protestants. The Bible Lands Missions' Aid Society (British) has hitherto helped this great missionary labor by a total of just \$400,000.

—AN Evangelical pastor at work in Bulgaria writes: "A few Sundays since I gave the communion, for the first time, to a converted Jew. He told me that his father had been with the French as a dragoman in the Crimea, that, while there, he secured a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew-Spanish, and that he read it and prized it on his return to Constantinople. When he was dying he had it with him on his bed, and died with it clasped to his breast. The wife was commanded by her husband's Jewish friends to destroy the book; but, not being able to read, she could not then tell it from some others in the same type. The result was it was thrown aside and not destroyed. The young man in question somehow obtained this copy, has been reading it, has professed Christ, and I gave him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper two weeks ago for the first time."

—THERE are numberless faithful and heroic souls who have given or are giving their lives to Christian service, but whose names are not likely to be known in the world, save in very narrow circles. Of one such person we have a brief record from the Marquesas Islands. Mrs. L. Kaaiawahia, the wife of Rev. S. Kauwealoha, both of them native Hawaiians, went with her husband in 1843 to the Marquesas Islands as missionary under the Hawaiian Board to the natives on those cannibal islands, where she labored with her husband for forty years without ever returning to her native land to visit parents or relatives. Part of the time she lived almost alone, separated from other missionary families. Her hands and her heart were occupied with labors for the natives, by whom she was greatly honored and loved. This record of a Hawaiian missionary is to her credit,

and not to her's only, but also to the race to which she belonged.

—*Medical Missions at Home and Abroad* speaks of a movement to place a well-bound copy of the Bible in Japanese into the hands of every native physician in the Mikado's Empire. There are at present about 40,000 doctors for the 40,000,000 of the Japanese people. It is proposed that these Bibles shall be given by the medical men of England and America to their brethren in Japan.

—THIS story is told in a parish not far distant, where they were raising money for re-furnishing the church: The colored sexton remarked of a certain fairly well-to-do member, having a reputation for close-fistedness, that he was "as stingy as old Caesar." "Why do you think Caesar was stingy?" he was asked. "Well, you see," came the reply, "when the Pharisees gave our Lord a penny, Jesus asked them, 'Whose subscription is this?' and they said, 'Caesar's.'"—We close our window.

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113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening.  
Sunday School from 9 to 10½.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

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

EV. LUTH. TRINITY CHURCH.

Zimple Str., between Monroe and Leonidas.

CARROLLTON.

Divine services at 10½ o'clock Sunday morning and 7 o'clock Wednesday evening.  
Sunday School at 9½ o'clock. E. W. KUSS, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

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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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## Jesus.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," Acts 4, 12.

Is thy heart of sin weary?

*Jesus is the sinner's friend.*

Do thy faithless friends forsake thee?

*Jesus' love is without end.*

Thou wilt seek in vain for rest

Elsewhere than the Saviour's breast.

Dost thou doubt if God doth love thee?

Hark! and let thy doubts be done:

"God so loved the world" of sinners,

"That He gave His only Son,"

That whoe'er in Him believe

Might eternal life receive.

Dost thou think, "Ah! well, perhaps so;

But there's time enough for me."

This is only Satan's whisper,

He'd be fain detaining thee.

Every hour that passeth by

Brings thee near eternity.

Friend, I pray thee, cease this folly,

And this trifling with thy God.

*Jesus waits, with love and mercy,*

Pleading still His own life's blood.

How He died that thou might'st be

Glad for all eternity.

*Jesus is the blessed Saviour,*

And His heart is e'er the same.

His the love, the power, that saves us;

And "there is none other name"

Which on earth has e'er been given

Whereby we may enter heaven.

H. McD.

## The Heavenly Seeker.

The Bible tells us that Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost. By nature all men are lost. "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way," says the prophet. If we were left to our own way it would end in eternal damnation. For that way is the way of sin, and "the wages of sin is death," says the apostle. But Christ came to seek and to save the lost. For this He came into the world and took upon Himself our sins and bore the punishment which was our due. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," says the prophet. Christ, the good Shepherd, gave His life for the lost sheep, thus redeeming them from sin and all

its woe. And this redemption is brought to the lost ones. In the Gospel Jesus takes the place of the seeker. We do not seek after Him; He seeks after us. We do not go to Him by nature. Our nature is to go away from Him, as with Adam when he hid away from God. It is not the lost sheep from the fold hunting up the shepherd, but it is the shepherd seeking after the lost sheep. He seeks it until he find it, and then, without one word of reproach, without one angry frown, without one sharp blow, he lays it on his shoulders rejoicing. He is glad to get back his lost one! Tenderly he bears it on his shoulders, not to the wilderness, but home, yes, home!

Such a faithful Shepherd is Jesus, the Heavenly Seeker. Having laid down His life for sinners, He seeks them through the Gospel, offers them His redemption, and works in their hearts that faith by which they become His own. And over every lost one that is thus found He rejoices and bears him on His strong shoulders through this world of tribulations and through the valley of the shadow of death to His home of everlasting joy and bliss.

Happy are they whom Jesus has found! Are you one of them, my dear reader? Oh, there are many that will not heed the voice of the Heavenly Seeker! They reject this loving Saviour and are lost, because they will not be saved. It is not the Seeker's fault, it is their own fault. Therefore to-day, if you hear His voice, harden not your heart!

## A Downcast Man.

Luther, at Wittenberg, discerning a very melancholy man (whom he formerly knew), said unto him, "Ah, human creature, what doest thou? Hast thou nothing else in hand but to think of thy sins, on death and on damnation? Turn thine eyes quickly away, and look hither to this man Christ, of whom it is written, 'He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered, died, was buried, the third day arose from the dead and ascended up into heaven.' Wherefore dost thou think all this was done? Verily it was that thou shouldst comfort thyself against

death and sin; therefore forbear, be not afraid, neither do thou faint, for truly thou hast no cause; for Christ suffered death for thee, and prevailed for thy comfort and defence, and for that cause He sitteth at the right hand of His Father to deliver thee. Therefore whosoever thou art that art possessed with such heavy thoughts, know for certain that the same is a work and devising of the devil, for God hath sent His Son into the world, not to affright, but to comfort sinners. From hence these and the like sentences are oftentimes expressed in the Scriptures: Rejoice! Be joyful in the Lord. Be not afraid. Be not discouraged. Be of good comfort. I have overcome the world."—From *Luther's Table Talk*.

## The Rest of Faith.

We are only called upon to live by the moment. Christ does not bid us bear the burdens of to-morrow, or next week, or next year. Every day we are to come to Him in simple faith and obedience, asking help to keep us and aid us through that day's work; and to-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow, through years of long to-morrows, it will be the same thing to do; leaving the future always in God's hands; sure that He can care for it better than we. Blessed trust! that thus can confidently say, "This hour is mine, with its present duty; the next is God's, and when it comes, Christ's presence will come with it." This is the rest of faith, whose heavenly calmness no storms disquiet.

## Christian Giving.

That is a very strong argument in favor of Christian giving, which the apostle addresses to the Corinthians, when he says, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." Since He, the Sovereign Lord of all, became poor to make us rich, how willing should we be to contribute of our abundance, which He has given to us, for the help of His poor saints? "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

### About Japan.

Our picture takes us to Japan, a country of which one of our exchanges says:

East of the Japan Sea lies a long chain of islands that are known as Japan. They are sometimes called the Sunrise kingdom, because the rays of the rising sun first falls upon them. There are said to be over 3000 of these islands, but most of them are quite small. There are four, however, of considerable size. Here there is a variety of climate, rather productive soil, different kinds of animals, and fruits, vegetables, and some cereals.

Although constituted of islands, this kingdom is not an insignificant part of the world. There are about 34 millions of people in this country. Perhaps you have seen specimens of this race. They are of medium size, of light olive color, and have deep-set eyes and prominent cheek bones. They are a civilized and rather intelligent people. Their boys and girls are sent to school and at least are taught to read and write. They are careful also to teach their youth the laws of the land, and to instruct them in their false religion. Trained as they are, the Japanese children usually grow to be industrious, cleanly, temperate and polite men and women.

And yet these people are to be pitied. They are heathen. They worship imaginary spirits, dead heroes, and the image of Buddha. They have all manner of false ideas of right and wrong, and are brought up in ignorance of the truth as we and other Christians know it. They are indeed to be pitied.

However, missionaries are there now. For many years efforts were made to bring these people the Gospel of Jesus, but very little permanent good was done until within the last 38 years. These people forbade missionaries to labor in their midst until in 1854 a treaty was signed by which the ports of Japan were thrown open, and the way opened for missionary work. Since then the good work has been pushed forward with great vigor, and to-day thousands of Japanese worship the true God, and hope for eternal life through Christ our Saviour.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

### Mission at New Orleans.

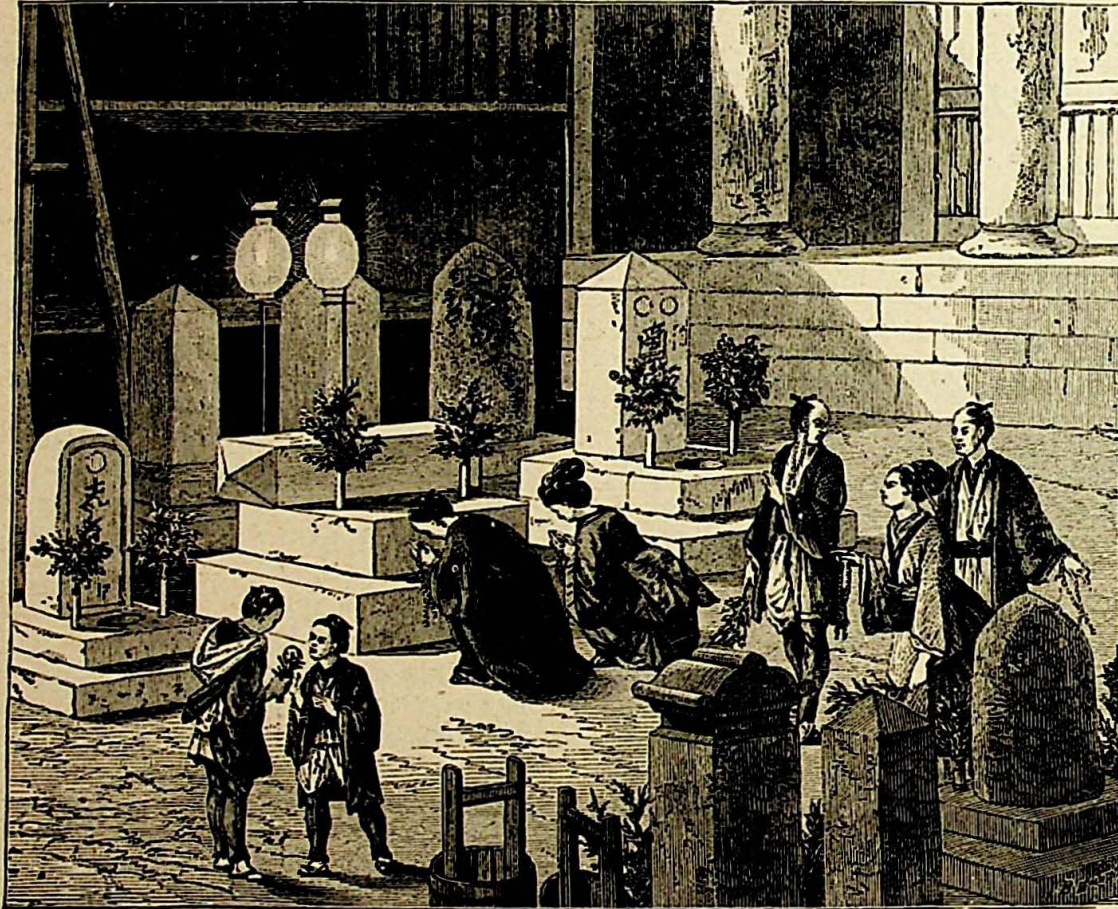
Rev. F. J. Lankenau has been relieved of his pastorate at Mount Zion church. But besides discharging his duties at St. Paul's as before, he presides over the first department of the school in his parish.

The mission at Carrollton has been discontinued. The people of that section of the "Crescent City" did not appreciate the grace which the Lord had conferred upon them by having a Lutheran church and school planted in their midst. If they were not *too indifferent* to go to *any* church, they were bigoted devo-

their responsibility be increased, etc. Besides a score or two of noisy children three or four adults usually attended services at the Lutheran church. Several times the missionaries could not preach, because there was nobody to preach to. And, though the missionaries are anything but perfect, this state of affairs was not due to the fact that they made no efforts to get people to come to church. Had the Lord slain all that promised them to attend services next Sunday, "if the Lord spared them" or "if the Lord said the same," the undertaker would have had more funerals than he could have attended to. May the discontinuance of the mission in Carrollton be a warn-

ing to the callous and indifferent in the other missions and stir them up to be more faithful in their attendance upon the preaching of Christ's own, unadulterated gospel.

But let some more cheerful news be added. While Rev. Mr. Kuss has been removed from Carrollton, he has not been taken from the mission here altogether. On Pentecost Sunday he was installed at Mount Zion's. Some of the ladies had taken special pains to have the old dilapidated church look as bright as possible. Besides that, they had profusely decorated the altar and entire chancel with plants and flowers. A good audience had assem-



In a Japanese Graveyard.

tees of the "man of sin," the "holy father" at Rome, or they are fanatics who do not believe that the Spirit is doing His work, unless the "brothers and sisters" get into a waving motion, give forth inarticulate sounds, and then shriek, scream, shout, throw about their arms, leap, jump, and tumble, some here, others yonder, some everywhere, until they drop into their pews completely exhausted or go into spasms and lie on the floor in attitudes which should convince even the blindest among the blind, that this is not due to the operation of the Holy Spirit, but is rather the abominable effect of a foul spirit working among them. Time and again we heard that they want none of that book-religion, that such preaching as was heard in our church might be good enough for white people, but would not do for the colored man, or they knew they were ignorant, but they desired to remain in the dark, lest

bled to see and hear what transpired.—Let Mount Zion prove herself thankful to the Lord for sending her a messenger of the truth who can devote his undivided energy, time, and efforts to ministering to her spiritual wants. Other congregations frequently have to wait a long, long time before they obtain another pastor. Many Lutherans can be visited by a Lutheran minister only once in several weeks or even months. Mount Zion has the bread and water of life offered her Sunday after Sunday, and week after week. Is not this infinite grace? Is not this boundless mercy? Is not this extraordinary divine goodness? If you look at it in that light, Mount Zionite, to be sure—you will never want to miss a service. You will come yourself. You will bring your husband. You will bring your wife. You will bring your children. You will bring your friends. You will bring everybody you can, and, by God's grace, Mount Zion will flourish.

AUG.

### A Story of the New Hebrides.

By DR. PATON.

Could I take you down to these islands, and let you see the triumphs of the Gospel there, you would be stirred as you have never been stirred before. One missionary and his wife labored for thirteen years. He and his wife sowed the Gospel with tears, amid much persecution and opposition. This missionary at last got heartbroken to see the want of success, and he came to us and pleaded with us to let him go to one of the other islands where the people were crying out for a missionary. But we said to him, "You have acquired the language in the island where you are placed, and translated the New Testament into it, and we could have no one that would gain your influence there for many years to come. Hold on, and we will all pray for you that God's Spirit may be poured out upon our work, and we hope ere long that you will have cause to praise God for the triumphs of the Gospel of His love." The missionary and his wife returned to their former sphere, but when they returned a fight had taken place between the slavers and the natives. The missionaries were greatly disheartened. Moreover, the old chief got angry with some of his own people, and was determined that if they would not confess some wrong they had done, he would coerce them by war. One morning the missionaries heard the yells of savages approaching, and believing their intention was to murder them, they, with their children, entered a boat at once and set off with all possible speed. It was told the old warrior, however, that the missionary and his wife and children were leaving. He then ran down to the beach and called out to them, "Come back; if you do not I will send my swiftest canoe after you and shoot you every one." The missionary's wife said in tears to her husband, "Have we not risked our lives these many years for them and suffered much amongst them? That may be God's voice that we hear in that old savage. He cries 'Come back: let us commit ourselves to God in prayer, and let us turn back and leave the results entirely to Jesus, and if we and our children are all murdered, oh, the joy of getting into heaven at the same moment with them all!" And then they prayed as men will only pray when on the verge of eternity.

Oh, friends, it is not in the police, or in the arm of law, that we missionaries trust in the hour of danger and difficulty, but it is in throwing ourselves upon the promises of Him who said, "Whatever ye shall ask in My name, I will do it." Therefore, that missionary and his wife poured out their hearts to God in prayer. The boat was turned, and the old chief saw where it was to land, on the beach. He ran down to the spot, and there stood with his great club drawn, as if to strike the first that came ashore. The boat hesitated for a moment, but the missionary's wife, picking up

the baby and coming to the front of the boat, committed her all to Jesus. When she landed, the old savage swung his club over her head. But he said to his men, "Do not strike them; we will finish our own work to-day, and we will close them in their own house, and come back to-morrow and dispose of them." He thereupon drove them up to the house, and left them there for the night. But that was a night spent in prayer, and when the morning came they were resigned, in the arms of Jesus.

The old chief came back soon after daylight, and called, "Come out, I am prepared for you now." He looked at the crying children and sorrowful parents, yet, not sorrowing "as those that have no hope." They stood for a few minutes in silence, and then the chief said, "Before I begin, I want to ask you a question. How could you come on shore as you did when you saw us there to murder you? Had we been in the boat in your position we would have tried to escape. How could you do as you did? Tell me that before I begin." The missionary's wife, in tears, said, "Our Jehovah God helped us to do what we did. You called on us to come back. We came back at your request, and now we are in your hands; but if you murder us you murder those who love you and who would die for you; of which we have given you ample evidence, and who wish to make you happy."

The old man stood looking at them for a few minutes, and then he sat down and said, "Sit down beside me," and they sat down. "Now," he said, "tell me of that God that so helps you in your difficulty and danger; our god never nerves us in that way." They then told the story of God's love and mercy, and of Christ dying for poor sinners, and suddenly the old man stopped them and said, "What! A God of love and mercy! A God who came to die for me! Can I be interested in that God's death, and that salvation? Make it plain. Begin again." And so they spent the day in tears and prayer, while the Holy Spirit wrought in the poor old savage's heart. And at last he said, "I think I see through it now; I think I understand it, and the God that nerved you shall henceforth be my God. I am a worshiper of the Jehovah God, and I will live with you henceforth, and I will help you, and we will conquer this island for the dear Saviour."

And the work went on, and now, could I take you down to that island, you would see there a large church built by these cannibals, now all Christians, and you would find there over two thousand worshipers of the living God.

### A Touching Incident.

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of a large city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time of starting of the cars, one

of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost:

"Come, John, come," said the Superintendent, "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break. But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had known so much sorrow. Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure, obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.

O. S. P.

### A Beautiful Answer.

A happy illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible was given at an examination of a deaf-and-dumb institution some years ago in London.

A little boy was asked in writing: "Who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath the words, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote, "This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." A third question was asked, evidently adapted to call the most powerful feelings into exercise: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I hear and speak?"—"Never," says an eye witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon his countenance as he again took the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seems good in Thy sight.'"—*Exchange.*

LET not unworthiness scare the children of God. Parents love their children and do them good, not because they see that they are more worthy than others, but because they are their own.



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

—OUR Lutheran people in Michigan recently dedicated with appropriate ceremonies a large and handsome Home for Aged People near the beautiful city of Monroe.

—A MUCH needed Lutheran mission among the deaf and dumb has been begun by the Rev. A. Reinke of Chicago, Ill. Being well acquainted with the language of signs, he, by means of that language, makes known to these poor people the way of salvation. Not only in Chicago, but also in other cities this mission is carried on. On the first Sunday in June Rev. Reinke began mission work in Fort Wayne. May God's richest blessings rest upon his labors!

—THE two young missionaries sent out by the Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin to labor among the Apache Indians in Arizona have found a mission field ripe unto the harvest. With self-denial and under many hardships they passed the winter months among the Indians, instructed their children, studied their language, and gained the confidence and love of the people among whom they are to work. May God continue to bless their labors for the poor Indian.

—FROM the letter of our missionary our readers will learn that Carrollton station in New Orleans has been given up by our Mission Board, since the people there did not appreciate the blessings intended for them. Perhaps, in some future time, Carrollton will present a better opening for Lutheran mission work. Meanwhile we know by the promises of God that the labor of our missionary has not been in vain.

—OUR mission at Meherrin and Keysville, Va., is still prospering despite the opposition shown by the enemies of the pure Word of God. The schools and church services are well attended and the missionary is permitted to see the fruits of his labor.

—AT Eisleben, Germany, Luther's native town, a grand monument is to be erected to the Reformer's memory. This is to be a colossal statue in bronze.

—THE number of Bibles distributed during 1892, in Germany, by German Bible societies, amounted to 326,700. The British Bible Society distributed 237,200 in the same territory. The latter Society distributes annually 30,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures among Roman Catholics.

—THE *Swatow Church News* tells a bright story of how the Gospel finds its way from point to point in China. A Chinaman went on business to Shanghai from his native place in South China. In Shanghai he bought a copy of St. Luke's Gospel. On his way home he looked into it, liked it, and read it again. When he reached home his neighbors wished to hear his news from Shanghai. So he told them all he had met with and all he had seen, and finally he mentioned the book he had bought, and read a little of it to them. The

next evening there were a number again wishing to hear his news, and he read a few more verses in Luke's book. This occurred several times, till there were a good many interested, and wishing to read the book for themselves. No other copies could be procured there, so they took the one volume which they had, and taking it to pieces leaf by leaf, made a good many copies of it, and gave each man a copy, and then every evening they met and read it. "Afterwards a preacher came to the town and preached the doctrine of the Lord Jesus in the streets and lanes; when, to his surprise, his hearers said to him: 'What ye are preaching we already know, we have long worshiped Jesus and have ceased to worship the idols which we once worshiped.' May not this volume of a book be compared to a seed which fell in good soil and brought forth fruit?"

—THE preacher undoubtedly meant to say "collection for the poor," but with prophetic unconsciousness he said "poor collection," and the prophecy was fulfilled the same hour.

—IN the Celestial Empire, and in Korea and Japan as well, where parents are much thought of, while wives are held in slight esteem, the Scripture is a sore stumbling-block which speaks of a man leaving his father and his mother and cleaving unto his wife.

—A HEATHEN CHIEF on one of the South Sea Islands once said to a missionary: "That must be a good Word which you preach, for I see that those of my countrymen who have received it now do what formerly they did not do, and what we do not do,—they love their enemies; and it is a good thing to love one's enemies."

—A DISTINGUISHED native of Japan was so prejudiced against Christianity that he forbade his son to attend the mission school; but he changed his mind after he had carefully observed the daily walk of Christians and compared their patience and meekness with the bitterness and arrogance of their enemies. "There must after all be something real about Christianity," he said to his son, "it will be better for you to attend the school again."

—DR. J. G. PATON tells an affecting story of a visit to a neglected island in the Pacific, where he found, to his amazement, though no missionary was there or had been sent there, there was a sort of Sunday keeping. Two old men, who had a very little knowledge of the truths of the Gospel, were keeping track of the days, and on the first day of each week they laid ordinary work aside, put on a calico shirt kept for the purpose, and sat down to talk to those whom they could call about them, and in a simple way recited the outlines of a wonderful story they had once heard about one Jesus. Dr. Paton inquired where they had learned this truth, and they answered that long before a missionary had visited the island for a week or two, and had given them each a shirt, and told them something of this story of Jesus. He asked if they could remember the name, and they said, "Yes, it was Paton." Thirty-three years before he had in his evan-

gelist tours stopped at this island for a few days; and here, so long after, was the fruit. The calico shirts had been worn but once a week, carefully preserved for the Lord's Day, and the only way to keep the day which they knew was to meet others and tell what they could remember of the wonderful story!

—NEW Bible Versions have been produced in large numbers during the present century. In 1804 there were only 57. Now there are 395, if we include a few incomplete editions. Of the translators Germany furnished 70, and its Mission Societies published nearly 25 versions. The most credit is due to British translators who have done the bulk of the work.

### Angels.

A teacher was explaining to her class the words concerning God's angels, "Ministers of His who do His pleasure," and asked: "How do the angels carry out God's will?" Many answers followed. One said, "They do it directly." Another, "They do it with all their heart." A third, "They do it well." And after a pause a quiet little girl added: "They do it without asking any questions."

Exchange.

#### 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.

F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

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.

E. W. KUSS, Missionary.

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 3¼ 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.

## The Lament of a Missionary Box in Hard Times.

Forgotten and forlorn I live,  
Upon a dusty shelf,  
And feel so downcast and so sad,  
I hardly know myself;  
A missionary box am I  
And better days have seen,  
For copper, silver, yes, and gold  
Within my walls have been.

Now I am empty, no, not quite,  
For something you may hear—  
A mournful jingle from my depths  
By pennies made, I fear;  
I scorn not pennies, no, indeed,  
Their worth too well I know,  
But twopence only in a box  
Does make one's spirits low.

The missionaries say indeed  
That pence to pounds soon grow,  
But older people ought to give—  
We want our money so.  
And thus, in emptiness I wait  
And dustier grow each day,  
While heedless of my silent plea  
You round me work and play.

My words are poor and weak at best,  
I know not how to plead,  
But look upon the distant fields,  
"To harvests white" indeed;  
The heathen be in thickest gloom,  
Do you need a stronger plea?  
Then listen to His voice who said—  
"Ye did it unto Me."

The smallest offerings for His sake  
Into the treasury given,  
He with an eye of love will note  
And own one day in heaven;  
And even here you'll have His smile  
While you the words believe  
That far "more blessed" 'tis to give  
Than only "to receive."

*The Juvenile.*

## How Christians Know.

The apostle Paul says: "We know, that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," 2 Cor. 5, 1. It is a great thing when a man says he *knows* what awaits him. He can say so only upon reliable testimony.

We know very little of the past except on testimony. What occurred in history in former years we know from the writings and sayings of others. A man would be a great fool who should say, "I don't know whether George Washington ever lived or not. I don't know whether the battle of Bunker Hill was ever fought. I didn't see the person or the field." But he knows it, because he has testimony that can not be questioned.

And how is it with things of the future? Well, nobody knows anything at all of the future except he believes and knows it exactly as he knows the past, with this difference: that whatever awaits us, we know by the sure testimony of God. Men's testimony might deceive us and fail: God's can not. We *know*, because God tells us. Therefore the humblest Christian can say without conceit, "I know that if this poor tabernacle of my body were taken down, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It is not a sign of humility to say, "It may be so." No! If God says so, it is so. He says it, and therefore we *know* it.

A mother, on her return home from the World's Fair last year, said to her little Annie, "I was at the World's Fair, and there are beautiful buildings there and lovely grounds." Now, suppose little Annie had said, "It may be so, mamma, but I haven't seen—I can't be sure." The mother would have said, "What business have you thinking it may be so when I say it is so? If you were a respectful child you would say, 'I know it, because mamma says so.'" Now, God says to the Christian: "You have an eternal house." And the Christian is sure that God tells the truth, and he says, "I know it, because God says it."

## Pardon for Nothing.

A pastor, when visiting an old man who seemed anxious about salvation, found great difficulty in making him understand that forgiveness of sins is the free gift of God, through the precious blood of Christ.

At last the pastor said to him: "Now, suppose I were to go to a shop, and buy some-

thing for you, and pay for it, and send it to you, need you pay any money for it?"

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

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

"No," the man replied, "I should have it for nothing."

"So," the pastor continued, "it is with forgiveness of sins—the Lord Jesus has paid the full price for it. He has had the groans, the sighs, the tears, the wrath, the pain, the punishment; yea, all that sin deserved. He bore it all. He paid the whole. Yes, He bought forgiveness with His precious blood, and now in the Gospel and in the Sacraments He offers it as a free gift to all. Those that take it have it and enjoy it. They have nothing to pay for it; nothing to do for it; it is a free pardon."

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

Dear reader, remember that Christ alone saves. Your tears, and groans, and prayers, and works can not secure forgiveness for you. Christ alone has secured that by the shedding of His blood. He offers it to you as a free gift in the means of grace, and you must simply take it in faith. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," says the Bible.

## The Believer's Prayer.

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

### Our Mission Station at Meherrin, Va.

Our picture presents the church, school, and parsonage of our Colored Lutheran Mission Station at Meherrin, Va. How richly has God blessed our work at Meherrin! There was a time when it seemed as if our mission there should be discontinued. This was in the year 1886. We clip the following from a letter we at that time received from Meherrin: "The mission at Meherrin had made very little progress and the colored people were therefore told that the mission might be discontinued in the near future. Upon hearing this they all expressed great anxiety, but also their willingness to work together with the missionary and to try their utmost that they might not lose the preaching of the Gospel, by which their souls were rescued from the way of sin and from the darkness of unbelief. An old colored auntie, who is a fervent Christian and a zealous worker, said: 'We will pray to the Lord that this may never happen. I am sure that He will hear our prayer. He will not forsake us and will not let us fall back into the darkness from which we were rescued.' Then she added: 'If you quit mission work here, all these children around us, who now are baptized, will grow up in darkness as we once did. No, I know the Lord will not forsake us. We must pray to Him. He will hear our prayer.'" Old auntie was right. God did hear the prayers of His people. Although the Synodical Conference had already resolved to discontinue mission work at Meherrin, our Mission Board was soon compelled to take up again the work which God has now so richly blessed. The buildings which you see in our picture have been erected by the people themselves under the able and efficient leadership of their faithful missionary, the Rev. D. H. Schooff. The church last year numbered 48 communicant members, the day school was attended by 60 children, and the Sunday School by 100. Ten were baptized, nine were confirmed, and 177 partook of the Lord's Supper. Besides, our missionary at Meherrin has begun mission work at Keysville, where his labors are also richly blessed. May God continue to bless our work! And may His blessing move us to greater zeal in our mission among the colored people!

### How they used to Give.

Sometimes people blame preachers for their everlasting begging. They begin to consider themselves as martyrs—as persons imposed upon.

It would do us all good, and especially those to whom I have just referred, to go back and

study the lives and labors of the early Christians. Those were trying times just after the days of Christ and the apostles. Very much hard work had to be done, and many sacrifices made in building up the Church of Christ, with the world and the devil as busy as they then were.

The apostles were earnest workers, and their faith and example were inspiring. Holy and devout men and women arose who were willing to give up all their property, and yield their dearest interests, and lay down their very lives for Christ and His cause.

The enemies of the Christian Church looked upon this wonderful display of zeal and heroism in the Lord's service with amazement.

Julian, the apostate, a bitter foe of Christianity in those early days writes to a pagan priest as follows:

"Let us consider that nothing has so much contributed to the progress of the superstition

adorned them with their best habits, and carried them on their shoulders to the grave, they have been glad to receive the same kind office from others who have imitated their zeal and charity."

When the heathen Emperor Decius asked the Church of Rome for her treasures, a deacon assembled all the blind and lame and sick that were supported by the Church and said to the tyrant: "These are the riches of the Church; these are its revenue and treasure."

*Little Missionary.*

### "Why are you not a Christian?"

Some one answers the question in the following succinct and practical manner:

1. Is it because you are afraid of ridicule, and what others may say of you?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and My words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because you are not willing to give all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because you are afraid you will not be accepted?

"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because you fear you are too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because you are afraid you will not hold out?

"He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

7. Is it because you are thinking that you will do as well as you can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

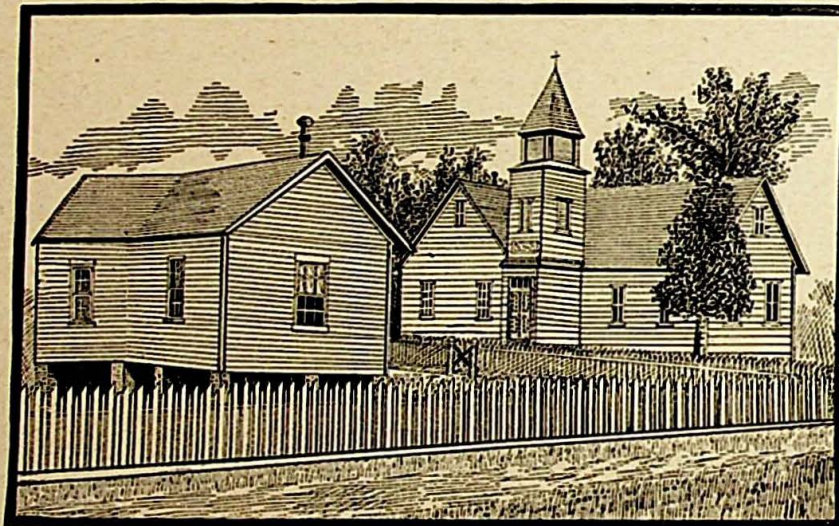
"Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because you are postponing the matter, without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

### Charity and Faith.

Charity giveth place, for it "suffereth all things." But faith giveth no place; yet it can suffer nothing. As concerning faith, we ought to be invincible and more hard, if it might be, than the adamant stone. But as touching charity we ought to be soft, and more flexible than the reed or leaf that is shaken by the wind and ready to yield to everything.—*Luther.*



Colored Lutheran Church and School at Meherrin, Va.

of the Christians as their charity to strangers. . . The impious Galileans—thus he called Christians—provide not only for their own poor, but also for ours."

Concerning Chrysostom it is written: "He assembled men full of zeal, and sent them to preach the Gospel in Phoenicia; and having understood that there were people dispersed along the banks of the Danube, who thirsted for the waters of grace, he sought out men of ardent zeal, whom he sent to labor, like the apostles, in the propagation of the faith."

Here is a lesson in missionary activity, that we will do well to learn. It is a matter of history, too, that the early Christians were very attentive to the sick. Hospitals were established and nurses trained, and asylums founded, and the work engaged in with a hearty good will.

Eusebius writes: "Many of our brethren, neglecting their own health through an excess of charity, have brought upon themselves maladies and misfortunes of others. After they had held in their arms the dying saints; after they had closed their mouths and eyes; after they had embraced, kissed, washed, and

**The Young Cadet; or, Not Ashamed to Pray.**

We may be useful by our example, and we should improve every opportunity for doing good. I was reading, lately, of a little boy, who, in his way, was the means of great usefulness on shipboard.

The little fellow was only about eleven or twelve years old. He was the son of a clergyman. His father had got a situation for him on board one of those ships where boys are put in order to be trained and educated for officers in the navy. This little boy's father and mother, being good Christians, had taught him carefully to pray to God every morning and evening; and had told him to be sure and do this, wherever he might go.

When the little fellow went on board the great ship, he found himself surrounded by a large company of other boys. Some of them were older and some younger than himself. They were cadets and midshipmen who were to be his companions, and who were very fond of fun and play, as boys generally are. He got along with them very well till the time came to go to bed in the evening. A bell was rung as a signal for the boys to go to their berths, as the beds are called on shipboard. The boys were laughing and talking, and playing tricks of various kinds, while getting undressed.

George, as our friend was named, looked round to see if none of them knelt down to pray before going to bed, but not one of them did so. He remembered what he had been taught at home; he thought how God had taken care of him all the day, how only He could preserve him through the night, and he felt that he could not go to bed without prayer.

He knelt down to pray. Immediately all the thoughtless boys around began to laugh at him. One threw a book at him; another threw a pillow at him. But the little fellow still knelt on till he had finished his prayer.

The next night he was interrupted in the same way; and so it continued night after night. And yet the brave little fellow would kneel down and offer his prayers to God. He never complained of the conduct of the boys. But some one else about the ship found out how the boys were behaving in their cabin at night, and went and told the captain.

He resolved to put a stop to the bad conduct of the boys. The next day he had all the boys called up before him on the deck of the ship. Then he called George up to him and said:

"Well, my little fellow, have you any complaint to make of the conduct of those boys?"

"No, sir," said George.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "George will make no complaints; but I have heard how you have been teasing and persecuting him at night, because he has the courage to kneel down and pray to that God who takes care of him. I have only this to say: If any

of you do this again, I'll have you tied up on deck and try how you like the taste of a rope's end on your back. Now go to your duties."

All the boys felt guilty. They would hardly speak to George during the rest of the day. But when evening came again, George knelt down as usual to pray. There was no laughing or talking. They were all still as mice.

George had not been kneeling long before he felt something at his side coming close up to him. He looked round to see what it was, and found one of the little boys who was nestling close up to him that he might say his prayers in peace and quietness. Presently another came, and then another, till at last quite a number were kneeling round him. These boys had all been taught to pray at home; but when they were surrounded by rude, mocking boys, they had not courage enough to do what was right before their companions. But the influence of George's example, when he quietly and bravely took his stand, determined to do right himself, whatever others did, encouraged them to do so too.

From that time prayer was never neglected on board the ship, while even those who did not pray themselves were afraid or ashamed to laugh or mock at those who did.

**A Millionaire's Opinion of Riches.**

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died some years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six millions of dollars.

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man, with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any other gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands of dollars your income brings every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway; "all I get out of it is my victuals and clothes; I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time; pray, can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own and the rental they bring you."

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time, and as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it, or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses, for other people to live in—they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture, costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses; in fact, anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures—and the poorest man, who is not blind, can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers, and as to anything I 'desire,' I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world, the happier we shall be.

"All my wealth can not buy me a single day more of life; can not buy back my youth; can not purchase exemption from sickness and pain; can not procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then, what will all avail, when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

The fleeting treasures of the world can bring the soul no happiness; its gold is only bright, as the flowers are; and, like them, it fades; its lustre grows dim when death has glazed the eye, and the music of its ring is unheard by the dull ear of the dying. But, up in yonder "better world" the treasures do not fade; the moth doth not corrupt them; the thief doth not steal them; the brightness of their glory is "incorruptible," and "fadeth not away."

**A Sailor's Bible.**

On the voyage of the "Lord Canonbury" from the Philippine Islands to England, a sailor, twenty-one years of age, fell from the mizzen top-gallant cross-tree to the deck, and was fatally injured. Capt. H— gently told the lad that recovery was impossible, and tenderly asked what he could do for him in his last moments. The dying boy pointed to his chest and asked for his Bible, the gift of his mother, and placing his finger on the fly-leaf gasped, "Oh, sir, please read." With eyes wet with tears Capt. H— read the following: "May, 16th, 1884, my dear Joe's eighteenth birthday. Stick to this Bible, Joe, and never forget to read it. Let it always be your guide. When you read it, think of your poor mother, who is always praying for her Joe. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, 1 Cor. 15, 57. That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, Phil. 3, 10."

As the above was read, the picture in the fore-castle was very impressive. As the sailors crowded about the lad's side they wept aloud. Joe begged the captain to send the Bible to his mother in Hartlepool, and tell her of his death, and—best of all—that he believed in a risen Saviour.

In due time Capt. H— carried out this request to the letter, testifying to the mother that her earnest prayers in her son's behalf had been answered.

*The Sailor's Magazine.*

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

—OUR Colored Lutheran Church at Springfield, Ill., which has been vacant for more than a year and has been supplied by Professors Herzer and Wessel of our Seminary at that place, will soon receive a stationary pastor, since our Mission Board has called the Rev. F. Meyer from the mission field in North Carolina to Springfield. Rev. Meyer's place in North Carolina will be taken by the Rev. J. C. Schmidt, a graduate of our Lutheran Practical Seminary.

—OUR mission field in New Orleans has also received another laborer, the Mission Board having called the Rev. E. Huebsch, a graduate of our Springfield Seminary, as Rev. Burgdorf's assistant in church and school.

—THE Rev. N. J. Bakke, our zealous missionary at Concord, N. C., is carrying on mission work in different counties of the state. He recently organized another Colored Lutheran congregation at Gold Hill, a small village in Rowan county. The congregation bears the name Evangelical Lutheran Zion's Congregation. May many of the colored people of Gold Hill find the pure gold of God's Word in our Lutheran Zion.

—SUITABLE buildings for church and school are greatly needed on our mission field in North Carolina. Our missionary must teach and preach in dilapidated and very unhealthy buildings and our Mission Board has not the money to remedy the matter. Times, it is true, are hard, and many poor members of our congregations can not contribute as they formerly did. But these are the times in which the wealthy members should step to the front and not allow God's work to suffer for want of money.

—A LITTLE lad who had become interested in gathering money to send the Gospel to the heathen, hit upon this happy device. He rummaged in the garret and found an old-fashioned powder-horn, which he decided to make into a missionary box. His older brother said he might have the horn, but wondered what he was going to do with it. The large end of the horn had a wooden bottom, and Eddie scraped it smooth, and asked his brother if he would cut some letters on it. "Yes," said his brother, and Eddie gave him these words:

"Once I was the horn of an ox,  
Now I am a missionary box."

Eddie inked the letters, and then as he showed his box to his friends they were all so pleased with his ingenuity that they all put something into it, and he became a large contributor.

—A FEW Sunday school papers that a little girl tucked in a box of dried apples her mother was sending to some relatives in the far West were the means of arousing a forgotten sense of responsibilities for religious duties, and a longing for some kind of services, and a little Sunday school was started which grew into a

church, and was the means of reforming one of the worst neighborhoods in all the West.

—A DOLLAR that a laboring man gave to a public collection for home missions, out of wages of less than a dollar a day, was the means of setting his employer to asking what it was that made the man give so large a part of his income to such a cause, and resulted in the consecration of his millions to the work of the Master.

—GOODNESS is sometimes better than greatness. An India missionary could not learn the language. After some years he asked to be recalled, frankly saying he had not sufficient intellect for the work. A dozen missionaries, however, petitioned the Board not to grant his request, saying that his goodness gave him a wider influence among the heathen than any other missionary at the station. A convert when asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" replied, "It is to be like Mr.—," naming the good missionary. He was kept in India. He never preached a sermon; but when he died hundreds of heathen testified to his holy life and character.

—THE Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin and other States has commenced mission work among the Indians of Arizona. The Mission Board met recently at Watertown, Wis., and adopted a resolution to build a school and a dwelling-house for the sum of \$1600.

—MISS CARTER, of Japan, tells of a kindly Christian Japanese woman who came to her with a girl baby which she had found in a ditch, where it had been left by its father, as thousands of others have been, because it was "only a girl." In begging her to take care of the naked child covered with mud, the poor woman said: "Please do take the little baby; your God is the only God that teaches to be good to girl babies."

—THE sad lot of women in India should awaken the sympathies and efforts of all Christians. Mr. Wright, of Tirumangalam, in the Madura Mission, in a recent letter speaks of hearing while in his house, a piteous cry outside. On asking his teacher what it could be, the teacher answered: "Oh, that is probably some man beating his wife." On going to the gate, Mr. Wright saw lying in the street a woman with scanty clothing and disheveled hair; her husband stood by her with his cudgel, a stick about two feet long of hard wood with a metal ring on each end. Two brothers of the woman were there also, and she was crying out: "I don't want to go with this man; he beats me and is cruel to me!" They had been married about three months and the young woman was in her teens. Her brothers and relatives abused her, refusing her food and shelter, since according to Hindu customs a woman must submit to any cruelty and indignity from her husband. And there is no remedy for such woes in Hinduism; only the Gospel of Christ can bring deliverance from such barbarities.

—THE West Indies include many islands under British, Dutch and French rule, and the Republic of Hayti. The total area is about 100,000 square miles, and the population 5,500,000, while 16 societies are at work with over 120 ordained missionaries and 500 native helpers. The communicants number 75,000.

—At the time when the Turks frequently invaded Germany, a little seven-year-old Protestant boy fell into the hands of the Moslems, who wished to force him to become a Mohammedan. But Peter Schuette, this was the boy's name, remained firm, and declared: "I worship God alone, in Christ Jesus." Afterwards he was freed by Roman Catholic soldiers. These kept images of the Virgin Mary in their tents, before which they knelt every evening and prayed. Peter remained standing. Then they asked him to pray with them. But he answered: "No, I do not worship images, God will not have us serve idols; I worship God alone."

WHERE there is Christ Jesus, there is the Triune God. Without this Christ God is nowhere to be found.—*Luther.*

#### 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.  
F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

##### 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.  
E. W. KUSS, Missionary.

##### 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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# The Lutheran Pioneer.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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No. 8.

## "Take no Thought for the Morrow."

"The Christian should be like a little bird that sits on its twig and sings, and lets God think for it."—*Luther.*

Like Luther's bird, I sit and sing,  
Not knowing what the day may bring;  
Nor have I any need to know,  
My Father doth protect me so.

I do the work He gives to me,  
Not heeding what or where it be;  
And more my Father will not ask  
Than that I do my daily task.

He sees, He knows my every need,  
Then why should I take careful heed?  
He bids me cast on Him my care,  
And every burden He will bear.

If trouble comes, to Him I fly,  
Who will my every want supply;  
Each day will bring some new surprise,  
Some token of His watchful eyes.

Who then so free and glad as I,  
With such a friend forever nigh?  
Beneath His shadow I may hide,  
And peaceful in His love abide.

And so I calmly sit and sing,  
Content with what each day may bring,  
My Father orders what is best,  
And in His will I find my rest.

*Selected.*

## Whosoever Believeth!

There is sweet comfort in that word whosoever for every sinner that has come to the knowledge of his sin and is anxious for his salvation. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins," Acts 10, 43. Christ suffered and died and procured salvation for all sinners, and to all sinners the Gospel brings this salvation. The moment the sinner takes this salvation by faith it is his. He may be the greatest of all sinners, the moment he as a lost, poor, and condemned sinner embraces the Saviour by faith, he has forgiveness of all his sins, he is a child of God and an heir of heaven. For the Bible says: "Whosoever"—mark that word whosoever—"whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins."

There was an old soldier lying on his hospital cot, sick and full of trouble. He had lived quite a long life in sin, but his conscience was now awakened and he trembled at the wrath of God. He knew that he had deserved everlasting punishment. He had formerly heard of the Saviour, but he thought he was too great a sinner, and that there was no salvation for him. A kind nurse stood near, who seeing his patient very restless, asked what he could do for him.

"I don't know; I want something," answered the sick man, "I am miserable."

The nurse brought a cup of water, saying, "Wouldn't you like a drink?"

The soldier took the cup in his trembling hand, but said, "No, this isn't what I want; it isn't like this."

"It is almost time for the surgeon to come in," said the nurse kindly.

"Well, he can't do much for me," sighed the poor man; "it ain't such help that I want. Oh, I'm a dreadfully wicked man; and the way is all dark before me—all dark."

The nurse was a Christian; and by this time had discovered what was the matter with his patient. So he sat down beside him, and asked if he wouldn't like to hear what the Bible had to say to wicked men who want something the surgeon and the nurse can not give.

"Oh, yes!" moaned the sick man; "but I'm afraid there is no use in it. It's a long time since I have had anything to do with the Bible, and I'm the greatest sinner in the world; and it's all dark ahead—all dark!"

"But listen to what Jesus says," said the nurse; and he opened to the third chapter of John's Gospel. The man listened until he had finished the sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Stop," said he, "read that again." The nurse repeated the verse, laying great stress on the word "whosoever."

"But what does that *whosoever* mean?" the sick man eagerly inquired.

"It means anybody," said the nurse.

"No, not anybody; not such a sinner as I am," he interrupted again.

"Yes, it does," said the nurse.

"And so vile and wicked?"

"It is just such that Jesus came to save."

"And so wretched and dark?"

"The very one exactly. Christ by His sufferings and death redeemed all sinners. There is nobody so wicked or so low or so miserable but that Jesus comes to him in the Gospel as his Saviour. And *whosoever*, let him be who he may, *whosoever* believeth in Him, that is, trusts in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Read it once more," said the sick man, looking into the nurse's face as if he were grasping the last hope. The nurse again read the verse. "Whosoever believeth; then it means me!" the sick man exclaimed, and his face grew calm and bright with a new trust. And as he lay on his cot day after day, these precious words of the Saviour were often on his lips, his soul's hope and comfort as he went down to death.

Whosoever! Yes, anybody, black or white, wise or unlearned, rich or poor, happy and strong, or miserable and nigh unto death, *whosoever* believeth in Jesus shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

"Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed," says the Bible (Rom. 10, 11.).

## To-Morrow.

Those who go down to perdition from Gospel lands have almost all been ruined by to-morrow. They did not intend to make their bed in hell. They intended to embrace the Saviour and prepare for heaven. But they were never quite able to attend to this matter; they were always going to do it to-morrow, or at some not very distant day. So they deferred till death came. O, fatal to-morrow! O, cruel murderer of souls! How many by thee have been robbed of heaven, and pierced through with many sorrows!

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

### David Zeisberger.

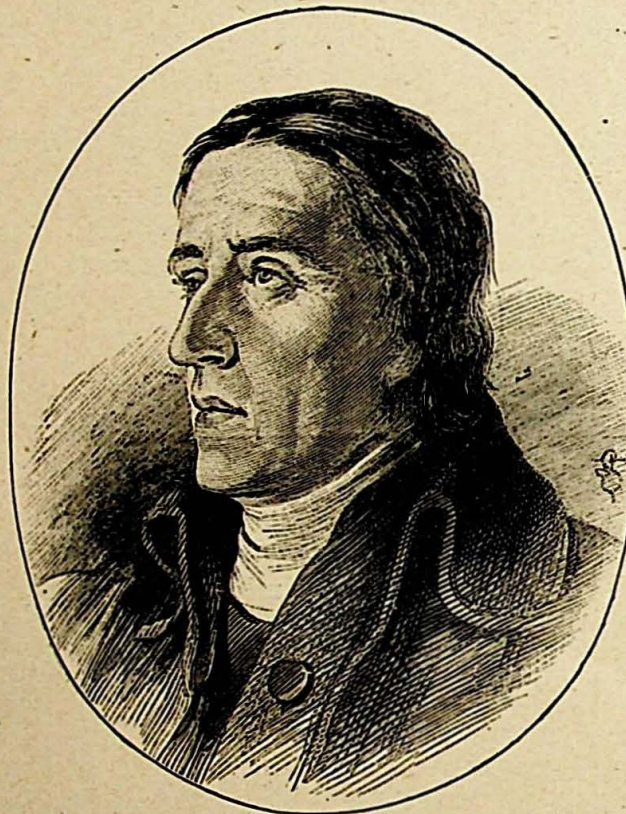
David Zeisberger was a Moravian missionary among the Indians in the past century. He was born in the year 1721 in an obscure little hamlet among the Carpathian mountains. When his parents went to America, little David was left in Germany to be educated in the Moravian church. But he, with one of his schoolmates, soon followed his parents over the ocean, eager to do something for the poor Indians, of whom his parents had spoken in their letters to him.

In the backwoods of Georgia Zeisberger found his father and mother. He set himself to plow, to trap bears, and hunt panthers; but scarcely had the winter opened when the Moravian settlement was broken up by raids of the Spanish soldiers from Florida. The members of the Zeisberger family were carried as laborers up into Pennsylvania. They settled with other Moravians at the headwaters of the Delaware. This place was at that time a wilderness. The unbroken forest walled in the settlers, and the silence was oppressive. Outside of their tents the world sank suddenly into a gloomy wilderness, where dwelled the beasts of prey and the Indian savages, who peered at them from the underbrush or fled with hoarse cries. But these Indians had a singular power over young David. They were to him lost creatures of God, knowing not their Father and their Saviour. He longed to preach to them the Gospel of salvation and to lead them in the way of life. For this purpose he resolved to make himself thoroughly acquainted with their habits. He went to the lodge of the great chief of the Mohawks, and there lived and worked to learn thoroughly the habits and language of the Indians. He was adopted into the tribe of the Onondagas and lived with the Indians as an Indian.

This was the beginning of a remarkable history of mission work, which extended over sixty two years. Zeisberger was always, as a beardless boy or a tottering old man, traveling among the fiercest tribes of the Western continent. He made his way through thick forests, through morasses in which he sank to his neck; he was dragged to jail as a French spy and as a rebel emissary; he was tortured by the wild tribes and barely escaped with his life; but he was through all the same quiet Christian missionary who never was heard to complain and who seldom spoke except when he taught the way of salvation. So silent was he in the settlements that whole days would pass in which he would not speak a word. Yet his passionate bursts of fiery eloquence had a singular power over his dusky hearers. They held him as one of their kinsfolk. He went into tribes where hundreds lay dead from smallpox, and alone nursed the sick and buried

the corpses. Again and again he faced a mob of drunken howling savages and quieted them. He spoke the dialects of the principal tribes, he controlled the grand council of the Delawares, and held the rank of chief among the six nations. He left grammars and dictionaries of all the principal Indian languages with hymnals, the Gospels, collections of sermons in the Iroquois and Leni Lenape tribes.

No other single man, says a missionary writer, ever did as much to civilize the red man in America as Zeisberger. He traveled throughout the United States and Canada, and established forty Christian villages among the Indians. In these villages he taught them the Gospel and also set them to work as farmers and mechanics. If the work begun by this



Zeisberger.

quiet little German had been carried out, there would not be an uncivilized Indian on the continent.

In the history of colonial days, set over against the massacres and battles of white men with the Indians, there is the figure of this silent Christian missionary, going in and out of the wilderness at his mission work.

Zeisberger died at an extreme old age in an Indian village, Nov. 17th, 1808. On his dying bed he said: "I now go to rest from labor and to be at home with the Lord. My Saviour will take me to Himself. I trust in His blood, which cleanses me from all my sins. I know that I am His and that He with His merits is mine." His last words were: "The Saviour is near; perhaps He will come and take me home."

When the hour of his death drew nigh, the bell tolled and the Lenape Indians gathered around his bed. They sang the hymns in their

own tongue, which he had written for them. When his soul had left his body to be with Jesus, "then the red men fell upon their knees and wept aloud, for they knew that their best friend was gone."

How little are we doing in the mission field and how easily are we discouraged! The example of that brave and self-denying and patient missionary, David Zeisberger, should move us to greater zeal and to greater patience in our mission work.

### Queer Religious Sects.

M. Tsakni, a Russian writer, has published an interesting work entitled, "Queer Religious Sects of Russia," from which it appears that there are not less than 15,000,000 followers of insane and cranky notions in the empire of the Czar. These communities of devout and deluded beings are constantly being enlarged, in spite of all efforts made to the contrary by the government.

One of these sects is known as the "Runaways." As soon as they embrace the new faith they fly from their villages and towns, destroy their identity as much as possible, and henceforth live as savages. "The Christs" are another curious sect. They worship each other. The chief ceremonies are a crazy species of dancing, yelling as loudly as possible, and pounding stones with sticks.

The "Skoptsys" believe in selfmutilation, but will not submit to amputation, even though it would save life. Like the "Christs," they dance and yell for hours without intermission. Still another of these deluded sects is the "Dumb Boys." Why they are called dumb boys no one seems to know, but it is a curious fact that the sect is composed of both sexes, old men being in the majority. It is claimed that some of these aged patriarchs have not spoken in fifty years,

although perfectly able to do so, did they so desire.

The "Suicides" are a sect led by M. Souckeliffe, who preaches self-destruction as an absolute necessity to salvation. He is very eloquent, and it is said that he leaves a church with a dozen suicides' remains strewn about the floor. Then the leader must be unsaved as he does not commit suicide.

### Our Troubles.

When we have troubles we ought to take them to Christ. "Casting all our care upon Him," we are only doing what He wishes us to do; and there need be no fear that we will burden Him too heavily. He who bears up the world, who bore our sins in His own body on the tree, can sustain any load we may heap upon Him.

**A Bible in a Log Cabin.**

It was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheerful light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. But when he had fastened his horse, and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place—cold and dirty, and almost without furniture. In the corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a pale little girl. The missionary saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was ill and a great sufferer. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had dropped it in that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl—

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you understand it?"

"A great deal of it, sir. I see there how Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.' And when I think of that I am happy. And in the dark night when I lie here, and can not sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and He seems to be saying, 'Suffer that little child to come unto me, and forbid her not.'

I am soon going to be with Him forever." Thus that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little girl—that peace which Jesus promised to His disciples when He said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

**Swearing.**

A little boot-black was standing very patiently at the entrance of a city hotel, waiting for a "job," when two young men, dressed in the extreme of the fashion and puffing away at their Spanish cigars, stopped before him.

"Here, boots," said one of them, in a tone of lofty superiority, "let me see if you are master of your trade!" placing his foot on the boy's knee as he spoke.

The boot-black plied his brush with skill, and the boot soon brightened under his ready touch; the young bloods amusing themselves, meanwhile, by trying to frighten the boy to make more haste, by swearing at him.

The little fellow stood it as long as he could,

when, having finished one boot, he suddenly dropped the foot, and returned his brushes to the box in which he carried them.

"What now?" asked the young dandy.

"I would rather not finish that boot, sir," answered the boy.

"Not finish them!" exclaimed the swell-head, with an oath; "then you don't see the color of my money."

"I don't want your money," said the boy, "and I will not stay here and listen to your swearing."

"Let the boy alone," interrupted the other young man, "and let him finish his job."

"Well and good," said the first speaker, "but it is really a rare joke that a boot-black should be afraid of swearing."

"I can't afford to swear," answered the boot-black, with a significant glance upward.

So he went; and as he knew that his time must be short, he tried to spend every moment of it in serving God.

Even before he sailed away for India his friends used to call him "the man who never lost an hour," because he was so careful not to waste any of his precious time; but now he felt it to be still more precious.

In those seven years he did a great work for God indeed.

He preached to the poor heathen people, and taught them about the Lord Jesus; and he wrote a Prayer Book and the New Testament in their language, so that they could read and understand it.

People wondered that he could do so much. It was because his heart was full of love to God and love to the poor heathen; and he remembered that "the time is short."

Let us pray God to-day "to stir up the wills of His faithful people," that we may all "plenteously bring forth the fruit of good works," now, while we have time.

*Young Christian Soldier.*

**Found Out.**

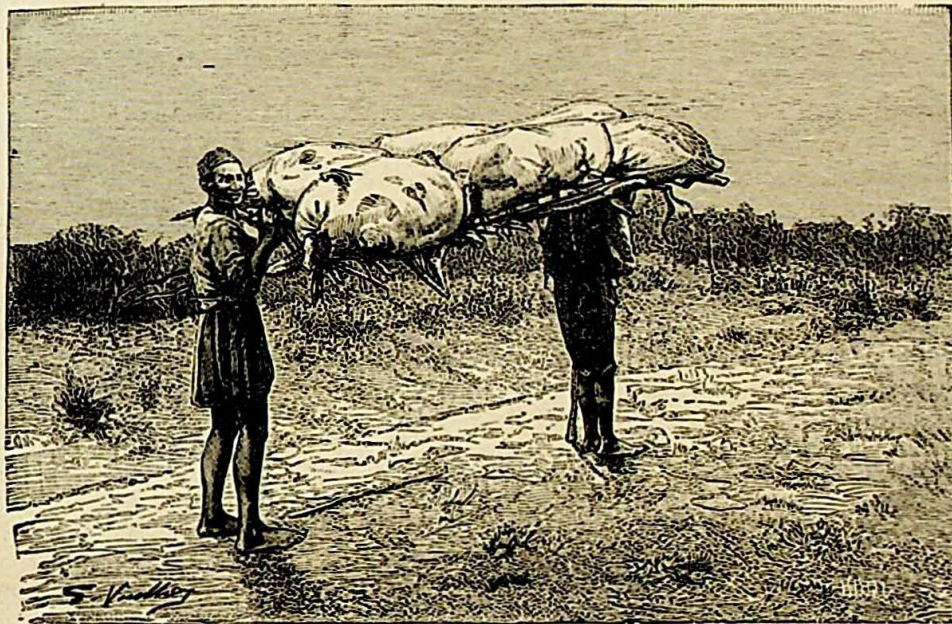
On the top of a hill was an orchard, and in one of the trees was a boy stealing apples; another boy was at the bottom of the tree, on the watch to see that nobody found them out. Nobody was near that they could see; but that did not prove that no one saw them; for seven miles off, Prof. Mitchel, the astronomer, was examining

the setting sun with his telescope, and the hill happened to come within its range; the actions of the boys, the very tall tale look on their faces, attracted his notice. He saw what they were up to. He found them out. There was no escaping the great eye of his telescope looking full upon them. They little thought of such a thing.

But there was another eye upon them, a greater eye and a sharper eye, and the eye followed them. It was God's eye, and His eye is on us. It sees near, it sees afar off. It sees in the day, it sees in the night. It sees out of doors, it sees in doors. It sees our actions, it sees our hearts. It sees us, too, by name. Prof. Mitchel did not know the boys. God knows.

Give thanks for your dear Christian friends who, though they have been separated from you, are now beyond the reach of shipwreck—home at last, and at home forever.

DANGER past, God is too often forgotten.



Water Carriers in Japan.

"Do you mean that it costs anything to swear?" asked the young man, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied the boot-black, with solemn earnestness, "it will cost me my soul."

**"While We Have Time."**

Once there was a man who had been made a minister, and he wanted to go as a missionary to a far-off country, that he might teach poor heathen people about the Lord Jesus Christ.

But this young man was not very strong, and his friends were afraid he might soon die in the heathen land, which was hot and unhealthy, so they tried to persuade him to stay at home.

The young minister asked his physician how long he thought he might live in India.

"Perhaps," said the doctor, "you may live seven years."

"Then I will go," said he, "for in seven years, by God's help, I may do much work for Him!"



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

—THE Rev. H. A. Preuss, for thirty-two years the faithful and efficient President of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod, departed this life on the 2d of July, confessing his faith in the Saviour. In him our Colored Mission and our PIONEER loses a zealous and devoted friend and advocate. But our loss is his gain; for "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

—WE hear much of hard times at present. Anybody can plead hard times, but few plead them as did a gentleman in one of our Eastern cities. He made them his excuse for doubling his contribution to the mission treasury, on the ground that there were so many others this year who could not give at all. If many of our Lutherans that attend missionary festivals this summer will follow that example, the Lord's work will not have to suffer in these hard times. "These are the times that try our faith," writes a young lady reader of the PIONEER.

—A TRAVELER in Norway writes thus: "I like the Norwegians. I have seen much of them, having for that purpose traveled very slowly, and learned enough of their language to talk with them. They are the most honest people I have ever known. Doors are rarely locked, yet all property is safe. All can read and write. Probably no country in the world has such uniformity in religion. All are Lutherans; and I was told that ninety-nine hundredths, at least, of all the adults belong to the Church. The Catholics go every where, but there are only four small societies in Norway, and those mainly made up of foreigners."

—A CHRISTIAN BAKER in Shangsan, China, placed on the baskets in which bread is carried to his customers, the words: "Jesus Christ appeared in the world 1894 years ago." This leads people to question him, and gives him an opportunity to preach the Gospel.

—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.

—DR. DUFF once told an Edinburgh audience that if the ladies of that city would give him the cost of that portion of their silk dresses which swept the streets as they walked, he would support all his mission schools in India.

—A YOUNG MAN started for a ball, saying: "We shall have a reporter there." Did he think that God would have His reporter there also; that his report would embrace something

more than the dresses of the ladies or the particulars of the greatest attraction? that every thought, word, and act of every one would be reported faithfully and impartially to the Great Judge? This report will be opened at the bar of God, where all must soon stand.

—IN July, 1893, at Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, Marie Tangkou, the eldest son of the murderer of John Williams, was baptized in the presence of 700 people, and took his place at the communion table.

—THE sorest trial of missionary life, says Rev. F. G. Coan, of Persia, is the necessity of refusing help to the needy and suffering because the church at home is not doing her part.

—THE women of Lutheran Iceland are very industrious weavers, spinners and knitters—their woolen mittens, socks, gloves and stockings are remarkably fine in quality and of great durability. Of these they often export 58,830 pairs of stockings, 62,000 pairs of mittens, 30,772 pairs of socks, and 5,058 pairs of gloves in a year. The cloth woven brings from 37½ to 75 cents a yard, and a skillful operator, man or woman, can weave three yards a day. In 1890 only eight persons were imprisoned on the whole island, where the population is a little over 70,000. In fact there is but a single prison in Iceland and that is the "Lockup" for sailors from the vessels which come to Reykjavick when they occasionally manage to come ashore.

—THE evangelical commission requires the Gospel to be preached to every creature, as a witness, and there are fifteen hundred millions of souls on the planet to-day, ten hundred millions of whom know nothing of the Gospel. In China, only one in ten thousand has ever heard of the name of Christ. In Africa, two hundred and sixty millions exist, and how few have heard the name above every name! And so we might speak of other countries. Let the Church address herself with intenser zeal than ever to her great work.

—A LADY in Honkong engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked his name. "My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho." "O! I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John." Next morning when John came up to get his orders he smiled all over, and looking inquiringly at his mistress, asked: "What is your name?" "My name is Mrs. Melville Langdon." "Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul Landon—I call you Tommy."

—BEFORE we close our window we will tell a story for the benefit of such ministers as take a vacation this summer. The story comes to us from over the ocean and runs thus: The Rev. Dr. Black, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, Scotland, and another minister once spent a vacation in Cumberland; and on Sunday attended a little Scotch kirk, sitting in a remote corner, so that the minister should not notice them. But the eagle eye of the minister de-

tected them; and in the introductory prayer he so expressed himself as to make quite sure of some aid from them. The good man's words were these: "Lord, have mercy on thy ministering servants who have popped in upon us so unexpectedly; one of them will preach in the afternoon, and the other in the evening." The praying minister's course was surely not one for imitation.—We close our window.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MORGAN. Ein geschichtlicher Beitrag zur Beleuchtung des Logenwesens von A. Krafft. Zweite reichlich vermehrte Auflage. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 35 cents.

This is the second enlarged edition of the story of the abduction and murder of Captain Morgan by the masons. It is a story from which the reader may learn the spirit of secret societies. Speaking of these societies the late Dr. Krauth well said: "It seems hard to understand how Christian men, with the light which is now shed upon the whole question of the secret societies, which are such vast yet undefined powers in our time, can remain in them with a quiet mind. They strike at the root of the three divine institutions. They bring disturbance and mischief into the family, the Church, and the State. If the Church can not break down, by the truth, the oath-bound secret societies, they will break her down everywhere, as they have already done, virtually, to a large extent."

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

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Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.  
Sunday School from 9 to 10½.

F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

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Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.  
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Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.

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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.  
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# The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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St. Louis, Mo., September, 1894.

No. 9.

## Consider.

Consider  
The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief;  
We are as they;  
Like them we fade away,  
As doth the leaf.

Consider  
The sparrows of the air, of small account;  
Our God doth view  
Whether they fall or mount—  
He guards us too.

Consider  
The lilies, that do neither spin nor toil,  
Yet are most fair;  
What profits all this care,  
And all this toil?

Consider  
The birds, that have no barn nor harvest weeks,  
God gives them food;  
Much more our Father seeks  
To do us good.

Anon.

## Christ Died For Sinners.

Christ died for sinners; that is just what you are; so Christ died for you. And how may you know this? By your own feelings? No; but the same Bible which tells you that you are a sinner, that you are ungodly, that you are unjust, tells you that Jesus died for sinners—He the Just for the unjust. Many do not enjoy the salvation that is in Christ Jesus, because they try to make themselves something else than what they are before they will accept the Saviour. They are unwilling to give up the thought of some preparation in themselves. Ah! if they were anything else than sinners, what part could they have in Christ? Christ died for sinners! They that accept Him have peace, but the ground of their peace is not in their own heart, but in Christ; and the proof that they have peace is not in their own feelings, but in the Scriptures. "Christ died for our sins," according to the Scriptures. "He was buried and rose again," according to the Scriptures. There is, indeed, joy to them who believe what the Bible says of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, but they must not put their joy, their experience in the place of Christ, and must not look

to their feelings instead of the certainty of God's Word. The sum of it all is this, if you have learned from the law of God that you are a great sinner, a lost and undone sinner, a leper, covered all over with the leprosy of sin, then here is Jesus coming to you in the Gospel and meeting all your need. Christ died for sinners! He died for you! His blood cleanseth from all sin, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things. And rest assured that the more completely you take the position of a poor sinner, and fix your heart on Christ as He is presented to you in the Scriptures, the more settled will be your peace, the more joyful your experience.

## Receiving as Little Children.

Little children always trust in their parents' love which shelters them and provides for them. If a mother offers an apple to her little boy, he will not raise any question about her love or his desert. He will not argue that he must feel differently, before he can take the apple. He will not doubt the sincerity of his mother's offer. No; he trusts her love, and his hand is out at once to take the apple.

So in the matter of receiving Christ, eternal life, salvation: it is simple trust which takes God at His word and takes what He gives in the Gospel. God has said that He "so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And yet, with such statements throughout God's Word, sinners, instead of believing what God says and simply receiving His gift, stand reasoning about themselves, and do not trust the love which comes to them in the Gospel with its unspeakable gift. The heart must be brought to receive the gift of God in simple trust, just as the child takes unhesitatingly what a parent's love offers. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."

THE glory of Christianity is to see the hand of God in all things and all events and calmly to leave all results with Him.

## "Occupy Till I Come."

A pious minister once came softly behind a Christian of his acquaintance, who was busily employed in tanning a hide. When the pastor gave him a tap on the shoulder, the man startled, looked behind, and with a blushing countenance said, "Sir, I am ashamed that you should find me thus." The pastor replied, "Let Christ, when He cometh, find me so doing." "What!" said the man, "doing thus?" "Yes," said the pastor, "faithfully performing the duties of my calling."

## Strange Excuse.

There is a certain class of unbelievers who are forever telling us that the reason why they do not become Christians is that there are so many hypocrites in the church. This is the strangest *excuse*, for it is not a *reason*. Suppose there are hypocrites in the church, what of it? They won't be in heaven, but in hell, when the judgment is concluded. And if man refuses Christ, no matter what may be his reason, he will be in hell, and then he and the hypocrites will be together. It is in effect to say: "Rather than be a Christian and church member in which there are some hypocrites, with whom I must live in outward fellowship for a few years, I will reject Christ, lose my own soul and live with the hypocrites in hell forever."

## The Two Planks.

Suppose it is needful for you to cross a river, over which two planks are thrown. One is perfectly new, the other is completely rotten. How will you go? If you walk upon the rotten one, you are sure to fall into the river. If you put one foot on the rotten plank and the other on the new plank, it will be the same; you will certainly fall through and perish. So there is only one method left. *Put both feet on the new plank.* Friend, the rotten plank is your own unclean self-righteousness. He who trusts in it must perish without remedy. The new plank is the eternal saving work of Christ, which is given to every one that believeth in Him.

### Our Mission Stations.

From the Report of our Mission Board, submitted to the Synodical Conference during its recent sessions at Milwaukee, Wis., we clip the following news in regard to our Colored Mission Stations:

**LITTLE ROCK, ARK.**—This is our oldest mission station, it being founded in the year 1877. The congregation suffered greatly during the long vacancy, but two years ago the Rev. C. H. Ruesskamp took charge of the station, and the Lord has blessed his labors. The congregation has increased. From 40 to 60 attend the services. The school numbers 50 pupils. The building, which is used for church and school purposes, needs repairing, but the congregation is willing to pay the expenses.

**NEW ORLEANS, LA.**—We have three mission stations in New Orleans:

1. Mt. Zion, Rev. E. W. Kuss, missionary; Messrs. Vix and Meibohm, teachers. The congregation was organized in the year 1878. The building, which was bought in the year 1882, is used for church and school purposes, but it is now in such a bad and dangerous condition that it can be used no longer. A new building must be erected here if the mission work is to be carried on. All the delegates at the Synodical Conference were convinced of this, and therefore resolved to call upon all our congregations to assist us in this necessary work. The members of Mt. Zion congregation have themselves already raised about \$1000 for a new church building, and now let their white brethren come to their aid. The congregation numbers 261 souls, 106 communicant members. The Sunday school is attended by 125 and the day school by 117 pupils. The average attendance at services is 80.

2. St. Paul congregation, Rev. J. Lankenau, missionary. This congregation was organized in the year 1881. It has a beautiful church and a two-story school building. During the past two years 25 were confirmed and 7 were baptized. The congregation numbers 158 souls, 75 communicant members. The services are attended by about 50 grown persons and 50 children. The Sunday school numbers 111 and the day school 90 pupils. In the school the missionary has been ably assisted by Miss L. Trog. In the last two years the congregation has raised \$413.55 for church purposes.

3. Bethlehem congregation, Rev. A. Burgdorf, missionary; E. Rischow, teacher. This congregation was organized in the year 1887 and now has a beautiful church and a two-story school building. It numbers 136 souls, 55 communicant members. The average church attendance is 69. The Sunday school is attended by 179 and the day school by 146 pupils. The members of the congregation have in many ways shown their thankfulness for the work done among them by the missionary. Rev. Burgdorf, we are sorry to hear, has become ill from overwork and has been obliged to take a vacation. May God soon restore him to

health and preserve him for our mission field, where the laborers are so few.

**MEHERRIN, VA.**—This station is served by Rev. Schooff. The congregation has a church, a school and a parsonage. It numbers 99 souls, 49 communicant members. During the past two years 18 were baptized and 15 confirmed. The average church attendance is 55. The Sunday school numbers 100 and the day school 66 pupils. Besides raising some money for the mission treasury, the members of the congregation have always been willing to do work on our mission property, thus saving many a dollar for our treasury. Rev. Schooff has also several preaching stations in the vicinity of Meherrin.

**SPRINGFIELD, ILL.**—Our station at Springfield has passed through troublesome times, the former missionary being compelled to resign. During the long vacancy Professors Herzer and Wessel of our Seminary at that place kindly served the congregation as much as their time would allow. The station numbers 41 souls, 25 communicant members. From 15 to 30 attend services. The Sunday school numbers 33 pupils. The congregation has raised \$105 for church purposes. The Rev. H. Meyer, formerly missionary in North Carolina, has accepted the call to this station. May the Lord revive His work in Springfield and bless the labors of the new missionary.

**NORTH CAROLINA.**—In this state we have several large and prosperous mission fields. There is the mission field of Rev. N. J. Bakke, comprising the following stations: Concord, Rimerstown, Gold Hill, Rockville, Mt. Pleasant. These stations number 260 souls, 159 communicant members. 254 pupils attend the Sunday schools, and 70 attend the day school at Concord, which is served by Mr. Rolf as teacher. During the past two years missionary Bakke baptized 115 and confirmed 124 persons. His largest congregation is at Concord. This congregation has grown, during the past two years, from 55 souls to 123, and from 35 communicant members to 80. The average church attendance in Concord is 140, and besides the day school there is a large Sunday school attended by 135 pupils. In Concord our Mission Board has erected a beautiful church building for \$1300. An organ, worth \$400, has been presented by St. Matthew's congregation in New York; a bell, worth about \$90, by the Young Ladies' Society in Joliet, Ill.; a communion service by Rev. Sprengeler's congregation in Milwaukee; a baptismal font by the young people of our congregation in Altenburg, Mo.; several church books by Rev. Koesterling's congregation in St. Louis.

The next mission field in North Carolina is that of Rev. Phifer, comprising the stations of Charlotte and Lexington. These stations number 65 souls, 35 communicant members. The average church attendance is 50. The Sunday schools number 131, and the day school at Charlotte 99 pupils. In the school the Rev. Phifer is ably assisted by his wife. At Char-

lotte a church building has been erected for \$1300. The lot on which the building is erected was presented to our mission by two English Lutheran congregations of that place.

The next mission field in North Carolina is the one heretofore served by Rev. H. Meyer, who has been called to our mission station at Springfield. The Rev. C. Schmidt, a graduate of our Springfield Seminary, will now take charge of this field. It comprises the stations Elon College, Holt's Chapel and Greensborough. Besides serving these stations, the Rev. Meyer visited other places, preaching the Gospel and instructing the children.

Our mission fields in North Carolina also need church and school buildings. The Synodical Conference therefore resolved to erect the most necessary buildings and to call upon all our congregations to send in a collection for this purpose. May God move the hearts of our people to heed this urgent call, and may He, who has so richly blessed our labors, continue to prosper our work among the colored people at all our mission stations.

### A Lesson for the Hard Times.

These are hard times, and our mission treasuries must suffer. This should not be. Many of our people, it is true, can not give so much as formerly, but there are many others whom God has richly blessed and who have an abundance. They should not do the mean thing of excusing themselves with the "hard times." These are the very times in which *their* faith and love for mission work are tried. Seeing others in want, they should give from their abundance more liberally than at other times. To them the Bible says, "Your abundance may be a supply for their want," 2 Cor. 8, 14.

A pastor, pleading with his congregation for liberal gifts for the mission cause, said that many warnings were given in the Scriptures of the danger connected with the possession of much money. He would tell his hearers the best way of meeting the danger, and tell it by a story. And this is the story:

A cottage at the foot of a hill was once flooded by a stream which burst its banks, and rushing into the cottage ruined it. The poor old woman who lived there went to a neighbor to bewail her loss. Her furniture was all spoiled, her home was entirely ruined.

"But, dear me!" she said, "you have had the flood as well as I, and it does not seem to have done much harm. How is that?" "Oh," replied her neighbor, "when the water came in at the back door I opened the front door, and it ran through and just washed the floor clean. Why didn't you open the door and let it run out?" Some people want that lesson about their money. Often, when it runs in, it works much harm, because they do not open the front door of giving to Christ's cause to let it out. Money hoarded and hugged becomes a burden and curse.

Corea.

In our picture you see four Corean children from the mission school. Corea is a peninsular kingdom on the Eastern coast of Asia, situated between Japan and China. These two countries are now carrying on war on account of Corea. The Japanese know that if this peninsula is ruled by the Chinese, it will be a constant source of danger to their empire, and they are therefore resolved to fight to the end, in order to prevent the Chinese from ruling in Corea.

The little peninsula numbers more than twelve million inhabitants, who live chiefly on rice. They are heathen, and their vices are well pictured in the first chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Romans.

Travellers speak highly of the hospitality practiced by the Coreans, and this hospitality is fortunately no little help to the missionary. The moment a stranger enters a Corean home, the owner will not only pay him every attention, but will defend him as his own body. "I have never," writes a missionary, "been more cordially received, or more faithfully attended, according to the measure of their ability, in any country, than I have in Corea."

Parents are good to their children of both sexes, though sons are preferred, and the children in return repay their parents' devotion.

The people are divided into two distinct classes—the high and the low—called "Yangban" and "Sangnom." The merchant class, strictly speaking, belong to the "Sangnom" class, but are fast gaining a footing and assume the title of "Yangban," no man forbidding.

A system of slavery is hereditary among the Coreans—slaves being handed down in the same family from generation to generation; but while the slaves in Corea are in no sense their own masters, yet, so far as observed, they are humanely treated, and can buy their freedom at any time.

Joseph Barker and the Bible.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago Joseph Barker had quite a notoriety as an avowed infidel—highly intelligent and actively earnest in spreading his views and opposing the Bible and the Christian religion.

On one occasion, when in the United States, he went out to Frankfort, then a suburb, but now a part of Philadelphia, and there lectured against the Bible to a large audience.

At the close of his address, when he evidently felt that he had made a strong impression, he invited either replies or questions from any of the audience. After a moment's silence, a substantial looking Quaker rose and said:

"Friend Barker, thee said that the Bible was not only a pack of lies and fables, but that every preacher was a hypocrite, and well knew that in his preaching he was telling what was not true—did thee not?"

Barker assented that he did say so, and that it was true.

"Well, friend Barker, was not thee a preacher so many years ago, and did thee not then preach just as other ministers do?"

Barker was taken by surprise, for he did not suppose any one present knew his early history (for he had been a preacher before he apostatized to infidelity), but coloring not a little, he was compelled to admit that he had

Christian's faith and hope as to be without them then?"

The questions evidently cut poor Barker to the quick, and made a strong impression on the audience. Barker did not attempt to answer them, and the assembly soon dispersed. And they may, by God's blessing, have made a lasting impression on Barker himself, for some years afterward, about 1870, he renounced his infidelity and again professed the truth of Christianity. He has since died, leaving behind him a remarkable recantation of his infidel views, which may be found in his memoir recently published by his son.



Corean Children.

been a preacher, but had long ago given up everything like preaching.

"Well," said the Quaker, "if thee was not a hypocrite then, surely thee could not say all preachers were hypocrites; and if thee was a hypocrite then, thee may be so now in what thee is telling us. And besides," he continued, "the Bible must be true, for ages ago it exactly described thyself, saying, in the last days there shall come scoffers, false teachers, bringing in 'damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them . . . of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of,' and this is just what thee is doing."

Barker seemed not a little confused, and making no reply, the Quaker said:

"Friend Barker, I would ask thee another question. Did thee ever know a mother teach her child to be an infidel? And if thee were dying, would thee not just as lief have the

The Sheep Knows His Voice.

Far away in India a bad man once wanted a fine sheep which belonged to another person. He went before the judge, and got other bad men to help him say that the sheep was his. The true owner came, too, and brought the sheep; and his friends came with him and told the judge that they knew the sheep belonged to *him*.

How could the judge decide? He did not know the men, and how could he tell which were liars?

But he did know how the sheep are taught in those eastern countries; so he said:

"Let the two men go into those two rooms—one on the right side, the other on the left side—and let the one on the left call the sheep."

But the poor sheep did not "know the voice of the stranger," and did not stir. The true owner heard the sound, and did not wait to be told what the judge meant. He gave a kind of "chuck," and the sheep bounded away to him at once.

"The sheep knows his voice," said the judge. "Let him take it away, for it is his."

If we are the lambs of the Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ, we shall know his kind call, and obey it.

Why He Left.

"I have left my place, mother," said a poor boy, when he returned from his work. "Why have you left?" said the mother, "was your master unkind to you?" "No, mother, he was kind enough," said the boy. "Did not you like the work?" asked the mother. "It was the wages I did not like," said the boy, solemnly. "My master wanted me to sin, and the wages of sin is death."

"FAITH makes the Christian rich when he has lost everything else."

HEAVEN is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a night to end it.

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

—THE Ev. Luth. Synodical Conference held its sessions at Milwaukee, Wis., August 8—14. Delegates from all the synods forming the Conference were present, and a delegation of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod brought the fraternal greetings of our Norwegian brethren. Two delegates were appointed to attend the next sessions of the Norwegian synod. Most of the time was devoted to doctrinal discussions. We have read in several papers that "aside from the discussions there was nothing of general interest," but these papers are mistaken. Their remark made our little PIONEER feel sad. An entire session was devoted to our Colored Mission, a very lengthy and encouraging report being presented by our Mission Board. Mission work ought to be of general interest. From the Report Conference learned that God has richly blessed our work among the colored people. The Report of our treasurer was not so encouraging. Our treasury has suffered from the hard times. It is true, \$26,715.77 were received for our mission during the past two years, but the debt resting on our mission could not be paid, and the necessary buildings could not be erected. Conference therefore resolved that our Mission Board send a circular to all our congregations, asking them to take up a Sunday collection for our mission, in order to enable the Board to pay the debt and erect the necessary buildings on our mission fields. May God move the hearts of our people to come to our aid in this time of need. Our mission work is the Lord's work. Let us enter more heartily into this work and give it our earnest support. We hope all our congregations will comply with the request of the Synodical Conference and will send in a Sunday collection for our mission work.

—LENDING to the Lord is casting our bread upon the waters, and it shall return after many days. To the giver, God makes these promises: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom;" "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself;" "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully;" "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

—A MISSIONARY, laboring among the colored people in the South, relates the following incident, which illustrates afresh the story of the widow's mite, and may well touch the hearts of many more richly endowed with means and opportunity than the poor colored widow. The missionary writes: "The congregation came, walking in the mud and rain from five to sixteen miles. One mother, a widow with seven children, came without shoes and poorly clad and gave fifteen cents, *all she had*. When she hobbled up to the table, all sore with her long, muddy walk, she stamped

one foot on our new church floor and looked all around at the neat little building inside, and with tears running down her poor, wan cheeks, gave the congregation an earnest look, and said: 'Children, we is all poor; I is got seven children; I's got fifteen cents; God knows 'tis all I got. I's walked here bare-footed to bring it for our Siety in the Nort. Da give us dis church and our chillun edication. God bless them, and send them more money. God give me dis fifteen cents [holding it up so we could all see it]; God give us dis house; God give us our Siety, and God is gwine to give it money to help us if we help some, too. Come, chillun, come.' At this she led the collection by giving her fifteen cents, and sank down weeping as if her heart would break."

—THE Superintendent of the General Council's foreign missions, tells of a lady in Portland, Maine, who handed him a contribution for missions with the remark: "This is the price of a new spring hat. I had saved the money for it. But now, since I have learned to know the destitution of the heathen, my old hat will do for another year." Certainly a noble impulse that deserves general imitation not only among the ladies, but also among the men.

—THE late Dr. A. N. Sommerville was at one time conducting a missionary meeting in New Zealand. Large contributions came flowing in, but one man stood up, and instead of giving a sum of money, he said, "I will give one of my sons." The gift was accepted by God, and now with his like-minded wife that son is one of the missionaries in the New Hebrides.

—LIBERAL and cheerful giving is a better proof that you are interested in missions than loud talking.

—THERE are some people who always believe in home missions on foreign mission day, and in foreign missions on home mission day, —and, if the truth were known, don't believe much in either at any time.

—IN accounting for the missionary zeal of the Moravians, one of their pastors said that "when converts join us, we try to make them realize that they are joining a great missionary society." The Church ought certainly to be a great missionary society.

—SPEAKING of the congregations of the Swedish Augustana synod, a writer says: "Our country congregations in Minnesota are divided into several division (rotas), and in each of these the pastor has a mission meeting once a month. Hundreds of dollars are thus gathered every year by each congregation towards the *home* and the *foreign* work. In many places the older as well as the younger members enroll themselves as members in mission societies, giving from 10 to 25 cents a month or more. The aim is to make the average income for missions per member at least \$1. Our city churches have one mission sermon each month and its young people work in

various ways for this, *the greatest work in the world.*"

—AND now, as we close our window, we beg you not to forget that Sunday collection to be taken up for our Colored Mission Treasury. The treasury is open to receive your offerings; the window—is closed.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

DIE ABENDSCHULE. Jahrgang 41. Nummer 1.

We have received the first number of the 41st volume of the *Abendschule*, and it gives us pleasure to call attention to this admirable German weekly, issued by the Louis Lange Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo. Its object is to furnish the Christian family with a pure and healthful literature, and thus guard against the influences of the anti-Christian publications of the times. The articles are instructive, finely illustrated, and entertaining alike to parents and children. The subscription is only \$2.00 per annum, and those paying in advance get a handsome premium. The premium for this year is a beautifully bound and illustrated volume of entertaining and instructive articles called "Blaetter und Blueten." The price of this volume is \$1.50, but subscribers to the *Abendschule* paying in advance can get it for 50 cts.

LEHRPLAN FUER EINE EINKLASSIGE EV.-LUTH. GEMEINDESCHULE mit zwei Stundenplaenen. Entworfen von J. J. Simon. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 15 cts.

Teachers and pastors that must teach school will find this instructive booklet a welcome aid in their important work.

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CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

#### Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

Springfield, Ill.

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# The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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No. 10.

## Battle-Song of the Church.

Fear not the foe, thou Flock of God,  
Fear not the sword, the spear, the rod,  
Fear not the foe!

He fights in vain, who fights with Thee;  
Soon shalt thou see his armies flee,  
Himself laid low.

Come, cheer thee to the toil and fight;  
'Tis God, thy God, defends the right;  
He leads thee on.

His sword shall scatter every foe,  
His shield shall ward off every blow;  
The crown is won.

His is the battle, His the power,  
His is the triumph in that hour;  
In Him be strong.

So round thy brow the wreath shall twine,  
So shall the victory be thine,  
And thine the song.

*Selected.*

## Reformation Day.

The 31st of October is Reformation Day. On that day, in the year 1517, Dr. Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses on the church door at Wittenberg. This was the beginning of the Reformation, by which God restored to His Church the pure Gospel of salvation.

Before Luther's time this Gospel had for centuries been hidden under the rubbish of human doctrines, in which the sinner can never find peace and comfort. During the long and dark reign of papacy the people were pointed, not to Jesus as the only Saviour, but to the virgin Mary and to other saints; they were not told to trust in the work of Christ for salvation, but in their own works and in the works of the saints; they were not told to take by faith the forgiveness of sins as it is offered in the Gospel without money and without price, but they were told to buy release from the punishment of sin from the pope's agents, just as they would buy bread and butter in the market. The troubled soul can never find peace and rest in the way pointed out in the Roman church. Luther went that way, and it led him almost to despair. He knew his sin and earnestly desired to be free from its curse, but he knew not the Saviour and His righteousness, and therefore struggled in vain

to find peace for his troubled soul in the way pointed out in the pope's church. He became a monk, and if ever there was a monk that was in earnest in his pursuit of peace and salvation by doing all that the Romish church required, that monk was Martin Luther. Day after day and night after night he tortured and tormented himself with prayer and study, with fasting and all kinds of punishment, with cold and sleeplessness. "If these things had continued," he writes, "I would have tortured myself to death with watching, praying, reading, and other works." But all this brought him no peace, gave him no rest. He himself says: "The more I sought to support my doubting, weak, and troubled conscience by human ordinances, the more its doubts and weakness and trouble increased from day to day. When Luther thus groped in the darkness of the Roman church, God led him to the glorious light of the Gospel in which he found peace for his troubled soul. Thus God prepared him for the great work of the Reformation. God opened to him the Bible, and from this Book of God Luther learned that the sinner is saved, not by his own works, but by grace through faith in the righteousness of Christ. This Gospel, which the apostles had proclaimed, and which had lain hidden for centuries under the rubbish of Romish superstitions, Luther now made known to the world. With voice and pen he proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to the nations of the earth and boldly defended this precious Bible doctrine against all its enemies. God's time for the Reformation of His Church had come, and in Luther the prophecy of St. John was fulfilled: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come; and worship Him that made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters," Rev. 14, 6. 7.

Well may we celebrate Reformation Day with joy and thanksgiving. Through the Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther God restored to His Church the pure Gospel with all its

blessings. This Gospel we still have in our churches and in our schools. Let us hold fast what we have. And let us earnestly labor and pray and contribute for the spread of this Gospel among all men. The celebration of Reformation Day must make us more zealous and more earnest in our mission work.

## Only Two Words.

"Oh! if I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy fellow," said a young man. "And then?" said a friend. "Why, then I'd pull down the old house, and build a palace, have lots of prime fellows around me, keep the best wines, and the finest horses and dogs in the country." "And then?" "Then I'd hunt, and ride, and smoke, and drink, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose, like other people, I should grow old and not care so much for these things." "And then?" "Why, then, I suppose, in the course of nature I should leave all the pleasant things—and—well, yes—die!" "Oh, brother, your 'thens!' I must be off." Many years after, the friend was accosted with, "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you!" "How?" "By two words spoken in season long ago—'And then!'"—

*Selected.*

## The Singing Prisoners.

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

### Letter from New Orleans.

"Let mount Zion rejoice," the Psalmist calls out, and, indeed, our Mount Zion in New Orleans can rejoice and does rejoice after hearing of the resolution adopted at the late session of the Synodical Conference at Milwaukee, according to which, in place of the old time-worn building, a new church will soon be erected to the honor and praise of God. But the great Head of the Church has provided for the people of Mount Zion also in another direction. The heavenly Shepherd gave us another proof that He cares not only for the sheep, but also for the lambs of His flock. Already the thought was creeping into some hearts that He was deserting the lambs of Mount Zion, but it is now made evident, that He is not a listless spectator of their wants. He who "gave to some, apostles, and to some, prophets, and to some, evangelists, and to some, pastors and teachers," has also given our second class a teacher in the person of Mr. Meibohm. About a year ago he left the North for the Queen of the South, where he took charge of the second class of Mount Zion school, at first only on trial, not knowing how the southern climate would agree with him. With the end of the term, however, he had definitely accepted the call which the honorable Mission Board extended to him, and since September 3d he with Mr. Vix, one of the pioneer workers in the Colored Mission, is hard at work instructing the children for time and eternity.

Yes, the Lord is still at the head of His flock, His eyes never slumber, His hands never rest, and His heart never ceases to beat with love. Though His flock is scattered wide, He gives them all their portion in due season. "Let us give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever." E. W. K.

### A Tribute to the Memory of Martin Luther.

No one since the time of the Apostles has ever taught more clearly and faithfully the article of justification.

No one has ever opposed the Roman Antichrist and his members, even to the last breath, more courageously, and more clearly exposed its fraud to the world.

None of the fathers have taught with such devotion and according to the mind of the Spirit concerning living good works, viz: those that flow from living faith and advance the welfare of one's neighbor.

No one has explained Holy Scripture so purely and more happily, with such energy, and so many penetrating arguments, especially when he professedly undertook to explain any passage.

Add his translation of the Holy Scriptures, faithful, terse, and adorned with no small eloquence.

So far no one has taught so clearly what

are the duties of the civil magistrate in regard to both tables of the law.

The incredible success of the greatest works in the Church, an example of which is the Augsburg Confession, in which he aided.

He was the author of efficacious prayers, psalms, hymns, and chants. As he prayed, so also has he well equipped the Church with devout songs and hymns. — *M. Bucer, quoted by J. Gerhard.*

### What U. Zwingli said of M. Luther.

"Luther is, it seems to me, such an excellent champion of God, who has examined the Scriptures with so great a zeal that he has no equal on earth for thousands of years, and in the manly, undaunted spirit with which he attacked the Pope at Rome, no one has ever been his equal. But to whom may we ascribe such a deed? To God, or to Luther? Ask Luther himself, and I am sure he will answer, to God. Why then do you attribute other men's doctrine to Luther, when he himself attributes it to God, and submits nothing new but what is contained in the eternally unalterable Word of God? This he teaches freely, and points poor, misled Christians to this heavenly treasure; and he does not care what the enemies of God may plan to oppose, nor does he care for their rebuke and threats. What of his writings I have read I find to be so well substantiated and grounded upon the Word of God, that it is impossible for any man to pervert it. Blessed be God, there are unspeakably more souls led to God through him than through me and others. I am not to be compared with him."

### John Calvin's Tribute to Luther.

John Calvin says: "Luther is the trumpet, or rather he is the thunder,—he is the lightning which has aroused the world from its lethargy—it is not so much Luther who speaks, as God whose lightnings burst from his lips."

Again, writing to Bullinger, Zwingli's successor, he says: "I beg that you may consider how great a man Luther is; with what gifts he has been endowed; with what power, with what steadfastness, with what address, with what learning he has been fighting against the kingdom of Antichrist, and for the propagation of the true doctrine of our salvation. I shall always show him becoming honor, and recognize him as an extraordinary servant of God." Again:

"We sincerely testify that we regard him as a noble apostle of Christ, by whose labor and ministry the purity of the Gospel has been restored in our times."

### A Warning.

At the time of the Reformation a Romish priest in Bautzen, Saxony, *Urban Nicolai* by name, came to a knowledge of the truth of the

Lutheran doctrine and publicly confessed it. Not very long afterward, hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, he fell away from what he knew to be the truth, and denied the Lutheran faith. On Trinity Sunday, in the year 1537, he ascended the pulpit, denounced the truth, and at last declared that *if Luther's doctrine were true, thunder and lightning should kill him.* The same evening a tremendous thunder storm arose. Flash of lightning followed flash, and like a thousand voices of divine wrath the thunders rolled along. Calling to mind his bold challenge of divine justice, he ordered the ringing of all the bells, hastened to church and cast himself before the altar, with trembling and in prayer. But a flash of lightning struck him and rendered him insensible. The citizens of the place came and carried him away. A second flash then struck him and killed him on the spot. The bearers of his body, although themselves unharmed, ran away in great fright. This terrible judgment of God made so deep an impression that thousands became Lutherans and the mouths of many blasphemers were stopped.

*From the German.*

### Luther's Prayers.

One of Melancthon's correspondents describes Luther thus: "I can not enough admire the extraordinary cheerfulness, constancy, faith and hope of the man in these trying and vexatious times. He constantly feeds these gracious affections by a very diligent study of the Word of God. Then, not a day passes in which he does not employ in prayer at least three of his very best hours. Once I happened to hear him at prayer. Gracious God! what spirit and what faith is there in his expressions! He petitions God with as much reverence as if he was in the Divine presence, and yet with as firm a hope and confidence as he would address a father or a friend. 'I know,' said he, 'Thou art our Father and our God, and therefore I am sure Thou wilt bring to nought the persecutors of Thy children. For shouldst Thou fail to do this, Thine own cause, being connected with ours, would be endangered. It is entirely Thine own concern. We, by Thy Providence, have been compelled to take a part. Thou, therefore, wilt be our defence.' Whilst I was listening to Luther praying in this manner at a distance, my soul seemed on fire within me—to hear the man address God so like a friend, and yet with so much gravity and reverence, and also to hear him, in the course of his prayer, insisting upon the promises contained in the Psalms as if he was sure his petitions would be granted."

If we are calumniated, let us have patience—God knows. If we are misunderstood, let us be resigned—God sees. If we are forgotten, let us have hope—God remembers.

### Luther Starting for Magdeburg.

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

Luther's father desired his son to become a learned man. So, when Martin was fourteen years old, he, together with a friend of his, was sent to the Latin school in the City of Magdeburg. Here Luther again heard much about the holiness of the pope, and the priests, and the monks, but nothing about the Saviour. He once saw a prince going about the streets of the city in a monk's dress, begging bread, with a heavy sack on his shoulders. The prince had fasted until he looked like a skeleton. Indeed, shortly after he died. The poor man had tried to be his own saviour, not knowing Jesus, the only Saviour of sinners. Neither did Luther at that time know the Saviour. In after years God brought him to the knowledge of the Saviour through the reading of the Holy Scriptures.

Luther, during his school days, was often obliged to beg food at the houses of the peasants. Speaking of his school days at Magdeburg he himself relates the following incident:

"I was accustomed with some companions to beg food to supply our wants. One day, when at Magdeburg, about Christmas time, we were all going through the neighboring villages, from house to house, singing the usual carols on the Infant Jesus at Bethlehem. We stopped in front of a peasant's house which stood detached from the rest, at the extremity of the village. The peasant, hearing us sing

our Christmas carols, came out with some food which he meant to give us, and, having a rough, loud voice, he called out, 'Where are you, boys?' Terrified at these words, we ran away as fast as we could. We had no reason to fear, for the peasant came out in kindness to give us this assistance; but our hearts were, no doubt, fearful and untrusting from the threats and ill-treatment then used by masters towards their scholars, so that we were seized with sudden fright. At last, as this good peasant continued to call out after us, we stopped, saw that he had food in his hands, forgot our fears, ran to him and thankfully received what he



offered. It is thus," adds Luther, "that we tremble and flee when conscience is guilty and when fear fills us with alarm; we are then afraid even of the help that is offered us, and of those who are our friends and wish to do us good."

Many years after, Luther said to those of his countrymen who were in good circumstances: "Do not despise the poor scholars who try to earn their bread by chanting before your door, asking bread for the love of God; I have done the same."

### Punishment for False Doctrine.

"The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain."

John Hermann, of blessed memory, who wrote so many of our beautiful Lutheran hymns, preached a sermon on the theme:

"What shall move thee and me, O Christian heart, to cling to the simple meaning of the words of Christ, and firmly to believe the presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Lord's Supper?"

As a final reason he gives the terrible punishment which, even here on earth, befell many of those who contradicted this our doctrine, and who denied the true presence of the Body and Blood of Christ.

Carlstadt, who at Wittenberg began the conflict in regard to the Sacrament, and who afterwards went to Basel, received from his colleagues the testimony: That he was a destroyer of their churches, and was strangled by the devil.

Berengarius had spread this error far and wide; but when lying on his deathbed he lamented it very much and said: "To-day Christ will appear to me, either, as I hope, to my salvation, or, as I fear, to my damnation, on account of the poor souls I have led into error with my doctrine."

Dr. John Stoessel came to a terrible end. Six weeks before his death he said: "I am the devil's own with body and soul, a vessel of wrath, a child of hell-fire and eternal damnation. For I have intentionally and knowingly falsified God's Word, blasphemed God, and reviled the most holy mysteries and Sacraments of Christ. It is impossible for me to hope and believe that God could or would again be merciful to me." The pastor of Seuffenberg tried to comfort him with numerous passages of Scripture, etc. He replied: "I know all these verses as well as you do, but give me the power to believe that they are also for me." When the minister, thereupon, exhorted him to pray to God

who would awaken faith in him, he answered: "Prayer? prayer? Satan, whose slave I am, will not let me pray."

Other similar examples might be given. Who will not be warned by these? Who will not beware of their error and the more steadfastly abide by the clear Words of Christ? O Lord Jesus, defend us against false doctrine, and bring back the poor people who have been led into error.—*Lutheraner*.

A ROMAN Catholic Duke of high distinction accompanied Charles V. into Germany in 1547. He heard the Lutherans sing, "A mighty fortress is our God," and mockingly said, "I'll blow up their mighty fortress, or I will die." The story goes that on the third day after he unexpectedly died. The fortress still stands.



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

—AN evangelical pastor at work in Bulgaria writes: "A few Sundays since, I gave the communion, for the first time, to a converted Jew. He told me that his father had been with the French as a dragoman in the Crimea, that, while there, he secured a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew-Spanish, and that he read it and prized it on his return to Constantinople. When he was dying he had it with him on his bed, and died with it clasped to his breast. The wife was commanded by her husband's Jewish friends to destroy the book; but, not being able to read, she could not then tell it from some others in the same type. The result was, it was thrown aside and not destroyed. The young man in question somehow obtained this copy, has been reading it, and professes to have accepted Christ."

—THERE continue to arrive reports of the persecutions to which some of the missionaries in China are subjected. The steamer, *City of Peking*, brings word that the Presbyterian mission church at Shuklung, not far from Canton, has been destroyed, and some of the native converts most cruelly assaulted, one even dying in consequence of the injuries he received.

—THE *Chinese Recorder* gives an incident of a Chinaman who bought a copy of Luke's gospel in Shanghai, and after returning to his village, read to his neighbors from the new book he had bought. The people became much interested, and as no copies of the book could be found, they took to pieces the one they had and made a copy for each person, meeting each evening to read together. When, subsequently, a preacher came to the town, he was told, "What ye are preaching we already know. We have long worshiped Jesus, and have ceased to worship the idols."

—OF the 12,000 Canadian Indians on the Pacific Coast, 8000 have been baptized or attend Christian worship. The Gospels have been printed for them in four languages.

—THE house in which Martin Luther died has been restored and refurnished as nearly as possible after the manner of the sixteenth century.

—A DOLLAR that a laboring man gave to a public collection for home missions, out of wages of less than a dollar a day, was the means of setting his employer to asking what it was that made the man give so large a part of his income to such a cause, and resulted in the consecration of his millions to the work of the Master.

—A CONVERT to Christianity in Syria who was urged by his employer to work on Sunday declined. "But," said the employer, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day, he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the convert, "but if the ass has the habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

—A COLORED girl was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her: "Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, every night." "Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked. She answered promptly, "I know He does." "But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?" For a while the child kept on with her work; then she slowly said: "Master George, I pray into God's ears, not His eyes. My voice is like another girl's, and if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin."

—AT a certain slave-market a negro boy was offered for sale. One of the bystanders, moved with compassion and being well pleased with the boy's appearance and conduct, wished to keep him from falling into the hands of some cruel master. So he went up to the boy and said: "Will you be honest if I buy you?" With an indescribable look upon his frank countenance the boy replied: "I will be honest, whether you buy me or not."

—THE mother-in-law of the Mikado of Japan was recently ill, and though having 423 physicians in attendance, yet she recovered. A Buddhist priest said that the cause of her illness was the introduction of railways!

—A MISSIONARY thus speaks of a congregation at a church service: "Japanese audiences are models of politeness. No one yawns, snaps his watch, shuffles his feet or goes out, even though the speaker is talking in an unknown tongue. Every eye is upon the speaker. When he begins to speak he is greeted by a polite obeisance from every one in the audience; and when he concludes, another low bow from every one in the room says silently, 'I thank you.' After the address another song, a prayer, and benediction, and then what? A grabbing of hats and canes and overcoats, and a 'break' for the door? Ah! no; the Japanese have not learned thus to close their worship. All drop into their seats again; for a full minute they sit with covered eyes and bowed heads, and then slowly and reverently pass out of church or break up into little groups."

—A MISSIONARY on the Congo writes thus of trials endured: "The missionaries' houses at this place are poor, but better ones are in process of erection. My own little abode was 20x14, with mud walls and a thatched roof of grass. Even this was not exclusively my own, for besides my two girls, who lived with me, there were lizards, centipedes and other small creatures. One Sunday morning, as I was dressing, a snake fell from the roof down beside me, but no harm was done." But she heeds not such trifles, for "this is the scene where the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has triumphed, and in hundreds of huts, which are not worthy of the name of homes, women, strong men and children are rejoicing in Christ. The 24 schools and 5 churches are centres of light to the heathen, 10, 20 and 30 miles around

in different directions. Native evangelists and teachers are constantly winning souls, and often we have marvelled at their zeal, courage and fearlessness in the midst of God's enemies, who persecute them and plot against their lives."

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

FEST IST DIE BURG. Festgesang auf das Reformationsfest von J. P. T. Kirsch. With German and English texts. Price 25 cts. per copy; \$1.50 per dozen. Address Mr. J. P. T. Kirsch, South Bend, Ind.

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THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE—Its Importance for this Life and the Life to come. Oration delivered at the Commencement of Concordia College, Conover, N. C., June 21, 1894, by Rev. N. J. Bakke. Published at the request of the Board of Directors. American Lutheran Publication Board, Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cts. per copy; 75 cts. per dozen.

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No. 11.

## Thanksgiving Day.

Father of mercies, enthroned in splendor,  
Praise for the harvest we yield Thee to-day;  
Hear the thanksgiving we joyfully render,  
Hear from Thy throne the glad homage we pay.

Praise for Thy mercy for ever enduring;  
Praise for Thy showers that watered the grain;  
Praise for Thy sunshine, the harvest maturing;  
Praise for the wealth of the gold-laden plain.

Praise for Thy promise through ages unbroken;  
Praise for the increase in basket and store;  
Faithful and true is the word Thou hast spoken,  
"Seed time and harvest shall fail nevermore."

God the all-bountiful, loving and tender,  
Scattered around us are proofs of Thy care;  
Hear the glad hymn of thanksgiving we render,  
Hear while we mingle our praises with prayer.

Help us to praise Thee by pureness of living;  
Ours be the joy that in deeds is outpoured;  
Grant that our lives may in truest thanksgiving  
"Always abound in the work of the Lord."

*Selected.*

## We shall see Him.

The lessons for the last Sundays of the Church year remind us of Christ's coming in the clouds of heaven. He that is brought near to us as the Saviour of sinners on every Sunday of the year, will come in His glory to judge the quick and the dead. "Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him."

Yes, they also that pierced Him will see Him in His glory. And it will be a dreadful sight to them. The unbelievers, who mocked Him and would not have Him as their Saviour, will see Him as their Judge and will be given "their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." The hypocrites, who never gave their hearts to Jesus, but served Him only outwardly, will hear from the lips of their Judge the terrible words: "I tell ye, I know ye not whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity." They all will tremble at the sight of Him whom they rejected and who will then reject them. They will say "to the mountains and rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"

I hope, dear reader, you will not be among those to whom the sight of Jesus in His glory will be a dreadful sight, but among those to whom it will be a welcome sight, a sight that will fill their hearts with joy. And who are these? They are the true believers. These have accepted Jesus as their Saviour and love Him, though they see Him not. But they long to see Him in whom they believe, and whom they love, and who has given them the sweet promise: "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." They are "looking for that blessed hope, the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ." This blessed hope comforts and cheers them as they wander through this dark and dreary world. And they do not hope in vain. No! "For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." He will soon come and summon our beloved ones from the grave and His tired saints from the wearisome journey of life. Then we shall see the King in His beauty, and our hearts will rejoice with an unspeakable joy. We shall see Him as He is, and shall be satisfied.

## Everlasting Punishment.

A venerable minister, with compassionate earnestness, once preached a sermon upon eternal punishment. On the next day some thoughtless men agreed that one of their number should go to him, and, if possible, draw him into a discussion. He went accordingly, and began the conversation, saying: "I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, and I thought that I would call this morning and try to settle it." "Ah! said the pastor, "what is it?" "Why," he replied, "you say that the woe of the finally impenitent will be eternal, and I do not think it will." "Oh, is that all," he answered; "there is no dispute between you and me. If you turn to Matthew 25, 26, you will find that the dispute is between you and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I advise you to go immediately and settle it with Him."

## "For Jesus."

Out of her scanty store, a woman laid by her penny each week as the Lord's money. She had not decided what to do with it when she sickened and was about to die.

A friend came to care for the sick one, and when she saw how ill she was, sent for a minister. He came, and talked and prayed with the woman, and was about to leave when she remembered her little store of money, and asked the woman who cared for her to find it in a box and bring it. Handing it to the minister, she said:

"It is for Jesus. I wanted to save more; but I am going to Him now."

After the woman's death, the little sack was opened, showing seventeen pennies.

The minister was so deeply impressed with the sacredness of this little trust, which had been laid by amidst the deepest poverty, that he desired to have more added to it and use it as the foundation for some noble work.

Telling his congregation of it, a responsive feeling grew within the hearts of many, and an encouraging collection was made on the spot. Others, hearing, still kept adding, until enough was raised to start a mission which was needed upon the frontier. Can we not all do something "for Jesus?"—*S. R. S.*

## 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 grave. Owen, addressing him, said, "There is one advantage I have over Christians: I am not afraid to die. Most Christians are 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 has fed till he is satisfied, and stands in the shade, whisking off the flies, and has neither hope nor fear."

### Food and Dress in China.

The staff of life in China is rice. It is eaten everywhere, excepting among the very poor in the northern provinces. In all other parts of the country the big bowl of rice is the chief dish on the table. At the table a basin is placed opposite each person and beside it a pair of chopsticks, while in the middle of the table stands a big bowl of steaming rice. Each person fills his basin from this bowl, and holding it up to his chin with his left hand, he shovels its contents into his mouth at an astonishing rate. Dotted about on the table are small bowls containing vegetables, fish, or meats chopped fine. Each diner helps himself from these common dishes with his chopsticks, between his mouthfuls of rice.

Pork, mutton, beef, goat's flesh, and ducks are the meats most commonly used; but in some places less savory dishes are eaten. In

Canton dried rats have a recognized place in the poulterer's shop and find ready sale. People who have a tendency to baldness use them particularly, the impression being that the flesh of rats is an effectual hair-restorer.

In dress the Chinese are wise with but few exceptions. They wear nothing that is tight-fitting, and the dress of the women resembles that of the men. The mode of doing the hair varies in different provinces. At Canton the women plaster their back hair with some sort of mixture into the shape of a teapot handle; while the young girls proclaim their unmarried state by cutting the hair in a fringe across their foreheads.

The treatment, however, of the face and feet is less reasonable. By an extravagant and hideous use of paints and cosmetics, Chinese girls conceal the fresh complexion of youth and disfigure their features. They pluck out many of the hairs of their eyebrows with tweezers, in order to make them into graceful curves.

The practice with regard to the feet is well known. Some say they do this to imitate the peculiarly shaped foot of a certain empress. Others say the men had it done to restrain the women from gadding about. The feet are first bound when the child is about five years old. The toes are bent under the foot and the instep is forced upward and backward. The shoes worn having high heels, the foot becomes clubbed, so the women really walk on

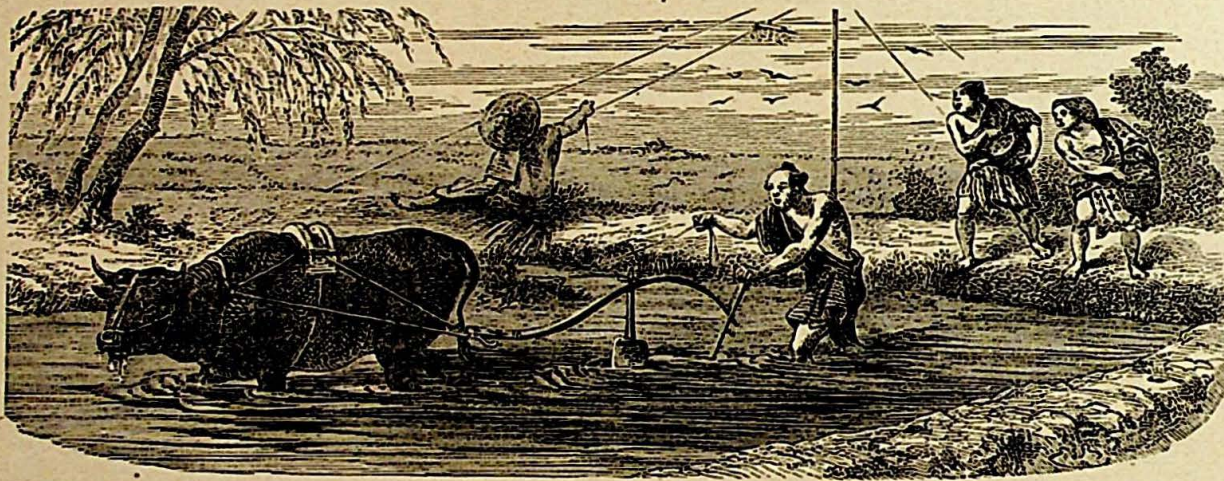
pegs—in fact they can not walk at all and are dependent upon their sedan-chairs.

The men shave the forepart of the head and wear the queue. This custom began by the command of the first emperor of the present dynasty in 1644. Pride is taken in having the queue as long and as thick as possible, and when nature has not been very generous a plait of silk is introduced. As the men can not shave their own heads, the barbers thrive in China.

### Missions to the Chinese in the United States.

"If a stranger sojourn with thee in thy land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger who dwelleth with you shall be as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself."—*Lev. 19, 33, 34.*

FA-KI-KWOK, meaning the Flowery Flag Nation, is one of the names given by the Chinese to the United States. Jesus-land is another name. The following are a few facts for missionary item gatherers:



Planting Rice in Japan.

The Chinese first came to America in 1848. There are about 130,000 Chinese in the United States.

One thousand two hundred and fifty Chinese children are in San Francisco.

Five dollars a month will support a Chinaman, and he can supply himself with all he eats for six cents a day. This is why American laborers complain of more Chinese workmen coming to our country.

In the United States there are 47 Chinese idol temples and 182 shrines. These temples are worth \$62,000, and are well supported. Certain articles are used in worship, and the privilege of supplying these is sold to the highest bidder. Every worshiper must have incense sticks, candles, and sacrificial paper. The American Chinaman offers to his idols roast chicken, roast pig, and any table luxury.

The first treaty between China and the United States was in 1868. This opened the Golden Gate to nearly 100,000 workmen with almond eyes, yellow skins, and heathen thoughts and speech. In 1882 Congress stopped immigration from China for twenty years, and in 1888 our government enacted what is called the "Scott Act." According

to this a Chinaman could not send for his own relatives to come to America without a special permit. Then, in May 1893, the Geary Exclusion Act was to have been carried out, the requirements of which are known to all of us.

It costs \$60 to send a Chinaman back to his native land.

Some of the Chinese girls rescued by the Home in San Francisco are bought in China for \$10; they help support the family who owns them until they are old enough to be married, and then they are again sold for from \$600 to \$1000. "One of the girls, when a baby five years old, was compelled to sew on buttons from morning until midnight. When she grew tired, and her work lagged, her ears were snipped with a scissors to arouse her." It is against the law of our land to bring these girls here, but many are smuggled in.

At first, when these girls come to school, they believe Joss to be all-powerful, but by

and by they learn of God. One day, after a thunderstorm, one said, "I think God have a big drum in heaven," "God walks on heaven's floor."

"When the clouds burst we see the golden streets of heaven," said others about thunder and lightning.

The Protestant Missions began their labor of love among these people in 1852.

### "It Meant Me."

A pastor tells a story of a lady getting into a conversation with a workman, and finding he was a happy Christian.

"How long have you been thus rejoicing?" she asked.

"Six months ago," he said, "I heard an address from the words, 'Whosoever believeth hath everlasting life.' I could not take it to myself then," he said, "but when I went home that night I thought that 'whosoever' meant *me*. I got out of my bed and got the Bible to see the words, and there it was, whosoever."

"But you knew it was in the Bible, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I wanted to see it with my own eyes, and I've been resting on it ever since."

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

## Dinah's Lesson.

The dining-room was strewn with coats, dresses, trousers, undergarments and second-best shoes. They were trying to plan what should go into the mission box which was to be packed at the chapel. Dinah, with one hand on her side, and the other on the door-knob, waited to see what would be done. Dinah knew about the box; she belonged to the same church.

"Spect Missis will send her ole gray dress that she can't wear no mo', and Miss Carrie will send the hat that got its feathers scoched, and the shoes that got a hole cut in the side, and such things. Dinah ain't got nothin' to send. I takes care of my things, I does, an' don' let 'em get scoched and cut and streaks of paint on 'em. Hi!"

The exclamation was caused by a word from her mistress.

"I think, Carrie, I will put in this black cashmere."

"Why, Mamma, can you spare that?"

"I think so. The other black one is in good order, and I can get along without two second-best black dresses when there are people who have none. It looks very nice since I sponged and pressed it, and the woman is so exactly my size that it seems like providence."

Miss Carrie laughed.

"Then, Mamma, according to that reasoning, I ought to send my gray coat; it will fit that 'Maria' they wrote about as well as though it was made for her. I thought I should like to wear it to school, but my other will answer every purpose; and it seems, as you say, a pity to keep two second-best when other people are cold. I'll send it, Mamma."

"All right, dear," the mother said, with a smile.

Then Dinah went out and shut the door hard. She did some hard thinking while she was paring the turnips for dinner.

"Jest to think of Missis sendin' off that black dress jes' as good as new, and Miss Carrie givin' her gray coat that she said that she liked so much, an' that she looks as purty as a pictur' in; and the ole dress I thought would go ain't no 'count, it seems. Reckin Dinah better find somethin' to sen' if she belongs to this yere fam'ly."

When Dinah went in to set the table for dinner, she had a bundle under her arm.

"Here, Miss Webber," she said, "I done foun' dis yere for de barrel."

"Why, Dinah, are you going to send your new calico dress?"

"Yas'm; reckon I kin spar it for dat ar' brak woman what de letter tole 'bout. I don' need three; I got two good second-han' ones, and I kin wash 'em week about, and let her have this one."

"Dinah has taught us a lesson," said her mistress, as the door closed after the cook. But Dinah knew it was just the other way.

Selected.

## What a New Zealand Slave Girl did.

You have often read that most interesting story in the Second Book of Kings about the little Hebrew maiden who was a captive in Syria, and who told her mistress of the wonderful prophet who could heal her master, Naaman, of his leprosy. Naaman took the counsel of the little maid and went to Elisha and was healed. A very similar story comes to us from New Zealand, written by Miss Symonds for the *Children's World*. We give it here in her own words:

"A New Zealand chief whose name was Pana became a Christian, and putting away his gun and spear with which he had delighted in making war he took for his companion the



Chinese Girl.

Bible, which he called his 'new weapon of war.' With this 'sword of the Spirit' he fought against his three great enemies—the devil, the world and the flesh. But with his fellow-men he now desired to be at peace. Before his conversion he had a great enemy in another chief, named Tawai. One Sunday this man suddenly appeared, to the alarm of Pana and of his friend, the missionary.

They thought, of course, that Tawai had come to fight. But it was not so. No, God's Spirit had been at work in his heart also, and he had come to tell them that he was now a Christian, and that they must no longer call him Tawai, but 'Moses,' his new Christian name. Then he told them how this wonderful change had been brought about. He had at home a slave girl who had been taken by him from one of the mission stations. He had tried to make her forget all her Christian teaching, and had threatened to shoot her if she did not give up praying to God; but the brave girl

still prayed on, and repeated to herself the lessons she had been taught. Her master was so surprised at her courage that at last he asked her to teach him the truths she loved so much. This she did; and God so blessed the girl's teaching and example that her master became a new man, and was baptized as a Christian. Then he went, as I have told you, to visit his former enemy, and found to his surprise and joy that Pana, too, was a Christian. That day was very happy to them and also to their friend, Mr. Matthews, the missionary, who rejoiced to see them worshipping together in the house of God, and the next day standing together in the same class at school, reading the first chapter of St. John's Gospel."

## Their Faith.

It was in the days when both armies, the Northern and the Southern, were marching up and down through the Border States. Two little children were left alone one night while their mother went to sit up with a sick neighbor. There was great excitement all through that mountain village, for the people had news of a raid that might be made at any hour. It was a cold, dark night, and snow was falling fast. "What shall we do if the soldiers come while mother is gone, sister?" asked the boy.

"I know what I will do," said she; "I will kneel right down and pray to God to build a wall about our house, as He did in Bible times, so that the soldiers can not find us."

"And do you believe He will do it?" asked the brother, who was younger, and a little timid.

"Of course He will. Doesn't He always keep His promise, and didn't He say that if we asked in faith He would give us our desires? Let us commence right now, before we get too sleepy."

They knelt down and prayed, and then with peaceful hearts fell sound asleep and woke no more until morning.

And lo! in the night every other house in the little town was stripped or burnt, but this little cottage, which stood under a steep hill, had been covered by a great snow-drift and completely hidden from the soldiers.

And now, although long years have passed since those troubled days, they still tell the story of how the children prayed in faith, and their heavenly Father gladly answered them.

The Churchman.

## Sickness.

"Sickness takes us aside and sets us alone with God. We are taken into His private chamber, and there He converses with us face to face. The world is afar off, our relish for it is gone, and we are alone with God. Many are the words of grace and truth which He speaks to us. All our former props are struck away, and now we must lean on God alone."

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

—FROM our German missionary paper we learn that the Rev. F. H. Meyer has been installed as pastor of our Colored Lutheran church at Springfield, Ill., and the Rev. J. C. Schmidt as pastor of our congregations in Alamance Co., N. C. At both places the day of installation was a day of great rejoicing among our colored brethren and sisters. May God richly bless the labors of His servants in their mission fields, and may all friends of our mission remember them in their prayers.

—FOREIGN mission work will now be carried on in India by the Lutheran Missouri synod. During the sessions of the Western District of that synod at St. Charles, Mo., the Revs. Naether and Mohn were solemnly commissioned as missionaries in that distant field. May God be with them on their voyage and in their work among the heathen in India.

—THE time for holding mission festivals is past, but the interest in mission work must continue. Indeed, the main object in holding mission festivals is the awakening of a lasting interest in the mission work of the Church. The collections taken up at the mission festivals are not sufficient to carry on the work. Our congregations must take up several collections during the year, lest our mission work suffer for want of money.

—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."

—ST. JOHN'S English Lutheran Missouri Conference of Kansas has resolved that English work must be begun in the larger cities of eastern Kansas, such as Leavenworth, Kansas City, etc., and has appointed a committee to look after this field.

—IN the following cities the Lutheran Church is said to be the strongest of all Protestant churches: Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Saginaw, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Akron, Toledo, Fort Wayne, La Crosse, Erie, Lancaster (Pa.), Altoona, Allentown, Reading and Easton.

—IN the Norwegian Lutheran mission school at Wittenberg, Wis., there are 123 Indian children who are daily instructed in Luther's Catechism.

—THE Norwegians will send a pastor along with the colony of Laplanders who are to settle as a colony at Unalaklik, on the Yucatan river, Alaska. The colony is being established by our government to insure the rearing of reindeer in behalf of the natives of that portion of our big territory.

—THE Icelandic Lutheran Synod has already twenty-five congregations and six pastors. An academy will be established in Manitoba.

—TWENTY-THREE natives of Madagascar recently completed their studies and have en-

tered upon the work of the ministry. They add so many to the number of native ordained Lutheran pastors.

—THE size of your offering, says an exchange, does not depend upon what you take out of your pocket, but upon what you leave in it.—

—THE Indians at Lac Seul show the greatest love and enthusiasm for public worship. Their little church has been decorated and improved lately by their own hands. The Rev. T. H. Pritchard writes an account of one Sunday when he hardly thought it possible that any one would attempt to cross the wide stretch of water which lies between the mission and the reserve. A heavy fall of snow, driven by a cold north wind, seemed likely to form an effectual barrier between the Indians and their beloved little church; but, to his surprise, a widow woman and her daughter, with two young children, arrived, having paddled about four miles through the storm. They were covered with ice from the waves which had splashed into the canoe. Soon afterwards others also came, and at eleven o'clock a happy little congregation assembled in the church for morning service. Could not many people, to whom a slight shower of rain, or suspicion of east wind, is a sufficient excuse for absenting themselves from God's house, learn a lesson from the love and enthusiasm of these simple folk?

—J. CALVERT, a missionary, says that when he arrived in the Fuego Islands, it was his first work to bury the hands, feet and heads of 18 persons who had been eaten by the natives; but he lived to see a number of these cannibals appear at the Lord's supper, after they had been converted to Christianity. Cannibalism is now no longer practised on the islands. Fifty years ago there was not a single Christian Fuegian, now there are 1468 native preachers, 1268 chapels, 1735 weekday and Sunday-schools, and 2526 teachers, under the care of nine white missionaries.

—IN Africa a mother was going through the streets with her little daughter by her side. A trader, before whose booth she had passed, offered her a string of glittering beads for her child whom he would like to have for a slave. The mother looks at the beads in her hand with longing eyes. The little one falls down before her and begs the mother to keep her and not give her to the strange man. But a stroke with the string over the face of her prostrate daughter is the mother's only answer. The trader keeps the weeping child. The miserable ornament is dearer to the mother than her daughter. This is a true and characteristic illustration of one of the darkest phases of heathenism. It is all dark, indeed, but some parts are blacker than others. Yet, under the power of the Gospel of Christ, even such unnatural mothers without natural affection may be and have been lifted up and taught the worth not only of their children, but of their own immortal souls.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

ERZÄHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. No. 22. Der Kerkermeister von Norwich; No. 23. Der Schulmeister und sein Sohn. Price 25 cts. per copy. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

Stories that are not only entertaining but also instructive, are most desirable works. Such are the stories issued by our Publishing House. The two new volumes are beautiful gift books for the Christmas time and will, we doubt not, be found on the Christmas table of many of our German families.

MAGISTER JOHANNES BRENZ, der Reformator Schwabens. Ein Leben-bild aus der Reformationszeit, nach den Quellen zusammengestellt und erzählt. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 35 cts.

"Biographies," says one, "are the most interesting and most instructive books." And here we have the biography of John Brenz, the learned co-laborer of Dr. Luther. The book deserves a wide circulation.

ABENDSCHULE-KALENDER fuer 1895. Louis Lange Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The *Abendschule-Kalender* has for many years been a welcome visitor in our German Christian homes. Rarely is there an opportunity to procure so much interesting and valuable reading for a price so small. All who can read the German will do well to order a copy. The price is 25 cents.

THESEN FUER DIE LEHRVERHANDLUNGEN der Missouri Synode und der Synodalconferenz bis zum Jahre 1893. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 35 cts.

Pastors and teachers will thank the compiler for this valuable work. The book contains all the doctrinal theses found in the many minutes of the Missouri Synod and of the Synodical Conference. An excellent index enables the reader to see at a glance what subjects have been discussed and what theses have been presented on these subjects.

#### 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.

F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

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

Cor. Franklin and Thialla 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.

E. W. KUSS, Missionary.

##### 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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No. 12.

## Christmas Carol.

Bright angel hosts are heard on high  
All sweetly singing o'er the plains;  
While mountains echo in reply  
The burden of their joyous strains.

Say, Shepherds, why this jubilee?  
What doth your rapturous mirth prolong?  
Say, say, what may the tidings be  
Which still inspire that heavenly song?

Come, come, to Bethlehem, come and see  
The Child whose birth the angels sing;  
Come, come, adore on bended knee  
The infant Christ, the new-born King!

See there within a manger laid  
Jesus, the Lord of heaven and earth!  
See saints and angels lend their aid  
To celebrate the Saviour's Birth!

*Selected.*

## The Saviour Is Born.

This is the glad news which comes to us on Christmas day and makes that day a day of rejoicing to all that feel the need of a Saviour.

We all need a Saviour; for we are by nature lost sinners and have deserved God's wrath and everlasting punishment. The wrath of God over sin must be borne by some one in our place, if we were to be saved from everlasting punishment. He that took our place to suffer the punishment in our stead is our Saviour. And who is He? He is God's only-begotten Son, who became man and was born of the virgin Mary in the blessed Christmas night. Therefore the angel of the Lord in that night said to the shepherds: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The Saviour born at Bethlehem is God and man in one person. Therefore the angel calls the child born of the virgin Mary Christ the Lord. The Babe for whom there was no room in the inn and who was laid in the manger was God over all, blessed forever. What the prophet Isaiah declared has been fulfilled: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulders; and His name shall be called Won-

derful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Isa. 9, 6. The Babe of Bethlehem is our Lord and our God, who for our salvation has become man. No creature in heaven or on earth could be our saviour; for no creature could fulfill the law of God for us and suffer the great penalty which we deserved by our transgressions. God's power only could lift the great mountain of sin from a perishing world. And, behold, God came to the rescue. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," Gal. 4, 4, 5. God's own Son became man, took our place under the law, fulfilled all its demands and suffered its curse. Thus He became our Saviour.

Well may we in the blessed Christmas time rejoice at the birth of this Saviour. In Him we have all that our souls need. In Him there is comfort for the sorrowing, redemption for the captives, help for the helpless, pardon for the sinner, salvation for the lost, heaven for the condemned. The Saviour is born! Believe in Him and rejoice! He is your Saviour, for He is the Saviour of all. There is not one excepted. The angel plainly said: "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." There is none shut out. Unto you, and unto me, and unto every sinner a Saviour is born. Whosoever—be he rich or poor, learned or unlearned, high or low, colored or white, yea, be he the greatest of all sinners—whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

The Saviour is born! May we all receive Him as our Saviour and thus enjoy a blessed Christmas.

## Christmas in Mexico.

It is very sad to think that there are parts of the world where Christmas is unknown. Is it not also sad that in many countries the celebration of the day is mingled with idolatrous customs? A missionary gives the following account of Christmas in Mexico. There are many Catholic countries where it is no better.

Rev. Mr. Sawyer says: "For almost a week before Christmas we heard singing in a house on the hillside below our house here in Guajuato, as though they were holding cottage prayer-meetings, or serenading somebody. One evening we had to pass the house in returning from church, and what do you think we saw? Nearly a dozen women, girls, and boys standing in a group before the door of the house, which was closed, and two boys had upon their shoulders a decorated wooden platform about the size of a small door taken off its hinges, with the image of a man and a woman sitting upon it. The group would sing a song in their language, and then the people inside the house would sing. Upon inquiry I learned that the images represented Joseph and Mary going to the inn at Bethlehem, and being turned away 'because there was no room for them in the inn.'

"This was kept up every night until Christmas eve, when the order of exercise was changed. Then, instead of singing, there was music upon violins, harps, and cornets. Upon passing the house I found the door wide open, and the room nearly full of people, some sitting, some kneeling, and a few standing near the doors. Near the centre of the room stood a little cot beautifully decorated, and what do you think was lying upon it? A wooden image of a very small baby which they were worshipping, kneeling around it, and making music for it. They called the image the new-born Saviour and worshiped it as such. This they do every year for nearly two weeks."

## Work without Merit.

Merit is a work for the sake of which Christ gives rewards. But no such work is to be found, for Christ gives by promise. Just as if a prince were to say to me: "Come to me in my castle, and I will give you a hundred florins." I do a work, certainly, in going to the castle, but the gift is not given me as the reward of my work in doing, but because the prince promised it me.—*Luther.*

TRUE Christmas joy is joy in the Lord.

### Make Known the Glad Tidings.

In our Christmas picture we see the shepherds returning from Bethlehem, when they had seen the new-born Saviour. They received this Saviour as their Saviour and their hearts were filled with great joy. They did not keep the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth to themselves. No! They knew that the Babe of Bethlehem was not only their Saviour, but the Saviour of all people. They wanted others to share the great joy that filled their hearts. Therefore they on their way home told others of the wonderful and joyful tidings that were brought to them by the angel of the Lord and pointed them to the Saviour born at Bethlehem. "They made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child."

All Christians may learn a lesson from these shepherds. That which the Lord made known to them He has made known to us also. We know that at Bethlehem the Saviour of all sinners was born. In the manger of the Gospel we have seen Him with the eye of faith and have rejoiced. In Him we have found forgiveness of all sins and life everlasting. He is our consolation, and our help, and our hope, and our heaven, and our all in all.

In the blessed Christmas time our hearts are filled with joy at the glad tidings of this Saviour's birth. Should we not make known abroad what we know concerning this Saviour, that others also

may find salvation in Him? Let us like the shepherds be missionaries and tell others of the salvation that is in Christ Jesus. We may thus bring joy to many a sad heart.

One Christmas day, many years ago, a young German merchant sat, with several guests, at a Christmas table in New York. The young man looked sad and down-hearted, as he thought of his distant home. The guests spoke of the many Christmas gifts they had received, and of their plans and prospects in life. But not a word was said of the glad Christmas tidings of God's love to man.

The old colored uncle, who waited on the table, saw the sad looks of the young German and thought he needed some words of cheer and consolation. So, when he handed him one of the dishes, he whispered to him: "Massa, to-day the Saviour was born!" These words of the colored uncle sounded to the young man as the words of an angel. Tears came into his eyes, but his heart was filled with joy,

and he cried out: "Now I enjoy Christmas, the blessed Christmas!"

We may not have the opportunity of thus comforting some sad heart, but we all may help along our mission work, by which the comfort and salvation of the new-born Saviour are brought to those that still sit in the darkness of sin and in the shadow of death. The Saviour is born, and there are millions that know Him not. Oh, ye Christians, assist our missionaries in their work of bringing the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth to poor, perishing sinners! Make known abroad what you know concerning this Child Jesus!

Tell to others around  
What a dear Saviour you have found!  
The Christmas gift of God's great love  
Is the only way to heaven above!



### Good News.

It happened on the morning of the day before Christmas 1535, that Dr. Martin Luther was sitting at his desk in his study, in deep thoughts about his sermon for the next day. He never liked to be disturbed while studying his sermons, but although his good wife knew this, she could not help knocking at his door, putting in her head, and saying to him, "Dear Doctor, do me the favor to take your Bible and to go into the nursery and to sit down at the cradle and to rock our baby to sleep. I have so much to do to-day and can not make headway with the baby in my arm." The great Doctor did not say a word,—he was always very gentle to his wife—but did according to his Kate's bidding. While he was sitting at his baby's cradle, his big Bible on his lap (this Bible is now one of the chief treasures of a royal library and is valued at \$20,000!), and meditating, his eyes became fixed on the

infant. His thoughts carried him upwards to the throne of God and downwards again to the world of lost men, and he began to sing in his big heart of the love of the Father, whose only beloved Son became a little child—as weak and helpless as his own—in order to save us and to bless us and make us the children of God. After a short while he went out on tip-toe, fetched his lute (a kind of guitar) from his study, then he sat down again at his baby's cradle, struck the chords softly and hummed a tune. He got up again, fetched paper and ink from his room, sat down and began to write in German. (He wrote many books and hundreds of letters in Latin.) When he had finished, he noticed that the baby was fast asleep. So he went back to his study,

but on the way he stepped into the kitchen, where his wife had her hands in the cake-dough, and he said: "I thank you, dear Kate, for having sent me to the nursery. You will hear this evening what I did there."

When Holy Eve set in, Dr. Luther went with his wife and children and his faithful secretary, an elderly student, into their best room, to celebrate Holy Night beneath the fragrant lighted branches in the true hearty way of a German Christian. He had prepared a surprise for his Kate. While they were sitting together, he reached for his lute, struck the chords, and then sang with his clear tenor voice the Christmas-cradle-song he had written and composed that day:

"Good news from heaven the angels bring,  
Glad tidings to the earth they sing;  
To us this day a child is given,  
To crown us with the joy of heaven."

He sang on to the fifteenth verse, the last one of a Christmas hymn which since 1535 has been one of the best known and best liked of all the thousands and tens of thousands of sacred songs. Its beautiful tune is also a creation of Luther's heart and mind. The hymn is sung in all countries. The good tidings and the great joy were, and are, and shall be to all people.

"Praise God upon His heavenly throne,  
Who gave to us His only Son:  
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,  
A blest New Year of mercy sing."

*Church Messenger.*

### Christmas.

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

### Farmer Brown's Christmas Gift.

On the summit of Washington mountain, overlooking the Housatonic valley, stood a hut, the home of John Barry, a poor charcoal burner, whose family consisted of his wife and himself. His occupation brought him in but a few dollars, and when cold weather came he managed to get together only a small provision for the winter. One fall, after a summer of hard work, he fell sick and was unable to keep his fires going. So, when the snow of December, 1874, fell, and the drifts had shut off communication with the village at the foot of the mountain, John and his wife were in great straits.

Their entire stock of food consisted of a few pounds of salt pork and a bushel of potatoes. Sugar, coffee, flour, and tea had, early in December, given out, and the chances to get anything were slim indeed. The snow-drifts deepened. All the roads, even in the valley were impassable, and no one thought of trying to open the mountain highways, which even in summer were only occasionally traveled, so none gave the old man and his wife a thought.

Christmas week came, and with it the heaviest fall of snow experienced in Berkshire county in many years. The food of the old couple was soon reduced to a day's supply, but John did not despair. He was a Christian and a God-fearing man, and God's promises were remembered, and so, when evening came, and the north-east gale was blowing, and the fierce snow-storm was raging, John and his wife were praying for help.

In the village, ten miles away, lived Mr. Brown, a well-to-do farmer, who was noted for his piety. On the day before Christmas he was at the village store and heard the merchant speak of John Barry, the charcoal burner on the mountain. The merchant said: "I wonder if the old man is alive, for it is six weeks since I saw him, and he has not yet laid in his winter stock of groceries. It must be old John is sick and wanting food."

That night Farmer Brown did not sleep well. The thought of John Barry's need troubled him. He thought he heard a voice, saying, "Send food to John." At last he arose and proceeded to dress himself. "Come," said he to his wife, "waken our boy Willie and tell him feed the horses and get ready to go with me, and do go pack up in the two largest baskets you have, a good supply of food, and get us an early breakfast, for I am going up the mountain to carry the food I know John Barry needs."

Mrs. Brown cheerfully complied, and, after a hot breakfast, Farmer Brown and his son Willie, a boy of nineteen, hitched up the horses to the double sleigh, and then, with a month's supply of food, and a "Good-bye, mother," started at five o'clock on that cold December morning for a journey that almost any other than Farmer Brown and his son Willie would not have dared to undertake.

The north-east storm was still raging, and the snow falling and drifting fast, but on, on went the stout, well-fed team with its Christmas gift, while the occupants of the sleigh, wrapped up in blankets and extra buffalo robes, urged the horses through the drifts and in face of the storm. That ten miles' ride, which required in the summer hardly an hour or two, was not finished until the farmer's watch showed that five hours had passed.

At last they drew up in front of the hut where the poor trusting Christian man and woman were on their knees praying for help to Him who is the "hearer and answerer of prayer," and as Farmer Brown reached the door, he heard the voice of prayer, and then he knew that God had moved him to bring his Christmas gift up the mountain to John Barry's hut. He knocked at the door; it was opened, and we can imagine the joy of the old couple when the large supply of food was carried in, and the thanksgivings that were uttered by the starving tenants of that mountain hut.

### How True Christmas Kindness was rewarded.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was on the ground and in some places it had drifted in great heaps against the stone walls and the houses. The wind howled and shrieked madly through the village. From every window gleamed a bright light; even the poorest, meanest cottage looked cozy and warm.

On the steps of one of the prettiest cottages stood two dark forms. Their ragged coats were sprinkled with snow, their hats were drawn down over their eyes. They stood still for a moment, as if hesitating to get up courage to do that which they had started to do. Then, after muttering a few words to each other, one of them knocked loudly at the door. A voice within bade them come in. They opened the door and there in a cozy, well lighted room sat an old couple. The tramps (for such they were) stood awkwardly looking at the well-filled table. "We have come a long journey, and have no home, and we are very hungry," said the tall one, who seemed to be most forward. "Can you give us shelter for the night and a little food?"

The old man laid down his spectacles, looked at them, and said: "You may sit down and warm yourselves," but the tone implied "no more." "Father," said the old lady, "it is Christmas Eve; we must remember the poor and needy," at the same time motioning them to sit down, and placing the father's chair in its place, took the opposite seat. Then, bowing her head reverently, prayed for all outcasts without homes and God, that He would turn them from the path of wickedness and cleanse them from all sin through His precious blood. She prayed for the poor and hungry everywhere; that He would care for them, give them bodily comforts and let His peace rest

upon them, for His dear son's sake who was born that night. The tramps seemed strangely touched by this simple and earnest prayer, and ate their portion in silence.

Supper over, the old man, pushing his plate slowly from him, said: "I have a good barn with plenty of hay, and you can stay there to-night."

"Father," said the wife gently, "it is a holy night, and a bitter cold one; we have room in the house, let them stay."

He said nothing. Then, taking one of the wax candles the lady bade them follow her. She took them to a dainty, warm room, and giving them the light bade them good night. Early next morning the maid servant came down to her mistress and gave her a note, saying: "This morning I found both the door and window of the spare room opened, I went in and found this; the bed was not touched."

The note read: "Kind Mistress of this house. We came here last night intending to rob you; but your kindness to us and your prayer for all, saved both you and us as well."

Gratefully your friends, L. & K.

*Selected.*

### Do You Believe the Christmas Tidings?

A pathetic incident is related of a Hindu lady who heard for the first time the words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Do you believe it, Mem Sahib; do you believe it?"

"Yes, Mohini; of course, I believe it. It is God's own message to us all. I am reading it to you from His Word."

"Ah, I know; but, Mem Sahib, do you believe He gave His Son to die for us miserable Hindu women, as well as for you English ladies—do you believe that, and do your people at home believe it?"

"Mohini, yes; we all believe it. It is God's glad tidings to us all—to you and to us alike. Yes, we believe it."

"Then, why, O! why did you not come sooner, and bring more with you, to tell all of us this good news?" sobbed poor Mohini.

### Faith in the Saviour.

It is not sufficient to believe that Christ has come, but we must believe also that He was sent from God, that He is the Son of God, and also very man, that He was born of a virgin, that He alone has fulfilled the law, and that not for Himself, but for us, that is for our salvation.—*Luther.*

In God alone we must trust. Paul said: "My God can supply all your need."



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

—THE 9th of this month was celebrated by many Lutherans in different parts of the world in memory of Gustavus Adolphus, the great Lutheran Hero King. He was born Dec. 9, 1594—just 300 years ago—in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. He was a great king and general, and at the same time a devoted Christian. During the terrible Thirty Years' War he came over to Germany with his brave army to aid his Lutheran brethren when the Roman Catholics were trying to rob them of the fruits of the Reformation. He fought bravely for the Protestant cause and gained many a victory. Well may his name be honored throughout the Protestant world.

—THROUGHOUT his life Gustavus Adolphus followed the advice given him in his father's last will: "Above all things, fear and love God, honor thy mother, show brotherly affection to your nearest relatives, love the faithful counselors and servants of your father; reward them accordingly, be gracious to your subjects, punish the evil doers, love the good, trust all men, but with caution, and get personally acquainted with your people."

—A MISSIONARY in Africa, in one of his letters, gives the following report of a joyful Christmas day at the capital of Uganda: "Christmas day dawned, and verily it is a day never to be forgotten. The thrill that went through me when two years ago I addressed a congregation of 1000 souls in the old church is still fresh in my memory. If I was thrilled then, I was simply overwhelmed yesterday when I stood up to speak in the name of our Master to a congregation numbering over 5000 souls. The perfect stillness as I stood up to speak, and indeed throughout the service, was almost as awe-inspiring as the sight of the great multitude itself. Mr. Pilkington interpreted for me, and it was quite evident that he performed his task to perfection. In the afternoon a second service was held, and I suppose between three and four thousand people must have been present. Later in the afternoon an English service was held. At this service a larger number of Europeans were present than have been gathered together before in Uganda. Christmas day was a trying day but an intensely joyful day—a day worth coming to the ends of the earth to enjoy."

—THE report of the assault made upon the Rev. James Wylie, of the Scotch United Presbyterian Mission in China, resulting in his death, has been received in Great Britain. Mr. Wylie was a young man about thirty years of age, though he had been in China for six years. The murder was committed in the main street of Liaoyang and in broad daylight. It seems that he was walking toward his house when a detachment of Chinese soldiers caught sight of him and began to jeer at him. Soon some of them assaulted him and the excited crowd threw themselves furiously upon the defenceless man. He was beaten and cut so

severely that he died a few hours after the attack.

—AT the recent missionary conference in England, a missionary said that although he had been in India for more than a quarter of a century, and had, by turns, observed missionary work in Bengal, Burmah, the Northwest Provinces, the Punjab, and Sindh, he had "never yet met with an organized mission of the Church of Rome to heathen or Mohammedans, except in places where God had previously and conspicuously blessed the labors of some other Christian body." Where a Protestant mission had become a prey to discord and division there Rome found her opportunity. And Mr. Eugene Stock added: "It is the literal and painful truth that, all round the world, Rome's attitude toward us is one of persistent, bitter, unscrupulous interference and opposition. In West, East and Central Africa; in Palestine and Persia; in North and South India; in Ceylon and Mauritius; in China and Japan; in New Zealand and among the red Indians of the Dominion of Canada, it is one uniform story."

—THE worst of these missionary facts is that they are so stupendous we fail to grasp their meaning. When we get to numerals with five, six, seven, or even nine "naughts" after them we are quite out of our depth. But we can realize a little the awful extent of heathenism when we read that "there are more idols in India than there are men and women;" and that in Japan for "every two Christians there are five Buddhist temples—not to mention Shinto temples; 10,000 more head-priests of Buddhism than there are Protestant Christians; for every single Christian of every denomination there are at least two Buddhist priests (not head-priests)." From Africa, too, we learn that "human sacrifices are still offered on the West African coast. At a place near Lagos two hundred human beings were sacrificed recently."

—As we close our window, we would remind our readers that this issue closes another volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER and that this is a good time to send in the names of new subscribers. Our little PIONEER has hung up his stockings and expects this Christmas gift. Do not disappoint the dear little fellow.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

ERZAEHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. 24. Baendchen: Das wueste Schloss.—Der Schwedenschimmel. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 25 cents.

Sound, instructive, and entertaining reading matter for our German boys and girls. An excellent gift book.

JUSTIFICATION: An Essay read by Prof. Dau before Augustana E. L. Conference and published by its request. American Lutheran Publication Board, Chicago, Ill. Price 12 Cents.

This is an able, clear, and scriptural exposition of a most important and most delightful theme. It deserves a wide circulation, since it may well serve as an antidote against the Pelagian and Synergistic poison of Romanism, which is infecting many so-called Protestants. In a Lutheran church-paper we recently read a sermon on the forgiveness

of sins, in which the reader is told that men receive forgiveness of sins "on account of their confidence," that is, on account of their faith. When such expressions are used, faith is not viewed as a mere means in justification. We are justified by faith, but not on account of it. The writer of that sermon and the editor of that paper would do well to study the Essay of Prof. Dau.

The entire proceeds from the sale of the pamphlet are to be devoted to beneficiary education at Conover, N. C.

GUSTAV ADOLF UND SEIN EINGREIFEN IN DEN DREISSIGJAERIGEN KRIEG. Kurz erzahlt von E. F. G. Harders. Northwestern Publishing House, Milwaukee, Wis. Price 10 cents per copy; 75 cents per dozen; \$5 per hundred.

We hope this excellent little book will find a wide sale. It gives a clear and interesting account of Gustav Adolf's coming to the aid of his Lutheran brethren in Germany at the time of the Thirty Years' War. It is well to be reminded of his great achievements, at a time when there is a tendency to forget the past and lose sight of the unchanging policy of the Roman church when possessed of power.

LUTHERAN WITNESS TRACTS. No. 13, Secret Societies; No. 14, Temperance; No. 15, Freemasonry. 5 cents each; 40 cents a dozen; \$2.50 a hundred. American Lutheran Publication Board, Chicago, Ill.

There is more instruction and warning in these little tracts than in many a large volume, and they are heartily commended.

### Acknowledgment.

Received from the Young People's Association of Grace Church, Concord, through the treasurer, Miss Jennie Alexander, for the building of a new school house \$15.00. N. J. BAKKE.  
Concord, N. C., Nov. 19, 1894.

### 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.  
F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

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.  
E. W. KUSS, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.  
Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.  
Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday evening.  
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.  
AUG. BURGENDORF, Missionary.

### 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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