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### The Lutheran Pioneer 1895

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.

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St. Louis, Mo., January, 1895.

No. 1.

## A New Year's Prayer.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough.  
It will be still the best,  
Winding or straight, it matters not,  
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot:  
I would not if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine: so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health,  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

*Selected.*

## "His Name was called Jesus."

This is the message of the New Year's Gospel, and a sweet and comforting message it is. It shows us the source of all true happiness. In Jesus alone we have a happy new year. Without Him there is no true happiness; for without Him there is nothing but sin, and "the wages of sin is death." Man can not enjoy true happiness as long as he is on the road to everlasting damnation. The joys and the wealth and the pleasures of this world can give him no true happiness: they can not take away his sins; they can not take away God's wrath; they can not save him from hell; they can not give him the sure hope of everlasting life in the hour of death. True happiness is found in Jesus only, because in Him alone we have forgiveness of sin and life everlasting.

His name was called Jesus, because He saves us from our sins. Jesus means Saviour, and that name was given Him, because He is the Saviour. He took our sins and curse upon Himself and bore them in our stead. Thus He secured forgiveness of sin and salvation for us. All that flee for refuge to Him, all that believe in Him as He with all His treasures is brought to them in the Gospel are safe and happy, whatever may befall them in the new year. Troubles and sorrows and death may come to them, but all this can not take away the happiness they have through faith in Him whose name was called Jesus. He who has forgiven them all their sins and has made them God's children and heirs of heaven, also cares for them during their pilgrimage here on earth. He guides them with His own eye and bears them in His strong and everlasting arms.

"Everlasting arms of love  
Are beneath, around, above,  
Christ it is who bears us on,  
His the love we lean upon.

"He our ever present guide,  
Faithful is, what'er betide;  
Gladly then we journey on,  
With His arm to lean upon."

## Life is Short.

That life is short and time flies, is often forgotten. Many spend their years without thinking of the swiftness of the passing days. It is a mark of wisdom to remember the shortness of life and to prepare for the life to come. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The Bible reminds us again and again of the shortness of life and of the swiftness of time. "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle," Job 7, 6. "My days are swifter than a post; they flee away, they see no good. They are passed away as the swift ships; as the eagle that hasteth to the prey," Job 9, 25, 26. "Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow; and continueth not," Job 14, 1, 2. "Behold, thou hast made my days

as an hand-breadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity," Ps. 39, 5.

In the "prayer of Moses, the man of God," it is said that we are carried "away as with a flood;" we "are as a sleep;" we are in the morning "like grass which groweth up," and "in the evening it is cut down, and withereth;" "we spend our years like a tale that is told;" for "we fly away," Ps. 90, 3—10. So our life is like "a shepherd's tent," Isa. 38, 12; "we all do fade as a leaf," Isa. 64, 6; "for what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," Jas. 4, 14. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass," 1 Pet. 1, 24.

How blessed it is to turn to "the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever," 1 Pet. 1, 23. The days fly swiftly by, the years come and go, "and the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever," 1 John 2, 17. Happy, therefore, is the believer. He has laid hold of that which outlasts the fleeting charges of this short and swiftly passing life. "The word of the Lord endureth forever," 1 Pet. 1, 25.

"Our years are like the shadows  
O'er sunny hills that fly,  
Or grasses in the meadows  
That blossom but to die;  
A sleep, a dream, a story,  
By strangers quickly told,  
An intermitting glory  
Of things that soon are old.

"O Thou, who canst not slumber,  
Whose light grows never pale,  
Teach us aright to number  
Our years before they fall;  
On us Thy mercy lighten,  
On us Thy goodness rest,  
And let Thy Spirit brighten  
The hearts Thyself hath blessed."

## Clouds.

An old Christian couple were asked: "And have you never any clouds?" "Clouds?" said the old woman, "clouds? Why, yes, sir. Else where would all the blessed showers come from?"



### The Wise Men from the East.

Our picture is an Epiphany picture. Do you know what Epiphany means? It means appearance. The Gospel lesson of the Epiphany festival tells us that the Saviour appeared, or became known, to the wise men from the East. These men were gentiles, or heathen, and lived in a land far away from the place where Christ was born. By a wonderful star God let them know that the Saviour had come. They thought they would find Him in the great city of Jerusalem, in the king's palace. So they went to that city, but they did not find Him there. They were told, however, from the word of God that the Saviour should be born at Bethlehem. "For thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel." The wise men trusted this word of God and started on their way to the humble village of Bethlehem. And the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they had found the Saviour, they fell down and worshipped Him, and opened their treasures, and presented unto Him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. They then went home with happy hearts, for they had found the Saviour.

These wise men from the East were gentiles, and therefore we learn from this story that the Saviour has come, not only for the Jews, but also for the gentiles. Not only were the shepherds of Judea directed by the angel to the newborn Saviour, but heathen from lands of darkness were led to Bethlehem to behold and to worship Him who was born as the Saviour of all men. We here see the fulfillment of prophecies delivered hundreds of years before. "The gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising." And again the prophet says, "Rejoice, ye gentiles, with His people." Therefore the command is given: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." It is God's gracious will that all men, without distinction of race, color, or social standing should come to a knowledge of the truth in Jesus and be saved. But "how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear

without a preacher? and how shall they preach without they be sent?" The work of preparing and sending out missionaries to the heathen rests as a sacred obligation upon the Church of Christ. Those who believe in the Saviour and know that in Him alone salvation from eternal ruin and misery is to be found, should be active in the work of making Him known to all people. Christians must not play at missions. No! They must be in earnest, and must bestir themselves in the discharge of their obligations. God has given us great opportunities, and these opportunities bring with them great responsibilities. There is much work to be done in our Home Mission, in our Colored Mission, and in our mission among the heathen of India. May the love of Christ



move our hearts and hands to increased missionary effort!

"Up, the ripening fields ye see,  
Mighty shall the harvest be,  
But the reapers still are few,  
Great the work they have to do.

"Lord of harvest, let there be  
Joy and strength to work for Thee,  
Till the nations far and near  
See Thy Light and learn Thy Fear."

### The Coming Years.

We are often speculating on what is to come; whether the years shall bring life or death, prosperity or sorrow.

You who know that you are God's dear children through faith in Jesus Christ may take one answer as regards the coming years; you are going forth into nothing but goodness. "All things work for good to them that love God." I can not say that you may not be going forward to meet trouble, toil, disappoint-

ment. It may be, but I repeat it, if you are walking at God's side you are going forward to nothing but good; great goodness is laid up for you that trust in God. Take the truth as a fact; God has great goodness laid up for me. If the worst which I fear shall come to pass, I shall find His goodness laid up in the heart of the disaster. Be thankful, as you "know" that with God as your guide you can not be traveling any road which does not lead to something better.—M. R. V.

### To-morrow or To-day.

An unconverted sinner ought to remember at the close of a year that he has lost that period, and not only lost it, but converted it into the means of sin and ruin; that he is more sinful than at the beginning; that his mass of guilt and the reasons of his condemnation are mightily enhanced, his evil habits strengthened; and that he may, within a few days, be lodged in the grave, and summoned to the judgment.

The sinner says, "To-morrow." The Saviour says, "To-day." Dear reader, what do you say?

To many, to-morrow never comes. Are you sure it will come to you? And, if it does, will it come only to find you again repeating your excuse for neglecting the salvation of your soul? Remember that it is written for our warning, "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh from heaven."

### A New Year's Wish.

"What shall I wish thee?  
What can be found  
Bringing thee sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall insure thee  
A happy New Year?  
Peace in the Saviour,  
Rest at His feet,  
Smiles on His countenance,  
Radiant and sweet.  
Joy in His presence,  
Christ ever near,  
This will insure thee  
A happy New Year."

"God alone can turn the heart of the sinner to Himself. The language of Divine revelation is 'Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thy help.'"



### New Year's Greeting.

"Not as the world giveth,  
Give I to you!"  
Saith the Redeemer,  
Faithful and true;  
May He enrich thee,  
This New Year's Day,  
With gifts from His treasure  
That pass not away.

### A Story of a Useful Life.

As we enter a new year, let us remember that there is work for every one. God has given each his talents, and be they many or few, He wants us to use them according to our ability. You need not brood over any infirmity of yours and be sad because you can not be of any use to your fellow-men. Let me tell you the story of a crippled cobbler who led a very useful life.

He lived at Portsmouth, England, and was the son of a poor laborer in the royal dockyards. As soon as the boy's hands could be set at anything, he had to help his father in the yards. After working thus for fifteen years, he fell one day, was lamed for life, could work no more in royal dockyards. Fortunately his hands were still free and strong. Yes; he would rest his lameness on the bench of a shoemaker and use his hands in cobbling shoes. From that time on that was his work. He was a mender of old shoes. He did not even rise to be a maker of new shoes. But he did something far better. He had a nephew, one of the children of poverty and lame as he was. He took him in. He undertook to bring him up. He began to teach him regularly the little he knew himself. Then the thought struck him—Why could he not teach two children as well as one; why not three, four, five, six and so on of the children who could get no better schooling than the streets? The son of a poor woman who sold sweetmeats was his second pupil. Soon he got in others—the worst children of a bad neighborhood. Finally, he had a class of something like forty; girls on one side, boys on the other of his cobbler's bench. His little room could hold no more. Then, as he hammered and stitched at his worn shoes, he taught his children. He was too poor to buy books for them. They were too poor to buy books for themselves. Torn pieces of hand-bills for teaching letters, a few slates for teaching writing and figuring—such was the best he could muster. But he was quite inventive in his way of teaching. He would gently strike a child on the hand. "What is this?" he would ask the child. "My hand," the child would say. "Spell it," he would require, and so, making lesson books of familiar things, the child would get on. He also taught his children how to cook, to mend their shoes; cared for their health, too, had all sorts of remedies for cuts, scalds, bruises, chilblains; saw that his children should have good play-

mates also; made for them balls, bows, arrows, many playthings with his own hands. Nor did he forget the children's souls. He told them Bible stories, taught them of God and Christ and the way to heaven by faith in the Saviour of sinners.

So the years went on, and many a class of street arabs graduated from this school of the cobbler's shop. Meantime he earned his daily bread by steadily mending shoes.

Well, he had grown to be sixty-two years old, and there was only one fear that troubled him, that old age and sickness would keep him from doing his work. "How I wish you were rich," a lady said to him one day. "I don't know, ma'am," he answered; "but this I do know, there can't be in all England a happier man than I; and I am sure everything is for the best."

On the Christmas eve of the year 1838, with that one fear shadowing him, he said to some one: "I have but one wish now, that when I grow too old to support myself and to work at my school, I may die suddenly, just as a bird drops off its perch." Well, on the New Year's Day of 1839, this cobbler was at the house of a gentleman, talking about his school and was holding in his hand one of his pupil's slates, which he was showing. Like a lightning flash, smitten with apoplexy, he fell dead on the floor. So God had granted his wish.

In his cobbler shop the little school children were waiting for the return of their beloved friend and master. He came back, but only as he was carried back. Ah, the sobs that resounded in the cobbler's shop that day! They say that for many days afterward groups of his scholars were still wandering up and down in front of his house; they could not believe that the door would open to them no more; that they would never again see their friend waiting for them with his smiling face at that threshold. But the seed this poor cobbler planted did not die, if he must. The growth of charitable schools for outcast children in Great Britain springs from the seed he planted in his cobbler's shop in the poor and narrow street. It was John Pounds, the crippled cobbler of Portsmouth, England, who planted the seed and did this needful missionary work.

### The Two Passengers.

On the train were two passengers, both strangers, and yet both interesting to the observer. One had handcuffs on his wrists, and although he sometimes laughed, there was no joy in his heart, and no light in his face. Every one that looked upon him thought, "He is going to prison! Poor fellow!"

The other passenger had packages in his arms, and a happy look on his face as if expecting something pleasant, and a restlessness in his manner which showed that he was glad the train sped on so swiftly. Every one that looked upon him thought, "He's going home, and his home-going is happy!"

These passengers remind us of the two classes that we meet everywhere on life's journey. The one, bound in chains of sin and evil habit, are going to prison; the other, with joys and hopes and treasures and dear friends on ahead, are simply going home, and the joy of the home-going lights up the heart and the face, even here, where they are pilgrims and strangers, and their lives declare plainly that they are seeking a better land. They are on the way to the mansions in their Father's house.

To which of the two classes do you belong?

### My Bible.

The late Dr. Tyng says: "I once called to visit a dying lady in Philadelphia; I had knelt often in prayer with her. Her husband was an atheist, an English atheist, a cold-hearted English atheist. There is no such being beside him on the face of the globe. That was her husband. On the day on which that sweet Christian woman died she put her hand under her pillow and took out a beautiful, well-worn, tear-moistened Bible. She called her husband, and he came, and she said, 'Do you know this little book?' And he answered, 'It is your Bible.' And she replied: 'It is my Bible; it has been everything to me; it has converted, strengthened, cheered and saved me; now I am going to Him who gave it to me, and I shall want it no more; open your hands.' And she put it between his two hands and pressed them together about it. 'My dear husband, do you know what I am doing?' 'Yes, dear, you are giving me your Bible.' 'No, darling, I am giving you your Bible, and God has sent me to give you this sweet book before I die. Now put it in your bosom. Will you keep it there? Will you read it, for me?' 'I will, my dear.'

"I placed," said Dr. Tyng, "this dear lady dead in the tomb behind my church. Perhaps three weeks afterward that husband came to my study, weeping profusely. 'Oh, my friend,' said he, 'my friend, I have found what she meant—it is my Bible, every word of it was written for me. I read it over night by night; I bless God, it is my Bible. Will you take me into your church where she was?' 'With all my heart.' And that once proud, worldly, hostile man, hating this blessed Bible, came with no arguments, with no objections, with no difficulties suggested, with no questions to unravel, but binding this word on his heart of memory and love. It was God's message of direct salvation to his soul, as direct as if there was not another Bible in Philadelphia, and an angel from heaven had brought him this."

Have you such a book, reader? One you love and study and can clasp to your heart and say, This is my Bible? We all need just such a book.

SOME mourn more the shame which sin brings, than the sin which brings the shame.



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

—How SWIFTLY time passes by! With the present issue THE LUTHERAN PIONEER begins its seventeenth volume. For sixteen years our little paper has done its humble work for the Master, and it is a cause for gratitude to God to know that its labor has not been in vain. May the good Lord, who is pleased to use also "the weak things" in His kingdom, continue to bless our little PIONEER. At the beginning of a new volume we tender our thanks to the friends of our mission who have aided in the circulation of our paper and earnestly ask their continued and hearty co-operation.

—By the liberal gifts of the children of our Lutheran Parochial Schools our Mission Board has been enabled to erect the much needed school-house for our mission at Concord, N. C. The children have done nobly. God bless our boys and girls! May the interest they have shown for our mission work never die out!

—AND now the older people also have an opportunity to come to our aid. In compliance with a resolution passed by the Synodical Conference at its last session, our Mission Board has called upon all our congregations to send in a collection for our mission work. Let us see what the old folks will do. We hope they will follow the example of our children.

—SOME young Christians in a West African Mission are examples to Christians everywhere in the matter of benevolence. The two young men from the infant church who are going out as evangelists support themselves in part by their own earnings, and it is expected that by next year one or more young men will be supported in this form of service by the church, which is not a year old. Some members of the church give nearly one-fourth of their earnings, besides doing something for their parents and friends. Would that all the churches of the United States could be brought up to the standard of this young church just out of darkest heathenism, in which every member is a contributor! They call the money which they bring for their Sunday collections "God's money."

—THE Japanese number among their numerous idols the great bright god of self-restraint, and him they worship with many ceremonies upon their New Year. A strong iron box every New Year is given a conspicuous place in the home. In this each member of the family deposits during the year the amount saved by an act of self-restraint or economy in a financial transaction. If a gown, usually requiring nine yards, is cut from eight yards, the price of the one yard saved is dropped in the self-restraint box. Or if a common article is chosen when a superior one is desired, the price saved belongs to the same god. And, truly, would not a Christianized "self-restraint box," well patronized, be an exceedingly valuable addition to the furnishing of every Christian home?

—It is an interesting fact that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Japan, Mr. T.

Myoshi, is a Christian man and a deacon in one of the Kumi-ai churches of Tokyo.

—THE *Harvest Field* quotes from the *North India Church Missionary Gleaner*, a letter from Dr. Baumann, as follows: "Yesterday I had the happiness of baptizing a young Mohammedan and his wife and three children. He is an educated merchant who dealt in *kinkas*, or cloth interwoven with silver and gold threads. By embracing Christianity, however, he has become a beggar, as his father had disinherited him and thrust him out of the house, with nothing on him except his clothes. But he has counted the cost, and is happy in the exchange he has made. He has been coming to me for the last eleven months secretly for instruction, and many have been the efforts to induce him to give up Christ, partly made through Moulvies, partly through the tears of his father, but grace enabled him to remain firm. By this baptism a ripple has been caused on the stagnant waters of Benares."

—"THE King's business requireth haste," Judges 21, 8. A missionary being asked what it was that directed his thoughts toward the foreign field, answered: "In coming home one night, driving across the vast prairie, I saw my little boy John hurrying to meet me; the grass was high on the prairie, and suddenly he dropped out of sight. I thought he was playing, and was simply hiding from me, but he didn't appear as I expected he would. Then the thought flashed across my mind, 'There's an old well there, and he has fallen in.' I hurried up to him, reached down in the well, and lifted him out; and as he looked up in my face, what do you think he said? 'O papa, why didn't you hurry?' Those words never left me. They kept ringing in my ears until God put a new and deeper meaning into them, and bade me think of others who are lost, of souls without God and without hope in this world: and the message came to me as a message from the heavenly Father, 'Go and work in My name,' and then from that vast throng a pitiful, despairing, pleading cry rolled into my soul, as I accepted God's call: 'Oh, why don't you hurry?'"

—By taking a personal interest in the young, the pastor will not only win them to Christ, but will also strengthen his hold on their parents. Some years ago a Christian mother in Scotland said to her son, as he was starting for the church where he was to be ordained to the gospel ministry: "You are going to be ordained to-day, and you will be told your duty by those who know it better than I do, but I wish you to remember one thing which perhaps they may not tell you—remember that whenever you lay your hand on a child's head, you are laying it on its mother's heart."

—IN CHINA, on New Year's morning, each man and boy, from the Emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present, varying in value according to his station, thanks her for all she has done for him, and asks a continuance of her favor

another year. They are taught to believe that mothers have an influence for good over their sons all through life.

—Do YOU know how the Chinese boy wishes his father a happy New Year? He wakes up very early on New Year's morning, and what do you think he is going to do first? Rush into his father's room and shout, "Happy New Year!"? No, indeed. He waits very quietly till his father is quite ready; then he goes up to him and "worships" him, as it is called. He folds his hands before him, bows very low, knocks his head on the floor, gets up, bows again and knocks his head on the floor. This he does three or four times very solemnly. This is the way he wishes his father a happy New Year.

—As we close our window, our little PIONEER comes forward, and without knocking his head on the floor wishes all our readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

ERZAEHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. 25. u. 26. Baendchen. Christ und Jude, eine Erzaehlung aus dem sechzehnten Jahrhundert von K. H. Caspari. Price 50 cents. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

To commend this excellent story would seem almost superfluous. It will be read with delight and profit by old and young.

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No. 2.

## My Refuge.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." "The Lord is my defense, and my God is the Rock of my refuge," Deut. 32, 27; Ps. 94, 22.

When the heart is tossed and driven,  
And the restless waves run high,  
Let Thy voice, amid the tempest  
Saying, "Fear not: it is I!"  
Calm the tumult of my breast,  
And Thy presence give me rest.

When the enemy assails me,  
And his poisoned arrows fly,  
May the shield of faith protect me  
While to Thee, my God, I cry.  
Jesus, refuge of my soul,  
Thou canst make and keep me whole.

When the desert sands are burning,  
And there's neither bush nor tree,  
I would seek the cooling shadow  
Of the Rock that shelters me.  
"Rock of Ages," Thou shalt be  
Shelter evermore for me.

Should my soul grow dry and thirsty,  
There's no water here for me.  
I would not hew broken cisterns,  
But at once fly unto Thee,  
Whence the living waters burst  
Which alone can quench my thirst.

Should the death-stroke overtake me,  
Thou, my life, art ever near.  
Thou art my eternal refuge,  
What have I from death to fear?  
Thou hast conquered death for me,  
And I share Thy victory.

H. McD.

## "Sweeter than Honey."

This is what the Psalmist says of the Word of God: "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste, yea sweeter than honey to my mouth," Ps. 119, 103. He surely had great delight in the words of God. They satisfied the deepest yearnings of his soul. He had more joy in God's Word than in anything else.

Some people think the Bible a dull, dry book. They read it, perhaps, as a duty, but they do not take any pleasure in it. They may even admire its beauties, but they have no care for its bread. It is not sweet to their taste. They are not attracted by it.

But God's children love God's Word. The Lord Jesus said, "He that is of God heareth

God's Word." To hear, to love the Word is a token of spiritual life. The natural man has no liking for the truths of Holy Scripture. But those who are born again love the Bible. The man of God says, "I have esteemed Thy words more than my necessary food." Again he says of God's words: "More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." Again he says, "Thy words were found and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart; for I am called by Thy name, O Lord of hosts." And Christians are charged by the Holy Ghost to "desire the sincere milk of the Word that they may grow thereby." Every true Christian loves the Bible. He has been "born again by the Word of God," and by that same Word he is nourished. His life is a life of faith, and faith feeds upon God's truth. The Holy Ghost sanctifies the children of God by the truth of God. They have a taste for Holy Scripture. They know it to be the living Word of Him by whom they have been born anew. The sweetest experiences of spiritual life are in the study and meditation of God's Word. Often, when Christians ponder it, it flashes light upon their souls. Often, as they think upon its holy sayings, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto their hearts. Then they realize that the Word of God is "sweeter than honey."

In this way the children of God also realize that the Bible is inspired of God. They know that it is true. They can not be reasoned out of it. As they know that honey is sweet to their mouth, so they know that the words of the Bible are the quick and powerful words of God. They have experienced the life-giving, life-sustaining, life-gladdening, and purifying power of God's Word, and they are ready to declare of it that it is "sweeter than honey."

Reader, is it so with you? Do you read God's Word, search it, ponder it, love it? If not, why not?

"Every step of our journey, though it may be full of toil and discomfort, is leading us homeward."

## Trust in God's Word.

The Lutheran Church tells every poor sinner to trust in God's Word alone for the assurance of salvation. In no other way can the sinner find peace and rest. As long as he trusts in his feelings or in anything he finds in his own sinful self, he will not enjoy the true happiness of the children of God. Good feelings easily pass away, but God's Word can never pass away. It is as immovable as Jehovah's throne. On God's Word, therefore, the believer's faith does rest, and by resting his faith on the eternal Word of God the believer enjoys the assurance of salvation. He accepts as true, and true for himself, the promises of the Gospel; and he knows by the testimony of God who can not lie, that he has passed from death unto life. He does not say: "I have felt religion and will go to heaven because I feel good." No! To every accusation, to every doubt, to every fear his triumphant answer is: "I know that I am a saved sinner, a child of God, and an heir of heaven, because the Saviour in whom I believe says so in His word, and He can never tell a lie."

What does that Word say? In John 3, 16 we find, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." And then turn to chapter 5, 24: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life." Then look at the next chapter. In verse 40 it says, "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one who seeth the Son and believeth on Him may have everlasting life; and I will raise him up at the last day." And then see verse 47, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, hath everlasting life." And in 1 John 5, 11-13 we read: "And this is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life. These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that you may know that you have eternal life." How were they to know it? They were to know it from what is written. And so every believer knows from



what is written that he has eternal life. He does not know it from his feelings, or from his good works, or from the performance of his religious duties. No! He knows it from what is written. The Word of God alone gives him the assurance of salvation. Those that seek this assurance in their feelings or in anything outside of the Word of God, will seek in vain. In the Word of God alone the sinner finds the Saviour, and in the Word of God alone he will find the assurance of salvation through faith in that Saviour. That word is brought to him in the Bible, that word is preached to him, that word is applied to him in the holy sacraments, on that sure and eternal Word of God he rests his soul's salvation and thus enjoys the happiness of the true children of God.

### A Letter.

DEAR PIONEER:—Several weeks ago one of my members, after services, handed me the following letter, saying: "Pastor, my aunt sent me this letter and in it asks me to beg you to forgive her for all the bad things she has said about our Church."

Here is the letter first, and afterward I shall tell you how it all came about:—

Dear —: I am far from well; indeed, I have been confined to my sofa for some weeks past and have enjoyed no amusements but such as your PIONEERS have given me. I am sorry that I have tried to get you to quit your true Church. I am glad you did not take my advice. Tell your pastor what a bitter enemy I was of the Lutheran Church. I beg him to forgive me and pray for me. I wish I could see him. I wish he was here and put his hand on my head and blessed me as Jesus did little children of old. I would like him to give me Holy Communion before I fall asleep. I am not afraid to die now. I am willing to go and rest with Jesus like good Dr. Luther.

The good PIONEER has granted me such wisdom and such strength, that I can triumph over all temptations. It delivered me from all evils which have oppressed me. — — —

Now I am willing to die. Now I am not afraid, though I am what the world calls ruined. Ask your pastor to pray for me. Beg him to forget my evil talks. Dear —, keep your faith, it is the best on earth. I have found it out. I advised my husband, and all my children, friends and relatives to believe in the Lutheran faith, in which I am going to die.

I am impatiently awaiting the answer.

I am ever your true Lutheran fellowman

Such is the letter, and I know it must make all who read it rejoice with the little PIONEER, who, though he be small, was yet able to bring around such a strong adherent of the Antichrist upon the right path.

This lady was, as she states, and as I can

also testify, a bitter enemy of our Church, and she did all in her power to draw her niece away from us by means of coaxing and threats. Though not living in this city, yet she frequently visited here, and whenever she came she tried her best, as she herself says, to bring back her niece to the Roman Church. But thanks be to God, she did not succeed. On the contrary, her niece became a tool in God's hands to bring her to the true doctrine.

It came about in this way: This lady's husband, who was as bitterly opposed to us as his wife, came to the city some months ago. While here, several copies of the PIONEER fell into his hands and he read them through, not noticing that they were Lutheran papers. As I say, he read the copies he found on the table and then—asked for more. They were furnished him with the remark that they were Lutheran papers. But that did not seem to trouble him at all, he read on. That night was church, and though he was suffering from a severe attack of tooth-ache, he bandaged up his face and went. He was much pleased with the services and could not speak enough of how nice he had found everything, and how different from what he had expected. The next morning he went home, but not until he had packed every PIONEER he could find and a Small Catechism into his valise. And what grand success these PIONEERS had on their little trip into the country, you may see from the letter. May the little fellow make yet many such successful trips is the wish of his fellow-missionary

F. J. L.

### Colored Mission in Charlotte, N. C.

DEAR PIONEER:—It has been some time since the Church has heard of our work in Charlotte, N. C. We are glad to say to the many readers of the PIONEER and friends to the negro work that we have been blessed beyond expectation, yet there is much room for improvement.

The year 1894 with all its joys and sorrows is a thing of the past. As we look back, we must confess that we have not attended to Sunday school and church as we should have done. Some have failed to let their light shine. May God help missionary and members to be more active in '95.

Our work has grown in every department. Sunday school average attendance was 75 the year round. Day school has averaged 50 since November. Church attendance has been 45 the year round. So you see the Lord is blessing our feeble efforts here. I trust many of the readers of the dear PIONEER have given something to this worthy cause, and hope the friends of the negro mission of the Church in the South will send in their money to the Hon. Board, that the good work may not stop. Churches and schoolhouses are badly needed. The doors of North Carolina are open and people are crying: "Come, help us, we have been led by the blind long enough."

Christmas night St. Paul's was crowded; there were three hundred or more present. Our subject was: "The Saviour is born." After speaking of the great gift of God to man, the gifts for the children and adults were given out; some hundred and fifty hearts were made glad. Many said of our services: "The Christmas services at the Lutheran Church were the best in the city." The tree was beautifully decorated. Articles of clothing were given to the poor members, for which we thank Rev. C. F. Hartmann and congregation. May God bless the givers.

The industrial department of our school is getting along nicely. Mrs. Phifer is teaching the girls to sew and they are doing well. If any friends have scraps of clothing or anything in that line, Mrs. Phifer would be glad to receive help in that way.

W. P. PHIFER,  
511 E. 2d Str., Charlotte, N. C.

### Christmas Celebration at Greensboro, N. C.

No doubt the worthy reader of THE PIONEER will be somewhat surprised on hearing that such a small town as Greensboro has had the pleasure of celebrating Christmas in a grand old German Lutheran style so very well known by Lutherans.

At 7.30 P. M. Christmas-eve our celebration began; but long before seven o'clock a vast crowd of people from all directions had assembled before the door of the hall which we use as church and school (as we have none of our own), waiting with great curiosity to see how the Lutherans celebrate Christmas. At seven o'clock sharp, the door was opened, and the large number of people standing outside now entered the "hall," expressing their astonishment at our Christmas-tree which seemed to be something new in this town. From some who were present one could hear such exclamations as: "What a pretty tree! I have never seen such a beautiful Christmas-tree in my life!" In short, all was excitement and surprise on beholding that significant tree which reminded one of the Tree of Life, namely, Jesus Christ, whom we had assembled to adore and praise.

Notwithstanding the throng of visitors, numbering from 150 to 175, that had come to witness our celebration, very good order was kept throughout the entire service. The Rev. John C. Schmidt having offered a prayer suitable for the occasion, a hymn was sung, after which the undersigned questioned the school children regarding the prophecies of the Old Testament relating to the coming Messiah. To hear the children give prompt and correct answers to all the questions put to them was a joy not only to the pastor and teacher, but also to all who were present. That the answers given by the children made a great impression upon the audience was proved by the fact that even those who had been known as our sworn enemies had to confess that we are doing a



“great work” and that we should continue in the same.—Here again we see the words of the Lord fulfilled: “So shall my word be which goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.”

To assist in this festival, the undersigned had practiced several Christmas songs with the children in the day-school. These too were rendered by them in a manner that showed both their diligence and love in learning of things pertaining to the birth of Him who came into this world to lay down His life for us all. In order to show the audience that the children in our school not only learn to read, write, cipher and become acquainted with other secular matters, but that they also learn “that one thing needful,” namely, the way of salvation, the Rev.

John C. Schmidt examined them in various things pertaining to the life to come, directing them always to Jesus, the new-born Saviour of mankind. This examination also awakened the special attention of the listeners, as some very good answers were given by many of the smallest children of the school.

Seeing, beloved reader, how wonderfully God blesses the work of His unworthy servants, let us humbly beseech Him to grant us His grace that the saving doctrine of the Holy Scriptures may be continued not only among the colored people of Greensboro, but also everywhere else where it is taught in its truth and purity. And if we all continue instant in prayer, always lending a helping hand towards the financial support of our mission, God’s richest blessings will undoubtedly accompany us, and we shall soon be able to open new mission fields to the glory of the Triune God, and to the salvation of many souls now being led in darkness. Yea, “then Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.” (Ps. 68, 31.)

EM. BURTLONG.

**Our Christmas Celebration at Springfield, Ill.**

It is a pleasure to report about such a Christmas celebration. In point of attendance it was the best ever celebrated in this mission. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. Fully 300 persons, white and colored, were tightly packed in the auditory, while fully another 100 persons barely found standing room in the vestibule, in the vestry, and in the adjoining

school-room in the rear of the church-building. Many were obliged to return home, because they were unable to catch a glimpse of what was going on. But oh! what a feast of the soul and spirit awaited them that were fortunate enough to obtain admission. How solemnly the sounds of the Christmas hymns went forth! First the triumphant acclamation of “Come hither, ye faithful,” with the soft voices of the solo singers breaking out in sweet gushes of melody, and then the glad-some, jubilant response, “Let us all with glad-some voice praise the God in heaven.” Again, after the saying of the antiphonies and the collect, and the reading of the Scripture lesson, Ps. 8, the triumphant voices of the little ones rang out in full jubilee, exciting the attention and admiration of all, as they sang, “Dear children, come hither, O come,

Lochner, “Oh how joyfully, Oh how sprightly, favorfully doth Christmas come!” and that, when the collect was said and the closing hymn sung, the multitude seemed loath to depart, as if the service had been too short and they were willing to linger and listen oblivious of the lateness of the hour, and the distance of their homes, provided only that this feast of the soul on Scripture and song might be prolonged. Truly, “this was a day which the Lord had made: hence we rejoiced and were glad in it.”

After the service the distribution of gifts took place, which only tended to enhance the Christmas joy and merriment of young and old. This is the intention of Christmas giving. Whilst Christmas gifts are not an end, but a means to an end, they must be of such a character and kind as neither to engross the attention, nor yet to come short of arousing the interest of those who receive them in the main thing,—the one thing needful,—the grace and mercy of God through faith in Jesus Christ. This, we believe, has also been observed successfully. Hence we too must raise with joyful tongue that sweetest ancient cradle song:—

“Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto man His Son hath given!  
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,  
A blest New Year of mercy sing.”

F. HERM. MEYER.  
Springfield, Ill.



RACHEL'S TOMB.

“one and all.” And then followed the prophecies of the Old Testament and “God be thanked of all that He keeps His Word e’er steadfastly” for their fulfillment according to the New, “Indeed a Rod has sprouted out of a tender root,” the message of the angel to the shepherds and “Stilly night! Sainted night!” the adoration of the shepherds and the hymn, “Away with all this straw and hay,” the angel’s song of praise and “All the heavenly hosts are singing,” winding up with the Christmas journey by the children, “Ah! whither children, lies your way?” and the exhortation, “Come, and let’s give Christ His merit” by the congregation. After a brief address by the pastor, all the lights were put out save those of the candles on the Christmas tree, and, while the beautiful tree thus shone out to an advantage in all its lustre and splendor, young and old united in the carol, “The Christmas tree’s the fairest tree, on earth no rival knowing.” What marvel that all fell in with the lofty strains of the last hymn of the Liturgy of the Rev. Frederick

**Rachel’s Tomb.**

Our picture shows us one of the landmarks in Palestine which recall the events of the days of the patriarchs. It is the tomb of Rachel, of whom we read in the thirty-fifth chapter of Genesis: “And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem.” The tomb stands close by the roadside on the way to Bethlehem, and concerning its identity there is scarcely any doubt. Like all tombs to be seen in Palestine to-day, it is surmounted by a dome, and the present structure is undoubtedly modern. “But there is,” says a traveler, “a remarkably clear chain of evidence connecting the spot with the original event of Rachel’s burial, and it is a curious fact that the tomb is a shrine to which Jews, Moslems, and Christians all alike resort with reverence. When we approached it, however, we found that the door was barred, and on inquiry, learned that the property has lately been acquired by a thrifty Israelite, who takes advantage of the



universal interest in the spot to exact a fee for admission to this resting-place of one of his ancestors. We would have paid the fee willingly enough, though assured beforehand that there was nothing of interest to be seen within the tomb; but, on inquiry, we learned that it was not one of the days for its exhibition."

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

—IN two thirds of China there is not a single missionary working. Altogether there is but one missionary in the empire for each 500 towns and villages.

—THE twenty-first report of the Leper Home at Jerusalem is a record of devoted work. At the end of last year there were twenty-five patients, eleven men and fourteen women. In most cases the disease had made terrible ravages upon the wasted frames. On the whole the inmates lead lives of contentment. The Word of God is highly prized by some of the lepers. One has declared that "were it not for the comfort that we derive from God's Holy Word, we should have died in despair long ago." The workers aim at spiritual results, and they are cheered by many indications of God's blessing. What but the grace of God could lead one stricken inmate to say, "Leprosy is nothing to me so long as the Lord is on my side;" and another to exclaim, "Surely it is better to be a leper and have fellowship with Christ, than to be in good health and far away from God." Three of the lepers died during the year. One of them was asked whether he was at peace. "Yes," he whispered, "there is peace, there is light, there is joy." The others both confessed Christ, the last words of one of them being "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

—AN African missionary tells the following story, "One day an old chief came to me, with two wives, one old, the other young, and wanted to join my church. I told him we didn't allow a man to have more than one wife. He went away and the next week came back with the young wife, both of them smiling, and said: 'Now me join church; me all right now.' 'Where is your old wife?' I asked. 'She all right too; me eat her up,' placidly answered the old savage to my great horror.

—A FIERCE tribe of savages on the upper Congo received missionaries of the English Board, one of whom, Mr. Weeks, reports a scene which occurred in August last, at Monsempi Station, near Bangala. A loud wailing was heard one night and it appeared that Mokobi, the headman of Monsempi, had died. Mourners came from surrounding towns and wailed in a frightful and heart-rending way, but it appeared that it was not from sorrow. This show of grief was simply to avoid the charge of witchcraft. A man would say: "If

I do not cry night and day for him, they would say I had bewitched him." Mr. Weeks describes one real mourner, a senior wife of the dead man, who plastered her body with mud, and wandered around the town, carrying his looking-glass and spear, searching for her husband, muttering to herself, "Ah, he has gone to Mokoko. I will look for him there." And off she would go through the villages, only to return to the corpse of her husband and grovel in the dirt beside it. Mr. Weeks found the people dragging away one woman, doubtless to strangle her on the grave of her husband, but he interposed and saved her life. At the burial of the dead man a grave was dug in the middle of his house, the front of the house being taken out and the roof raised. It seems that the deceased had killed seven men during his life, six of them in open quarrels. One of them, his slave, he killed in anger and his skull was sticking in the ground near by. At the grave the woman sang a dirge, and each of the seven men was called upon by name to attend. Seven thrusts were made in the air with a spear, and then the body was carried away to the grave. The fact that there was no victim sacrificed on this occasion is in striking contrast with what occurred two years ago when the first missionaries reached that region, for then, when the missionaries had not been there many weeks, they found a woman pegged to the ground and the people defiantly announced their intention to kill her and drove Mr. Weeks back to his house when he sought to interfere.

—A MAN who had been drinking very freely at the bar of a landlord, in going out into the street fell into the gutter. A boy seeing him lie there, ran into the public house and said to the landlord, "Sir, your sign has fallen down." He went out, and to his astonishment beheld only a sign that he was a drunkard manufacturer.

—A FAQUIR was passing through a certain village in India, in which a missionary was preaching. He did not stay to listen to the Gospel message, but after accepting a tract, a Hindu translation of the "Old, Old Story," passed on his way. On the missionary's return journey his preaching was received with much opposition in one village, until suddenly this same man stepped forward, and exclaiming, "Why do you not listen?" showed them the leaflet which had been given to him, and said, "Henceforth what is written herein shall be my religion, for it is good and true."

—AMONG certain African nations the umbrella is a symbol of royalty. British soldiers carry off the King's umbrella after every little war. The monarch usually sends to London for a new one. A house there is now making an immense umbrella for a despot not far from the territories of the late King Coffee. It is the largest in the world. The stick is 15 feet long, the ribs are of brass, and when they are extended cover a space sufficient for twelve persons. The premier or other favored member of the government is selected for the honor

of carrying this enormous spread of gingham over the potentate and his family.

—BOOKS are a power in China; and a single mission press—that of the Mission at Shanghai—printed last year 42,418,457 pages. Of this number 27,879,600 were pages of Scripture. The total number of books and tracts issued during the year was 995,496.

—WHEN Mrs. Armstrong, laboring among the Telugus in India, sought a winding-sheet for a dead woman, she was asked, "Was she a saint or a sinner?" The question meant, Was she married or a widow? If a widow, she would not be buried in cloth of such quality as if living with a husband. And, when she asked one of the many sects of Hindus if there was anything on which they agreed, he said, "Yes; we all believe in the sanctity of the cow and the depravity of woman."

Received of Rev. A. Burgdorf, New Orleans, La., for Mt. Zion's Building Fund from Mr. Z. \$1.00, Epiphany-collection of Bethlehem Chapel \$9.35, from following members of same: N. N. \$1.00, Mr. John Brown 15 cts., Mrs. Juliana Henderson 50 cts., Mrs. Leah Smith 50 cts., Mrs. Odella Wilson 50 cts., Mrs. Marg. Brown \$2.00. (Total \$15.00.)

A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 19, 1895.

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

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

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.

Divine services: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Singing School at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.

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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No. 3.

## The Robber Saved.

In the twenty-third chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke we read that when Christ was crucified, two malefactors, or criminals, were crucified with Him, one on the left hand, and the other on the right. The one rejected the Saviour, died in his sin, and received the wages of sin—everlasting death. The other, by the grace of God, was brought to repentance and faith in the Saviour and received the gift of God, which is eternal life. Let us see how this robber was saved.

He was, like his comrade, a malefactor, a criminal, sentenced to death by the government for his many crimes. But God's mercy plucked him as a brand out of the fire. The Holy Spirit wrought in his heart true knowledge of his sin and sorrow over sin. When he heard his comrade railing at Christ, he rebuked him, saying: "Dost thou not fear God, seeing that thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly, for we receive the true reward of our deeds." The light of God's holy law had flashed in upon his conscience and he took the place of a confessed sinner, crying out: "We indeed justly." He did not assert his innocence, he did not try to cover up his offences, he did not complain of his hard fate, he did not find fault with those that had testified against him, nor with those that had condemned him, he did not say that the world was guilty and that others were sinners, but his confession was: I am guilty, I am a sinner and have deserved the wrath of a just and holy God. Thus the robber condemns himself and admits the justice of God in the punishment of his sin.

This is the lesson to be learned by every sinner that would be saved. Christ says: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." He that would be saved must come to the knowledge of his sin and to the sense of God's wrath over sin. Let the light of God's law flash in upon your conscience, and you will see that you are a robber, a thief, a lost and condemned sinner. Have you not robbed God? Does He not in His law require you to

be holy as He is holy? And are you not unholy, and vile, and sinful, and rotten to the core? Have you not transgressed every commandment and robbed God of His due? Boast not that you have paid every man his own, when you have robbed God of what is due to Him. If you, in the light of God's holy law, examine your life, search your heart, your thoughts, your words, your deeds, you must cry out: "I am guilty, guilty!" Yes, the law condemns you as guilty in the sight of God, and you are so utterly lost, that there is only One that can help you. And who is He? It is Jesus, the Lamb of God, that beareth the sins of the world. He bore your sins, and suffered and died in your stead. He comes to you in the Gospel with forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. To Him you must flee as did the penitent robber when he cried for mercy.

The robber had seen the meekness of the suffering Saviour, he had heard His warning words spoken to the weeping women on His way to Calvary: "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry?" He had heard the Saviour's loving prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." By all that he saw and heard the Holy Spirit wrought in him true faith in that Saviour. This wonderful faith is seen from his confession of Christ and from his prayer to Christ.

The robber saw in Christ the sinless One, and therefore one who could be a Saviour, a divine Saviour. "This man hath done nothing amiss," he says. It was a wonderful confession under the circumstances. The disciples of Christ had betrayed, and denied, and forsaken Him; the rulers of the Jews had condemned Him as a blasphemer; the Roman government had crucified Him as a vile malefactor; all had deserted Him in the hour of His unspeakable woe. But in the face of the scoffing world the dying robber boldly affirmed: "This man hath done nothing amiss." And then he confesses Him as his Lord and King, saying: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." He calls Christ Lord, and the Bible says:

"No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." He owns him also as a king, though there was no sign to show that He who hung upon the cross, crowned with a crown of thorns and bleeding from many wounds, had a kingdom. But by faith the penitent thief saw in that suffering and bleeding Saviour his Lord, his King, his Saviour, and turning to Him, he prayed: "Remember me!"

It was a prayer of humble faith: "Remember me!" He did not say: Give me some high position of honor in Thy kingdom. He simply prays: "Remember me!" It was also a prayer of trusting faith. He did not doubt that he, the poor sinner, would find a place in Christ's kingdom, and confidently he commits his soul to the Saviour.

Such is faith by which sinners are saved. "Remember me!" is the cry of faith. The believing sinner looks only to Christ for salvation, and knows of no other saviour. His only cry is: Remember me, O my Saviour, remember me!

"Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Such a sinner is accepted and receives salvation; for Jesus says: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Yes, "Jesus sinners doth receive." He received the penitent robber and met his faith with the assurance of a present and certain salvation: "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day thou shalt be with me in paradise." Sweet and gracious promise, full of bliss for the penitent sinner! In the morning he was posting to hell, and in the evening he is to be with Christ in heaven. He is snatched from the very borders of hell, out of the very jaws of damnation. From the cross he is taken to the crown, from the wild tumult and mocking cries of the multitude around Calvary he is taken to join the song of the redeemed in heaven. He had been a robber condemned, he is now a robber saved.

A HEATHEN chief, when he became a Christian, spoke of God's Word as "a quenchless torch that God has given to lighten this dark world."



**In Sorrow's Hour.**

Men, faithless, slept  
When Jesus wept  
In agony.  
And let His cry  
Unheard go by  
In His Gethsemane.

When Christians weep,  
God does not sleep;  
He stoops to see  
Each falling tear,  
Each sigh to hear  
In their Gethsemane.

*Selected.***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. It is sadly evident with what effect the devil resists the Gospel, though it be preached daily, and how the hearts grow cold towards it, so that they do not amend, but rather grow worse from year to year. This distressing fact ought surely to prompt us to continue in the preaching of the Word, and especially of that part of it which tells of the suffering and death of Christ. We must endeavor to have the people know and appreciate this part of the Gospel; nor dare we be derelict in the performance of this duty. If we would neglect to preach on this subject one, two or three years, the people would surely forget it. Even we, who continually busy ourselves with the Word, experience a decrease of interest in it if we neglect the perusal of it for a day or two; how great then would be the injury to the people at large, if they should miss the preaching of these truths for a year or two? They would become as wild beasts; therefore it is so urgent that we preach and teach the Word in season and out of season. The devil is ever active in resist-

ing the efficacy of the Word, else there would be many believers, and people would be converted; for surely it is now preached often and clearly."—*Luther.*

**Sorrowful Childhood.**

The Rev. W. F. Gray, of Hankow, China, writes a very interesting letter on the subject of the sorrowful condition of the children, especially of the little girls, of China. We quote a few extracts from his letter:

they are outcasts and are not considered worth the trouble of raising.

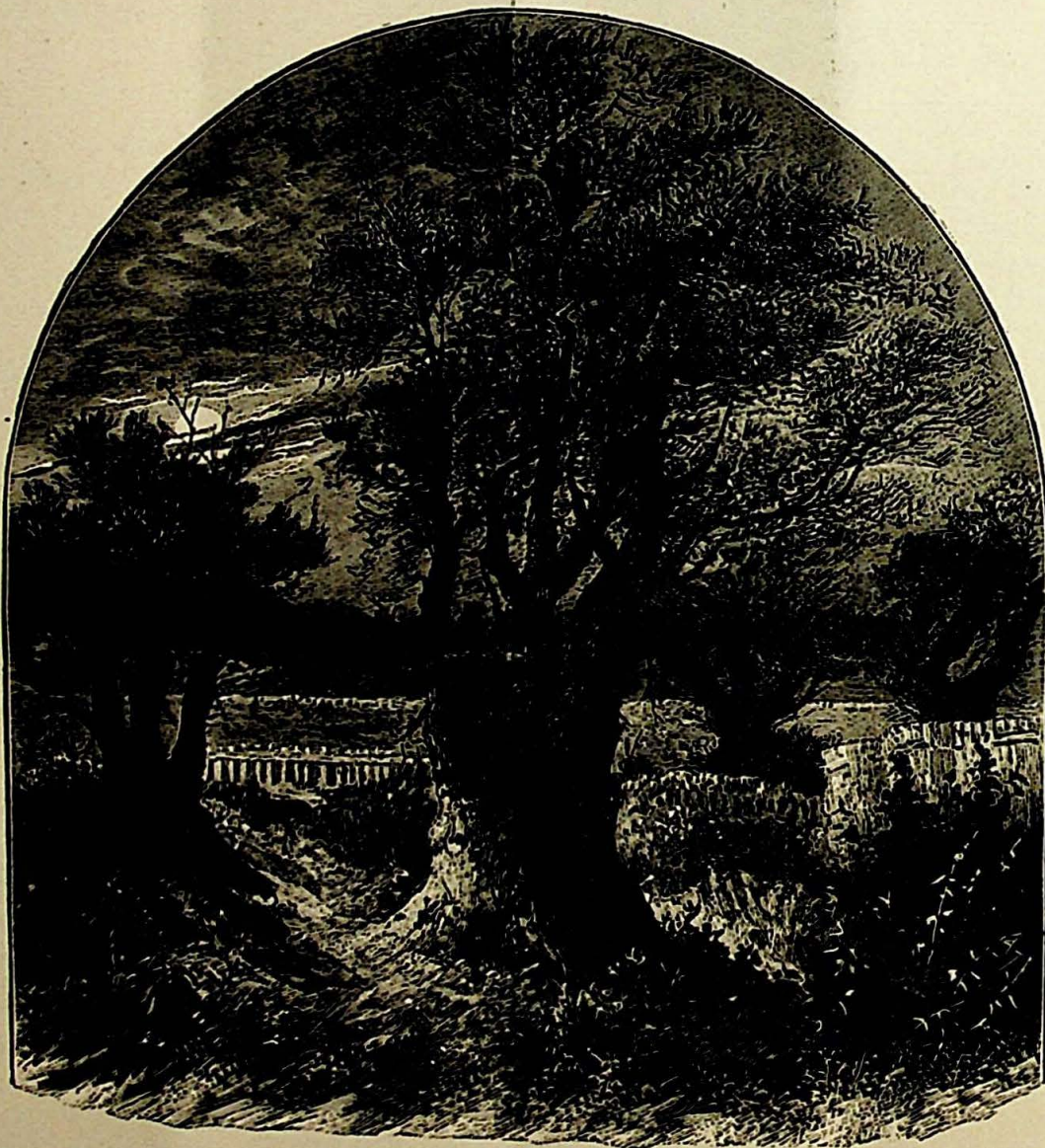
The Chinese have many common sayings, such as: "A boy is worth ten times as much as a girl." "If a girl does no harm it is enough; you can not expect her to be either useful or good." A large per cent of the girls are destroyed in infancy, and many more cast out to perish unless some kindly disposed person should chance to take pity on them.

The great majority of Chinese parents do not care to be troubled with more than one or

two girls at most, and it is very common for the mother to drown the girl babies.

Many women confess, seemingly with a clear conscience, to having destroyed in this way four and five children.

To prevent this wholesale murder and neglect, foundling hospitals have been established either by men of means, or officials, in most of the large cities. These hospitals are horrible places, and excite both pity and indignation in the minds of those who visit them. The poor infants sent to them receive neither care nor kindness, and are barely kept alive on a kind of porridge made from rice and water. Of course many of the children die, which is perhaps fortunate, for dark as this picture is, the lives of those who grow up under these circumstances are darker still. At the very best it is a life of servitude and suffering



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

In Christian America there are plenty of good Christian homes where friendless children may find love and shelter, but in heathen China there are very few homes any better than the worst tenement house of the slums. There is no bright side to heathenism for the children. Orphans and worse than orphans the most of them are, especially the girls.

Every Chinaman regards it as a great calamity to die without leaving at least one son to keep up the family name, and so a high value is placed on boys. If the parents die they are readily provided for, and it often happens that a boy is bound and adopted by some old people who are so unfortunate as to have no sons.

But with the girls it is altogether different;

without a ray of hope either for the present or future.

Only a bare beginning has been made by Christian missionaries, but this beam of light from the Star of Bethlehem is beginning to penetrate the spiritual darkness of this great Empire.

**How to do it at Home.**

"Doctor," said a gentleman to his pastor, "how can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?"

"By going that way yourself," blandly responded the pastor.

MEN of prayer are men of power.



(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

**Confirmation.**

Now then take hold and guide me  
 By my right hand,  
 Till blessed death betide me,  
 And without end.  
 Alone I dare not journey,  
 No, not one pace;  
 Where Thou shalt tour and turn Thee,  
 There be my place.

In Thy compassion cherish  
 My sinking soul;  
 In pains and pleasures nourish  
 And make it whole.  
 Let at Thy feet repose him  
 Thy son of grief,  
 And 'gainst his eyes he'll close him  
 In firm belief.

Though I have no sensation  
 Of Thy great might,  
 Thou'lt make my destination,  
 E'en through the night.  
 Now then take hold and guide me  
 By my right hand,  
 Till blessed death betide me,  
 And without end.

Transl. by Rev. F. Herm. Meyer.

**The Blood that Cleanseth from all Sin.**

A missionary was visiting among the poor of a large city, and found his way to the third floor of a tenement building. Knocking at the door of a room, he stood face to face with a powerful young man, who looked madly at him. The missionary said that he had come to read out of a book to the sick and suffering, and he thought there might be some one here who needed the consolation the book could give. The young ruffian, understanding in a moment the Christian's mission, ordered him away and threatened to hurl him down the stairs if he did not instantly leave.

The missionary turned to go, when a weak voice behind the door, broken by a cough, asked, "Does your book tell of the blood?" Pushing his way into the dirty room, he saw upon a wretched bed a woman in the last stages of consumption. She was the mother of the young man, who stood behind the missionary without speaking. "Oh," exclaimed the dying sinner, "I have been a bad woman, a wicked woman, and no one knows how unhappy I am, and how much I suffer." The missionary seated himself upon a three-legged stool beside the pallet of straw, and said, "My poor friend, what do you know about the blood?" "I was passing a church one morning," she replied, "and went in for a moment. I soon got out, for I thought it no place for such as me, but before I went, I heard the preacher read something about the blood that cleanseth from all sin, and I have never forgotten it."

"Would you like to hear about it again?" she inquired. "Hear about it?" she said, "yes, I want to hear about it. I am dying, and how can I face God? I tell you I have been wicked all my life, and I am afraid to die. Is there

any hope for me? If there is, let me know it. I can't get away from the words the preacher read when I was in the church, and he must have read them from the Bible. But I have no Bible, and I never had one in my life. I was born in sin; I grew up in sin; and I have done nothing but sin; it is dreadful to die this way. I would not care for death if I was ready to go, but I am not ready. Say, does your book tell of the blood?"

The missionary drew from his pocket the New Testament, and slowly read: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." He then added: "This is true, for God says it, and God can not lie. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." He told her of man's lost and sinful state, of Christ's coming down into the world to be the Saviour of sinners, of His sufferings and death upon the cross, of His resurrection from the dead, of His love for the vilest of sinners, of His willingness to receive them just as they are.

"Read more, read more," said the woman, as she gazed with hungry look into the face of the missionary. He continued to read a few verses here and there from the same chapter as he thought she would be able to understand them. "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." He told her to notice that the moment the sinner believes, his sins are forgiven. When he read to her that "God is love," and that He "sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him," she rejoiced at the greatness of God's grace.

The woman soon rested calmly and confidently on the sure word of the living God: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The missionary continued to visit her every day for six weeks, until she fell asleep in Jesus, and her son also listened with deepest interest to the "wonderful words of life" and received them into his own heart as his only salvation.

What other word than the Gospel of the blood of Jesus could have given hope and consolation to that poor dying sinner? There is no other. Men often speak lightly of that Gospel and teach some other so-called Gospel—the gospel of man's morality, or the gospel of man's own endeavors. The Gospel of Jesus they often mockingly call "a bloody religion." But let men say what they please, there is no other gospel than the Gospel of the blood. "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul," is written in the Old Testament. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission," is written in the New Testament. The Lord Jesus knew the purpose of His death, and He said, "This is my blood of the New Covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The Saints in heaven know how they got there, and they sing to Him, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood," Rev. 5, 9. As we

in the season of Lent meditate on the sufferings and death of our Saviour, let us remember that nothing but the blood of Jesus can put our sins away.

**The Lord's Prayer.**

Christ has given us an excellent brief form, how and what we are to pray, that embraces all kinds of wants that are to drive us to prayer, so that we can daily remind ourselves of them in such short words, and no one may be excused, as though he did not know how or what he is to pray; and it is a very good practice especially for ordinary people, children and servants, to pray the whole of the Lord's Prayer daily, morning and evening, and at the table, and also at other times, so that one may present to God in it all our needs in general.

The Lord's Prayer is surely the very best prayer that was ever uttered upon earth, or that any one could conceive, since God the Father gave it through His Son, and laid it upon His lips; so that we dare not doubt that it is extremely pleasing to Him. He admonishes us at the very beginning, both concerning His command and His promise, in the word: "Our Father," as the one who demands from us this honor, that we are to ask from Him, as a child from its father, and He wants us to have the confidence that He will gladly give us what we need; and this is further also a part of it, that we glory in being His children through Christ; and thus we come in accordance with His command and promise, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and appear before Him with all confidence.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

**Cross-Bearers.**

What an honorable position was that of Simon, the Cyrenian, to be cross-bearer to Jesus Christ! We could almost weep that we were not there that we might have had the honor of carrying Christ's cross for Him. But we need not weep, for we shall have His cross to carry if we are His people. There are no crown-wearers in heaven who were not cross-bearers here below. There shall be none among the throng of the glorified who had not their cross on earth. Hast thou a cross, believer? Shoulder it manfully! Up with it! Go along thy journey with unshrinking footsteps and a rejoicing heart, knowing that since it is *Christ's* cross it must be an honor to carry it; and that while you are bearing it you are in blessed company, for you are following Him.—T. F. C.

"THE LIFE OF CHRISTIANITY," said Luther, "consists in possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is a Saviour"; it is quite another to say, "He is *my* Saviour and *my* Lord." The devil can say the first; the true Christians alone can say the second.



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

—WE hear that a substantial school building 24×48 feet, two stories high, is to be erected at an early day by Rev. Bakke for our mission among the colored people at Concord, N. C.

—THERE are within the bounds of the Synodical Conference 1653 parochial schools, having 878 male and 143 female teachers; 835 pastors also teach school.

—THE Baltimore correspondent of *The Lutheran World* writes: "We can not avoid, nor do we wish to refuse, giving fullest credit to the most excellent exhibition of business energy and push on the part of the Missouri branch of Lutherans in this country. They are a live and progressive body. In our city they have recently shown, in a substantial way, what they can do. Some months ago an orphan asylum was organized by the six churches here which are connected with the Missouri Synod. They purchased an excellent property in the western part of the city, and have made needed and ample improvements for the dwelling on it. The total cost of property and improvements is about eighteen thousand dollars. Two members from each of the six churches constitute a board of management, which expects to open the institution early in May."

—THE new German Protestant church in Paris, which opened recently, has received the gift of a magnificent Bible from the German Empress for use in the church services. On the fly-leaf of the Bible the Empress has written with her own hand the text from the Gospel of St. Mark (14, 38): "Pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

—THE Bible has been translated as a whole into thirteen African languages and dialects, and the New Testament and portions of the Bible into various others, making a total of sixty-six languages for scripture uses.

—TEN thousand Christian women in China presented the dowager Empress, on her sixtieth birthday, a copy of the New Testament costing \$1200. It is a royal quarto, printed in Shanghai, in large type, on the finest paper; the pages are bordered with gold. It is elegantly bound in solid silver boards, made in Canton. The ornamentation is birds and bamboo in relief, and the workmanship is exquisite. The name of the book, "Complete New Testament," is in large characters of solid gold. On the center of the cover is a gold plate, on which is the inscription, "Classic of Salvation of the World." The back is old gold plush. The book was inclosed in a solid silver casket, similar in design to the covers of the book, and lined with plush. The casket rested in a plush-covered box, and this in a teakwood case. The Chinese say that the bamboo is an emblem of peace; the birds are messengers; the design therefore conveys to the dowager Empress a "message of peace" from her Christian subjects. The casket contains ten and one half pounds of silver, and the covers of the book four and one half pounds. The

presentation was made by the ministers of the Tsung-Li-Yamen, through Mr. O'Connor, the British Minister, and Colonel Charles Denby, Minister for the United States. Accompanying the gift was an address to the dowager Empress. The gift was graciously received.

—A MISSIONARY in Mid-China sends an interesting account of his ascent of Mount Omei, a "sacred" mountain on the borders of Thibet. "It took me two days," he writes, "to reach the top of the mountain. There are a great number of temples all the way up the mount, with (so I was told) two thousand priests serving them. The priests are for the most part a poor set of men, who do any kind of menial work about the temple. The mountain is a famous sacred resort. . . . To reach the top of it you have to climb up from twenty to thirty English miles of steps; there are steps cut out of the rock all the way to the top. It is no easy matter to reach the top, and much more difficult to come down so steep a mountain, yet I have seen old women over eighty years of age climb to the top. Of course you will understand the reason these poor creatures toil day after day to reach the summit; they believe that thereby they will obtain great merit, and so in this way they prepare for the next world."

—It is just twenty-one years since the edicts against Christianity were removed from the public places, and though not officially revoked, they have now ceased to be regarded as the law of the land, writes the Japan correspondent of *The Intelligencer*. He also reports that according to recent statistics there are now in Japan 643 Christian missionaries; 377 churches (of which 78 are self-supporting), and 37,400 church members, of whom 3636 were added during the last year. There are also 7393 pupils in Christian schools, and 27,000 Sunday school scholars. There are 286 native ministers, 367 theological students and 665 unordained preachers and helpers. The sum contributed by the native Japanese Christians is given as 62,400 yen, or \$40,000.

—A PASTOR, going to preach at his chapel on a Sunday morning, passed a cottage garden and saw a man digging potatoes. He stopped and said, "Am I mistaken, or are you? I have come nine miles to preach to-day, thinking it was Sunday. As I see you are at work, I suppose I must be wrong, and had better go home." The man colored, and, driving his spade into the ground, he said, "No, sir, you are not wrong, but I am; and I will have no more of it. I will be round this afternoon to hear you preach. Nobody has ever spoken to me before, and you've only done your duty."

—A SINGULAR incident is related in an Eastern paper regarding a church which was seeking for a pastor and sought that paper's help. It was found that the church offered an encouraging opportunity for the right sort of man, and its needs were accordingly set forth. One of the first letters in response came from a minister without a charge, who expressed an

ardent desire to throw his whole energy into just such a field as that described. It turned out that the church in question was the very one which he had been serving only a few months before!

—A NORTHERN minister was introduced to a colored minister, and inquired after his work. "I preach, sah, on Colonel Gordon's plantation." "How many colored people have you there?" "Well, sah, about one hundred and seventy-five." "And how many have you in the church?" "Dat 'pends, sah, altogether on de time ob year. In de 'vival times dey's all members. In de backslidin' times dere's nobody members but Uncle Billy and old Aunt Katy." How often is this the case with people that are made Christians only by the excitement of "revival time."

—A YOUNG minister unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday school, asked, to gain time: "Children, what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat, who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand and in a shrill voice inquired: "What do you know?"—We close our window.

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

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

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Singing School at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.  
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. 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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## It Is Finished.

"It is finished!" sinners, hear it,  
'Tis the dying victor's cry;  
"It is finished!" angels, bear it,  
Bear the joyful truth on high:  
"It is finished!"  
Tell it through the earth and sky!

Hear the Lord Himself declaring  
All performed He came to do;  
Sinners, in yourselves despairing,  
This is joyful news to you;  
Jesus speaks it,  
His are faithful words and true.

"It is finished!" all is over,  
Yes, the cup of wrath is drained,  
Such the truth these words discover,  
Thus the victory was obtained—  
'Tis a victory  
None but Jesus could have gained.

*Selected.*

## The Glad Easter Tidings.

The Easter tidings are tidings of joy. Which are these tidings? To the women that came to the grave on Easter morning to anoint the body of their dear Lord the angel said, "Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified; He is risen; He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him," Mark 16, 6. Well may these tidings gladden our hearts in the blessed Easter time. The angel says that He who was crucified is risen from the dead, He who was laid into the grave has come to life and left the tomb. Why was He crucified and why was He laid into the grave? The Bible answers this question. It says that He "was delivered for our offences." He took our place, bearing our sins and suffering the punishment of our transgressions. In Him there was no sin, but "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." So He was crucified and entered death in our stead, to redeem us from sin and everlasting woe. Now the question is, Did He accomplish the work He undertook to do? On the cross He cried out, "It is finished!" Is the work of our redemption really finished? The answer comes to us on Easter morning: "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified; He is

risen; He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him." He that was crucified in our stead is risen! He that entered death for us has come forth from the grave! Death and the grave could not hold Him! Do you know what that means? If He were not risen, that would mean that the burden of our sin and woe was laid upon Him and crushed Him; that He mercifully undertook the mighty work of our redemption, but failed; that He went into the realm of death in our stead, but was kept captive there and did therefore not redeem us. But, blessed be God, it was not thus. No, no! The grave is empty, He is risen, He is risen indeed! Now, what does that mean? Why, that means that He who fought the battle for us has gained the victory. And whose victory is it? Why, the victory of those for whom He fought. His victory is *our* victory. Christ is risen! That means the work of our redemption is finished; our debts are fully paid; all our enemies are conquered; the justice of God is fully satisfied; heaven is opened. Therefore the Bible tells us not only that Christ "was delivered for our offences," but also that He was "raised again for *our* justification." In Him we were crucified, in Him we are justified.

Are not the Easter tidings glad and joyful tidings for all sinners? They tell us that all that was to be done for our redemption *is* done. We have nothing to do in order to redeem ourselves and to gain heaven. No! All that was to be done *is* done. The work of our redemption *is* finished. And we have nothing to add to that finished work of Christ. No! All that we could add would be but dirty rags, which God would cast away in His wrath. He wants no dirty rags added to that glorious work of His Son. We are simply to trust in that finished work of Christ as it is offered to us in the Gospel. The moment the sinner believes in his heart the glad Gospel tidings, he shares the great benefits of Christ's glorious victory. He accepts the pardon of sins which God has proclaimed in the resurrection of His Son. By faith he is in Christ Jesus, and "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," says the Bible.

Accept the risen Saviour, who was delivered for your offences and was raised again for your justification! Believe in Him, and rejoice in the glad Easter tidings!

## A Happy Easter.

It was Easter morning. In a village in Germany a poor laborer was obliged to keep his bed the first time in many years. He was getting old, and the work of digging a grave the day before for one of his friends had been too much for him. His faithful wife sat beside him, trying to nurse and cheer him by telling him of their common hope of resurrection, for Christ rose on this day. But thoughts of an only and lost son came also, and instead of the joy that ought to be in their hearts, sorrow pressed tears from their eyes. They did not know what had become of their son, and they had reason to fear that he was lost in sin, and would never be with them and happy again.

When he was a young man, he had learned his trade, and gone away to a large city, whence he had never returned; nor could they ever hear what had become of him. The parents had given him a Christian education, and they were sure that he loved Christ when he went out into the world. He had also promised never to depart from faith in Christ and His Word, and this gave them some hope; but they could not imagine why he had never written to them if he were alive and had preserved his good name and Christian faith.

The bells were calling the people to church, but the sick man could not go. His wife read to him the Easter story of Christ's resurrection. After that she knelt down and prayed, that if their son is dead, the Lord may give them the hope of a happy return of their lost son, when the dead rise at the last day. Both the old people had scarcely said: Amen! when a rap at the door and a hasty entrance of a fine, hearty man, and a boy led by his hand, caused them to be mute in astonishment for a few seconds. For here stood before them their lost son, and the boy was so much like him when he was young,



that they knew it was his son. After the first embraces and words of welcome were over, he told them, that when he was in the city, he was discharged, but for no fault of his. Yet he felt too much ashamed to go home, and so he took ship and sailed for America, without sending word home.

He then became more ashamed than ever to write home, and so he worked year after year, got married, and grew wealthy. But when his wife died, the wrong he had done his parents would not let him rest, and so he returned to ask forgiveness and to cheer their last days, bringing with him his only child. After receiving their forgiveness, he also asked the Lord's forgiveness for his great sin, and brought up his son in the fear of the Lord, and taught him to honor his parent better than he had done.

*Luth. Child's Paper.*

### The Three Pilgrims.

More than eighteen hundred years ago three men were walking together along a country road. Two of them had left the city saddened at the death of One they loved, and at what they thought the failure of their hopes concerning Him. On their way they were joined by a stranger, who with words of sympathy induced them to unburden their minds. As they spoke of their lost hope, the stranger with infinite wisdom and gentleness directed their minds to what the proph-

ets had foretold of their loved One, and showed them that what had been foretold by the prophets had been exactly fulfilled by what they had seen in Jerusalem. In our picture we see the three pilgrims arrived at the place to which they were going. And the stranger "made as though he would have gone further." But the two other pilgrims "constrained him, saying, abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them." As they walked with the stranger, their hearts burned within them whilst listening to His words. And now, as He sat with them at the table and broke bread, their eyes were opened, and lo! He who had joined them and walked with them, was He whom their souls loved. It was Jesus, who that very day had burst the bands of death and come out from the grave. How the disciples rejoiced when they saw their risen Saviour!

They had been overcome with sadness as they wended their way to Emmaus. Their

hopes were dashed to the ground, and there was nothing left but a great sorrow, and a great disappointment. They "had hoped," but now, alas, they saw no ground for further hope. When, however, they recognized Jesus, their sadness was gone. Jesus lying in the grave was the end of their hopes, but Jesus risen filled them with the assurance of hope. Had they possessed a clearer knowledge of that which the prophets foretold of Christ, they had not been so cast down, but now that the word concerning Him had been explained to them by an unerring teacher, and now that they had seen Him alive who had been dead, joy sprang up in their hearts.

Filled with joy the two disciples that very



THE THREE PILGRIMS.

night walked back from Emmaus to Jerusalem. They have seen Jesus, and have experienced the power of His resurrection, and now they hurry to tell others of that which had made them glad.

The risen Saviour still speaks to us in the Bible as we go our way through life. When we are sad, do not our hearts often burn within us as we listen to His words of comfort and of love? And are not our hearts filled with joy as we realize that we have a living Saviour? And should not this move us to tell others of that which makes us glad, and which alone can bring comfort and joy to those that are still walking in darkness and death? The true Easter joy must make us zealous in our mission work. What is mission work but a going and telling others at home and abroad of the risen Saviour, that they too may rejoice with us? As we have learned to know the risen Saviour from His Word, so we must see to it that this Word is preached to

others, that they also may come to know Him and rejoice. Hence the importance of sending the Gospel to heathen lands and everywhere in our own beloved country. Our pilgrimage here on earth is short. When we enter our heavenly home and with our eyes behold Him whom our souls loved, how glad we shall be to meet many who by our mission labors here on earth have been brought to share with us the everlasting joys and bliss of heaven!

### The Work Is Done.

The work of redemption is done. All done by Christ, in whom the sinner must simply trust for salvation. This glad news we hear in the blessed Easter time. Blessed are those that know and believe it. How many there are, even in Christian lands, that do not know it and that point the inquiring sinner to his own works instead of to the work of Christ! Of this we were reminded by a story which we recently read. It is a story of the "good black doctor," as people called him. And who was he? He was a native of the West Indies, a clever surgeon, and an earnest, devoted Christian. During the war between the French and the Germans he labored in the hospitals at Sedan among the soldiers, caring for the bodies and souls of French and Prussians alike.

A week before his death the "good black doctor" was in England, preparing to return to his post in the hospital at Sedan. He sat in a first-class railway carriage. Opposite to him was a short, stout lady, in spectacles, next to her an elderly man, evidently her husband, while the further corner was occupied by a huge newspaper, beneath which emerged a pair of legs. The two seats next to the doctor were occupied by two ladies. The doctor, taking off his hat and putting on a traveling-cap, leaned back in his seat with his eyes closed.

The train had hardly started when he heard the old lady talking to her husband in an undertone.

"John, what a very handsome man that is!"

"Hush, my dear! he might hear you!"

"That's just like you, John. How can he understand our language? Why, he's a regular negro."

"I don't think he is a negro, my dear."



"He must be one of those Indian princes, John, over for the exhibition. Oh, how sad it is to think of a fine fellow like that being a heathen!"

"You don't know that, my dear."

"I'm sure of it, John; they all are. Fancy him worshiping idols! and then, poor fellow, most likely he doesn't know he has a soul at all."

"Well, you can't help that, my dear."

"No, I am afraid I can not. Oh, I would give anything to be able to speak a word of his language! I wonder what it is?"

A heavy sigh followed, and then came the sound of knitting-needles.

The doctor peeped through his eyelids and saw the old lady engaged on a stocking. He closed his eyes again.

In a short time the crystal palace was passed, sparkling in the sun.

"Wonderful buildings put up nowadays," he heard the gentleman in the corner remarking; "splendid fireworks, too, they have there. Have you seen them, sir?"

"Well," responded a voice, recognized as John's, "I can't say I have, but I'm sure it's a very nice place for young people."

"I don't see how you can say that it is a good place, John," broke in his better half, "when you know my views on the subject. I consider that these places do no good to our young people. Indeed, for my part, I think boys and girls nowadays are nothing like what they were. You don't see the same obedience, the same morality—"

At that moment came the doctor's opportunity. Languidly opening his eyes, in the purest English, he uttered the two words, "Morality, ma'am?"

If a bombshell had fallen into the carriage it could not have produced greater consternation.

The old lady blushed, John looked aghast, the gentleman in the corner stared curiously, and the two ladies gave a start. At last the old lady gasped out, "Si-ir?"

"Did you not speak of morality, ma'am?"

"Ye-es, sir, I did."

"Morality, ma'am, is very good for this world, but is there not another?"

"Oh, yes—yes, sir, of course there is. Why, there are two others," briskly responded the old lady, delighted at getting such an opportunity of becoming an African missionary at home.

"Two others, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, two, most decidedly."

"What are they, ma'am?"

"Why, sir, one is called heaven, and the other is called hell."

"Heaven and hell?"

"Yes, sir; heaven is where the good people go, and hell is where the bad go to."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am!"

"And in heaven people are always happy, but hell is a very dreadful place," said the

old lady, thinking her style most suited to the uninformed heathen mind.

"Can you tell me, ma'am," pursued the doctor with earnestness, "how I can get to heaven?"

Could anything be more fitting? Why, here was a heathen asking her the one question of all others that gave her full opportunities for doing mission work. She would not miss it.

"Certainly, sir. You must be good; you must pray—pray to God, sir. You must go to church. And then you ought to be sorry for your sins, and be kind, and—that's the way to heaven, sir."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am! can I be quite sure that is the way?"

"Certainly, sir," said the old lady, a little hurt; "the Bible says so. Doesn't it, John?"

"Oh, yes—yes, my dear, certainly."

"The Bible, ma'am?"

"Yes, the Bible, sir."

"What is the Bible?"

A look of pain crossed her face. "The Bible, sir, is God's book. It tells us all about the way to heaven."

"Oh, I should like to see it, ma'am."

"Certainly, sir; I dare say I can show it you," and the lady dropped her knitting and hunted in vain in her bag.

"John, have you got a Bible?"

"No, my dear, I have not; I think you had far better refer the gentleman to Rev.—at Folkestone, who will be able to tell him all he wants to know."

"Have you a Bible with you, sir?" (to the gentleman in the corner).

"No, ma'am," from behind his newspaper, "and," appearing from behind it, "allow me to say that I consider this a most improper and unsuitable conversation for a railway carriage."

The lady turned to the doctor. "I'm afraid, sir, we haven't got one."

"Oh, indeed, ma'am!" with a sigh, "then I can not see how to go to heaven."

"But I have told you, sir, the exact way."

"I should like to see it, ma'am." And the doctor leaned back in the carriage, while the lady heaved a sigh and resumed her knitting, wondering how best to proceed.

After a few minutes the doctor began fumbling in his coat pocket and, quietly producing a small Testament, handed it to the lady.

"Is this the book you mean, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes—yes, sir, that's it! Why didn't you say you had one? How very curious! why, that's the very book, sir; that's part of the Bible."

"And will you show me, ma'am, how to get to heaven?"

"Yes, sir, that I will," and the old lady turned over the pages for some time. At last she paused in doubt, and then—

"John, do you remember where that passage is? You know the one I mean."

"No, I don't, my dear; and what is more,

you have no business to meddle with these things."

"But this gentleman is so anxious to know."

"Then let him ask the rector at Folkestone. You've got into a regular fix, and you may get out again yourself."

Poor lady, what a cruel rebuff! But worse was to come.

After feebly hunting about a little longer, the doctor's eyes fixed upon her, she gave it up.

"I'm afraid, sir, I can not exactly remember the chapter, but it's just as I've told."

"Allow me, ma'am," said the doctor most politely. And, taking the book, he turned to John 3, 16.

"Is that the text, ma'am?"

"Oh dear, yes, sir! Why, that's the very one! How did you know where it was, sir?"

"Not through anything you have said to me, ma'am. I come into this carriage, as you suppose, an ignorant heathen, and as such I ask you the way to heaven, and you, ma'am, call yourself a Christian, and you sit there, and you tell one whom you think is leaving these shores without a ray of hope that he must do this, and do that, and do the other, and you never breathe a word of what Christ has done for him. Listen to this glorious text, which you tell me is the one you meant, but which you have never breathed a syllable about: 'God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' This tells me that the work is done, and you tell me that I have to do one thing after another. How can you, ma'am, call yourself a Christian, and mislead a poor heathen like that? And you, sir," turning to John, "tell a poor heathen, traveling in this train at sixty miles an hour, when we may all be hurled into eternity in a moment, that he should wait till he reaches Folkestone before he can get a Christian tongue to tell him the way of salvation. While you, sir," turning to the newspaper in the corner, "dare to call yourself a Christian man, and yet say that this is no place or time to speak to a heathen of his Saviour!"

And then the doctor turned back to the lady and showed her, in his wonderfully clear way, the difference between the value of two letters, "do," and of four, "done," while all listened with deep attention as he explained to them Christ's salvation of men.

On the pier at Folkestone one of the two ladies touched the doctor on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, sir, but I never understood the way of salvation before, and I can thank God for your words to-day. I see now that it is all done, and that I may rest on it from this day. I thought I should like to thank you and tell you how grateful I am."

This was the doctor's last convert. That week he died from small-pox in the hospital at Sedan, where he was buried.



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

—OUR St. Paul mission station at New Orleans, Rev. F. J. Lankenau, missionary, numbers 150 scholars in its Sunday school and 120 in its day school. The average church attendance is 50 adults.

—OUR Mount Zion mission station, Rev. E. W. Kuss, missionary, numbers 90 scholars in its Sunday school and 71 in its day school, which is held by teachers Vix and Meibohm. A new school building will soon be erected, and the church building is to be repaired.

—OUR Bethlehem mission station, Rev. A. Burgdorf, missionary, numbers 54 communicant members; 4 adults and 15 children are being prepared for confirmation; the average church attendance is 60; 175 pupils attend the Sunday school and 174 the day school, which is held by teacher Rischow and by one of the students of our Seminary at Springfield, Ill.

—AT Concord, N. C., Rev. N. J. Bakke, missionary, the average attendance at mission services is 50 to 90 adults. The Sunday school numbers 132 pupils and the day school 100. The catechumen class numbers 12 children and 8 adults. Preparations have already been made for the erection of the new school building, for which our school children have so nobly sent in their contributions during the past months.

—THE contributions of our school children have been so large that our Mission Board has been enabled to erect also a chapel at Elon College, N. C. Our missionary, Rev. C. Schmidt, will surely feel himself encouraged.

—AT Little Rock, Ark., Rev. C. Ruesskamp, missionary, the day school is attended by 50 pupils. Church attendance has also improved during the past months, and this our oldest mission station seems to be again prospering. A colored lady, Leah Jones, has bequeathed \$600 to our mission treasury.

—THE Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States, the largest Lutheran synod in America, has recently issued its new Year Book. It reports 627,689 souls, 357,186 communicant members, and 88,755 voting members. It embraces 13 districts with 1276 pastors, 1826 congregations, 638 mission stations, 1425 parochial schools, attended by 85,679 children and taught by 783 pastors and 725 teachers. In its higher institutions of learning the synod employs 54 professors, who instruct 1307 students, preparing them for the ministry or for the office of parish teachers. The synod controls 17 charitable institutions, such as orphan homes, hospitals, deaf and dumb asylum, etc., and carries on an important mission work at home and abroad.

—WHEN a slave boy of 13 years, Frederick Douglass, who recently died at Washington, had such an intense desire to possess the Bible that he gathered scattered pages from this holy book from the street-gutters of Baltimore and washed and dried them, that in mo-

ments of leisure he might get a word or two of wisdom from them.

—A MISSIONARY in Africa states that a Uganda man will willingly work three months to obtain a copy of the New Testament.

—IT is said that one hundred and twenty-five wealthy men and women have gone out from Great Britain as missionaries at their own charges.

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

—ONE of the most interesting Bible publications of late years has recently been issued in Japan. It is a miniature Gospel of St. John, prepared for the use of the Japanese troops. The little book measures outside only 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. A life was saved in England's recent war in Egypt by a bullet being turned aside by a New Testament in a soldier's breast pocket. May these little copies of the Scriptures save unto eternal life.

—A TRAVELER in Ceylon, accompanying a missionary on his pastoral visits, noticed as they walked through the garden that some of the cocoanut trees were marked "X." On inquiring why they were so marked, the native Christian answered, "Because every 'X' tree is devoted to the Lord." He also noticed that his wife, as she cooked the noonday meal, threw a handful of rice into the pot for each member of the family, and then two handfuls into another pot standing near. The traveler asked why the two handfuls were put in the other pot, and the wife replied, "That is the Lord's rice pot, and I remember Him when cooking each meal."

—WHAT a record for the churches of Niue, an island in the South Seas called Savage Island by Captain Cook, because of the character of its inhabitants! It has now a population of about 5000, but there are 11 native pastors and 1646 church members. In the year 1892 these churches sent from their own membership 4 missionaries with their wives to New Guinea. Besides supporting their own pastors, these Christians contributed within the last year \$1500 to the funds of the London Missionary Society for the carrying forward of missionary work.

—A MISSIONARY among the Indians writes: "The past year has witnessed many removals from this mission by death. Numbers of Indians have passed away, leaving the brightest testimony of their simple faith. A little girl, shortly before she passed away, summoned her mother to her side, and told her she was going to the Saviour, going to realize what they had been singing about and praying about and reading about so long, and then, drawing her mother close to her, she said: 'Don't be thinking so much about the things of this world, you won't have them long; think more about the things you will have for ever. The one is worth thinking about, the other is not. I am going, and you will come soon. Don't be sorry for me. Jesus will be glad to see me.'"

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

WALTHER, CIVIL GOVERNMENT. A Sermon on 1 Peter 2, 11—20. Translated by Prof. W. H. T. Dau. American Lutheran Publication Board, Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents per copy; 85 cents per dozen.

DIE HEUTIGEN ARBEITERVERBINDUNGEN UND DIE CHRISTLICHE ORTSGEMEINDE. Ein Referat von A. L. Graebner. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 15 cents.

### Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, New Orleans, La.

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

113 Annette Str., between Chalborne and Dirbigny.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock.  
Singing School at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock Monday evening.  
F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

#### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalla Strs.  
Divine services at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  Sunday evening and at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  Thursday evening.  
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  Tuesday evening.  
E. W. KUSS, Missionary.

#### EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.  
Divine services at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock Sunday evening and at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock Thursday evening.  
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.  
AUG. BURGENDORF, Missionary.

### Evang. Luth. St. Paul's Church.

Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.  
Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock.  
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.  
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.  
Singing-school from 7.30 to 8.30 Thursday evening.  
CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

### Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

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

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No. 5.

## The Ascension.

BY P. NICHOLAI, 1599.

As they were looking, He was taken up.  
ACTS 1, 9.

O glorious Victor, Prince of peace,  
Whose kingdom nevermore shall cease,  
On clouds to heaven ascending!  
We see Thee soar above the sky,  
While angels "Alleluia!" cry,  
Thy royal state attending.

Upon the mount of Olives stand  
The holy apostolic band  
To take Thy parting blessing;  
The eternal gates lift up their heads,  
High heaven its glory o'er Thee spreads,  
The stars their King confessing.

On God's right hand, Thy chosen place,  
Divine Redeemer of our race,  
Thou art in triumph seated;  
Oh, lead us upward by Thy grace,  
Where saints and angels see Thy face,  
In bliss and joy completed.

O great High Priest, still intercede,  
Send down Thy Comforter to plead,  
And aid our weak endeavor;  
That when as Judge Thou shalt descend,  
When earth and time, and death shall end,  
We reign with Thee forever!

## Our Lord's Ascension.

The Bible tells us that Christ, after His resurrection, sojourned yet forty days on earth and then ascended into heaven. The work of redemption, which He had come to do, was done, and He went to the Father that had sent Him, and entered into His glory. His ascension, therefore, is not a subject of sorrow, but of joy. "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the shout of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises!" (Psalm 47, 5. 6.) St. Paul, speaking of our Lord's ascension, says, "When he ascended up on high, He led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men." What is meant by the captivity which Christ led captive in His ascension? It is the captivity in which we were held by our enemies. By sin men had become the captives, the slaves of Satan, death, and hell. Christ came into the world to make us free,

to snap the chains of sin by which we were held in captivity and slavery. By His life, His sufferings, and His death He redeemed us out of this slavery, and having finished the work of our redemption, He ascended on high, leading *our* captivity captive. Those that held us captives have been made captives by Christ, and we are redeemed. IT IS FINISHED! This is the cry of victory from the cross. IT IS FINISHED! This is the cry of triumph from the empty grave on Easter morning and from the Mount of Olivet on Ascension Day. In our Lord's ascension we see that the work which He came to do is done, perfectly done. Sinners, all sinners are redeemed and to all the glad news should be brought that they may by faith receive the gifts of salvation procured by Christ for all men. Christ, therefore, told His disciples to go into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. The Gospel is the glad news of our redemption, it is the means by which the gifts of salvation are brought to sinners. Blessed are those that accept this Gospel. They enjoy the liberty which Christ has procured for all men. They are no longer the captives and slaves of Satan, but the free children of God and heirs of eternal salvation. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." But woe to those that reject the Gospel. They thereby reject their redemption and remain in the captivity of Satan. "He that believeth not shall be damned." It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that we not only hear, but also believe the Gospel. By faith alone we enjoy the redemption from the captivity which was led captive in our Lord's ascension.

## A Ray of Sunshine.

A minister relates the following: "In the earlier years of my Christian life, I was accustomed to visit a poor district of a city in Scotland. One day I stepped into a house, dimly lighted and scantily furnished, but yet displaying a studied neatness and order. The only inmate, an aged woman, bowed down with infirmities, and almost blind, was seated

near the fire-place. A few moments' conversation satisfied me that she was one of Christ's lowly ones, rich in faith, full of peace, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. After my own soul had been refreshed with her gracious words, I asked, "And how do you spend the day here?" "There is little difference to me," she replied, "between the hours of night and day, but they never seem long. There is one who abides with me, whose love makes it all light and joy to my soul. When I awake, He is still with me, and the time seems too short to meditate on His perfections, and to commune with Him. My neighbors are very kind, and when they come in to help me, I have the privilege of telling them what He is to me, and of persuading them to taste and see that God is good. There is just one hour for which I watch. You see that window," she said, pointing to the four little panes that admitted the dim light into the apartment in which we sat. "For about an hour every day, when it is not cloudy, the sun shines in there. I take my large-printed Bible and sit down in the sunlight, where I can see well enough to read, and a precious hour it is to me." "I thought," said the minister when he related her little story, "I thought of the great sun, sending his light and heat to so many distant worlds. I thought of all that he shone upon in this busy world—the fields of grain and the golden fruits that were ripening in his heat—all the labors of man that were advancing in his light; and I felt sure, that from his going forth from the ends of heaven, as a bridegroom coming forth from his chamber, as a strong man to run a race, in all his circuit to the ends of it, he did not nobler service, and none more grateful to our Father in heaven, who causeth His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, than when for a short hour he sent a few beams into that little window, to light up the sacred page to the dim eyes of that poor old woman whom the world knew not."

"If we could see the end as God sees it, we should see that every event is for the believer's highest good. When we get to the heaven, we shall see that every wind was wafting us to glory."



(FOR THE LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

### Laying of the Corner Stone of a New Ev. Luth. Chapel at Elon College, N. C., March 30th, 1895.

In the afternoon of the above named day, there was a scene of great joy and thanksgiving at Elon College, N. C. The event that made this day so memorable was the laying of the corner stone of an Ev. Luth. Church: the very first house of worship ever erected in that village.—Well may we also rejoice with our fellow Lutherans of Elon College that God has given us grace to build a true house of worship before the sects could begin to spread abroad their false and soul destroying doctrines and commandments of man.

What also added to the joys of that day was the fine weather. The very sun seemed to smile upon the work which we had begun in the name of the Lord.

The people came from the surrounding towns and villages to mingle their voices with ours in "praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because the foundation of the temple of the Lord was laid." Having assembled at the appointed time, they were favored with a sermon by the Rev. N. J. Bakke of Concord, N. C.

The text upon which he based his discourse was: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation." Is. 28, 16. While the sermon was being delivered the eyes of all present were steadfastly fixed on the speaker as he set forth, in a masterly manner, that Chief Corner Stone, Jesus Christ, upon whom the entire Christian church is built.

After the sermon two young men, having been duly instructed in the word of God, were received into the covenant of grace by Holy Baptism. The ceremony was performed by the minister of that place, Rev. John C. Schmidt.

Immediately after the administration of baptism, the laying of the corner stone took place. Into the stone were put a Bible, a copy of the LUTHERAN PIONEER, a daily newspaper, Half a Century of Sound Lutheranism in America, and a number of church papers published by our Synod, together with a list of the souls of the Elon College congregation. After the history and origin of this congregation had

been read and also placed into the corner stone, the undersigned delivered a short address on Ezra 3, 10, 11., in which he endeavored to explain to the people the great reasons we have to give thanks and praise unto the Lord for His grace and tender mercies towards us in giving us a new house of worship.

Although our Elon College congregation is still small in number, we firmly hope and believe that from this little acorn, so to speak, will grow a large and stout oak, as the name "Elon" denotes. To this end may God's richest blessings attend both minister and congregation.

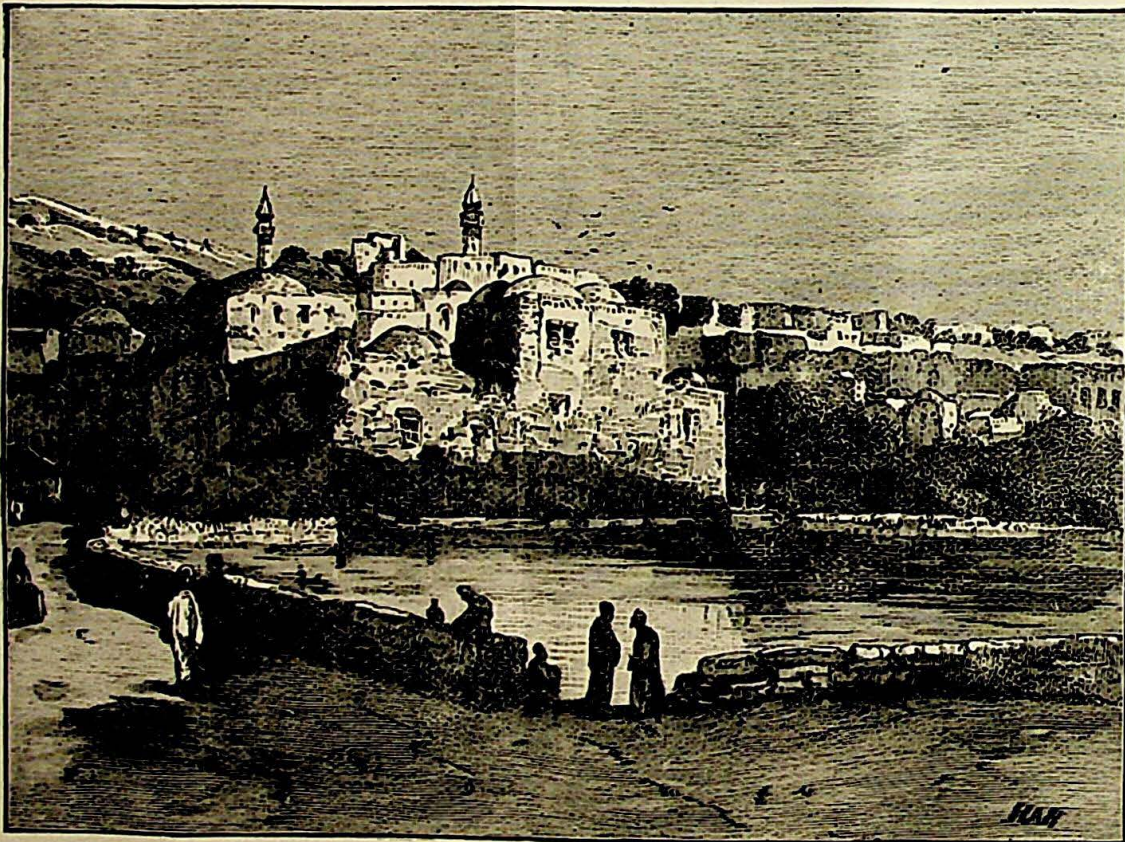
EM. BURTHLONG.

but they look better than the other children whom we see playing in the streets. The teacher calls a class to recite, and five or six little girls rise and come forward. Slowly and with a good deal of stumbling and hesitation they read the lesson for the day, and the teacher questions them on what they have read. It is a little book of Bible stories, and they have been reading the sweet stories of the babe in the manger. These are some of the questions she asks: Who was Jesus? Where was he born? Why did He come to live on the earth? What did He do for us? The children answer promptly and readily, showing that they understand and remember what they have been taught. Many of them

will tell it over again when they go home, and will repeat to their fathers and mothers some of the Bible verses and the songs they have learned at school.

If we should spend a day at the school, we should see classes in geography and arithmetic, sewing classes, and we should see the children learning habits of order and neatness and obedience.

If you should compare this school with a village school in America you would see a great difference, but if you compare these children with the other children in the same village, you would feel that a good beginning had been



POOL AT HEBRON IN PALESTINE.

### Village Schools in Turkey.

Do you know what a village school in Turkey is like? Let me see if I can show you one. Come with me into this little village in Central Turkey, with its thirty or forty little low stone houses plastered with mud. Most of them have only one room, or at most two. These rooms are small and dark, with sometimes one and sometimes two little tiny windows, and at best are not very pleasant. In one of these little rooms the school is held, unless it is warm enough to have it out-of-doors. The teacher has graduated from the girls' school in one of the mission stations of Central Turkey, and now she is trying to do something for other girls who have had no one to help them as she has been helped.

Around three sides of the room sit the little girls, with their books in their hands. Most of them are not very attractive looking children, and some of them are not very clean,

made. By and by, some of these little girls will feel that they want to know something more than they can learn in this little village school, and they will persuade their parents to send them to the girls' boarding school. There they will see and learn so many new and better ways of living, that when they go out into homes of their own they will know how to be very helpful in the village where they may live. Each life will help some other life, and so the good influence will spread. Best of all is the thought that probably most of those girls will go out from that mission boarding-school as Christian girls and their homes will be Christian homes.

F. E. C.

Two boys were conversing about Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire. Said one, "Wouldn't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?" "No!" was the reply—"not if God drove!"



### Paul Gerhardt.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5, 7.

Paul Gerhardt, known as one of the finest hymn writers in Germany, was pastor at Berlin from 1657—1666. In the latter year the Government issued a decree that all Lutherans and Reformed should enter into a church union. But Gerhardt, who was devoted with all his heart to the doctrines of Luther, publicly and boldly declared that he could not, on conscientious grounds, obey this decree.

Hereby he incurred the displeasure of his king, was deposed from his ministry, and sent into exile. Still he did not lose courage, but as a good Christian, put his confidence in Him, who always had shown Himself so good and gracious.

In such child-like faith and confidence, he took his family out into the wide world to seek his bread wherever he could find it.

On their journey, while they were at a hotel in a strange city, his wife was so overcome with grief at the thought of their trouble that she burst into tears. Gerhardt sought, as best he could, to cheer and comfort his troubled helpmeet by quoting to her the words of the Psalmist: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." But in vain; she could not feel that these promises were meant for her.

Thereupon he went out into the garden to be alone with his God, to commune with Him of the burden which weighed on his heart. There he sat down under an arbor, drew out his note book, and at once wrote down, in the quiet solemn place of nature, the excellent, comforting hymn, of which the first verse is as follows:

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

When Paul Gerhardt had finished this hymn, he brought it to his wife and read it to her in a strong clear voice. She listened with attention to the loving and faith-inspired words that fell from the lips of her pious and devoted husband, and they did not fail of their purpose. For at once she became quiet; her tears ceased to flow and she resolved to commit her ways to the Lord and cast all her cares upon Him. But there were two men outside the door who, unseen, had listened to the singer's gentle words and who, when the hymn was finished, stepped into the room like messengers from the Lord in the hour of need and trial. These men reported that they had been sent by Duke Kristian of Merseburg to search for a preacher at Berlin by the name of Paul Gerhardt recently dismissed from the ministry there, and to invite him to come and live with their Duke who

had often read his hymns with pleasure and profit.

What a joy and surprise to this pious husband and wife! All at once a new light dawned upon the darkness of their sorrow and trial which for a while had rested upon them. Their merciful Father had kept His promises and He filled their hearts with His tender grace.

Gerhardt thereupon went to Merseburg where at first he received a pension, and afterwards a call to a church in Lybben, at which place he remained till his death in 1676.

The hymn beginning: "Commit thou all thy griefs," afterwards came to the notice of Elector Frederick Wilhelm of Prussia and made a deep impression on him. He asked his minister of State who it was that had composed it, and when told that it was the Paul Gerhardt whom he himself had dismissed and exiled, the Elector was dismayed and overcome by the injustice he had inflicted on the pastor and poet.

### A Child of God.

There was a ripple of excitement all through the orphan asylum; for a great lady had come in her carriage to take little Jane home with her.

Jane herself was bewildered with the thought. The kind matron led her down the wide stairway, and as she passed the hall door she saw the shining carriage, the fine horses, the liveried servants, and it seemed like a dream.

"I hope she is glad to go," said the great lady in a gentle tone. "Do you want to go home with me and be my child, my dear?"

"I don't know," said Jane, timidly.

"But I am going to give you beautiful clothes and a gold ring, and a box of candy, and books, and dolls, and blocks, and a swing. Now, do you want to go?"

"I don't know," said the child, still frightened.

"You shall have a little room of your own, with a beautiful bed, and table, and chair; you shall have a bird in a cage, and a little dog with a silver collar. Don't you want to go with me, Jane?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the little one said, anxiously, "But what am I to do for all this?"

The lady burst into tears. "Only to love me and be my child," she said; and she folded the little girl in her arms.

God finds us orphaned, and desolate, and defiled with sin, and poor, and naked, and blind; He adopts us into His family, and gives us all that we need in this life, with care and protection, and His own name, and forgiveness, and the companionship of the Holy Spirit, and an inheritance in glory, and all that He asks is that we should love Him and be His children. "We love Him, because He first loved us."

### A Little Girl's Logic.

A little girl six years old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers.

"Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says."

"What does he say, my dear?"

"Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?"

"Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself."

"How can I, grandpa?"

"Get your Bible, and see what it says."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the beginning."

The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with the excitement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa. It isn't true; for God made the moon before he made cows."

*Selected.*

### Prayer.

When I feel that I am become cold and indisposed to prayer, by reason of other business and thought, I take my psalter and run into my chamber, or, if day and season serve, into the church to the multitude, and begin to repeat to myself—just as children use—the ten commandments, the creed, and, according as I have time, some sayings of Christ or of Paul, or some psalms. Therefore it is well to let prayer be the first employment in the early morning, and the last in the evening. Avoid diligently those false and deceptive thoughts which say, "Wait a little and I will pray an hour hence; I must perform this or that." For with such thoughts a man quits prayer for business, which lays hold of and entangles him, so that he comes not to pray the whole day long.—MARTIN LUTHER.

### Jesus.

"Talk to me of Jesus," said an aged Christian, when nearing the last days of his life. "Tell me of Him whom my soul loveth, and of the many mansions where he dwells with His own in glory, and where I shall soon see Him as He is. It is the news of the Master's household I long to hear; the advancement of His cause, the progress of His kingdom. Do not tell me of things that are passing away. I care not for them. This world and all its possessions must soon be burned up, and wherefore should they dwell in my affection? I have a home that fire can not touch; a kingdom and a crown that fade not away; and why should I be concerned about the affairs of the day?"



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

—ONE of our missionaries writes: "In Carrollton, the upper district of New Orleans, a rumor had got afloat, that the Lutherans would reopen their school immediately after Easter. The missionary who was visiting some of his members in that part of town, was told that the people living in the vicinity of the former school were very glad to hear such news, because it was so convenient to send their children there while they were so small that they could not well be sent to other schools more distant. No one, so far as the missionary learnt, regretted that the children missed the religious instructions which are given at Lutheran schools."

—MR. C. F. B. NIEWEDDE who has been teacher in a public school for several years, but has lately had charge of one of our parochial schools in Benton, a suburb of St. Louis, Mo., has accepted a call, assigning him to the second department of Bethlehem School at New Orleans, La. On Palm Sunday the installation of this new teacher took place, and immediately after Easter he began his work with no little zeal. May the Good Shepherd bless him and the lambs entrusted to his care!

—ONE of the two missionaries that left the Leipzig Mission Society and entered the service of the Lutheran Synod of Missouri is already at work among the heathen of India. We learn that one more missionary has recently left the above named Society and will probably labor in the mission field of the Missouri Synod.

—A HOTTENTOT convert at a missionary meeting in England said: "What pity 'tis, what sin 'tis, that you have so many years got that heavenly bread and hold it for yourselves, not to give one little bit, one crumb to poor heathen. There are so many millions of heathen and you have so much bread; and you could depend upon it you should not have less because you gave; but the Lord Jesus would give His blessing, and you should have the more."

—FOUR years ago a general conference of Protestant missionaries in China made an appeal for 1000 additional missionaries within five years. Now it is announced that upward of 500 missionaries have gone out to that empire, and another appeal has been made for the completion of the 1000 asked for.

—REV. W. STEVENSON, in an article in *The Missions of the World*, gives some figures drawn from *The Indian Witness* which show that there were in India 17,928,640 girls between the ages of five and nine, of whom 2,201,404 are already married and 64,040 are widows. Between the ages of ten and fourteen there were only 12,168,592, of whom 6,016,759 were married and 174,532 were widows. These certainly are startling figures and give some hint of the misery endured. Mr. Stevenson further says: "In spite of all exceptions among Christians, Parsis, and other

small sections of the population, half of the women in India are married before they are fifteen, and five-sixths of them just over that age, and so long as that system continues it implies all manner of degradation, suffering, and wrong."

—ACCORDING to letters from the Rev. Mr. Walkup, from the Gilbert Islands, the King of Butaritari refused to allow any of his people to go to San Francisco to give a show of heathen dances. At five of the islands visited by the *Morning Star*, every Bible left on a preceding trip has been sold.

—IN speaking of the terror in which Hindu women stand because of persecution from men, Miss Swift, of Madura, writes: "I wonder how many of our professing Christian women in America would attend a cottage meeting or a church service if they were perfectly sure of a merciless beating and a thousand petty persecutions from the men in whose power they live."

—A MISSIONARY in Mid-China, writes: "The other night there was an eclipse of the moon. The people in the streets here knew by their almanacs that it was going to take place, and being a fine, clear night, most people turned out, not merely to see it as we should, but to worship the moon, and to ring gongs and bells. In the courtyard of this house all the women were out with tables and lighted candles, keeping up a constant dinging of the gongs, and now and then bowing with their heads to the ground. Why was all this?—in every temple and house the same. Because they believe that when the shadow comes over the moon it is the work of some great monster who is going to swallow the moon, and that they by their worship save it from destruction. The moon to them is an object of worship, and it is considered a sin to point to it with the finger!"

—BISHOP CALDWELL, after forty-two years of mission work in the Madras Presidency, gave this testimony in 1879: "I have had some experience in the work of conversion myself, and have tried in succession every variety of method. Let me mention, then, the remarkable fact that during the whole of this long period, not one educated high-caste Hindu, so far as I am aware, has been converted to Christianity in connection with any mission or church, except through the Christian education received in mission schools. Such converts may not be very numerous, and I regret that they are not, but they are all that are."

—IN Uganda, a field entered only a few years since, so rapid and wide-spread is the enlargement of the work that already one hundred native laborers are in the field, all supported by native contributions. And the plan is to secure as many more, and then let each company alternate between three months of evangelizing work and three months of study.

—NORWEGIAN Lutherans began to preach the gospel in Madagascar in 1867. Their labor of love was greatly blessed by the Lord.

There are twenty-five Norwegian missionaries there, assisted by sixty native pastors; the number of churches is 500, and of communicants, 25,000; of parochial schools, 500, and of pupils, 35,000. There are 35,000 adult Lutherans in Madagascar.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

CONCORDIA PASTIME LIBRARY. Vol. I. The Story of an Errand Boy.—Jackanapes. Price 25 cts. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

We are glad that our Publishing House has begun to furnish our young people with sound entertaining reading matter in the English language. This first volume of the Pastime Library contains two interesting and instructive stories, which will be read with delight by our boys and girls.

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We take particular pleasure in recommending this volume of sermons to our readers, who will find in it a clear and plain exposition of the doctrines of the Bible as confessed by our dear Lutheran church. With masterly simplicity and loving desire for the salvation of souls a "Lutheran Country parson" in this volume preaches Christ and Him crucified. We hope the book will be welcomed as a pure Gospel preacher in the homes of our city and country congregations.

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

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Singing School at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.  
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 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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## All's Well.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,  
My weary spirit seeks repose on Thine.  
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep  
This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,  
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet:  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head;  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;  
All's well whichever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break.

*Selected.*

## The Work of the Holy Spirit.

Christ was sent into the world to be the Saviour of all sinners. By Him the work of redemption was accomplished for all men. This redemption must be applied to the soul. Man must be brought to faith in the finished work of his Redeemer and thus be made partaker of the blessings of salvation procured by Christ for all sinners. If I am to enjoy a treasure, it must be made my own. So the treasure of salvation must be made the sinner's own, if he is to enjoy its benefits and its blessings.

This is the work of the Holy Spirit. Man can not do this work, nor can he assist in this work. He is "dead in trespasses and sin," and there is not the least particle of strength in him by which he could bring himself into spiritual life or in any wise assist in this work. Man is born of flesh, and therefore is nothing but flesh, and flesh is "enmity against God." "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned," 1 Cor. 2, 14. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost," 1 Cor. 12, 3. Such are the plain statements of the Bible. We therefore confess in our Lutheran Catechism: "I believe that I can not by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to Him; but the Holy Spirit hath called me through the Gospel, enlightened me by

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

From these quotations we learn also that the Holy Spirit does His work through the Word of God, which we read in the Bible, which we hear in every true Gospel sermon, which we see connected with certain signs in the Holy Sacraments. We are not to run to and fro in quest of the Spirit. We are not to invent all kinds of schemes by which to obtain the Spirit. We are not to introduce all kinds of new measures by which to accomplish the Spirit's work. No! The Word of God is the means by which the Holy Spirit comes to us and by which He works in our hearts. He that accepts the Word, thereby accepts the Holy Spirit; and he that rejects the Word, thereby rejects the Holy Spirit. Stephen says to the people who resisted the Word of God which he preached to them: "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye," Acts 7, 51. By resisting the preaching of God's Word they resisted the Holy Ghost, and hindered His work in their hearts, and did not come to faith; for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," Rom. 10, 17.

May we, therefore, be diligent in the hearing of God's Word. The Word is the bearer of the Holy Spirit, and therefore the Word of the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." That Word

is never without the Spirit, and the Spirit never comes to us without the Word.

May we also be diligent in bringing the Word of God to those that are still sitting in the darkness and misery of sin. The Word is the only means by which the Holy Spirit is brought to them to give them light and life and salvation. "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent? As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!" Rom. 10, 14, 15.

## The Love of God.

God manifests His loving kindness in a degree beyond all measure. What He gives He gives not as something merited, or because it is His duty to give it, but simply, as the "golden text," John 3, 16, says, through love. He is a giver who begrudges not His gifts, but delights in bestowing them; He gives on account of endless, Divine love, as Christ says: "For God so loved the world."

There is no virtue so glorious as love. What we dearly love we are ready to defend and protect at the risk of our life. Patience, chastity, temperance, etc., are also praiseworthy virtues, but can not be compared with love; she is queen over them all, and comprehends them all. Surely if one is pious and righteous, he will not defraud or injure his brother, but will assist him in everything; but if we love a person, we are ever ready to devote ourselves entirely to his welfare and to assist him, according as he has need, with our counsel and our possessions. Thus, as Christ declares in our golden text, does God also do toward us. He gives us blessings beyond measure, not because He is patient or because we are righteous and deserve it, but through love, the greatest of all virtues. In view of this fact our hearts should awake, all our sadness should vanish, for we see before us the inexhaustible love of the Divine heart, which we ought to cherish in true faith as the greatest of all gifts, knowing that God is the



highest and most glorious giver of blessings unto us, and that they all proceed from the greatest of all virtues.

The fact that anything is given from true love makes the gift itself greater and more precious. If therefore we are convinced that love prompts the bestowal of any gift, we are well pleased; but when we doubt the existence of this motive in the giver, we care but little for his gift. But the words are plain: God so loved the world. Therefore we ought to value highly, on account of His love, all His gifts, especially those which He has ordained to our salvation and the strengthening of our faith, as His Word, Holy Baptism, and the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. These gifts appear not brilliant before the world, yet unto us they are heaven itself, and make us glad and cheerful because they flow from the love of our Father toward us and are instituted for our benefit. Therefore Christ in this connection not only teaches us that God will give us something, but also in what manner He will do this, namely, through Divine, fatherly love. DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

### Uncle Bob's Letter.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

All of you love Jesus; and, of course, it's taken for granted that anything pertaining to His kingdom will certainly interest you all. To-day Uncle Bob wants to tell you something about Mount Zion, our oldest station in New Orleans. Sit down, then, my dear children, and listen.

Mount Zion is situated on Franklin Ave., which is nearly 100 feet wide. An electric line of cars passes by our doors. Before long, this wide avenue will be paved, and then we shall have one of the finest streets in town. When Mount Zion moved out this way, no one anticipated these modern improvements; for that was more than a dozen years ago, and New Orleans was "Sleepy Hollow" then. Once you got out of the business portion, you could only see mud streets, and Franklin Ave. is one of them yet, but not for long. So you see, we are in a desirable neighborhood. All about us thousands of colored families are living. But for all that, we have failed lately a good deal in our work among the colored people. Of course, you can not help asking why. Uncle Bob anticipated the question, and for that reason will explain the whole matter; then you all will see what is wanted.

Well, as I was going to say, we bought our present church property when you all were babies, and such sweet ones, too. It was then already 40 or more years old; and if you will add 13 years more to that, you will have its present age pretty correctly. It is a pretty big building, and looks just like an ark. But that would be all right, only Uncle Bob fears it's going to tumble down one of these days and kill somebody; then there's going to be

a heap of trouble. Now, as all of you can't come down yourselves to see how rickety-crickety our ark is, Uncle Bob will tell you.

In the first place, there's no more paint on Mount Zion church, and it looks like a great big ugly bugaboo. Now there, I knew Johnny would whisper to Jennie and say: "Uncle Bob ought to have it painted, surely; and if every one of us Lutheran school-children would bring a cent a-piece, it could be done, and more." But, Johnny, I tell you that paint would fall when the building dropped. See here! Our dear Pastor and Uncle Bob got a crow-bar last Friday, and pried the weatherboarding open for about 30 feet along the sills—those are the thick timbers on which the building rests. I tell you, children, if the Lord wasn't holding up that building by the gable-ends all this while, it surely would be in a big heap now. I guess He wanted us to pry open the side of it, so we could see something must be done. The sills were partly gone, and what was left was nothing else than a line of dust and splinters. The inside of the church is as bad as the outside. The plaster is coming down all over. There are some bare patches as big as your kitchen-table. When it rains, it comes through the roof in a stream. That's the time Uncle Bob gets put out, for he can't get to the blackboard during arithmetic lesson. There's another spot where an old rat ate its way through the rotten floor. I've seen that rat during school-hours and services. One little mouse comes out regularly, and runs underneath the organ. Now, I'm not telling you this for fun, but to show you that the whole place is rotten, and unfit for church purposes.

In the last years, many children staid away from school for various reasons. You know what I believe? Your parents would have kept you also on the safe side of that old building if they were in our places. Really, it is the shabbiest building in our neighborhood!

Some time ago, we started to save up for a new church, and though we are poor, yet we managed to get several hundred dollars together; but that's not enough to build a church. Can't you help us? All of you, Uncle Bob would suggest, might talk this matter over during recess, and see if you can't agree to save your coppers for the next few months. Turn them over to your teachers, and they will send all contributions to the Mission Board. Now, dear nephews and nieces, that's Uncle Bob's story.

One more thing. Remember the Colored Mission and its laborers in your prayers. Ask God to bless it and us, and to make you all willing to sacrifice a little for Jesus' sake.

It's growing late, and all the little ones must be off to bed. So Good-night to you all.

With love,

Your affectionate uncle,

BOB.

New Orleans, La., May 6, '95.

### The Fourth Commandment.

An old school-master said one day to the parish pastor who had come to examine his school: "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? That is the question," said the pastor, and thereupon began the examination of the children.

A little boy had repeated the commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

"Please explain that," said the pastor.

Instead of trying to do so, the little fellow said almost in a whisper: "Yesterday I showed some strange gentleman over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, the gentleman saw them bleeding, and gave me some money to buy shoes with. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

Did the little boy understand the meaning of the commandment, and did he practice its teachings?

### The Broken Pitcher.

A man of violent temper was often and easily overtaken by passion. He repented every time he had been angry, but afterwards always found himself guilty of the same offense. He came to this conclusion: "It is not good to live in this wicked world. I would surely be patient, if the people would be peaceable. I better go into the forest and become a hermit. When I am not obliged to see, hear, or suffer any wrong, I will not be angry, but enjoy perfect peace."

He retired from the world, went into the deepest solitude, selected a place where a spring was flowing over a rock, and commenced building himself a hut. By working, the hermit soon became heated. He took the pitcher and placed it under the water. It fell over. He set it up, and waited until it was nearly full, when the pitcher again fell over. Now his violent nature again became excited. He grasps the pitcher and pushes it against the stones, saying: "Will you stand now!" The pitcher broke to pieces, and only the handle was left in his hand.

He now regained his self-possession, was struck with terror, and said to himself: "O what a fool I am! I thought wrath came into myself, but now I see that it comes out of myself. Self-possession and patience are necessary everywhere, whether I be alone, or live among my fellow-men. I will no longer be a hermit, but return to my brethren. Possibly they will give me good advice, and help me to overcome myself."—*From the German.*

"CHRIST is God's way home for the lost child." Jesus said unto him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."



**The Colored Man's Cent.**

A young man, while preparing for the ministry, was in the habit of visiting the Almshouse of Montgomery County, Pa., to hold religious services. On one occasion, about two years ago, this young man before leaving the room stepped down to speak with those present. In the back of the room was a colored man, who was old and feeble. As the young man took his hand, the poor colored man offered him one cent, with these words: "Here is something for the Lord. It isn't much, but I feel that I ought to give something. I had a good deal better give it to the Lord than spend it for other things." The young man took the cent, but did not know what to do with it, the amount seemed so very small.

When the young man reached home, he put this one cent in an envelope and marked it, "For the Lord; given by an inmate of the Montgomery County, Pa., Almshouse." He kept this over two years, until one day his eyes fell on the envelope with the one cent in it. He knelt down and asked the Lord that He would take it and use it for His glory. On rising from prayer, he inclosed the envelope in another one, directed to the Secretary of Foreign Missions, little dreaming what the result would in due time be.

The Secretary told the story of that one cent and had it printed, and the little seed corn soon grew until it reached the sum of \$679.88.

When the answers first began to come in, the Secretary thought if he would get but \$60, he would be able to support for one year a student preparing for mission work; but as the sum increased, he began to hope that he would be able to give one young man a full course of three years.

But the story continued to produce fruit, and the Secretary's views continued to change. Now, instead of hoping to be able to give one young man one year's instruction in the seminary, he feels sure that the fund will reach \$1000, which will be sufficient to keep a student continuously in his course of study. As one completes his course, another will take his place, and so on.

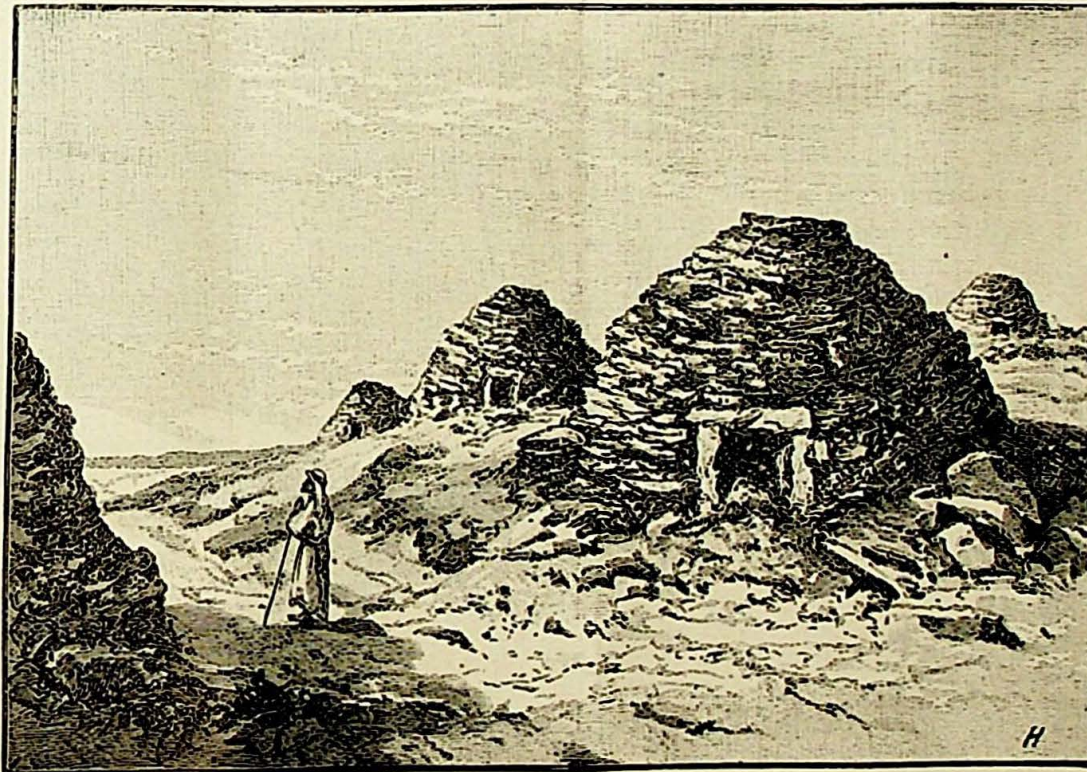
By this story the readers of the PIONEER may again be reminded of the fact that Christ does not despise the offerings of the poor.

He can make them the occasion of blessing and large helpfulness to His mission cause.

"Only a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.

"Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It may help some cause to live.

"God loveth the cheerful giver,  
Though the gift be poor and small  
What does He think of His children  
When they never give at all?"



NATIVE STONE HOUSES IN PALESTINE.

tion arose, "May not those words have been written just for me?" She began then earnestly to read the New Testament; her eyes were opened, and she learned to know and love her Saviour.

Years passed. The little girl had meanwhile grown up and thought no more of the New Testament which she had sent once upon a time to the heathen. But her love for missions had grown up with her, and it was with joy that she went to India. There she entered one day the house of a Hindu Christian lady. In the course of conversation the Hindu lady showed her visitor a book, a New Testament, and told how she, a Hindu-heathen, had been by its means brought to Jesus her Saviour. You may imagine the joyful astonishment of

the lady missionary when she recognized in the book the same New Testament on whose fly-leaf she had many years ago, as a little girl, written those words which had served to show the poor Hindu lady the way to Jesus. Together they knelt down, praised God's wonderful ways, and thanked Him who had drawn them both to Himself.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

**The Story of a Bell.**

At the beginning of the last century the only church bell at Gross-laswitz, Germany, was

**The Story of a New Testament.**

A little girl expressed to her parents one day a wish that they would give her two New Testaments. To the question of her parents why it must be two New Testaments the child replied that one was for herself and the other to send to the heathen.

She was given the two volumes, and in one of them she wrote: "A little girl who loves the Lord Jesus wishes with all her heart that whoever reads this should also love and believe on Him." This New Testament went to India, and found its way to a station in the interior. A Hindu lady obtained it. She could read, but was unable to write; and as she longed to be able to write, her attention was immediately drawn to the inscription on the fly-leaf. The large and distinct characters of the child's hand-writing attracted her so much that she tried to imitate them again and again. Gradually the sense of the words made an impression upon her, and the ques-

so small that its tones were not sufficient to penetrate to the ends of the village. A second bell was badly wanted; but the village was poor, and where was the money to come from?

One Sunday, when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hayn, was going to church, he noticed, growing out of the churchyard wall, a flourishing green stalk of corn, the seed of which must have been dropped by a passing bird. The idea suddenly struck him that perhaps this one stalk of corn could be made the means of procuring the second bell they wanted so much. He waited till the corn was ripe, and then he plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced, and sowed it again, till at last he had not enough room in his garden for the crop; and so he divided it among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing the ears until, in the eighth year, the crop was so large that, when it was sold, they found that they had money enough to buy a beautiful bell.



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

—THE contributions of 418 Sunday schools in the General Synod for Foreign Missions in February was \$5,224.04, and from 623 schools the Easter offerings for Church Extension is already \$11,032.92, with one hundred schools to hear from. The total collections for foreign missions, Church Extension and orphans in these schools for the past five years have been more than ninety-seven thousand dollars. The home mission offerings for the same schools for the same period would probably aggregate \$30,000 more.

—As we read the above item in one of our exchanges, we were reminded of the thousands of children that attend the parochial and Sunday schools of the Synodical Conference. That they are willing to give when the need of our mission is presented to them has been recently proved by their contributions for our mission schools in North Carolina. Should not pastors and teachers oftener interest our children in our mission work and give them an opportunity to aid the cause by their contributions? It would be a valuable education for the children's after life.

—READ "Uncle Bob's Letter" on our second page and remember that every little helps.

"Only a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.

"Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the dollars,  
It may help some cause to live."

—SUNDAY after Easter four children and one adult were confirmed at Bethlehem Chapel in New Orleans. The teachers, assisted by the sexton and several young people, had beautifully decorated the house of worship with plants and a profusion of flowers. The children sang a lovely selection from a Cantata, entitled "Ruth."—Another class, composed of adults, is being prepared for membership.

—"JINED THE S'CIETY."—An old colored preacher was asked, the other day, how his church was getting on, and his answer was: "Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder." When asked the trouble, he replied: "De 'cieties, de 'cieties. Dey is just drawing all the fatness and marrow outen the body and bone of the blessed Lord's body. We can't do nuffin without the 'ciety. Dar is de Lincum 'Ciety, wid Sister Jones an' Brudder Brown to run it. Sister Williams mus' march right in front of de Daughters of Rebecca. Den dar is de Dovecases, the Marthas, de Daughters of Ham and de Liberian Ladies." "Well, you have your brethren to help in church," was suggested. "No sah. Dar am the Masons, de Odd Fellows, de Sons of Ham, and de Oklahoma Promis' Land Pilgrims. Why, brudder, by the time de brudders an' sisters pay all the dues, an' 'tend all de meetings, dere is nuffin left for Mount Pisgah Church but jist de cob.

De corn has all been shelled off and frowed to de speckled chickens."

—GREAT commotion has been caused in some religious circles in England by the discovery that a well known firm of metal workers at Birmingham has accepted orders for the manufacture of idols destined to be worshiped in the temples of India. Manufacturers in Birmingham have supplied India with idols for more than fifty years, as all visitors and residents in that country have known; and the discovery in England seems rather late.

—MR. HUDSON TAYLOR, the founder of the Chinese Inland Mission, and one of the greatest living authorities on all Chinese matters, says: "To our mind, nothing is more clear than that the Chinese had both the right, the power and the will to stamp out the use of opium in China at the time when they first came in collision with England. We feel convinced that but for England they would have accomplished this; and hence we feel that England is morally responsible for every ounce of opium now produced in China as well as for that imported."

—It is said that in Japan one seldom or never hears curses or oaths, or anything like that form of profanity. A missionary who tries to explain the teachings of the Scriptures against cursing and swearing has sometimes found it hard to make the natives understand just what he means. The Japanese are not in the habit of committing this sin, and the question they naturally ask is, "Why should any one want to be so profane?" Sure enough! What is the use of it? The person who swears gets no good from it. The man at whom he swears is not hurt by it. To say the least, it is absolutely useless. Alas! that any one in a Christian land should be guilty of the sin!

—It is stated there is now at La Rochelle, France, an old man, Jules Zostot, who possesses a marvelous memory. He knows by heart all the verses in the Bible. You can ask him at random any of these verses; no matter if it begins a sentence or is a continuation of the preceding verse, he will recite the lines.

—THE Agent of the American Bible Society in Japan reports that in his visits among the soldiers in the hospitals he finds not only Japanese but also Chinese. These Chinese come from widely different parts of the empire, and they are much impressed by the practical demonstration of the blessings which flow from Christianity. On asking a Chinese colonel at Hiroshima, what he thought of Christianity, and if he understood the significance of the red cross that was on the sleeve of every patient, the colonel replied that he knew that it was the teachings of Christ that made people kind to their enemies.

—SOME of our well-to-do church members think that 50 cents or a dollar is a large contribution to give to missions. Compare what Mr. Baynes, the Secretary of an English Missionary Society, said in his annual address:

While sitting in my office last week, the door opened and a very rough-looking man entered and laid down on my table £20 (\$100) with the words: "Mr. Baynes, I have saved this for the Congo Mission, enter it as before, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' You know who I am. I came here last year: I'm a London scavenger." I did remember him, for he brought £20 last year for missions! Only a few days ago a young woman brought me £20, saying she was sorry she could not give more. She was a domestic servant and had to support her mother, and it had taken her two years to save this amount.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

CONCORDIA PASTIME LIBRARY. Vol. II. Adrift on the Sea.—Daddy Darwin's Dovecot. Price 25 cts.

CONCORDIA PASTIME LIBRARY. Vol. III. Three English Seamen.—Capt. William Kid. Price 25 cts. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo.

Those that have read the first volume of the Concordia Pastime Library will be glad to hear that two other volumes have already appeared. The stories published in this "Library" are all carefully revised and can be recommended for the home and the Sunday school library.

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

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

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Singing School at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.  
F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

#### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalla Strs.  
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.  
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.  
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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No. 7.

## The Missionaries.

Blest are ye, ye chosen bearers  
Of God's Word to lands afar.  
Bidding all men to be sharers  
Of the joyful news ye bear.  
Onward, onward, boldly pressing  
Through the howling desert speed,  
God will crown your work with blessing,  
And give increase to the seed.

High your Saviour's banner waving,  
Tell it forth, intrepid band,  
That His name alone is saving,  
That all power is in His hand.  
Be to all the world a witness  
Of the everlasting Word,  
Teaching all to taste its sweetness,  
And confess that He is Lord.

Arm, ye soldiers, though your weapons  
Be not spears or glittering swords,  
Press on still, though danger threatens,  
For the whole earth is the Lord's.  
He who sent you will defend you,  
And your King and Shepherd be,  
Though like sheep 'mid wolves He send you  
Ye shall wander glad and free.

Love it was for one another  
Which first moved and urged you on,  
That to tell to your poor brother  
Which the Lord for him hath done.  
Therefore seek ye neither pleasure,  
Honor, wealth, nor earthly good,  
No! ye bear a nobler treasure,  
Peace through Jesus' precious blood.

Bear all hardships unrepining,  
Scoffed at, answer not a word;  
Heathen lands shall soon be shining  
With the glory of the Lord.  
Blest are ye, brave standard-bearers,  
Witnesses for Christ to men,  
Ye shall in His joy be sharers,  
When your Lord shall come again.

After all their tribulations,  
Thousands shall Hosanna sing,  
And the heavens with acclamations  
To their God and Saviour ring.  
Thousands then shall hail the teachers  
Who first brought them to the Lord;  
Then shall be, ye faithful preachers,  
Your bright crown and sweet reward.

*From the German.*

"A FAITHFUL trial of God's Word will always prove that He is behind it."

## Peace in Death.

The unbeliever has no peace in death. To him death is the entrance into everlasting damnation. "The wages of sin is death." Therefore he that has not forgiveness of sin must fear death as the terrible enemy that will lead him to everlasting punishment. He has no peace in death.

The believer has peace through faith in the Saviour, who has redeemed us from sin and death and hell. He knows his sins are forgiven and has no fear of death. That terrible enemy is turned into a friend. Death is the door-keeper that opens to let him into his Father's house.

Many have enjoyed this peace in Christ at the time of death. They left this world filled with a sure hope and happy in mind. A missionary, who has stood by many a dying-bed, mentions the following instances from the mission field.

There was a Brahmin in India. His name was Koliass Chondro Mookerjea. He accepted Christ while attending the mission school. At the age of twenty-four he was attacked by a fatal sickness. When he knew he must soon die, he was filled with hope and joy, and said, "I have peace. My sickness will be over soon. I am altogether glad." A friend asked him, "How is it you enjoy such peace?" and he replied, "I have a Saviour and I know for certain he will give me a place at His feet." This was the root of his peace: he knew that Jesus was his Saviour and that the blood of Jesus had removed his sins.

Dorshi, another believer, said at death, "How far I wandered for happiness! At last Jesus found me; and, leaving all, I took refuge in Him." One of the first Christians in Bengal said, when dying, "Life is good; but death is better. I have peace in my Lord Jesus Christ." Another, named Nondo Kishor, said, "I do not fear because I am dying. I am ready to die. I am a great sinner, but the blood of Jesus has washed my sins away. Peace reigns in my heart. Jesus died for me."

There was another, named Krishna Das, who said, "I am well. I am going to my Father's house. Blessed be the Lord Jesus

Christ, the Saviour of sinners! Blessed is He!" The first Bengali Christian was asked on his death-bed, "Do you love the Lord?" He answered, "Yes, but He loves me far more than I can love Him."

Sorjat Ali was born a Mahomedan. He became a believer in 1824 and departed to the other world in 1865. He served the Lord faithfully all these years. Hindus, Mussulmans, and Christians all respected him. His last words were, "The door of heaven has opened to receive me."

"On whom is your hope?" asked the missionary of an old woman, and she replied, "I am a great sinner; but the Lord Jesus is my hope." Afterwards she said to her son, "Why do you grieve for me? I have no grief. Look to Christ. Did He not suffer for us?"

Simon, an orphan seven years of age, died. The missionary said, "Simon, are you afraid?" and he answered, "No, I am going home. What is there to fear?" "Where is your home?" was asked. Lifting his hand, he said, "Look, there is my Father's house!" "Are you a sinner?" "Yes," he replied, "I know I am; but my Father sent His only Son to die for sinners. He is calling me. What have I to fear?"

Joanna was an orphan girl, five years old. She died happy, saying, "Jesus has saved me!" Hemangini was another, and on her dying-bed she said, "Victory! Victory to the name of Jesus! All of you say it—Victory to the name of Jesus!"

## Wages and Gift.

The meaning of the word "wages" is well understood. It is that which a man receives in payment for services rendered another. Of course, he has a perfect right to it, and can claim it as being *earned*: "THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH." A free gift is the very reverse of "wages," for it is something provided by the kindness and liberality of another. It is not earned, and can not be claimed upon the ground of having been earned. It is *free*, costing us nothing. Ours it will be, upon acceptance. "THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD."—



### Dedication of the New Evang. Lutheran Mount Zion School.

The 12th of May was a day of joy for the Lutherans in New Orleans; especially, however, for the Ev. Luth. Mount Zion Congregation, as was evident from the large number that had come together that afternoon on the Mount Zion church premises. And, indeed, there was ample cause for joy, for a new school house, in which the children shall be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, was consecrated to the Lord. For 12 years the Mount Zion school had found a shelter and home in the old church building, on the corner of Franklin and Thalia Sts. When in November, 1882, it removed from the uninhabitable "Old Sailors' Home," it was expected that ere long a building suitable for school purposes would be built; but years rolled by before the school received its own house. And perhaps even now this step had not been taken, inconvenient and unsuitable as the old church is for school purposes, had not the building itself necessitated the change. That the change was necessary will be readily seen from the following description of the old church, taken from the June number of the "Ev. Luth. Blätter": "It

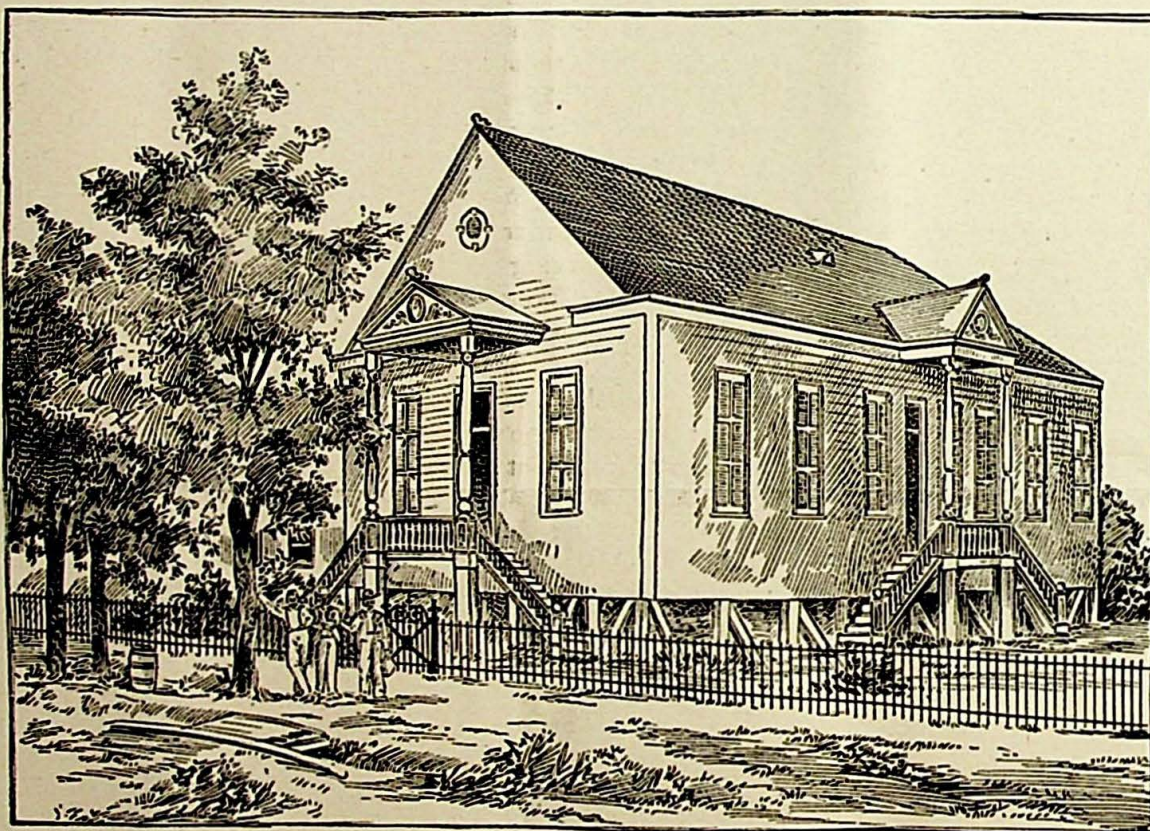
is plainly visible that the building is suffering from old age, and is rapidly decaying and becoming uninhabitable. Doors and windows are no longer the only openings it has, and hence the inmates are very much exposed to the inclemencies of the weather. In fact, it is getting more dangerous from day to day to occupy the old church, and ere long it will no more be serviceable as a house of worship; certainly not in its present condition."

This proves, how greatly new buildings are needed for church and school. Hence the great joy, when a beginning was made in the building of a new school house, which was appropriately dedicated in the presence of about 400 people on the afternoon of May 12th. The dedication celebration was opened with a farewell service in the old church in which the undersigned spoke a few words to the assembly. After singing: "Let our going out be blest," and after the march to the new building, the doors were opened in

the name of God the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Then all entered the building, the ministers taking the lead, being followed by the Sunday School children, and these again by the members and guests. Of the guests special mention must be made of the choir of Rev. Craemer's congregation, which greatly beautified the service in singing a selection from "Daniel" under the direction of Mr. Reisig. Rev. Franke, pastor of the first Ev. Luth. Congregation at New Orleans, and Rev. Lanckenau, formerly missionary at this congregation, now at the St. Paul's congregation, delivered suitable addresses, which were listened to with eager attention as was very manifest; even the children did not become restless. Undoubtedly every one pres-

a requisite for every school. The beautiful appearance of the building must be credited to the architect, Mr. Rishow, teacher at the Bethlehem station, and to the painters who employed all their taste and skill to make it look neat. And they have grandly succeeded as is apparent from the many favorable remarks made in reference to the building.

May God's rich blessing rest upon teachers and scholars! May the school prosper and prove a source of inestimable blessing to the church, to our glorious nation, and to many homes! May the new school be soon followed by a new church building! Let us show that we mean what we pray, when we offer up the petition: "Thy kingdom come!" Then the PIONEER will soon be able to give an account of the dedication of the new Mount Zion church. E. W. K.



The Lutheran Mount Zion School at New Orleans, La.

ent went home fully convinced that we Lutherans must establish and maintain parochial or church schools, if we have any love whatever for our church, for our children, and for our country. Besides the hymns sung by the congregations, the Sunday School scholars lifted up their voices to the honor of God and the delight of those present in two beautiful, well practiced songs.

A collection was, of course, not forgotten, which, though not small, could easily have been larger, had not so many nickels been put into the baskets. When it comes to a dedication service, better proofs of our thankfulness ought to be given.

The schoolhouse is a frame building 70 ft. long and 32 ft. wide, divided into two rooms of equal size by a movable partition. It is one story, elevated 6 ft. from the ground, giving the children protection from the scorching sun and the heavy rains of the South. Each room has two exits and ample light and air,

be in the "savings bank." So I did not wish to withhold from them an other opportunity to help the Kingdom of God to come. And glad I am that I didn't. When they heard the sad story of the boys and girls in New Orleans, I could see how many a one counted over in his or her mind the contents of the bank, and when next morning came, it was a treat to see them marching to the mission box, listening to the clatter of the falling coppers and nickels, faces as bright as the shining morning, walking as briskly as if they came from a rare pleasure. One little girl, too small to reach up to the box, had the tears come rushing into her eyes until I lifted her up to the desired height. And when a committee counted the collection, there was \$1.75 in the box. May God bless this, although small sum, that it may grow to an amount sufficient to erect a substantial building at New Orleans. This is the sincere wish of a

TEACHER.

### Letter from a Teacher.

DEAR PIONEER:—

When I saw Uncle Bob's letter in your June issue, my mind was at once made up that my school should know of the destitute condition of the colored children's school at New Orleans. When some months ago an appeal was made to our school children to help the Carolina colored children to get a school, my class was only too eager to bring what little there might



### † Mary Elizabeth Williams. †

Our mission church at Springfield, Ill., suffered a great loss in the death of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Williams, who was born in November, 1851, was confirmed at our mission by Prof. H. Wyneken in March, 1888, and departed this life on June 4th, 1895.

Mrs. Williams may be called the pioneer of our mission at Springfield. When Prof. Wyneken began to preach to the colored people of that city, she, with her son, was the first that attended the Lutheran services, and from that time on she was a regular attendant at church and Sunday school. She gained an excellent knowledge of God's Word, and often professed her joy and her thankfulness to God for leading her through the mission of the Lutheran church into the way of salvation. She knew why she was a Lutheran, and her devotion to her church was as intelligent as it was sincere and strong. The joy that filled her heart moved her to bring others to share with her the same blessing. She was, therefore, an earnest and zealous laborer in our mission at Springfield. It was her delight to serve the Lord and His kingdom. No wonder the members of the mission church, when hearing of the departure, said, "The soul of our mission is gone."

During her long sickness of six months she showed great patience and rejoiced in the assurance that she would soon be with the Saviour, in whom she so firmly believed. Her death was happy and peaceful, and marks another triumph of the Gospel in our mission field.

An unusually large number of friends was present at the funeral to testify to the high esteem in which they held her and to mourn and sympathize with the bereaved. Prof. Herzer preached on Rev. 14, 13: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Prof. Wyneken spoke on Rev. 7, 13, 14: "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

May God comfort the bereaved and grant us all a happy and peaceful death through faith in our Saviour Jesus Christ.

### Picnic of our Mission Schools at New Orleans.

As there are so many school picnics taking place now, it will probably interest the readers of the PIONEER to hear of one held by our mission schools in New Orleans.

All the children of the Bethlehem and Mount

Zion schools looked forward with great joy to the 24th day of May, because on this day their joint picnic was to take place. They could hardly wait until the appointed time came. But oh! their joy was turned into sorrow. For when they awoke on the morning of the 24th, they heard the rain pouring down in torrents, and when they looked out they saw to their sore disappointment that all the streets were flooded. It was plain they could not go to the picnic in such weather. Now what was to be done? Everything was prepared. The lunch was ready and the cars were ordered to be there at the appointed time. [For those who have never been in New Orleans we might say that they can have no idea how it looks here after a hard rain. The water gets all over the streets and sidewalks, so that it is impossible for any one to step out of the yard without wading in water.] However, our little folks' sorrow was only of short duration, for the picnic was postponed until the following Monday. Now all had the pleasure of being glad for the event once more. Monday promised to be a fair day, and the children came flocking to their respective school houses from all directions. Promptly at 8.30 o'clock we formed in line in the school yard and marched to Franklin Ave., where we boarded three electric cars which took us up to Audubon park. The weather continued fair, and the day was spent in swinging, playing games, and romping about in the woods. There was also plenty of lemonade to refresh both old and young. At 6 o'clock in the evening we marched back to the cars, and all went home happy, and felt that they had enjoyed themselves for one day to their hearts' content.

B. N.

### Song of Praise in the Night.

Once I sat at the deathbed of a man eighty years old. He was poor, aye, very poor. When well, he had earned his bread as a carpenter; now he was old and sick. As long as he could see, he had diligently searched the Scriptures, but now he was blind and could not read. As long as he could walk, despite his blindness, he would come to church, led by his grandson. Once, when climbing a mountain on his way to church, he fell, broke his leg, and could no longer leave his bed. I often sat at his bedside, but never heard one word of complaint pass his lips. Peace, deep peace, shone forth from the countenance of this venerable man. His highest joy was to speak of the mysteries of God's love. Once he said to me: "In summer, when wheat ripens and harvest time is near, the blades begin to die from below; they bleach, and finally the grains ripen. Thus it is with me. I am gradually dying from below; by-and-by my heart, too, when ripe, will die, and I shall be translated into the garden of God." When death really was approaching, I asked him what text I should choose for his funeral sermon. He

sat up in bed, turned his eyes toward me, and said with a loud voice: "My funeral text you will find recorded in the prophet Micah, where it reads thus: 'When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.'" This was a song of praise in the night I have never forgotten. — E. Frommel.

### The Witness of Conscience.

A number of men were sitting in a hotel together one evening, when the light was accidentally extinguished. During the absence of the servant, while in another room lighting the same, one of the guests in the darkness was secretly stabbed. On the day following the remaining guests were all summoned before the Magistrate. Each declared himself innocent, and none could give evidence against the other because the crime had been committed in the dark and so quietly. The judge, unable to secure any evidence, thereupon said: If justice can not discover this murderer, conscience shall do it; unbutton your coats, and make bare your breasts in order that I may there obtain testimony. This having been done the judge passed from one individual to the other, first looking carefully at the pulsations of his heart, and then squarely in the eye, until he came to one who most earnestly and emphatically declared his innocence. In him he observed restlessness and a rapid beating of the heart, and said to him: "Your conscience betrays you, you are the murderer." "I am," said the man, "do with me what my crime merits."

### A Tighter Clasp.

A little child was passing along a quiet street, clinging with one hand to the mother's dress; but when crossing one of the busiest thoroughfares, I saw the little hand quickly letting go the dress, and seeking a hold of its mother's hand, which when it got it felt safe and content. So it is with us. When pursuing the even tenor of our way, and all goes on quietly and comfortably with us, we are satisfied with the most casual and outward contact with Christ; but when we have to cross the terrible thoroughfares of life, when we are brought face to face with the dangers and distractions of sickness, or bereavement, or sorrow, then we instinctively reach up to clasp the living and loving hand; we long to see the pitying face, and to hear the old familiar voice, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer: it is I, be not afraid." — Selected.

"To prevent the intrusion of evil thoughts, let us always take care to be usefully employed; since idleness is the soil in which Satan sows his tares with liberal hand."

No man has a right to do what he pleases unless he pleases to do what is right.



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

—FROM the Rev. W. P. Phifer, one of our missionaries in North Carolina, we have received a beautiful photograph of our Colored Mission School at Charlotte, N. C. Our little PIONEER was very glad to see the happy faces of our mission scholars and sends his heartfelt thanks for the kind remembrance.

—OUR missionary at Meherrin, Va., reports the mission station to be in a prosperous condition. Besides Meherrin he serves two stations, preaching regularly and also teaching the children as much as his time will allow. At Pleasant Grove, one of the preaching stations, the attendance at services has increased from 15 to 40. At both stations buildings are greatly needed. \$150 would defray all the expenses, since the people, under the leadership of their efficient missionary, are willing to do all the work needed for the erection of the buildings. Here is an opportunity for some of our wealthy members to write a check and send it to our mission treasurer.

—OUR Bethlehem mission congregation at New Orleans, Rev. A. Burgdorf, missionary, numbers 143 souls and 59 communicants. The Sunday services are attended by 96 persons, the Sunday school by 112, and the day school by 175 pupils. The missionary is preparing 4 adults for confirmation. We are sorry to learn that our missionary has not quite recovered from his recent sickness. May God soon restore him to health and grant him strength to continue his hard labor in the mission field.

—OUR St. Paul mission station at New Orleans, Rev. F. J. Lankenau, missionary, has an attendance of 95 in the Sunday school. The Sunday services are attended by 75 adults and 52 children, the week day services by 58 persons. During the past month 2 adults and 2 children were baptized, one adult and 5 children were confirmed, and 58 went to communion.

—AT Concord, N. C., our dear missionary, Rev. N. J. Bakke, rejoices with his people over the completion of the beautiful new school building erected by the contributions of the pupils of our parochial schools.

—WE are glad to learn that Rev. F. H. Meyer, our former missionary at Springfield, Ill., has fully recovered from his recent sickness. He will enter our mission field in North Carolina, whilst our mission church at Springfield will be served by Prof. Herzer with the assistance of some of the students of our Seminary.

—IN a Mission Congregation of colored people, on the Island of Jamaica, a collection was to be taken. In the congregational meeting, called for this purpose, the following resolutions were adopted: 1. We will all give. 2. We will give according to the measure with which the Lord has blessed us. 3. We will give cheerfully. Then the collection began, and in this wise: Every member stepped up to the

altar and placed his gift on the table at which sat the chairman. One of the wealthiest members tarried so long that it became painfully noticeable. When finally he had stepped forth and laid his gift down, the presiding brother remarked: "That agrees with the first resolution, but not with the second." The member took his gift again and returned to his place. Soon his conscience urged him to step forth again and lay down the double amount. He did it with an angry: "Take that!" The chairman looked at him with a grave mien and said: "My brother, that may agree with the 1st and 2d resolution, but not with the 3d." The member halted, suffered, however, the correction and returned with his gift to his place. Soon he came back again with a still greater gift and a cheerful smile on his face. Then the chairman extended his hand and said: "That agrees with all the resolutions."

—WE read with pleasure that a new language has just been added to the British and Foreign Bible Society's long list, bringing up the total number to over 320. This time, as in some other recent instances, the new version is for Africa. It is a translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Kisukuma, the language of the Basukuma people, whose country lies immediately south of Lake Victoria Nyanza. When the Bible Society was founded, in 1804, there was no living version of the Scriptures in any African language. There are now on the Society's list between sixty and seventy.

—FROM London we hear that a certain man whose income is \$10,000, gives \$9,000 a year to missions; another having a like revenue gives \$8,800 a year. A lady with an income of \$500 gives half of it. Another, who works in a factory, is supporting a student.

—AT a recent conference in Madagascar of the missionaries and native pastors of the Norwegian Lutheran Mission, the presiding missionary announced to the pastors that, owing to the society's need of money, all salaries must be lowered. This painful decision, and the necessity of cutting down the work, he added, often drove him to despair. Hereupon one of the native pastors rose, and reminded the missionary of the state of things at his arrival in Madagascar, twenty-seven years before. Then he had to make his way alone without helpers; and the indifference of the natives and the difficulties and hardships which he had to bear might well have driven him to despair. But he did the Lord's will in patience. And now the mission had two hundred and fifty native helpers, and about ten thousand converts. "Let us thank God for His mercies," said the native pastor in conclusion; "and if our salaries have to be reduced, we hope that the work will still go forward, for this work is laid upon us; we have chosen it out of full hearts. May the word of God have full course, and the Church of Madagascar soon be able to support itself."

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

LUTHERISCHES KINDER- UND JUGENDBLATT. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cents per year.

Our German Lutheran Child's paper has gained thousands of friends and has done good mission work among the children of our German Lutheran homes. It has now been enlarged to a monthly of sixteen pages and will continue its work, furnishing sound reading matter, not only to the children, but also to the young people of our church. May God continue to bless the work of the beautiful monthly in the enlarged field. Our pastors and teachers now have what they so long desired—a paper for the youth of our congregations. May thousands of new homes be opened to our "Lutherisches Kinder- und Jugendblatt."

ERZAEHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. 27. Baendchen. Ausgesoehnt. Eine Erzaehlung aus dem funfzehnten Jahrhundert. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cents.

A delightful and instructive story.

CONCORDIA COLLEGE ANNUAL. CONOVER, N. C., June, 1895.

This annual is not a mere Catalogue. It contains not only an account of the work done in the classes during the past school-year, but also the President's Closing Address and much interesting and valuable information in regard to this important Lutheran institution in North Carolina. We join the editors in their wish that the Annual may "meet with a warm reception from all, and prove the pioneer of many more to follow."

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

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

113 Annette Str., between Chalborne and Dirbigny.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Singing School at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.  
F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

##### EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalla Strs.  
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.  
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.  
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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No. 8.

## Let Down Your Nets.

Launch out into the deep  
The awful depth of a world's despair;  
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,  
Sorrow and ruin and death are there.  
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide  
Bears on its bosom — away,  
Beauty and youth, in relentless ruth  
To its dark abyss, for aye — for aye.  
But the Master's voice comes over the sea,  
"Lay down your nets for a draught" for Me!  
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn  
strand,  
And sweet and royal is His command.  
His pleading call is to each — to all;  
And whenever the royal call is heard,  
There hang the nets of the royal Word.  
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,  
Trust to the royal Master's will;  
Let down your nets each day, each hour,  
For the word of a king is a word of power,  
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,  
"Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!  
L. P.

## Rest in Jesus.

"I will give you rest," says Jesus. In Jesus there is rest for every sinner, and in Jesus only. He "is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Therefore "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," John 3, 36.

If the sinner is to have rest for his weary heart and his troubled conscience, he must have forgiveness of sin. In Jesus we have redemption through His blood; namely, the forgiveness of sins. Those that believe in Him have rest.

Rest in Jesus! Has your heart found it? If not, let me tell you, you do not realize what you are missing. It would give you a great deal of satisfaction to know that you had enough money to last you the rest of your life. You would consider it a great blessing if you enjoyed perfect health for the rest of your days. It would fill your soul with joy to know that you were respected and loved by all that know you. But rest in Jesus is a far greater possession than all these things put together. Nothing can be compared to it, and no one knows what real, true rest is until he possesses this rest in Jesus. It is always present, in

sickness and in health, in days of sorrow and in days of prosperity. If all your earthly possessions be swept away; if your health break down; even if the tongue of slander destroy your good name, and all the world turn against you — still that rest will remain and fill your soul with peace. It takes away all dread of the morrow; for those that have found rest in Jesus know that "all things work together for good." It takes away the fear of death, and makes death the entrance into everlasting rest in our Father's house. "We which have believed," says St. Paul, "do enter into rest."

What folly to seek for rest, and yet refuse to go to Jesus, in whom alone rest is to be found! What misery to go restless through this world and not to hear the Gospel, in which the Saviour gives rest to the troubled soul! What joy to aid in mission work, by which the Saviour's sweet invitation is brought to the restless: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

## Help the Missionaries.

The missionaries are doing our work. To all Christians the command is given: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." The missionaries that we send to make known the Gospel of salvation are our substitutes; they are doing our work. It is our duty to help them in their labor. How can we help them? We can help them by prayer. Prayer is the most important part of missionary work. Missionaries of themselves can do nothing. The work is of God, and from God the blessing must come. He must give the increase. He must give health, and strength, and patience to the laborers in the mission field. He must open the doors and the hearts and crown the labor of His servants with His blessing. By prayer, therefore, we help the missionaries.

If we earnestly pray for our missionaries, we shall also be liberal contributors to the mission work and thus help the missionaries by our gifts. We must not be like the man who prayed for a poor family in the neighbor-

hood, but never gave them anything from his well-filled barn. A praying Christian is also a paying Christian. Therefore, do not forget to help the missionaries by your prayer and by your contributions to the mission treasury.

## It Makes a Difference.

The popular adage is, "Oh, it makes no difference what a man believes, if he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned in Montgomery county last week by eating toadstools, which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died. Did it make no difference?

A man indorsed a note for a friend whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel, and left him to pay the debt. Did it make no difference?

A traveler takes the wrong train going north, sincerely believing it is the southern train. Will it make no difference? Will he bring up at the south all the same?

If a man sincerely believes a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will this sincere belief make it all right?

The truth is, the popular adage is a lie, and a very transparent one at that! If a man is sincere, he will take pains to know the truth. For where facts are concerned, all the thinking in the world will not change them. A toadstool remains a toadstool, whatever we may think about it. — *The Covenant.*

## In It, But Not of It.

One evening, in a parlor at a Summer watering place, the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part in the exercise. "Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother.

"No," was the reply.

"Why, how will she get on in the world?"

"I am not bringing her up for the world," was the quiet answer.

The young lady is now a woman, and the influence of her consecrated life is felt in many of the Christian interests of a great city.



(FOR THE LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

**Uncle Bob and Aunt Car'line have an Argument.**

*A. C.* Well, Uncle Bob, I think it's been a mighty handy sum of money to get from them.

*U. B.* From whom, Aunt Car'line?

*A. C.* From them Insurance people, Uncle Bob.

*U. B.* Now, there, Aunt Car'line, stop your harping on that Life Insurance business. You yourself know how many times you told their pestering agents that you and Uncle Bob didn't believe in Life Insurance, because it was wrong to be setting a price on one's life. I tell you no again! You may sell your eggs, your potatoes, your chickens, your clothes, and run your price up and down on them, but you can't sell your life. Now, since you can't sell it, so you can't put a price on it; and if you can't put a price on it, then you can't insure it.

*A. C.* Uncle Bob, don't be so fretful! You know old Mrs. Smith who keeps the little shop around the corner, don't you?

*U. B.* Yes, Aunt Car'line, what about her?

*A. C.* Well, they say she got over a hundred dollars when Jimmie died. And sure, Uncle Bob, it was a great help to the poor old lady, because she needed it, God knows. It paid Jimmie's funeral expenses and some other little incidentals; and what was over will serve her well, now that poor Jimmie is gone.

*U. B.* Aunt Car'line, can you figure?

*A. C.* Me? Now, Uncle Bob, have you forgotten it already?

*U. B.* What, Aunt Car'line?

*A. C.* That I was the smartest girl at figures when I was agoing to the old District School.

*U. B.* All right, then, Aunt Car'line. Supposing Jimmie's funeral expenses were—well, say \$40, that leaves the old woman \$60. Now, it was Jimmie's salary mostly that kept them agoing and what little the shop brought, leastways people said so. But Jimmie is gone now, and the shop alone won't do. What then, Aunt Car'line?

*A. C.* Well, can't she take a little of her Insurance money every month, say about \$5, Uncle Bob?

*U. B.* Of course, Aunt Car'line, and she will, too. But at the rate of \$5 a month, how long before it's all gone?

*A. C.* Ah, pshaw, you're too much astudy—that way, Uncle Bob.

*U. B.* I say, how long, Aunt Car'line?

*A. C.* To be sure, Uncle Bob, it's bound to be gone in a year, no more and no less.

*U. B.* What then, Aunt Car'line?

*A. C.* I don't know!

*U. B.* I tell you, Aunt Car'line, people who insure their lives have the dollar-religion.

*A. C.* How so, Uncle Bob?

*U. B.* Well, they're depriving the church of its dues, the poor and needy of their dues, the

school-children of their dues. These people are throwing their savings into the Insurance coffers, just for the sake of a few dollars. The church-contributions grow smaller, the sick and needy must want, and the children must go in rags and tatters to school, without books, slates, etc. Aunt Car'line, have you never learned that passage from Holy Writ which says, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding"? Do you think the good Lord is agoing to help you when you trust in Life Insurance? No, I say, never! You've got to cut loose from this business altogether, and be turned plumb around in mind and heart by the Spirit before you will do it, too. God promised you and me and all that the righteous man shall never want for anything, no, never; but nowadays people won't believe it. There was good old mother Andrews! When she was left alone with her eight little ones, what did she say? "God will help me to feed all these little mouths, surely." Aunt Car'line, did she join any Aid Society or Life Insurance in order to get money?

*A. C.* No, Uncle Bob, she did not.

*U. B.* Well, Aunt Car'line, how did she fare?

*A. C.* Uncle Bob, God took care of her and hers; indeed He did! True, two of her babies died, but she knew who was adoing it all. All her other ones grew up adoing right by their old mother—an honor to her, to themselves, and to the little church where all of them are still agoing.

*U. B.* Well, then, Aunt Car'line, what's the use of trusting in an Insurance-humbug?

*A. C.* Uncle Bob, me and you will stay out! Maybe we'll run a little short once in a while, but never out entirely.

*U. B.* No, Aunt Car'line, not as long as you and I can say with believing hearts, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

**How much Water?**

A colored preacher down South was annoyed by Baptist Proselyters, who worried his people with their notion that immersion is the only valid mode of baptism, and that every one who wanted to become a Christian or join the church must be dipped. This induced him to preach on the subject to instruct his people, and he made use of a very good illustration to show the fallacy of the immersionist notion, as follows:

"My brethren," said he, "if I were to sprinkle some water on the head of a person, but would not say any words while doing it, would that be baptism?" "No," was the answer from the congregation.

He asked again: "If I would dip a person under water once forward or once backward, but would not say any words with it, would that be baptism?" "No," was again the answer.

Again he asked: "If I were to dip a person under water three times forward, or three times backward, and say no words over it, would that be baptism?" "No," was again the answer.

He continued: "If I were to take a person into a river or creek or baptistery, and have him stand in the water up to his waist, and then pour or sprinkle a handful of water on his head, but say no words with it, would that be baptism?" "No," was again the answer.

"But if, in all these different ways of baptizing persons, I had said, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' would that have made it baptism?" "Yes," was the answer that came from the congregation.

"Well then," said he, "don't you see that baptism does not depend on the amount of water that is used, nor on the manner in which it is applied, but on the Word of God connected with the water? That makes it baptism, and it does not matter how it is performed, if the Word of God is properly used with it." — *Selected.*

**Child Life in Far-away Lands.**

I just know if you could see the cradle of a South American baby, you would think it the most cunning thing you ever saw. What do you think it is? Why, a palm leaf. A single leaf turned up at the edge holds the baby. This cradle is often hung up in a tree, and the wind rocks the baby to sleep.

An Eskimo baby is tucked up in his mother's hood. It is a warm place, and travelers say their chubby little faces look very good-natured and happy. When the child comes out of the hood, he is stuffed into a fawn-skin bag, and a string draws the garment together like a pudding bag.

Japanese babies are born with a profusion of jet black hair, but the hair is immediately shaven from their heads. Sometimes with girl babies tiny spots of hair are left just in front and down by the ears, and on the back of the head.

The costumes of the boys and girls in Japan are identical in style, but the boys wear dull, sober colors, while the girls are arrayed in all the hues of the rainbow. The Japanese boy takes as much delight in his pockets as any boy or girl in America. His pockets are his large, flowing sleeves, which are sewed up part way to admit of holding articles. The Japanese children have a way also of tucking things inside the belt or sash, which they always wear about the waist.

*Little Missionary.*

A LITTLE girl, gasping for her last mortal breath, said, "Father, take me." Her father, who sat weeping by her bed, lifted her into his lap. She smiled, thanked him, and said, "I spoke to my heavenly Father," and died.—



**Sunny People.**

There is, writes a pastor, a certain old lady, who lives in a little old house, with very little in it to make her comfortable. She is rather deaf and she can not see very well, either. Her hands and feet are all out of shape and full of pain because of her rheumatism. — But in spite of all this, you would find her full of sunshine, and as cheery as a robin in June, and it would do you good to see her. I found out one day what keeps her so cheerful.

“When I was a child,” she said, “my mother taught me every morning, before I got out of bed, to thank God for every good thing that I could think of that He had given me—for a comfortable bed; for each article of clothing; for my breakfast; for a pleasant home; for my friends; and for all my blessings, calling each by name; and so I begin every day with a heart full of praise to God for all He has done and is doing for me.”

Here is the secret, then, of a happy life, this having one's heart full of praise; and when we do as this dear little old lady does—that is, count our

blessings every day, in a spirit of thanksgiving for them—we shall find many a reason why we should praise God.

**The Old Woman's Question.**

After an infidel had concluded a lecture in a village in England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in anti-

quated attire, who went to the lecturer and said:

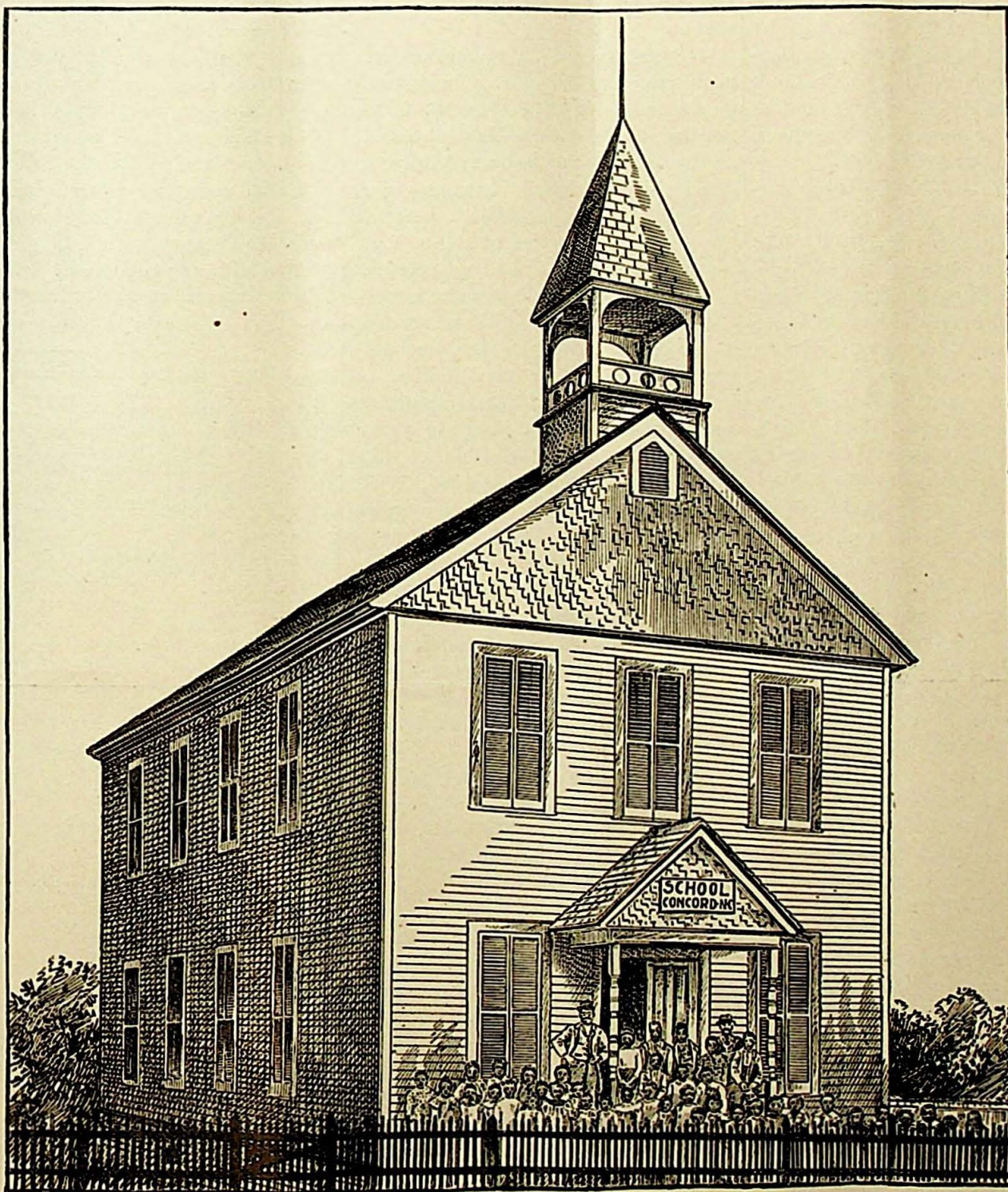
“Sir, I have a question to put to you.”

“Well, my good woman, what is it?”

“Ten years ago,” she said, “I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible.

“keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking *done for you?*”

The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and the champion had to go away discomfited by an old woman.



**Our Lutheran Mission School at Concord, N. C.,**

erected by the contributions of the pupils of our Lutheran Parochial schools.

By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus. That's what my religion has done for me. What has *your way of thinking done for you?*”

“Well, my good lady,” rejoined the lecturer, “I don't want to disturb your comfort; but—”

“Oh! that's not the question,” said she;

that he never saw a single instance among the boys of that tyrannical, bullying spirit, so often observed in other countries, that delights in inflicting pain on weaker companions. Japanese children are well behaved, even toward each other.

“WHEN some people go to church, they always think the preacher is shooting straight at the people in the next pew.”

**Japanese Children.**

The Japanese are trained to civility from babyhood. Before a baby can speak it is taught to lift the hand to the forehead on receiving a gift. Should a child fail to make this signal of respect and gratitude, it would be reproved by some bystander.

Mr. Alb. Tracy, who rambled through Japan without a guide, while strolling about a town, stopped to see the children coming from school.

They walked sedately and quietly with books and slates under their arms. The sight of a bearded foreigner startled the first to come, but they made a respectful bow and passed on. The next one repeated this civility, and then as fast as the pupils came they made a profound reverence.

The gentleness of the people impressed the Rambler. He records



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

—OUR English Lutheran Synod of Missouri and other States held its fourth convention in the Church of the Redeemer, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Aug. 7—14. In ten years this synod has more than multiplied the original number of ministers by seven, congregations by five and a half, and communicant membership by eleven. It then had five ministers, six congregations and 320 communicants. To-day it reports thirty-eight ministers, thirty-four congregations and 3362 communicant members, with 2711 persons in Sunday schools.

—A VERY successful English Lutheran parish school is that of our First English Lutheran church, New Orleans. It enrolled 110 scholars, and has two teachers.

—OUR Lutheran congregations in Michigan have a handsome Old People's Home at Monroe, Mich., erected about a year ago. It has accommodations for 46 inmates. A hennery, which netted 29 per cent. on the investment, and a greenhouse to supply the Monroe market with potted plants, are among the means used to make it self-supporting. The admission-fee is \$500, which may be reduced according to circumstances by the trustees.

—NORWEGIAN Lutherans began to preach the gospel in Madagascar in 1867. Their labor of love was greatly blessed by the Lord. There are twenty-five Norwegian missionaries there, assisted by sixty native pastors; the number of churches is 500, and of communicants, 25,000; of parochial schools, 500, and of pupils, 35,000. There are 35,000 adult Lutherans in Madagascar.

—It is reported of a clergyman that sometimes when he looked over his congregation he said to himself: "Where are the poor?" but when he came to count the offerings he wondered, "Where are the rich?" The number of coppers and nickels was amazing.

—SOME idea of the importance of missionary effort in India can be obtained from the fact that its population in 1891 was more than 287,000,000, or about one-seventh of that of the globe. The increase in the preceding decade was about 28,000,000. By the last census, there was found to be only 2,284,380 professing Christians among so many.

—"HELPING HAND" gives this as an example of the inhumanity of heathenism: "Better raise her or not? What do you think?" The questioner was a Chinese farmer; we had been preaching in his village, and he followed us away from the crowd to make this important query. Farmers at home are sometimes in doubt in regard to animals a trifle deformed whether or not to raise them; but did you ever know a farmer in America to go about asking advice on a point like this? "I have a female child and she has six toes on a foot; many of the neighbors tell me I better not raise her; her feet can never be made to look well. What do you say?" The "neighbors" were many of them Buddhists, who were earn-

ing merit by vegetarianism, thus not causing the death of any animal; but their merciful creed had not included girl-babies in the list of animals to be spared. I noticed a similar contrast a few days ago. The body of an infant floated by the boat, and some of the men thought it a huge joke, poked it with a bamboo pole, and indulged in heart-sickening merriment.

—CANNIBALISM is by no means extinct, but is practiced in sections of benighted Africa on an extensive scale. Dr. S. L. Hinde, a member of the Congo Medical Service, tells of the horrible condition of things in the regions which he visited. Let one paragraph of his sickening account suffice: "At N'Gandu, the chief headquarters of Congo Lutete, we found that the chief had gathered together about 10,000 cannibal brigands, mostly of the Batatela race. Through the whole of the Batatela country and from the Lurimbi northwards, for some four days' march, one sees, as I said at the Royal Geographical Society, neither gray hairs, nor halt, nor blind. Even parents are eaten by their children on the first sign of approaching decrepitude. N'Gandu, I may tell you, is approached by a very handsome pavement of human skulls, the top being the only part showing above the ground. I counted more than one thousand skulls in the pavement of one gate alone. Almost every tree forming the boma, or fortification, was crowned with a human skull." Thus the modern explorer confirms the scriptural declaration: "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

—IN *Illustrated Africa*, Bishop Taylor says: "Heathenism is the same stupid, God-dishonoring thing. The Lystrians proclaimed that the gods had 'come down in the likeness of men.' As I passed through Pungo Andongo a few days ago a king from the interior came to open up trade with our people in Pungo; so I suggested to Brother Shields, our missionary, that he might arrange a cot in my room for the repose of his majesty for the night. Next day he said to Brother Shields, 'I heard in my own country of the bishop with the long beard. He is not a man at all; he is a god come down to men. Last night when he came into the bedroom, I saw him take off his head (wig) and lay it down by his bed, and yet he had a head same as before. I was scared nearly to death and trembled all over. If he had touched me then, I would have died. He is the god that piled up these great Pungo mountains. If I could have got out of the room I would have run for my life; but the god was between me and the door and I couldn't get out. When I go home to my people I will tell them that I saw a god, and came near to the end of my life.'" He could not be induced to risk his life in that room again.

—Not long ago a fire broke out in a Formosa village, and two houses were soon wrapped in flames. One of them was saved,

the house of a heathen Chinaman; the owner of the other house is a Christian who happened to be away from home, and as nobody tried to save his house, it was burned down. There was great laughter among the villagers at the Christian's misfortune. "That is the worth of your religion," they said to him. A day or two after a company of men were seen coming across the fields, and when they got near it was seen that they were laden with wood, tools and articles of furniture. The village was astir. What was it? Who were the men? They were the members of the church to which their Christian neighbor belonged, and had come from their homes, some miles away, to rebuild his house, which they did, while the villagers gaped in wonder. Nothing like it had ever been seen.

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Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.

Singing School at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.

F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

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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.

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Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.

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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. 9.

## The Faithful Friend.

Art thou weary? Come to Jesus;  
He will give thee rest,  
Take thee in His arms so gently,  
Fold thee in His breast.

If in sorrow, then tell Jesus,  
Tell Him all thy grief,  
He will soothe thee in thy sorrow,  
He will give relief.

Heavy burden dost thou carry?  
Then to Jesus flee;  
He will ease thee of thy burden,  
Bear both it and thee.

Art thou lonely? He is with thee,  
Will be all the way;  
Sweet communion with the Saviour  
May be thine each day.

Dost thou dread the unknown future?  
All with Jesus leave;  
Just the grace that thou requir'st  
He will surely give.

Even in the last dark valley  
There is naught to fear;  
"I am with thee," He will whisper,  
"I, thy Lord, am here."

Selected.

## Salvation Prepared.

Many try to prepare their salvation by their own works. They think if they do the best they can, they will surely be saved. They know not that they are corrupt, and that "a corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit." Besides, if man himself could prepare salvation, Christ need not have come into the world to procure salvation for sinners. Man could be his own saviour, and the sufferings and death of Christ would not be needed. If man himself can prepare his salvation, then there is nothing in that mysterious incarnation of the Son of God; nothing in that life of poverty and want; nothing in that great agony in the garden of Gethsemane; nothing in that precious blood which flowed from the cross on Calvary.

But, thanks be to God! our salvation is already prepared. It is prepared in Christ Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. By sending His Son into the world, and by laying our sins upon Him, and by punishing Him in our stead,

God Himself prepared our salvation. Therefore Simeon, taking the Saviour up in his arms, blessed God and said: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which *Thou hast prepared* before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." In Christ God has prepared salvation. The sinner is not to prepare it. He could never do it. Neither is the sinner to add anything to that salvation in order to make it perfect or suited to his need. It is a salvation which God has prepared, and hence it must be perfect and exactly suited to the need of every sinner. The outcast woman, weeping at the feet of Jesus; the publican, welcoming the Saviour to his home and to his heart; the dying thief, looking to the Crucified One—they all found salvation prepared in Him, and rejoiced.

Reader, how can you escape if you neglect this great salvation? God is satisfied only with the salvation prepared in His beloved Son. If you reject this salvation, you are lost. If you accept this salvation, you are saved.

And when this salvation has become yours by faith, then remember that it has been prepared for all people. The more you rejoice over this full and free salvation, the greater will be your zeal in telling others of that which makes you so happy. Most men are trying to prepare their salvation, whilst they are on the road to eternal damnation. Many of them, especially in heathen lands, have never heard that salvation is already prepared and is freely offered to all sinners in the Gospel. See to it that this Gospel be preached to those that know it not, so that they also may be brought to faith in this great salvation, which God Himself has prepared for all sinners in Christ Jesus our Lord.

## Saving the Lost.

Christ came that He might save the lost. When a sinner has come to the end of himself—takes the place of one utterly lost, then God can deal with him in grace and give him life. Christ came not to call the righteous,

but sinners to repentance. "Why did you not rush after your friend, when he fell into the water?" was once asked; to which was replied, "He was trying to save himself; if I had gone to him at first, then we might have both been lost. I waited till he had come to the end of his own strength, and then I rescued him." You understand. When a man takes his place as one who is lost, and gives up all his self-righteousness, and finds himself under sentence of death, then he is thankful to be saved by grace. Having no other refuge, he will be glad to find refuge in the Saviour of sinners.

## Come to Jesus.

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

## Children.

"There are my jewels", said a poor heathen woman, pointing to her two boys, when she was asked by a rich lady to show her treasures. Her children were not baptized. How much more may the Christians look upon their children as treasures after they have been baptized and made heirs of heaven.

## The Joy of Saving Souls.

The heart of a true physician must thrill with joy, when he realizes that by a surgical operation or a wise administration of medicine at a critical moment, he has been the means of saving life. Yet this is nothing to the joy of saving souls. Jesus delighted in his ministry to the sick, but the "joy that was set before Him," was the joy of saving souls. We may enter with Him into this joy.



### A Larder Strangely Filled.

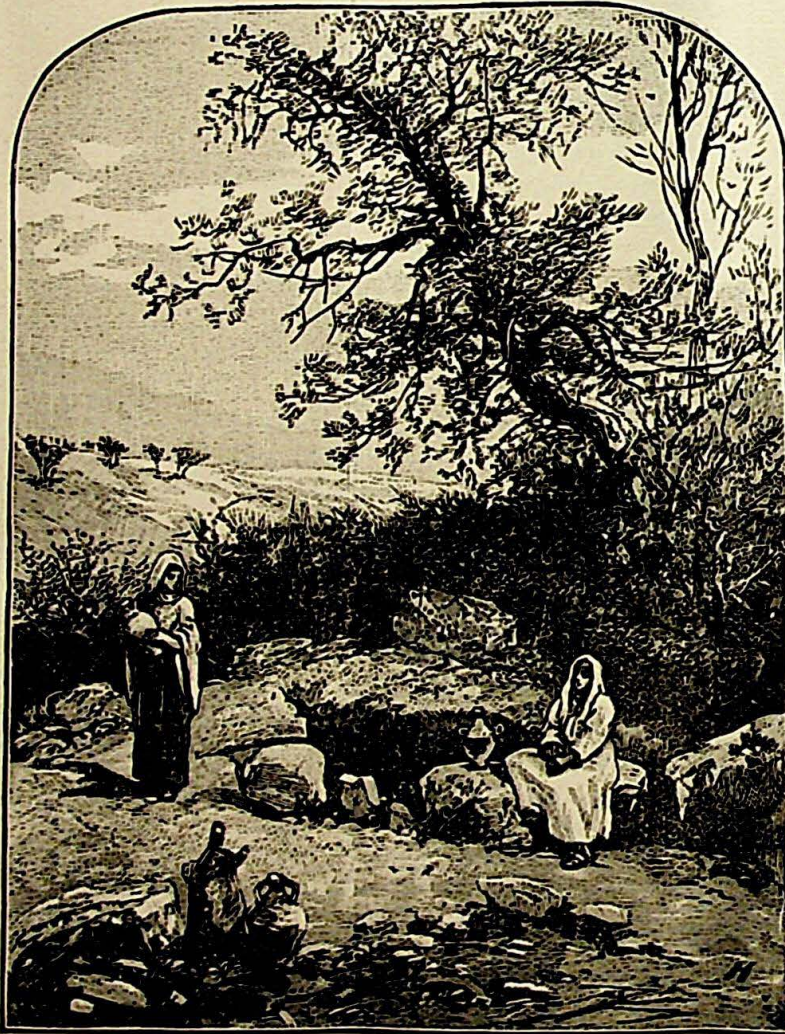
Missionaries whilst prosecuting their work have at times to bear many hardships and to feel many anxieties; but they often find that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Witness the case of the Rev. Dr. Douthwaite, of the China Inland Mission, who thus records the way in which much-needed supplies of food and money were obtained from God in answer to prayer:

When I was in the city of Wunchau, with two other families of our missionaries, we were a long time without a supply of funds. We had run very short of money, and, as it drew towards Christmas time, we began to expect some from England, which was our usual source of supply. All the money was used up, but we said, "The steamer will be in at Christmas, and then we shall surely get more." Christmas evening came, and with it the steamer, but no money for us, nothing to encourage us at all. Our hopes seemed dashed to the ground. We knew that we could get no more money from our usual source for probably fifteen days. We went as usual, and told the Lord all about it, for we went out to China knowing that we had only God to depend upon; and we were quite satisfied that that was enough for us, and we told our wants to Him.

Now you will see how, that day, the Lord having shut up one source to try our faith, opened others. Before dinner-time a Chinaman came along with a large piece of beef, and said, "I want you to accept this as a present. I have received a great deal of medicine from you. You have done me good, and you would not take my money. Will you please take this?" I took it and thanked God for it. Soon afterwards, in came another Chinaman, a gentleman, with a coolie walking behind him with a large bamboo over his shoulder, and a basket hanging from each end. The man put the things down in the reception-room, and I was asked to come down. I went down and opened the basket, and found in it four hams and some little things besides. He said, "I want you to accept this as a present." I did so, and thanked God for it. In came another Chinaman with a fat pheasant and some chickens and a basket of eggs, and he asked me to accept these. I did accept them and thanked God for them. But that was not all. Before evening a European, connected with the consular service, came along, bringing with him a coolie carrying a huge turkey. He said, "See, I have been feeding this turkey for you six months. Will you accept it?" Thus the Lord provided for us, and we had an

abundance of food for the whole of us, although our usual supply was cut off.

Toward the evening I received a letter from the Custom-house officers, saying that, as I had gratuitously attended to them in cases of sickness, they had subscribed to purchase a case of instruments for me, but not knowing what I wanted, would I kindly accept the money? Of course I kindly did. They sent with the letter a roll of \$70. We gave God thanks for all He had done for us; and it is always a joy to me to look back upon that occasion and other similar ones, and remember what God has done.—*Christian Herald.*



DAVID'S WELL IN PALESTINE.

### No Harpoons.

A sailor who had just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. When they came out of the church the friend said: "Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?"

"Yes, it was ship-shape; the water-lines were graceful. The masts raked just enough; the sails and rigging were all right, but I didn't see any harpoons on board. When a vessel goes on a whaling voyage the main thing is to get whales. But they won't come to you because you have a fine ship. You must go after them and harpoon them. Now it seems to me that a preacher is a whaleman. He is sent not to sail among the fish, but to catch them. Jesus said to His disciples: 'I will make you fishers

of men.' How many such sermons as that would it take, do you think, to awaken a sinner as the thousands were awakened in the days of Pentecost, and to make them cry out: 'What must I do to be saved?'"

"But, Jack, people now-a-days don't want to be harpooned. They want to be interested intellectually in the truth. They like to listen to such expositions and illustrations as the doctor gave us this morning. Did you see how attentive they were? Surely it is a grand thing to attract such an audience to hear the Gospel."

"To hear about the Gospel, you mean.

I don't object to the doctor's expositions and illustrations. As I said before, they were all ship-shape. But the trouble was when he had sailed to the fishing-ground and the whales were spouting around him, instead of manning his boats and trying to catch them, he made a polite bow and said: 'I am glad to see so many whales. I hope that they admire my ship, and will come and spout around it again on its next voyage.' Do you think that the ship owner in New Bedford would send such a captain to Behring Strait a second time? Now read the report in Acts of Peter's first gospel sermon. He begins with an able exposition of the Old Testament prophecies in regard of the resurrection of Christ and the outpouring of the Spirit; and then, when he had gained the attention of the crowd, he charged home upon them with the words: 'Jesus whom ye have crucified.' That was the hurling of a harpoon. And we are told that it was effectual. 'They were pricked in their heart,' and the Gospel catch that day was three thousand souls."

"I suppose, then, you would prefer these salvation army preachers, who stand on the street corners and shout: 'You are all going to hell.

Come right away and repent, or you will be lost?'"

"No, I don't believe in them at all. I listened to their crude and coarse harangues for half an hour the other day. The people only laugh at them. They didn't catch any fish while I was looking. They seemed to me like a man who should start from New Bedford for Behring Strait, on a raft, with crowbars instead of harpoons. If he got where the whales were spouting, and they would let him come near enough to use his crowbars, he would find them too blunt to be effective. No, no, a fisherman wants a good ship and good boats, and then he wants sharp harpoons and the skill and courage to hurl them at just the right time. The harpoons ought to be polished, too; the more highly polished the better.



But, after all, the harpooning is the main thing. If the whaleman fails in that, his whole voyage and venture are a failure, and I can't help thinking that it is so in preaching."

Jack was an old-fashioned tar. He did not appreciate the modern improvements.

*Selected.*

### Wayside Sowing.

I met an old man of seventy-five years, breaking stones on the road, says a missionary. Offered him a little book; he took it with "Thankee, sir." "Can you read it?" I asked. "No, sir; can't read; but I've got a little maid, my son's child, who can read a bit." I said it was time he gave up such work as this hard work for one of his years. "I must do a bit as I can; the parish only allow me two shillings a week, and they be talking of putting us in the house; but it won't be long we shall have to bear the troubles. I have had my share of 'em. 'Tis hard, master, 'tis, I'm sure." And the old man drew his sleeve across his eyes, to wipe off a tear which had come in the remembrance of past troubles, and perhaps future ones also. I asked him if his troubles would all be over in this life. "I hope so, sir, I hope so; 'tis bad enough to have a life of trouble here; don't want them in the next world." I replied, "I read of a country where the inhabitants were never sick, and where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun smite them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night here. And they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light. And they shall reign for ever and ever."

The old man listened with great interest, and said, as I finished those words, "That must be a fine country, sir; I s'pose that is heaven." "Yes," I replied, "it is. Are you going there?" "I'm feared not," was the reply. "I beant fit for sich a place as that." "No," I replied, "none of us are fit in ourselves; but God makes fit all who go there. They are all sinners, but all are forgiven their sins. They all came up from this evil world; they all had plenty of trouble while here; but they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, because the Saviour died for them, and bore their sins away. And when the good news of God's mercy was told

them, they believed it, and were saved, and lived in this world seeking to please Him who died for them, and who is now living for them, to care for them, and to bring them home to His home in this beautiful country. They were just like you and me; they were sinners; but when they were offered forgiveness, they accepted it. And this is the way you may be made fit—by your receiving the same message of mercy." "What do you say, sir?" said the old man, with surprise; "that I may be forgiven all my past sins at once?" "Yes," I replied; "I can show it to you from this book which God has caused to be written for this purpose, that men may see His love to them, and, in believing His love, may have life through His name." I then read Acts 10, 43. 13, 38. 39. Eph. 1, 7, and several other Scriptures. The old man exclaimed: "Never heard it afore; never thought that such was to be had in this here world. Wonderful, wonderful! And is it for anybody?" "Yes, whosoever heareth the Word, and believeth on Him who sent the Word, may have everlasting life." "Well, bless my heart, that's fine." "Do you understand?" I asked. "Yes, I think, some of it." And I had to repeat it again as to the way of salvation; and I do trust that old man was able to take the message of mercy, and to look forward to the land where all the sorrow shall be over.

### The Lord Will Provide.

A minister in charge of a small congregation in a mountain region where the people could not well support him, was often sorely pressed to make ends meet. He and his good wife denied themselves many comforts, and tried to feed and clothe themselves and children on as little as possible. One day his wife needed something for the house, and he gave her a dollar, saying: "It is our last dollar, my dear. But the Lord will provide." "You've always been saying that, husband," said the wife, as she burst into tears. "Why do we stay here, since we can't get bread for our children." The husband told her that the Lord had called him to preach to these people, and he did not think it would be right for him to leave. He also added: "Let us trust in the Lord, dear Mary. Surely He will take care of us. David said, 'I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' That promise has never failed yet, and I don't believe it will fail now."

Just as he ceased speaking there was a knock at the door. A violent storm had come up while the husband and wife were talking, and a traveler, wet through with rain, stood at the door asking for shelter. They invited him in. The pastor told him he must take him to the kitchen, as they did not have fire in any other part of the house. While the stranger was warming and drying himself he and the minister had a pleasant conversation.

The stranger was an educated and also a wealthy gentleman.

At last the storm was over and the stranger, heartily thanking the good man and his wife, took his departure. The minister brought out the gentleman's horse, helped him to mount, bade him good-bye, and watched him till he was out of sight. On entering the house his wife said, "See here, I found this on the table where the stranger sat." It was a fifty dollar note, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper. On the paper there had been hastily written the verse that the minister had repeated just before they heard the knock at the door: "I have been young, and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." The stranger had evidently overheard the conversation of the minister and his wife, and thought it is duty to help them in this way. The pastor held the note and paper in his hand and exclaimed, "He means this for us. Thanks be to the Lord!" The wife burst into tears and cried, "God forgive me for doubting. Surely, He will provide."

The stranger's kindness did not stop here. About a month afterwards the minister received a call to become pastor of the congregation of which this kind gentleman was a member, and the matter was urged upon him until, with the consent of his little flock, he accepted.—*Luth. Child's Paper.*

### Do Missions Pay?

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

### The Happy Christian.

An aged Christian, who had served the Lord for sixty years, was asked, when near his departure, if he had any doubts. "Doubts!" he responded. "How can I have doubts? I have the eternal promise."

"Have you any darkness?"

"How can I have darkness? I dwell in the sunshine of His glorious countenance."

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Afraid to die? No! death will be my birthday in the palace of glory."—*Selected.*



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

—WE must ask our readers to pardon the late appearance of this issue of the LUTHERAN PIONEER. Neither the editor nor the Publishing House is to blame. We sent our manuscript in time to St. Louis, but it was lost in the mail. Such are the sad experiences of editors that live far away from the place of publication. From one of our exchanges we see that "there have recently been a number of mistakes of this kind, and if those in authority can find the reckless fellow he will soon be called upon to give an account of his stewardship." Meanwhile we can do nothing but lay the blame on Uncle Sam and go about our business, hoping that this will be our last experience. We feel like the farmer, who this summer said to us: "Whenever the crops are short and the times are hard, I lay it to Uncle Sam and go on about my business. I know he does not care what I think or say, but it gives me some relief."

—THE Rev. F. H. Meyer was recently introduced by Rev. Bakke in his mission field at Gold Hill, N. C. May God richly bless his labors among the colored people in North Carolina.

—THE seventh Sunday after Trinity was a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving for our colored people at Elon College, N. C. On that Sunday they, in the morning, celebrated their mission festival, and in the afternoon six adults, who had been instructed in Luther's Catechism by our faithful missionary, were confirmed, promising to remain faithful to our dear Lutheran Church.

—OUR colored people at Meherrin, Va., recently celebrated their first mission festival in connection with their annual school-festival. A large number attended the mission services and rejoiced with the children in the beautiful woods of Virginia. Our missionary has opened another mission school four miles from Meherrin. The number of pupils is increasing so rapidly, that a school-building will soon have to be erected.

—THE island of St. Thomas has a population of about 17,000 negroes, most of whom were slaves to the Portuguese colonists. Leonard Dober and David Nitschmann were the first Christian missionaries to labor among them. They arrived in 1732. The moral and spiritual condition of the slaves was deplorable in the extreme. The missionaries, however, found them willing to listen to the Gospel, and the poor creatures clapped their hands for joy when they understood the glad tidings that Jesus Christ had died for them also. A planter asked one of his slaves why he always attended the public services, and added that he could just as well serve God by himself. In reply the slave pointed to a fire that was burning near them and said: "Massa, see fire, burning coals,—black coal no good. When coal laid with coal and set on fire, coal burn—coal, fire. When coal alone, coal not burn,

coal alone no good." This converted slave knew more about the purpose and benefits of Christian fellowship than many members of our own congregations.

—A CLERGYMAN, observing a poor man by the roadside breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work the 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." The man replied, "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees."

—A MISSIONARY in Jamaica was once questioning a little black boy on the meaning of the text, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," and asked him, "Who are the meek?" The boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

—EXCEPT on the thinly peopled east coast, the whole population of Greenland is now Christianized, 8175 of these Christians being under the care of the Lutheran Church of Denmark. There are twelve stations, where three Danish and four native pastors are at work. The Moravians have 1591 Greenland Christians under their care, at six stations.

—AN Indian chief asked concerning the prayer, "Our Father," saying humbly that he had so sinned, and through so long a life, he could not think it right to call God Father. His daughter, who was a Christian, answered, "As many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God," and the father responded reverently, "Then, I too, by God's gift, may call Him Father."

—ONE of our exchanges says: We talk of self-denial, but in too many cases it is nothing but a name; the gift represents no real sacrifice. Rev. M. L. Young reminds the readers of the *Lutheran Observer* of the sacrifices which some of the heathen are willing to make for the propagation of their comfortless religion: "A traveler has recently given some account of the sacrifices made by Buddhists in the building of houses of worship. He describes a temple in course of erection at Kioto, Japan, which will cost \$8,000,000—the most splendid in the world. It will be a monument of self-denial. Hundreds of workmen, including women, came from all parts of the country and labored on the building for weeks without compensation. The ropes used in erecting the temple are made of hair, which 20,000 women cut from their heads for this purpose. The 72,000 Buddhist temples in Japan represent the expenditure of an immense amount of money and the self-denial of a people worshipping false gods. The gorgeous edifices built by these devotees are a stronghold of their unchristian religion." What are we doing to undermine the strongholds of Satan in the world and build up and strengthen citadels of the living God?

—HERE is what one missionary in Africa writes of the objection often raised to sending missionaries to that continent on account of its unhealthfulness: "It is said, 'So many

die.' And why do they die? Simply because the niggardly giving of Christian people compels them to do and risk what no human being can endure in any climate. One man was left with work that at home would employ ten, and then, if the Lord doesn't work a miracle to keep him alive, it is attributed to 'the dreadful African climate.'"

—A COLPORTEUR went thirty miles to sell his books at an Indian religious festival, swimming a river in flood, and narrowly escaping with his life. All the sale was one solitary Gospel! He carried home the rest of his stock, and a heavy heart with his heavy bag. But next year when he came again, a man accosted him, "Last year you sold me a Gospel." A living man, a sinning man, had been brought into contact with the Word of God! That was something worth while. But there was more. "My brother and I have been reading it." The colporteur went home with the man, thirty miles away, where he found not only the two brothers, but three or four families ready to accept Christianity. Soon afterwards sixteen persons were baptized in that village.

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

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

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Singing School at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.  
F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

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Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.  
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Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.  
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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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# The Lutheran Pioneer.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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No. 10.

## No Other Name.

There is no Saviour but my Lord,  
There is no Gospel but His Word;  
Upon that Word I stay my soul  
Till earth and heaven away shall roll.

There is none other than His name,  
To save from guilt and death and shame;  
And in that name my heart shall trust—  
Yea, when this frame shall sink to dust.

There's no atonement but His cross,  
All earthly means are death and loss:  
And through that cross my soul shall stand  
Among the just, at God's right hand.

There is no refuge but in Him,  
Secure, when sun and stars are dim;  
'Tis there this guilty soul shall hide  
And through eternal years abide.

No other name to man is given,  
No name beneath the vault of heaven—  
That name upon the cross engraved—  
By which the guilty must be saved.

*Selected.*

## Reformation Day.

The thirty-first of October is called Reformation Day. On that day, in the year 1517, Dr. Martin Luther nailed to the church door in Wittenberg ninety-five short propositions, or theses, in which he stated the plain teachings of God's Word on various subjects and exposed the errors of the Romish church. This was the beginning of the Reformation, by which God restored to His Church the pure Gospel of salvation by grace through faith in Christ Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.

This Gospel had for centuries been hidden under the rubbish of human, soul-destroying doctrines taught by the pope and his priests. The anxious sinner was not told to trust in Jesus for salvation, but he was told to trust in his own works, in his prayers to the virgin Mary and to the saints, in the mass said by the priests of the church. Jesus, the loving Saviour, was represented to be a terrible judge to whom the sinner dare not come with a trusting heart. Luther tells us that before God opened to him the Gospel, he trembled and was terrified whenever he heard the name of Jesus. As long as he went the way pointed

out by the Romish church, he found no peace and no rest. He longed for peace and for the assurance of salvation. He went into the cloister, he prayed and fasted until he looked more like a corpse than a living man, he heard and said mass, he went to Rome and climbed up the so-called Pilate's stairs on his bare knees. Indeed, if ever a man was earnest in seeking salvation in the way pointed out in the Romish church, that man was Martin Luther. He tried hard to merit salvation by his own works and earnestly sought the assurance of peace by his own righteousness. But all in vain! The troubled soul of the anxious sinner can never find peace and salvation in the human doctrines of the Romish church.

The way of salvation is made known in the Bible, which the Romish church kept hidden from the people, in order to keep them in darkness. But God opened the Bible to Dr. Luther. From the Book of God Luther learned that Jesus is the only Saviour and that the sinner is saved, not by any works of his own, but by faith in the finished work of Christ. Thus he found peace, and rest, and forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting.

When Luther, by the grace of God, came to know Jesus as the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, he became a witness for Christ. The Gospel whose saving power he had experienced in his own heart, he loudly proclaimed for the salvation of sinners and boldly defended it against the pope and all other enemies. With voice and pen he set forth the pure truth of God and faithfully warned against all soul-destroying doctrines of men. Thus God Himself carried out the great work of the Reformation by His faithful servant, Dr. Martin Luther. "I did nothing," says Luther, "but teach and preach the pure doctrine of Christ and translate the Gospels, and then laid me down and slept and rose again. The Holy Spirit did the rest through the Gospel."

Thus the victory was won, whose fruits and blessings we still enjoy. We still have the pure Gospel of Christ. Let us hold fast what we have. Let us also see to it that this Gospel is brought to others that know it not. As true children of the Reformation that prize the pure

Gospel which God has graciously restored to the Church through Dr. Martin Luther, let us devote our prayers and our money to the support and to the spread of that Gospel.

## Luther's Liberality.

A young man who had completed his studies and was about to leave Wittenberg, being penniless and bowed down with grief, entered Luther's house and asked him for a little support in money. Luther had no money at all, neither did his wife, who was present, have any. Luther told the poor young man with sincere sorrow that he was not able to help him. The young man wept. He had already asked so many people, but in vain. Luther was his last hope. "Oh, God, where shall I find help," he sighed, "I know of none else." Luther's eye happened to fall upon a beautiful silver cup in the open cupboard. The Elector had given him this costly present but a short while ago. Luther quickly seizes the cup and hands it to the student. The student stands mute with astonishment and is loth what to do. Catherine winks to her liege lord not to insist on giving such a costly present away. But see what Luther does. He presses it together mightily with his hands, thus ruining it for ordinary purposes, and then gives it to the student, with the words: "There, take it! I don't need a silver cup, take it to the gold-smith and keep what he gives you for it."

A man who was persecuted on account of his faith came to Luther and appealed to him for help. He had but one solitary Joachim-dollar in his possession. But after a moment's thought he thrust his hand into his pocket and cried: "Get out of this, Joachim, the Saviour stands at the door!" and gave it to him.

## Right Riches.

It is not a sin to possess property and a family; but thou art forbidden to convert thy possessions into thy masters; thou must remain *their* master; and cause them to serve thee.—*Dr. Martin Luther.*



### Martin Luther.

Martin Luther, the great Reformer, was born at Eisleben, in Germany, November 10, 1483. His parents were Hans and Margaret Luther, hard working and humble peasants. They were very willing to make sacrifices for him in order that he might receive an education and rise to a better position in life than they themselves occupied. They believed fully in education, and did not think that their son could have too much of it. They sent him to the best schools they could afford, aiding him as far as they could, until he reached the college or university itself.

Luther did all he could to aid himself, also. He was obliged to beg for food at times while a student. He found friends, however, and assistance, and showed himself worthy of them, and so retained them. It was during these student days that he came upon a copy of the Scriptures, and that serious and earnest thoughts about his spiritual life came upon him.

From a want of sufficient knowledge of the Gospel, Luther was impelled to enter a monastery as the only way to save his soul. He gave up all his prospects of worldly advance, and, much to the sorrow and disappointment of his father, became a monk. If any man ever tried to find peace of soul and union with God by fastings and scourgings, and penances, Luther did. But he found none, and, indeed, might have died in anguish of soul, had not a pious old monk directed him to the love of God, and the comforting thoughts expressed in the Apostle's Creed.

Subsequently Luther became a teacher in the University of Wittenberg; a preacher and doctor of the Scriptures, and was led on from step to step to grasp and apply the great and blessed truth that faith in Christ, and not our good works, saves us. Just then a shameful trade was carried on in "indulgences," or pardons sold for sins that were to be committed, as well as those that had been done. Luther was aroused by this; preached against it, and at last published a statement in short sentences, called theses, October 31, 1517, which he nailed up at the church door, so that whoever did not accept them might challenge him to a debate upon them, as the custom then was.

This was the beginning of the Reformation. It led to great excitement and discussion far and wide. Luther was summoned to answer for his writings, and appeared at last at a great gathering, or "diet," at Worms (1521). It was here, in the presence of emperor and

princes and dignitaries of the Church, that he declared his faith, and refused to depart from it. "Here I stand," he cried; "I can not do otherwise; God help me. Amen." From Worms Luther went to the Wartburg, a castle, where he was hidden from his enemies, who would have slain him. Here he translated the New Testament into German, and wrote various works.

He returned again to Wittenberg, where he continued his labors. Meanwhile the Reformation went on, and those who believed the teachings of the Gospel increased. Finally,



Dr. MARTIN LUTHER.

June 25, 1530, in another grand diet of the German Empire, held at Augsburg, Luther's teachings were presented by the princes and cities that confessed them. This is called the Augsburg Confession, and is the statement of what Lutherans believe that God's Word teaches.

Seeing in what ignorance of the Gospel men were, Luther wrote a book of instruction to be used in teaching them, and especially their children; this is called Luther's Catechism, and is still used by the Lutherans for this purpose. Luther's translation of the Bible is still in use among all who read and speak the German language.

Luther died February 18, 1546, full of honors, beloved of all who knew him, hated

by none save his enemies who were such because of the doctrines he taught. Solemnly and sadly he was borne to his grave, and buried at Wittenberg, where his dust awaits the resurrection of the just. — C. M.

### Uncle Bob's Letter.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

Some time ago, I told you of the needs of Mount Zion. I pointed to you at the time how urgently necessary it was for Mount Zion to get a new church *at once*. Matters have not improved since, certainly not. On the contrary, it has come to such a pass now, that some of our visiting people left the building several Sundays ago, because a storm was approaching. Now, my dear children, that is a fact. This old church of Mount Zion is simply a death-trap, and it's the good Lord alone that's prevented a calamity so far. What a fearful responsibility those will have upon their consciences who can help, but do not do so!

Children, up and about, right away! Get together, all of you, in your recess time. Take the matter boldly in hand as I suggested in the June PIONEER, and show the old folks what little folks can and will do.

There, now, Jennie and Johnnie! Cents make dimes; dimes make dollars, and the Lord loveth a cheerful giver surely.

Right here, permit me to thank my dear nephews and nieces and their beloved schoolmaster who answered my previous appeal. God bless them and theirs!

Your affectionate uncle,

BOB.

### Simple Faith.

There was once a woman who was well known among her circle for her simple faith and her great calmness in the midst of many trials. Another woman, living at a distance, hearing of her said, "I must go and see that woman, and learn the secret of her strong, happy life." She went, and accosting the woman said, "Are you the woman with the great faith?" "No," replied she, "I am not the woman with the great faith, but I am the woman with the little faith in the great God."

THE truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.



### Faithful unto Death.

Many years ago, in the reign of Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., the Protestants of England were persecuted by the Catholic Queen and the priests of the Romish church.

In the old town of Canterbury there lived at that time Dame Katharine Chase, the widow of a brave Englishman. She had four children; the first two were twins, aged fifteen; the next had just passed her twelfth birthday, while the youngest was a little girl of some ten summers. She had also two orphan nieces of from twelve to sixteen years. Katharine and her children and nieces had become Protestants, being convinced that the doctrines proclaimed by Luther were the doctrines of the Bible. They also told others of their faith and tried to bring them into the pure Gospel light.

When the Catholic Queen began the persecution of the Protestants and filled the dungeons with prisoners, trying with tortures to compel them to deny the glorious faith, she heard of Dame Katharine and her children. Her anger was kindled, and she sent men to Canterbury to bring the dame and her family into the royal presence.

One day Dame Katharine sat in her room surrounded by her children and nieces. Thinking of the cruel persecutions, she said: "My children, these are times of strife; many, many good men have suffered and died for Christ's sake, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to die for Him. After all, the pain here is short—*nothing* compared to a blissful eternity with our Lord. Thinkest thou that thy strength would bear thee up until the end?"

"Nay, mother, not our strength, but our faith in Him who died that we might live," said her oldest daughter Elizabeth. And the children all cried aloud, "Mother, we will be true to the last, God helping us."

Whilst they were thus conversing, their persecutors entered the house, and they were taken before the Queen.

"Woman!" said the Queen, "in memory of thy husband's bravery we bring thee to our palace and into our presence. How darest thou leave the church and teach others vile *heresy*? Fearest thou not the curse of his holiness the pope? Dost thou not dread my wrath? Answer me! for I will bear no dallying. Speak! for ere thou leavest my presence thy fate is sealed."

"Most gracious Queen," said Katharine, "I am judged by my God, and by Him alone. I fear not the people, nor yet the bishops, God is with me; man can not harm me. With God alone is forgiveness of sins. Both the saints and the virgin have not this power. Christ is our intercessor. We need not the aid of saints. When He died, He did all; and by faith in Him we are saved. So help me God, I will die if need be; for God will receive my soul washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"Woman, beware!" broke forth the Queen, her eyes flashing with rage. "If thou dost not take back thy blasphemous words," continued Mary, "thou and thy children shall die. So rid we ourselves of vile *heretics*."

Here a bishop began with words both false and honeyed to persuade the widow to return to the Romish church; but she and her children and nieces remained firm. So they were taken to prison, when the widow prayed in sorrow for strength. "I can bear it all," she cried, "but my little ones! Oh, my children! God pity us!"

It was a dark morning when the prisoners were led out of their cells into the wide courtyard, where a great company of priests and bishops were assembled, along with a crowd of idle people who came to see the "heretics die."

"Wilt thou recant?" asked one of the bishops.

"Never!" answered Katharine. "I fear no death. My body thou canst kill, but my soul will rest in heaven."

Then the bishop spoke with the children and painted the horrors of death they were about to die, and the joys that would be theirs if they returned to "Mother Church." Whilst he spoke, the mother prayed, "Help them, O my Father!" And the children remained firm.

Now the bishop solemnly, slowly said: "Three times I will ask ye if ye will recant, will turn from blind sin, and live; if ye will not, then cursed be ye, and death will cleanse us from these heretics."

Breathless stood the crowd, looking at the stake and the lighted torch. All was ready. There stood the brave little company of martyrs.

"Dame Katharine and children, wilt thou confess thy sin and return to the true church?"

Firmly spoke the mother, while loudly, clearly came the answer in the silvery voices of the children: "We will not." Again he asked—again they answered. Then there was a dead hush. For the last time came the stern words: "Wilt thou recant?" Higher, clearer came the answer: "We will not."

Then Katharine was bound to the stake. "My children, O my children! fear not. Soon, soon shall we meet before the blessed throne. Be firm, be true! O Father in heaven, pity these blind people! Lay not this to their charge! Open their eyes that they may see Thee! Save them in mercy!" Thus, whilst the flames rose, she prayed for her persecutors.

The children were then led out and bound; the torch was set to the wood. Higher, higher rose the hungry flames. "Wilt thou recant?" was again asked. "No—no!" came from the fire. "No—no—Jesus!" The fire soon buries them from sight; the childish voices are hushed; the souls of Katharine and her dear ones have risen through the fire to their God. They were faithful unto death and received the crown of life.

### Polycarp's Last Prayer.

Polycarp was the martyr who, when advised to curse Christ and live, replied: "Six and eighty years have I served Him, and He has done me nothing but good. How could I curse my Lord and Saviour?" While the crowd was gathering fuel to burn him with, he calmly prayed: "Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I have received the knowledge of Thee! O God of the angels and powers, and of every living creature, and of all sorts of just men that live in Thy presence, I thank Thee that Thou hast graciously vouchsafed this day and this hour to allot me a portion among the number of martyrs, among the people of Christ, unto the resurrection of everlasting life; among whom I shall be received in Thy sight, this day. Wherefore, for all this I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee through the everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved Son; to whom, with Thee, the Father, and the Holy Ghost, be all glory, world without end, Amen." He was martyred A. D. 166. He had been taught by John.

### Too Cheap.

A preacher had gone down into a coal mine to tell the miners of that grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ. Meeting the foreman on his way back to the shaft, he asked him what he thought of God's way of salvation. The man replied:

"Oh, it is too cheap. I can not believe in such a religion as that."

Without an immediate answer to his remark, the preacher asked, "How do you get out of this place?"

"Simply by getting into the cage," was the reply.

"But do you not need to help raise yourself?" asked the preacher.

"Of course not," said the miner.

"But what about the people who sunk the shaft? Was there much labor and expense about it?"

"Indeed, yes. The shaft was sunk at great labor and expense; but it is our only way out. Without it we should never get to the surface."

"Just so. And when God's word tells you that whosoever believeth on the Son of God has everlasting life, you at once say, 'Too cheap, too cheap,' forgetting that God's work to save you and others was accomplished at a vast cost, the price of our lives being the death of his own Son."—*L. M.*

WE should prefer all plagues possible to being without the Word of God or to having it impure and adulterated.—*Luther.*

THE whole world is full of miracles, but our eyes must be pure, lest, because they are so common to us, they become dim.—*Luther.*



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

—READ Uncle Bob's Letter in this issue and do something for our Mount Zion congregation.

—THE following New Orleans items were sent us by a friend in that city: The Mount Zion School opened September 2d. The attendance was much larger than expected; since 1892 the attendance has not been so large at the opening of the school. Forty new scholars have been admitted until now, and every day new applicants are arriving. The daily attendance in the two departments is more than 100. This gives us new hope and courage, which we greatly stand in need of,—some time ago things looked rather dreary and disheartening.

—REV. BURGDORF, in charge of the Bethlehem station, will leave New Orleans this month because of his failing health. He has been in the treatment of some of the best doctors in the city, but they could effect no cure, because the climate does not agree with his nerves. They have therefore found it necessary for him to change climate permanently and take a good long rest, otherwise he will become a total physical wreck. We are all very sorry that he must leave us, not only because he is a friendly man, but also because he is a hard worker. He has been the founder of the Bethlehem station, has reared it from its infancy to what it now is, a congregation having an average attendance of about 72, a school with about 130 scholars, a large Sunday School, two teachers, a chapel and a two story schoolhouse; truly, the Lord has blessed his work.

—ON the 6th of October St. Paul (Rev. Lanckenau's station) will celebrate the dedication-day of her church. Extensive preparations are being made to make it a joyful affair.

—A MISSIONARY in India, one Sunday evening, visited a convert who was lying upon his death-bed. "I understand," said the sufferer, "that you have been preaching to-day about heaven. To-morrow I shall be in heaven, and I shall go right to the Saviour and thank Him for leading you to leave your home in a Christian land to come and tell us poor darkened heathens about Him and the way to heaven. Then I shall go and sit down by the pearly gate and wait till you come. Then I shall take you by the hand and lead you to the Saviour, and tell Him, 'This is the man that taught me the way to this happy world.'"

—A ROMAN Catholic gentleman, who is quite intelligent, said to a Protestant missionary: "The Roman Catholic Church made a very poor showing in its three hundred years' dealings with the Mexicans. You look for education, and you do not find it; you look for intelligence, and you do not find it; you look for industry, and you do not find it; you look for morality, and you do not find it. This church has had the sole chance to make the Mexican people, and it has failed. If it has

done nothing in the three hundred years, what could it do in three thousand?"

—DENMARK is a Lutheran country. The children are trained in the Lutheran Church. A writer in the *Youth's Companion* says of them: "I have never seen children more polite to older persons than those of Denmark. Our boy acquaintances, when we meet them, always take off their hats, and the girls make a graceful courtesy. When older people enter a room the younger ones rise and remain standing until the older persons are seated. I, who am perhaps a little bigger boy than some of our readers, have learned some good lessons from the courteous children of Denmark. In consequence of a thorough course of study, Danish children must work hard at their books; but as I see them at play they are very bright and merry. They are industrious, happy, contented, and grow up to be good and intelligent men and women. The high character of the Danes, and in fact all Scandinavians, is realized the world over; and one living among them soon recognizes that this comes in a great degree from careful, systematic and conscientious education of all the children."

—"In 1866, when I was first in Europe," Dr. Pierson wrote, "I could not carry a copy of the Bible inside the walls of Rome. Last year there were twenty-nine Protestant chapels in the city of Rome and preaching openly carried on in them with impunity, the Pope and cardinals finding it impossible to interfere."—Wherever the open Bible goes, Romish supremacy goes down. Mission work in papal lands has wrought great changes during the last generation in the direction of enfranchisement, civilization and evangelization of nations.

—A MISSIONARY writes: The heathen suppose that infliction of pain on the body will help to save the soul. The old question comes up, "What shall I give (or do, or suffer) for the sin of my soul?" We see here a deluded fakir sitting in a mela—or religious fair—with arms lifted up, and the people admiring him. The man with the flop-cap on his left is his servant, by whom he is fed by the offerings of the people. The idea is, that if the hands are kept up for twelve years, the merit is so great that he can save others as well as himself. After twelve years expire, an effort is made, by a long process of oil-rubbing, to restore circulation to the withered arms. I am told that this is not always successful, in which case the poor victim is helpless for life. It is generally done to fulfil a vow, or to gain a favor of the gods, but there is no virtue if it is not kept up for the full twelve years. The nails are not cut, and they often grow into the hand till they protrude clean through the hand and come out the other side. They are well fed, and, more than that, they gather a large sum of money in the course of the twelve years; and very likely many of them go through the process for that very purpose.

—ONE of the most beneficent of Indian mis-

sions is that to the lepers. Its aim is three-fold—(a) To give the Gospel to the lepers; (b) To provide homes for them where they could be properly cared for; (c) To provide homes for the untainted children of lepers, who may be saved from falling victims to the disease by separating them from their sadly afflicted parents and other leprous relatives. The mission works in India, Burma, Ceylon, and China. The Society has now twelve asylums of its own in India and Burma, while it gives aid to nineteen institutions for lepers in India. It has three hospitals or homes of its own in China, and is aiding work at three other places. Doing such work as this in faith is surely treading in the footsteps of the One who cleansed the lepers.

### A Personal Consecration.

Here I am, Lord, send me, send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort in the earth; send me even to death itself, if it be but in Thy service and to promote Thy kingdom.

David Brainerd.

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

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

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Singing School at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.

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.  
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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.  
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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. 11.

## Harvest Hymn.

O Christ, in notes of gladness  
Our harvest hymn we raise;  
Thou givest songs of sadness,  
Thou turnest prayer to praise:  
Redeemer, we adore Thee,  
Thy constant love we sing;  
We cast our sheaves before Thee,  
And hail Thee, Israel's King!

The fowls sow not, nor gather  
With anxious care their food,  
Whilst Thou, eternal Father,  
Dost feed their hungry brood:  
The lilies stand more splendid  
Than Solomon arrayed,  
By Thy blest care defended;  
Why then are we dismayed?

If God so clothe with beauty  
The grasses of the field,  
Whose bloom the fire, as booty,  
To ashes soon shall yield;  
Will He not clothe and feed thee,  
Preserve thy soul from death,  
And through the desert lead thee,  
O thou of little faith?

The Gentile in his blindness  
Seeks but himself to feed;  
We trust Thy constant kindness,  
Who knowest all our need:  
Not anxious for the morrow,  
We own Thy loving grace;  
Sufficient is brief sorrow—  
We seek our Father's face!

*Selected.*

## The Only Way.

Near one of the churches of Rome are the so-called Holy Stairs, said by the Romanists to have been brought from Jerusalem, and to be the same steps down which our Saviour walked from Pilate's hall of judgment. These steps are twenty-five in number, made of solid marble, and covered with wood to keep them from being worn away by the knees of the pilgrims, who foolishly hope to gain forgiveness of sin by climbing up these stairs.

Luther, in the year 1511, dressed as a monk, with his shaven head and bare knees, was climbing up those marble steps, hoping thereby to calm his troubled conscience and work his way to heaven, when all at once he

heard a voice crying in his soul, "The just shall live by faith." He had read these words in the Bible, but had not understood them. God, however, soon opened their meaning to him, and obedient to the Word of God, Luther saw his error of trying to earn salvation by his own pains and works and rested his soul's salvation on the finished work of Christ.

Yes, Luther found the true way to heaven, not by climbing the "Holy Stairs" on his naked knees, but by simple faith in Jesus, who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by me." If you would enter heaven, you must do it by the same way. As a lost and condemned sinner you must simply trust in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. There is no other way to heaven; for there is no other Saviour than Jesus. He is the only Redeemer from everlasting damnation, and faith in Him is the only way to eternal life.

This way is an old way. On it the saints of God have walked in every age, patriarchs like Abraham, prophets like Samuel, judges like Gideon, apostles like Paul and Peter, martyrs like Stephen, mothers like Eunice, and children like Timothy, who knew from boyhood the Holy Scriptures and by them became wise unto salvation.

This way is a freely open way—free as the sun that shines on the evil and the good; free to all men, without money and without price, whatever the color of their skin or the land of their birth; free to the richest, if they only become poor in spirit; free to the poorest, if they only seek to be rich in faith; free to the wisest, if they only wish to be taught of God; and free to you, dear reader, whoever you are. Into this way you have been called by every Gospel sermon of the passing church year. Have you heeded the call, and are you on the way to heaven? As the church year closes, so your life in this world will also come to an end. Death may cut you off very soon, and your bed may soon be in a church-yard. Therefore neglect not your soul's salvation.

And if you know the happiness of one who is on the way to heaven, you will surely wish to bring others into the same way, so that they also may enjoy true happiness and be made

heirs of eternal life. The Gospel way is the only way to heaven, and there are so many that know it not, so many that choose their own ways, by which they are led into everlasting woe. To these the Gospel must be preached, by which they are brought into the way to everlasting bliss. This is done by our missionaries in church and school. Let us help them by our prayers and by our gifts!

Tell to others around  
What a dear Saviour you have found.  
Christ, the Gift of God's great love,  
Is the only way to heaven above.

## Sins Blotted Out.

"According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."

A little boy was once puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said:

"I can not think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

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

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

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

Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—"remembered no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us."

## When to Pray.

It is well to let prayer be the first employment in the early morning, and the last in the evening. Avoid diligently those false and deceptive thoughts which say, "Wait a little and I will pray in an hour hence; I must perform this or that." For with such thoughts a man quits prayer for business, which lays hold of and entangles him, so that he comes not to pray the whole day long.—*Martin Luther.*

THE same hand that was nailed to the cross is now wielding the sceptre on the throne.



(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

## Uncle Bob's Letter.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

Boom, boom! Boom, boom! That sounds like the glorious Fourth, don't it? But so far as Mount Zion is concerned, it has a quite different significance.

True, the boom, boom of the cannon, guns, and crackers, which we hear on the 4th of July, is the way the American expresses his joy and mirthfulness on every recurring Independence Day; and only in so far as the boom! boom! now, in these times of peace, is the expression of joy, should it here, in this letter to my boys and girls in the far North, signify to them the happiness and cheerfulness that is taking the place of the gloom that had settled on Mount Zion.

Every heart in Mount Zion now makes boom, boom, in grateful response to the blessings which the Lord is pouring out over her new school. Such a rush to get in as we are having now is almost unprecedented! Mount Zion has not seen the equal of it for seven years. Uncle Bob has asked for figures, and was informed by his good friend, Teacher Meibohm, that there were 63 admissions. And still they come! It is the intention to transfer the Second Reader class, numbering about 25 pupils, to the First Department, so as to make room for new scholars in the Second Department. As the Rolls now stand, the I. Dept. has 43, the II. Dept. 103, quite too many to handle judiciously.

146 on the Roll! Surely, God has poured out His blessings most abundantly!

There was a time when Uncle Bob's heart was sorely grieved within him; for many years Mount Zion was wanting for much. She had no proper school-building, neither a permanent teacher for the Second Department; and, of course, she fell behind in the forward march. But now his grief has changed to joy. Mount Zion has a new school, a good school, the best school in town; and well equipped in most respects. So, boom, boom!

But look once more at those words which are at the beginning of this letter, and you will see another pair of boom, boom! I must tell you what the second pair mean. So the first, remember, means joy and happiness in Mount Zion. Don't forget it.

When a town grows and prospers beyond expectation, they say the place is booming. Mount Zion is on the boom! Our school is full and flowing over. God has blessed us undeserving, miserable sinners. He has raised us out of the dust, and put our enemies to shame. Yes, He will give us a new house of worship also; for are not my little friends in the North gone to work in Jesus' name for this very purpose? Indeed, out of the mouths of Uncle Bob's little nephews and nieces the Lord shall prepare Himself a praise. Boom, boom! Our school is booming!

So now, my precious little ones in the far North, join me in spirit to

Sing praise to God who reign's above,  
The God of all creation,  
The God of power, the God of love,  
The God of our salvation.  
With healing balm my soul He fills,  
And every raging tempest stills;  
To God all praise and glory!

Your affectionate uncle,  
BOB.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

## "Nobody asked me to come."

Some time ago, in —, a minister found a poor family living in a small but clean room. From conversation with the father and the mother, he soon discovered that it was one of those cases where, from the long illness of the father, the family had fallen from comparative comfort to poverty. He was now, however, better, and had been able for some time to work a little, so as to keep his family from destitution but by no means to enable them to live in comfort. Having learned so much of their worldly concerns, their visitor next began to speak of their soul's interests. He asked them if they went to any church. "No," said the father; "*we used to go* long ago, before I took ill; but we went no more after that." "But," said the visitor, "you have been better for a good while." "O," said the father, "*nobody ever asked us to come.*" "Well," said the visitor, "I'll ask you now;" and he directed him to a church where he would hear the glad tidings from a faithful minister.—My dear reader, pause and consider, how many souls are perishing in — and other towns, "because though all things are now ready, *nobody ever asked them to come!*"

"Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." (James 4, 17.)

OBE.

## Katie's Question.

Katie is a quaint old maiden lady living up in the part of the country where a city pastor spends his vacation. She is an intelligent and devout Christian. Having learned that the pastor's city congregation supported missionaries in the foreign field and that the poorest gave at least fifty cents a year, she desired to help in the blessed work. She had been saving up her pennies for such an object for a long time—she had now about sixty cents in store—and she hailed with joy this opportunity to apply it, as she had long wished, for the extension of the Master's kingdom. When the pastor learned that, although she had saved this money, *poverty had denied her fresh meat as an article of diet for a whole year*, he at first hesitated about receiving it. At length he accepted her missionary gift, rejoicing to be the means for conveying such a treasure in

the Lord's name to those who, in a sadder sense, were more destitute than she, since they were without the Gospel.

When the pastor called upon Katie the next summer, she was again ready with her offering. Out came the little paste-board box, which, with one or two scientific shakes, unloaded its valuable contents upon the wooden chair—in all sixty-eight cents.

"There," said Katie, "please give that for missions."

"But," objected the pastor, knowing what a struggle she had to gather so many pennies together, "had we not better take only the fifty cents, and leave you the remaining eighteen as a kind of nest egg for next year?"

A pause of a few seconds, a very earnest, thoughtful look, and then, with much solemnity, mingled with an "air of business" that would have been laughable under different circumstances, she replied, "Hadn't it better be in circulation?"

Touched by the childlikeness and sublimity of the woman's faith, the pastor accepted her missionary gift.

"Hadn't it better be in circulation?" This is the question which, in God's name, we would like to lay upon the consciences of all the wealthy church members in the Synodical Conference. Our mission work at home and abroad is in need of money. Our missionaries and the treasurers of our Mission Boards again and again make known this need of money. The poor contribute their small but welcome gifts. Where, however, are the large gifts of our wealthy members? This is the time when they should come to the front and help the Church in her great mission work. How can Christians be justified in laying up treasures upon earth when the cause of Him who made them and redeemed them, is in need of that silver and gold which are His? We echo Katie's question—"Hadn't it better be in circulation?"

## The Skeptical Shoemaker.

"I have read," said the shoemaker, "a good deal about the heathen gods, and I believe the account of Christ is taken from some of the heathen writings or other."

"Will you abide by your own decision on two questions that I will put to you?" said the Bible reader. "If so, I will freely do the same. I will abide by your own answers; by doing so we shall save much time, and arrive quicker at the truth."

"Well," said he, "out with it, and let us see if I can answer; there are but few things but what I can say something about."

"Well, my friend," replied the reader, "my first question is, Suppose all men were Christians, according to the account given to us in the Gospels concerning Christ, what would be the state of society?"

He remained silent for some time in deep thought, and then was constrained to say,



"Well, if all men were really Christians, in practice as well as theory, of course we should be a happy brotherhood indeed."

"I promised you," said the reader, "that I would abide by your answers; will you do the same?"

"Oh, yes," he readily replied; "no man can deny the goodness of the system in practice; but now for the other question; perhaps I shall get on better with that; you have got a chalk this time against me."

"Well, my next question is this, Suppose all men were infidels, what then would be the state of our city and of the world?" He seemed still more perplexed, and remained silent a long time. At length he said:

"You certainly have beaten me, for I never before saw the two effects upon society; I now see that where the Christian builds up, the infidel is pulling down. I thank you; I shall think of what has passed this afternoon."

J. H. H.

**An Affecting Scene.**

A Christian, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"  
 "Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."  
 "What are you doing here?"  
 "Hush, please, don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."  
 "What are you hiding for?"  
 "Don't tell anybody, please, sir."  
 "Where's your mother?"  
 "Please, sir, mother's dead."  
 "Where's your father?"  
 "Hush, don't tell him. But look here." He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt the visitor saw that the boy's flesh was terribly bruised, and his skin was broken.  
 "Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"  
 "Father did, sir."  
 "What did he beat you for?"  
 "Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

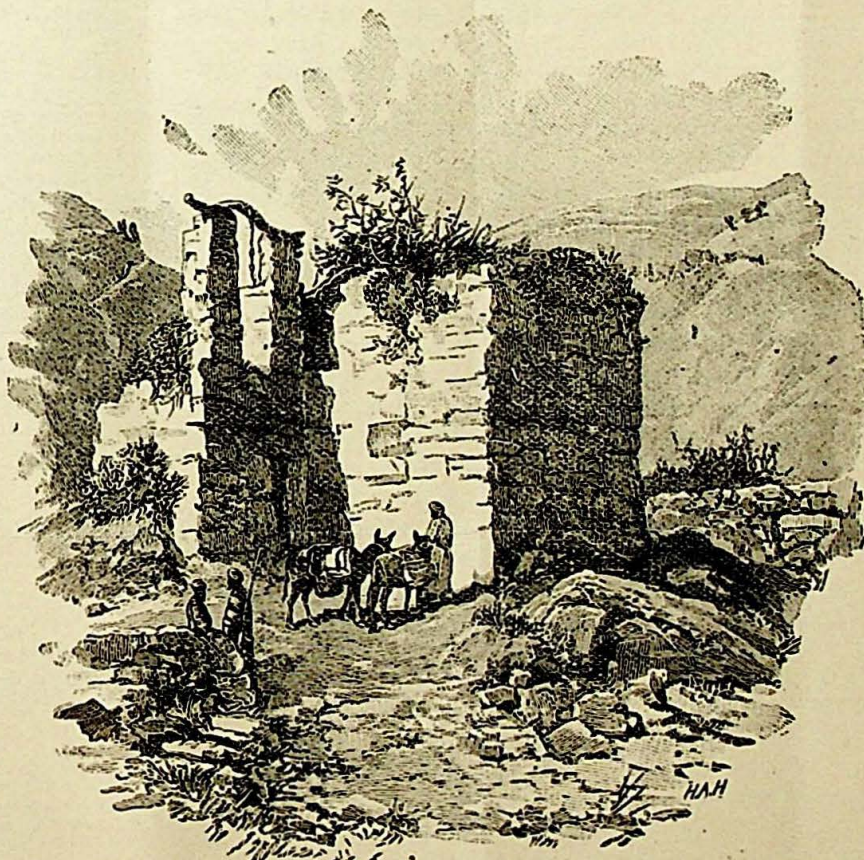
"Yes, sir; I was a street-thief once."

"And why won't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But, please, don't tell him."

"My boy, you mustn't stay here. You'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but, please, sir, would you like to hear me sing my little hymn?"



JOB'S WELL IN PALESTINE.

Motherless, friendless, bruised, battered, forlorn, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn." He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
 Look upon a little child,  
 Pity my simplicity,  
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain would I to Thee be brought,  
 Gracious Lord, forbid it not;  
 In the kingdom of Thy grace,  
 Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-by." The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his

bosom—dead. He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, He sends His messengers into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and brings out His children, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness.—I. B. G.

**Eloquent Rags.**

We often speak of the spiritual destitution and moral degradation, the crimes and infamies and woes of heathendom, as being a loud appeal to Christians for the bestowal of sympathy and effort, of men and money, to rescue the perishing. The following incident is an illustration of this silent, but eloquent voice.

Talking about the way boys were admitted to his Home, Dr. Barnardo, of London, said to an interviewer:

"I was standing at my front door one bitter day in winter, when a little ragged chap came up to me and asked me for an order of admission. To test him, I pretended to be rather rough with him.

"How do I know," I said, "if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?"

"Friends!" he shouted. "No, I ain't got no friends; but if these 'ere rags"—and he waved his arms about as he spoke—"won't speak for me, nothing else will."

**In China.**

When babies in China are a month old they have their first birthday party. Their heads are shaved, and they are dressed in no end of clothing, just the same shape as grown-up people's, consisting of trousers and jacket, and a cap which so completely covers them that you can only see part of a tiny face. About four o'clock the guests arrive. All are supposed to give a present—a toy, clothing, or a piece of silver wrapped in red paper. When any of our Christians have a "party" of this kind they invite the missionaries, and we have to eat all kinds of funny things, such as birds'-nest soup, which is very good, sharks' fins, and eggs that have been buried for years and have turned black, using, of course, not knives and forks, but chopsticks.

Children's World.



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

—WE see it stated that a merchant of St. Petersburg sustains at his own expense several missionaries in India, and when asked why he made such a large contribution in that one line of Christian effort, replied: "I once served sin and Satan at a large expense, and now that God has called me to work in His vineyard, I wish to expend as much in His cause as I did in the work of sin and Satan." If Christians were as liberal with their money for Christ as the votaries of Satan are in his work, there would be no lack of funds in the Lord's treasury.

—THE aggregate circulation of Bibles by the thirty Bible Societies amounts to over two hundred and forty millions. Of these copies more than four-fifths have been issued by the British and Foreign and the American Bible Societies. The number seems immense, and yet this would be but one copy to each six persons now dwelling on the face of the earth. There is abundant work yet for the Bible Societies.

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

—JAPANESE BABIES are born with a profusion of jet black hair, but the hair is immediately shaved from their heads. The costumes of the boys and girls of Japan are identical in style, but the boys wear dull, sober colors, while the girls are arrayed in all the hues of the rainbow. The Japanese boy takes as much delight in his pockets as any boy or girl in America. His pockets are his large, flowing sleeves, which are sewed up part way to admit of holding articles. The Japanese children have a way also of tucking things inside the belt or sash, which they always wear about the waist.

—THERE are, writes a missionary, several very common fallacies concerning missionary work, or the existing state of things among the heathen. The most familiar of these is the idea that the whole heathen world is standing on tip-toe, eagerly desiring the Gospel. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The old heathen sitting on the river's bank, waiting for the coming of the missionary, only exists in the excited imagination of the platform orator. There is no natural craving for the Gospel. The carnal heart is still enmity against God. In all heathen countries there is a deep-seated prejudice against, and hatred of the Gospel, and this prevails especially among the higher classes. They would drive us away if they could. In all this there is nothing strange. It is only the old enmity

of the unrenewed heart, and confronted the apostles just as it confronts us.

—A NATIVE preacher in India, while on a tour among the hills, came at night to the "dharmasala" (rest-house), and found the place already occupied by a man and a woman. The preacher asked the man who he was, and whither he was traveling. The man replied that he was a Rajput, the headman of a certain village, and now was on his way with his wife, who was a leper, to a certain village, and where was a doctor who would cure her of her disease. The preacher replied, "I live in that village myself, and no doctor lives there." After further conversation, the Rajput took the preacher aside and said, "The truth is, I am going with this leper to the Ganges to throw her into the stream." The preacher at once began to warn the man not to commit such a crime; explained the commandments to him, and at last made the man agree to pray with him; so the three kneeled together, and the preacher prayed for the man and woman as best he could. After prayer the man, who seemed quite broken-hearted, said to the preacher, "I will not go to the Ganges or do at all as I had intended. I am very sorry now." In the morning the preacher, whose way led towards the Ganges, said to the man, "I am going toward the Ganges: if you are going that way we will travel together." The man replied, "No, I am going back home, and will provide a house for this woman, and care for her as long as she lives."

—THE *London Times* recently printed a dispatch from Hong Kong, China, which says that at the annual examinations in Canton thousands of students were given copies of an imperial decree in which the doctrines of the Christians were fiercely condemned. The decree uses the following language: "A stupid, black-haired race is establishing sundry sects, and they regard not their own lives, but pretend to rise again as immortal men and women. They congregate, and abandoning chastity, behave like obscene birds and beasts. Faithful Confucians must shoot and stone and behead them without mercy. I, the Emperor, command the authorities to eradicate these weeds and vermin. Kill the serpents. Throw them to the wolves and tigers, because there is no salvation for them either against heaven-sent calamities or misfortunes caused by human agencies."

—It is said that there are 1,300,000 people in the world that are afflicted with leprosy. About one half of these are in China, and one-half of the remainder in Japan and India. A number of missionaries are devoting their lives in the interest of these poor souls.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

HOW TO TEACH ELEMENTARY GEOGRAPHY. By Prof. F. Lindemann. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 20 cts.

A very helpful and suggestive little work, which ought to be in the hands of all our teachers. Mr. Mar-

tin, the Master of the Comins Grammar School in Boston, after having examined the work, said: "It is one of the best works of its kind I have ever read. By following its hints and suggestions, this subject, which, as generally taught, is one of the drier and most uninteresting, may be made one of the most fascinating in the whole elementary course. So highly do I value it, that I shall recommend the teachers in the Comins School to procure it, and adapt the ideas as far as possible to the work of the different grades."

PHOTOGRAPH OF LUTHER. Cabinet size, 25 cts.; Imperial size, 50 cts. Address Dr. Th. Diedrich, 1507 Tenth Street N.W., Washington, D. C.

We take special pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this elegant photograph of Luther, taken from the best engraving of Kranach's painting. It is a very fine photograph of the great Reformer and is well worthy of a place among the presents given to our Lutheran children on Christmas day in our schools and in our homes. A sample copy, cabinet size, will be sent for 25 cts. Pastors and teachers, in looking about for Christmas presents for the children, will do well to order a sample copy of these photographs.

ADVENTSPREDIGTEN ueber ausgewaehlte Texte nebst Anhang: Reden zur Christfeier von H. Sieck, Pastor in Milwaukee, Wis. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 35 cts.

This book deserves a wide circulation. It contains a number of pure Gospel sermons in plain and simple language. There are ten sermons for the Advent Season on prophecies and types of Christ in the Old Testament and four short sermons for Christmas Eve.

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Adult catechumen class meets at 7<sup>15</sup> Tuesday evening.

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Divine service Sunday afternoon at 3<sup>15</sup> o'clock.  
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.  
Catechumen class meets from 7.30 to 8.30 Wednesday evening.  
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CHAS. H. RUESSKAMP, Missionary.

### Ev. Luth. Holy Trinity Church.

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

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