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Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1896" (1896). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 18.
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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1896.

No. 1.

Sowing and Reaping.

On through the dark and weary years
We sow the seed with precious tears,
And stay our hearts in faith sublime
With prospects of the harvest-time.

Not long shall we in sorrow go,
Not long endure earth's toil and woe;
For He who bids us sow and weep,
Shall call us then in joy to reap.

Then shall each tearful sower come,
And bear his sheaves triumphant home;
The voice long choked with grief shall sing
Till heaven with shouts of triumph ring.

Thick on the hills of light shall stand
The gathered sheaves from every land;
While they that sow and they that reap,
The Harvest Home in glory keep.

Selected.

This Year also.

In the thirteenth chapter of Luke we read: "A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering, said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it; and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

The dresser of the vineyard, who is none other than Christ, pleads that the barren fig tree may be spared "this year also," with the announcement that "if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." Well may we, at the beginning of another year, ask ourselves in the presence of God, whether Christ is or is not saying for the last time: "Lord, let it alone this year also." To thousands He has come, not only three years, but ten years, twenty years, thirty years, seeking fruit, and finding none. How long He will wait no man can tell, but this may be the last year for many unfruitful professors of religion, who are not possessors of Christ. In behalf of each of them the pleading of the

loving Saviour is heard, "Lord, let it alone this year also," and thus they are brought to the beginning of 1896. He would again in this year of grace apply His means of grace to make them fruitful trees in the vineyard of His Church. To many this will be the last year. If they continue to refuse faith and obedience to Christ, though for a time they are spared, still in the end they shall be destroyed. The day of grace will end. The voice of mercy will not always cry, "Let it alone this year also." Christ will not always lift his nailed-pierced hands over the sinner and intercede in his behalf. The Spirit will not always strive. For after every means have been tried and sinners reject their only salvation all through their time of grace, then the pleading and merciful Redeemer will Himself say, "Cut them down." They have held His incarnation of no account; they have disregarded His suffering and agonizing death for sinners; they have abused and spurned His goodness and mercy, His patience and forbearance. He will at last become angry with the wicked, and they will experience "the wrath of the Lamb," whom they despised and rejected. How horrible to hear from the lips of the Redeemer Himself the dreadful command: "Cut them down!" How horrible to be condemned by the Saviour who loved us and died for us! Oh, let us then take heed to the testimony of John the Baptist, which is as true "this year also," as when it fell from His lips: "Now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees; every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire," Luke 3, 9.

It is only a Question of Time.

"How do you find your patient this morning, doctor?"

"No better; the disease has advanced so far that there is no hope of recovery. He may live a few days, but it is now only a question of time."

And is it not so with us all? It is only a question of time with the healthy and the

strong, as well as with the sick and the man on the border of the grave. Who knows the number of his days? When at rest on our beds, or amidst the bustle of daily duties, or in a scene of sinful pleasure, or when engaged in the worship of God—in some hour when we think ourselves most secure, time with us may come to an end. Every day some are cut off without the least warning; they die in the bloom of youth, and in the ripeness of manhood. And though you may put away the thought from your mind, it is still true that "there is but a step between you and death." It is only a question of time when that last step will be taken.

Is it not, then, the highest wisdom to be ready? You have a soul whose worth is beyond all price. You need salvation because you are guilty, sinful, and lost. Unless you accept that salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be unprepared to die. Every day brings you nearer to the grave. Then what? "After death, judgment." The lesson of the dying year is, Prepare to meet your God. Come to Him whose name was called Jesus, because He saves us from our sins. He casts out none that come to Him, however guilty and miserable they may be. Come now! Remember, you may not live to see the last month of 1896. Before the year is past, you may be gone. Are you ready for the great change? The question is easily settled. The Bible says: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," John 3, 36.

God's Care.

One evening Luther, seeing a little bird perched on a tree, said, "This little bird has had its supper, and is getting ready to sleep, secure and content, never troubling itself about the morrow. Like David, it 'abides under the shadow of the Almighty.' It sits on its little twig, content, and lets God take care."

Epiphany in a Heathen Village.

The festival called Epiphany, and occurring in the church year on January 6th, says one of our exchanges, is not as well known nor as generally observed in our churches as its importance and significance would warrant. The great event which this festival commemorates marks it as the Christmas festival of the heathen. The wise men from the East, to whom Christ, the Saviour of the world, was manifested or revealed, were representatives of the gentile world, as the adoring shepherds were representatives of the Jewish race. Thus we find illustrated and emphasized the angelic message that announced the birth of the Saviour as the embodiment and source of joy "to all people."

We, whose forefathers centuries ago roamed amid the darkness of heathen superstition and idolatry, ought to take a keen interest in the revelation of Christ to the gentiles and the promulgation of Christianity among the heathen. To treat the work of missions with indifference and apathy, as though it were of no concern to us, does not betoken either breadth of view and understanding, or fervency of spirit. Those whose hearts have been gladdened by the good tidings of great joy which are meant for all people, will be deeply interested in the advancement of the kingdom of God in the dark places of the earth, where are habitations of cruelty and woe. We invite the attention of our readers to a narrative of the observance of the Epiphany festival in a village of India.

The Christian congregation in Shagoti numbered about 107 souls. Epiphany was held in the highest esteem among them, and, mindful of the example of the magi "who opened their treasures" and presented unto the Christ-child their "gifts—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh," they are accustomed to bring their offerings and lay them in the spirit of thankful worshipers at the feet of Jesus. We have read a description of an Epiphany service in this place somewhat as follows:

The little church was decorated both inside and outside with flowers and garlands, thus making a very festive appearance. And in expectation of an unusually large attendance the capacity of the chapel was enlarged by building a large canopy in front of the entrance, in order to afford late-comers protection against the scorching rays of the sun. Everybody within reach had been invited, either personally or by letter, to attend the service, and when the time came the available room was fully occupied.

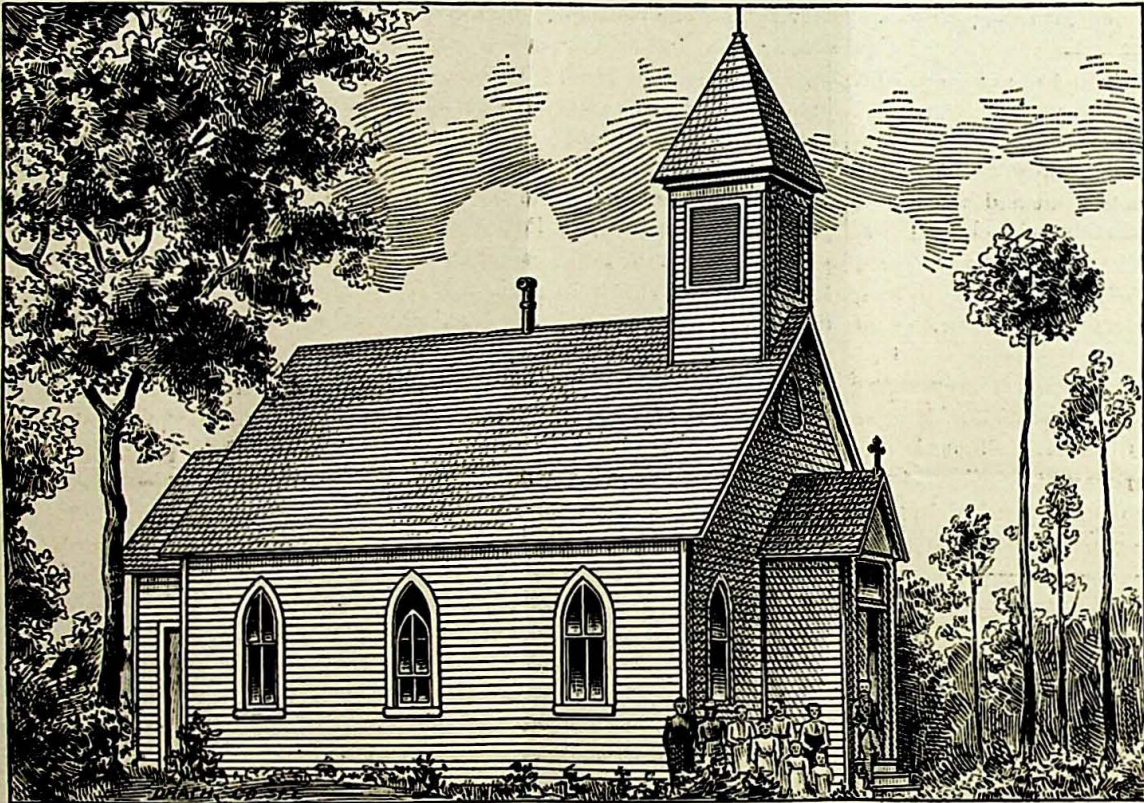
After the sermon the offerings were gathered, each person bringing his gift forward to the altar. Though the people, as a rule, were poor, and there had been a considerable

of heaven would preserve and restore his child's sight, he would, at the Epiphany service, bring a goat as an offering to the Lord. Not long after this the child enjoyed a good night's sleep and rest, and the next morning its eyes were much better and soon were perfectly well. The father fulfilled his vow and delivered the goat as his offering. It is to be hoped that the visitation was further blest unto the man's repentance and spiritual recovery.

Good Gold.

The Gifts of the wise men from the East to the Royal Child Jesus were intended, in

the Providence of God, to supply the wants of this poor family, to which the Saviour, in His human nature, belonged; thus they were really a contribution to the Kingdom of God. It is our duty to consecrate a part of our property, all of which is the Lord's (Ps. 24, 1; 1 Cor. 4, 7; 10, 26) to the same cause, so that while, on the one hand, the poor may be relieved, on the other hand pastors and teachers may be sustained in their labors, and, in general, men may be sent forth to preach



Our Mission Chapel at Elon College, N. C.,

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

failure of crops, there was manifested great readiness and cheerfulness in giving even of their poverty to the Lord; and not a few of the offerings represented acts of decided self-denial and personal sacrifice. Those who possessed any coin brought their offering in money; others brought of the products of their flocks or fields. Among the offerings were sheep and goats and baskets of fruit and grain. The total value of the contribution was about \$15.

One of the goats that was brought was the free-will offering of a man who, though once a member of the congregation, had been expelled, and who was known to be miserly and covetous. His child had fallen sick, and for two weeks was not able to open an eye. Grave fears were entertained that it would lose its sight entirely. In his anxiety and grief the father made a vow that, if the Lord

the Gospel (Rom. 10, 14, 15). Such contributions are especially necessary, in order that *young men*, who seem to be suited for the work, may be trained for the ministry, so that our descendants may also have well qualified pastors and teachers, even as it is wise to raise young fruit trees for the purpose of supplying the place of those that are decayed, and of generally increasing the supply of wholesome fruit.—*Luther*.

Teach Christ.

To Pastor Lauterbach, Luther said: "Endeavor to preach God our Saviour, and care not what the world will say of you. What matter is it to me if people say I know not how to preach? My only fear before God is that I have not spoken of His majesty and wondrous work as I ought."

I Go By The Book.

Two men were standing on the deck of a ship, which was on the stocks, and nearly completed, in a shipyard. One of them was the foreman, and the other was one of the carpenters engaged in building the vessel.

"Well, David," said the foreman, "I have been thinking I would like to talk with you a little. I hear you are one of those who say they know for certain that they are saved, and I am curious to learn how that can be."

"Yes," said the carpenter, "I thank God I know that I have passed from death to life, and that I am as sure of my acceptance with God as I am of anything on earth."

"Well," replied the foreman, "that is something that I can not see through—how any man can know that he is saved as long as he is in this world. It seems to me a very bold position for one to take."

The foreman then went on to relate something of his own history—how he had once been urged to join church, but had held back, because he had no assurance of being a Christian; and how, from his uncertainty in regard to himself, he had come to doubt about others, and finally, to question the very reality of Christianity.

"Well," said David, "I know it is a reality; and I know, too, that there is such a thing as knowing that one is saved. What is the breadth of this water-way?"

The foreman, astonished at the apparently sudden change in the conversation, said:

"Why, fourteen inches all round, to be sure; what makes you ask that, when you know?"

"But are you quite sure that it is to be fourteen inches?" said David.

"Certainly."

"But what makes you so sure?"

"Why, I go by the book;" and as he said so, he pulled a small memorandum book out of his pocket, in which were marked the sizes and position of the various things on the deck. "I'm sure its fourteen inches, for it is here in the book, and I got the book from headquarters."

"Oh, I see," said David. "Now, look here, that is just exactly how I know I'm saved; I go by the Book;" and as he said so he pulled a New Testament out of his pocket. "I just go by the book; it came from headquarters; it came from God; it is God's Word. I found in here that I was a lost, condemned sinner, worthy of nothing but the lake of fire; but I also found in the Book that God loved me, lost and guilty as I was; that He so loved me as to give His only begotten Son to die in my room and stead, and if I believe in Him I should not perish, but have everlasting life; for it says here, 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' (John 3, 16.) I took God at His word, and

I'm saved; and you, too, may be saved if you will, simply as you are, a lost, condemned sinner, believe in Jesus; that is trust Him as your Saviour, and you are saved; and then you can say, without presumption, I know I'm saved, 'For, I go by the Book.'" Here the conversation ended.

And now, reader, let me ask if you go by the Book? for this is the question that settles all others. "How do I know that I am such a great sinner, as you say I am? I don't feel so at all: I consider myself as good as most men." That is what you are saying, perhaps.

But do you go by the Book? If so, you must instantly change your mind. For read what is written in the Book: "It is written, there is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Rom. 3, 10—12.)

Again, "The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." (Rom. 8, 7.) If you go by the Book, you see where you are placed. And which is most likely to be correct, God's Book, or your own judgment? the Bible, or your imagination? the image that is reflected in the mirror of the holy law, or the picture which your own flattering fancy has drawn of you?

Or, perhaps you are saying, "Oh, I do not believe this idea of eternal punishment. My idea is, if one does as well as he can, he will come out all right, whether he believes just as you do about Jesus Christ, or not." But suppose you lay aside your idea, and just go by the Book. Read what that says: "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3, 36.) "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." (Matt. 25, 46.)

Is it best to risk it on your own opinion, or believe the Book? A ship commander found a rock laid down in the latest chart which he had never heard of before. "There is no such rock," he said, confidently. "I care not if it is laid down in the book; I have been over this course for thirty years, and I never found it; and I am willing to put my experience against the book that there is no such rock." And then, to prove his statement, he turned the prow of his ship directly upon the point marked dangerous in his chart. And, alas! he found just too late that he was mistaken, and the chart was right.

How many men and women are putting their judgment against God's, on the question of eternal punishment for such as obey not the gospel. Will you continue the risk, reader, until your soul strikes the rock, and you go to the bottom, sighing as you go, "Oh, that I had gone by the Book!" And will you not, doubting and discouraged Christian, uncertain whether or not you are saved, take the Book, and go by it henceforth? That Book says,

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." Do you believe on the Son? Then you may know, beyond all question, that you are saved, if you will only go by the Book. Have you been putting an "I feel" against a "Thus sayeth the Lord"? Have you been turning over the leaves of your own experience to find evidence of your acceptance, instead of searching the leaves of Holy Writ? Cast all these notions away, and say boldly, henceforth, "I go by the Book." T. W.

"Don't Cross a Bridge until you Come to it."

There were once a man and a woman who planned to go and spend the day at a friend's house, which was some miles distant from their own.

So one pleasant morning, they started out to make the visit, but they had not gone far before the woman remembered a bridge they had to cross which was very old, and was said not to be safe, and she immediately began to worry about it.

"What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband: "I will never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river any other way."

"Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge; it is a bad place; suppose it should break through, and we should fall into the water and be drowned!"

"Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank, and break your leg, what would become of me and of the baby?"

"I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I couldn't work, and we should all starve to death."

So they went on, worrying and worrying, till they got to the bridge, when, lo and behold! they saw that since they had been there last, a new bridge had been built, and they crossed over it in perfect safety, and found they might have spared themselves all their anxiety.

Now that is just what the proverb means: never waste your worrying on what you think may possibly be going to happen.

Half the time the troubles we look for do not come, and, as I said, it is never worth while to waste worrying.

The Right Way.

There are many ways devised by man for seeking the Kingdom of God, but there is only one way of finding it, namely, to believe in Christ and study the Gospel diligently with watching and prayer, so that its divine truth may take deep root in the heart, and bear fruit in the life.

Dr. Martin Luther.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—WISHING all our readers a Happy New Year we begin a new volume of our little paper. English publications are multiplying within the bounds of the Synodical Conference; and though we would gladly lay down our pen, still we hope that our little PIONEER will not lose its old friends, but will find a warm welcome in their homes and their hearts. May the Lord who has prospered the paper thus far, still graciously bless our efforts. In His name we begin another volume.

—OUR German mission paper, in its last issue, calls upon our young people to come to the rescue and to contribute towards the erection of the sorely needed church building for our Mount Zion congregation in New Orleans. If the pastors of our congregations will lay the matter before the young people, we doubt not that the appeal of our Mission Board will be heeded. How "Uncle Bob" would rejoice on the day of the dedication of a new church for Mount Zion! How we all would rejoice! May God speed the day!

—STANDING in front of the noble cathedral at Cologne, a lady overheard some one behind her say, "Didn't we do a fine piece of work here?" Turning quickly, she saw that the speaker was a man in the plainest of working clothes, and on a sudden impulse she said to him, "Pray, what did you do about it?" "Oh, I mixed the mortar for two years across the street," was his reply. The tourist thought the little incident droll enough to be worth remembering. But it has its serious side, and viewed from that side, it teaches a helpful lesson. If those of us who seem to have only a very humble work to do could realize that we are sharers in the whole great plan, should we not be more faithful and more happy?

—WE hope such a man as is spoken of in one of our exchanges is not found in the Lutheran church. Our exchange says: "One of our ministers had an experience of great meanness. The richest man in his congregation, residing on a fine farm about a mile from the city, who was ill five or six months of a disease that did not impair his mental faculties, besought the minister to call frequently, both for religious conversation and to help him to while away his lonely hours. The pastor did so, making more than twenty calls, involving some hours of his time on each occasion. The recipient was profuse in verbal thanks and appreciation, professed exalted piety, and spoke frequently in public. Just prior to his being taken sick he had ordered one of his men to draw half a cord of green hemlock wood to the church to be used for kindling purposes. He lost nothing by his illness, as he lived on his income. Some months after his recovery it was necessary to raise a small sum to supply the deficiency in receipts for the pastor's salary. He subscribed three dollars toward this purpose, and when asked to pay the same deducted the

price of the green hemlock, which was one dollar and seventy-five cents, paying over one dollar and twenty-five cents in cash. The minister in speaking of it to his friends was accustomed to say that afterward, whenever that man spoke or prayed in the meetings, he never heard anything but the crackling of green hemlock, though the man had a powerful voice."

—AND another of our exchanges says: The niggardliness of some well-to-do people is astonishing, and when it is screened by the gauze of assumed inability and pretended poverty it becomes contemptible in the extreme. President Eliot tells us of a man living near Boston who was asked to give money to Harvard College, who received the suggestion kindly, promised to confer with his wife, and report, and after a few days did report as follows: "We have talked over the question, and have been all over our accounts. We want to give, but actually find that we must deny ourselves. Our accounts show that we are spending every year \$70,000, and our income is equal to just about \$70,000. I am very sorry that I have not a cent to give." And another poor man has been heard of who, when asked to make a subscription to a certain cause, answered with great seriousness, "I am sorry that I can not. I have \$500,000 in Suffolk Bank, and it isn't drawing me a cent of interest."

—AND a British paper relates the following curious accident: "Last Sunday," said a clergyman to his congregation, "some one put a button in the collection bag. I won't mention names, I will merely say that only one individual in the congregation could have done so, and I will expect the same member, after the service, to replace the button with a coin of the realm." After church a well-to-do but close-fisted individual sought an interview with the clergyman in the vestry. "I—er," he began, hesitatingly, "must apologize for the—er—button incident, which I can assure you was an accident. I happened to have the button in my waistcoat pocket, together with a shilling, and took out the former by mistake. However, sir, here is the shilling." "Thank you," said the clergyman, taking the shilling and gravely handing him the button. "By-the-by, sir," said the man, "I can not understand how you should have known that it was I who—er—committed the much-to-be-regretted mistake?" "I didn't know," replied the clergyman. "Didn't know! but you said, sir, that only one individual in the congregation could have done so." "Just so. You see, sir, it is scarcely possible that two individuals could have put one button in the bag, is it, now?" said the clergyman, with a bland smile. It was so much easier for the button contributor to say "good day" than to answer this puzzling question, that he made his bow at once.

—IN a pretty church in Aneiteum is a tablet erected by grateful natives to their

missionary. On this tablet is written, in their language, the following: "When he landed, in 1848, there were no Christians here; and when he left, in 1872, there were no heathen." Such a testimony is worth living to achieve. The praises which so often find a place on the tombstone which would perhaps startle the deceased, could he see them, are far less telling than these simple words of those who gratefully record so grand a fact.

—LUTHER'S Small Catechism has been translated into Chinese and is used by the Basel Mission in China.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

CONCORDIA MAGAZINE. Published Monthly by the Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo., Price, \$1.50 per year, single copies, 15 cts.

We heartily welcome this beautiful "Home Magazine for Christian Readers." It is a most delightful and valuable monthly, especially suited to our Christian homes, supplying a long-felt want. It is beautifully printed, and its contents are most wholesome, varied, and interesting. We wish it a large circulation.

Acknowledgment.

Received of the pupils of the Lutheran school at Elmore, O., Rev. G. J. F. Koch, pastor, \$2.77 as a Christmas present for Colored Mission. Many thanks!
C. A. KAMPE, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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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.
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Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
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Sunday School at 9 o'clock.
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Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
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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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo.
All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1896.

No. 2.

Something for Christ.

"Something for Christ,
Some soul to win,
From the downward path
Of woe and sin—
Some heart to cheer,
Some fear to quell,
O may each day
Some blessing tell.

Something for Christ,
Some one to guide
To the open Fount
At the Saviour's side;
With earnest zeal
To tell of Him,
Something each day,
Who saves from sin.

Something for Christ,
Some word of love,
To point the way
To heaven above;
That all, O Lord!
May feel and see
That we each day
Have been with Thee.

Something for Christ,—
Let us begin,
This day, this hour,
Some work for Him,—
'The fields are white,
The lab'ers few,'
Whate'er Thy will,
Lord, help us do."

Worthy in Christ.

Out of Christ we have no worth or worthiness at all, do what we may; but *in* Christ the greatest sinners become infinitely worthy, for they are clothed in the dress of Christ's righteousness, on which there is no spot or stain. "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," says the apostle.

A wicked teamster, who had been the terror of the neighborhood, was, through the hearing of the Gospel, led to believe in Jesus, and it became known that he would partake of the Lord's Supper. Driving through a town where he was well known, he was met by an old woman with the question, "They tell me, Thomas, that you are going to take the Sacrament on Sunday; is it true?"

"Yes, by the grace of Christ, my Saviour," he replied.

"But, Thomas, do you think that you are worthy?" said the old woman; "I don't mean to reflect on you, but you know what kind of man you have been, and what kind of life you have led, and do you think, Thomas, that you are worthy?"

"As worthy as any man in town," was the reply, "for I am a poor, worthless sinner, saved by the grace of God through the precious blood of Christ. I trust in Him alone."

Such is the language of faith leading the sinner to lose sight of self and to trust only in the Saviour, who so graciously and sweetly says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Therefore no sense of unworthiness should keep us away from Jesus. He looks for nothing worthy in us. He simply invites us to come to Him that He may make us worthy. His heart is set upon making poor sinners rich, miserable sinners happy, guilty sinners righteous, unworthy sinners worthy.

Wait as long as you please, you will never find any worthiness in yourself. Come to Jesus, and you will never find Him refuse you because of your unworthiness. If you were the most unworthy creature that sin ever defiled, or Satan ever led captive at his will, you would be most welcome to Jesus.

Speaking to some that thought themselves worthy, He said, "Publicans and harlots enter into the kingdom of God before you;" and when He sent forth His apostles, "repentance and remission of sins must be preached among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." At Jerusalem, where they mocked Him, spat in His face, smote Him with their hands, insulted and scourged Him, crowned Him with thorns, and at last crucified Him!

What vile sinners they were! Could any be more unworthy than such? Yet to them the Gospel of the loving Saviour was to be preached that they might find in Him forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. And if you, my dear reader, were the most unworthy wretch, your unworthiness would be no barrier in His way, nor would you be rejected because of it. Come with all thy deep and

bitter sense of unworthiness to the loving Saviour who so invitingly says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"But I am a great sinner, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.
But I am an old sinner, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.
I have served Satan all my days, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.
But I have sinned against light, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.
I have no good thing to bring, sayest thou?
I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT, SAYS CHRIST."

Take Hold and Help.

A teacher saw from his window two colored men engaged in loading cotton bales. One of the men shirked. Although he went through all the motions, he did not help much in the work, while the other used all his strength. At last he that did the work turned to his fellow laborer, and looking at him from head to foot, said: "Sambo, are you a Christian?" "Yes," said Sambo, "I is a Christian." "Then take hold and help," said his fellow laborer.

There are many that make a profession of Christianity, but do nothing to help the cause of Christ in the world. Their common excuse is: "I am poor, I am weak, I am unlearned; what can I do?" If you are a Christian, you can do something. Think of the widow and her two mites! One drop of water is not a pail of water, but you can not have a pail of water without the drops. One grain of sand is not a mountain, but you can not have the mountain without grains of sand.

If you are a Christian, take hold and help us in our mission work.

Endless Punishment.

A Christian in debate with a Universalist said to him: "What *language* or *words* would you use, if you were teaching the doctrine of everlasting punishment? Please make use of the *strongest expressions* you possibly can." The question remained unanswered. The "strongest expressions" are already in the Scriptures and all tend one way.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

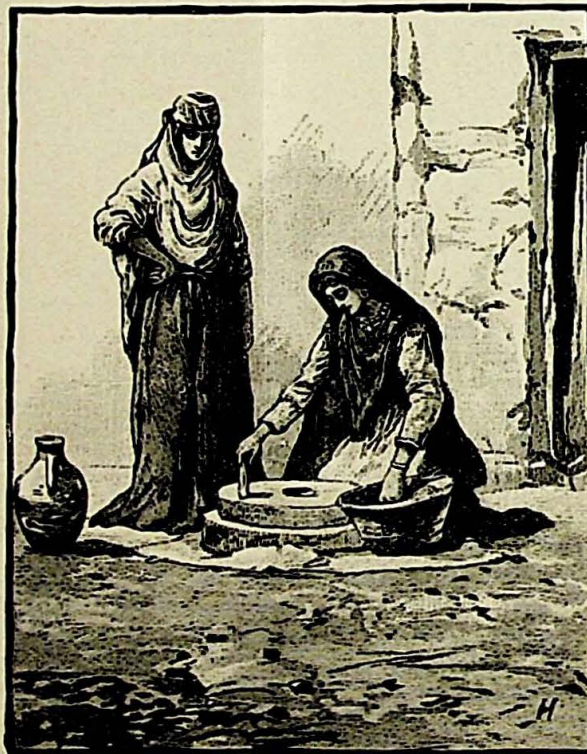
Our Mission at New Orleans, La.

In July, 1877, the Ev. Luth. Synodical Conference, convened at Fort Wayne, Ind., resolved to begin missionary operations among the colored people. One of the first points that received the attention of the missionary appointed was New Orleans, La.

MOUNT ZION,

the oldest mission in this city, was established April 7, 1878. Services and school were held in a house on Erato street near the river, known as the old Sailor's Home. This building was once a handsome four-story brick structure; but when it served our mission it was already well worn and torn. After about a year's work four applicants for membership were reported. The number of children at day school and Sunday school was rather encouraging. In November, 1879, eleven adults were confirmed and six children baptized. But late in the following year, when Rev. N. J. Bakke took charge of the mission (Nov. 28, 1880), its prospects were anything but bright. The number of scholars was greatly diminished, the attendance at the services was slim, the building in a wretched condition. The mission, however, struggled on with varying success until a church was secured. A property at the corner of Franklin and Thalia streets, which was formerly owned by a Presbyterian congregation, was bought at a cost of \$3250.00. The necessary repairs having been made, the church was dedicated Dec. 3, 1882. The congregation at that time numbered 15 communicant members; 10 applicants for membership were receiving instructions. Early in the following year regular monthly meetings were begun, and the congregation resolved to pay the current expenses as well as contribute to a fund for the sick and needy. Henceforth the mission prospered, and more than a few felt sore at heart, when, in 1891, Rev. Mr. Bakke, our indefatigable missionary, consented to go to Concord, N. C., to superintend a number of mission-points in the Tar Heel State. His successor, Rev. F. J. Lankenau, ordained and installed August 23, the same year, continued the work that had been productive of such good results, until three years later—May 1, 1884—he was succeeded by Rev. E. W. Kuss, the present esteemed pastor of Mount Zion. Though slow, the growth of the congregation has been steady. It numbers 271 souls, 17 voting members, 107 communicants. During the last year 9 were baptized, 6 confirmed, 4 died. \$323.00 is the amount of last year's receipts. The school is attended by 179 pupils, the Sunday school by 188. The able instructors are Messrs. Eug. Vix and D. Meibohm, the former having done faithful and

efficient service already since 1882. A new school was built last year at an expense of about \$1800.00, the dedication having taken place on May 12. The house is a one-story frame-building, 70×32 ft., divided into two rooms of equal size by large folding doors, the best of our colored schools at New Orleans. The church, however, is in such a miserable condition that it is impossible to repair it, and, unless it shall become our sad duty to record some accident, it is imperatively necessary to put in place of the old death-trap a new house of worship at an early date. Several Young People's Associations who love the Saviour and His cause have appropriated money for that purpose with the hope that others will do the same. God bless these young people! we



Woman grinding at Mill in Palestine.

say; and every member of Mount Zion will do the same; and every friend of our missions likewise. So go ahead, Young Lutherans! Let every one of the young people lend a hand! Think of the souls to be gained in that new church! What better returns could you get for your money! And do you not owe some of it to Him, who gave you not only all the money you have, but also gave you His own Son as a Saviour? Therefore, bestir yourself! Help, every Young Lutheran, help! that the new church needed may soon stand finished—a monument of the Young Lutherans' gratitude to their Lord and Redeemer.

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

was dedicated March 9, 1879. It was a modest building of undressed lumber, measuring 30×20 ft., and was put up with the balance of a fund for yellow-fever sufferers during the last epidemic. It first stood on Claiborne

street, near Annette. For almost two years every effort seemed in vain. The Board was about to discontinue the station, but was prevailed upon by the Rev. Bakke to give it another trial. In 1881, Mr. Chas. Berg was sent to open a school. On Jan. 26 he had only five children to begin with, but in a month's time he had 35, a few weeks later that number was doubled, and soon the chapel was too small to accommodate all the children that applied for admission. In November, 1883, the chapel was moved to Annette street, between Claiborne and Derbigny. A small congregation had been gathered by this time. The school continued to flourish under the able management of Mr. Berg. His death, which occurred March 9, 1888, was a severe blow to the mission. The same year a new church was built. It is a frame building, as is all other property of the mission. It measures 54×28×21 ft., has a steeple 55 ft. high and a vestry 22×16 ft. Its seating-capacity is about 225. With a cherry-stained, arched ceiling, high gothic altar, richly decorated with velvet covers, crucifix and flowers, with its stained glass windows, beautiful chandeliers, and appropriately carpeted chancel it is the handsomest colored church we have in the city, though it cost less than \$2000.00. This church was dedicated Sept. 23, the 17th Sunday after Trinity. The membership of the congregation rapidly increased, and under the zealous care of Rev. F. J. Lankenau, who is ably assisted in school by Miss H. Holland, steadily continues to grow. A two-story schoolhouse, 26×48 ft., built for \$1825.00 and dedicated in March, 1891, furnishes ample room for the pupils attending, of whom there are 146. The Sunday school has an enrollment of 158. The congregation consists of 164 souls, 15 voting members, 76 communicants. Last year there was a loss of 6 members by death and excommunication, while 12 were added by baptism and confirmation. The annual receipts amounted to \$353.95, an increase of almost \$76.00 over the receipts of the previous year.

BETHLEHEM CHAPEL

was opened on the 2d Sunday after Easter, April 15, 1888. Its size is 50×28×16 ft. It has a little tower about 28 ft. high. Seats for 130 persons have been provided, but there is room for more. The clean pews in hard oil finish, a pretty altar bearing a gilt crucifix, silver plated candle-sticks, and vases with artificial flowers, and a neat carpet, covering the front of the house up to the pews as well as the center aisle, make it as cozy a place as the preaching of God's word and Luther's doctrine pure makes it a blessed one. Immediately there was such a rush of children to the school that it soon became necessary to call a teacher. Mr. Ed. Rischow, who arrived

the latter part of August, proved himself a conscientious, painstaking teacher, and as the rush continued a two-story schoolhouse, 43x26 ft., was built at an expense of \$1615.00. It was dedicated January 18, 1891. There were 153 pupils in school, divided between Messrs. Rischow and Niewedde, Sept. 30, 1895. At the same time the congregation, which is being served by Rev. J. Kossmann, numbered 148 souls, 10 voting, and 57 communicant members. During the first nine months of last year the congregation lost 7 members by death and exclusion, while 21 were added by baptism and confirmation. The amount of money raised at this station the first three quarters was \$512.00. Under God's blessing the work goes on. Each of the missionaries has a number of catechumens, adults as well as children, under instruction; and hopeful of good results they look forward to the next confirmation-day. AUG.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Uncle Bob's Letter.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

What a happy time it is: the glorious Christmas season! To all my little friends it assuredly has brought joy and happiness. True, there may be some of you who have received, perhaps, little as a Christmas gift such as children naturally look for at that time. But then again, what are all these toys and earthly gifts in comparison with that greatest of Christmas gifts, the sweet Christ-child, which the heavenly Father sent into this world to accomplish the work of redemption for us all? Surely, Johnnie and Jennie, and Myrtle and Mark, that gift is also yours and mine, if we receive it with believing hearts. And when Uncle Bob, therefore, wishes you and all a Happy New Year, may it be one in the company of the Saviour; for, as we have learnt on Christmas day, He is particularly the children's friend.

Therefore, forward, march, in Christ's name! Forward, in the work which was begun in 1895! God prosper the work of your little hands in this coming year of grace. May your love-offering built Mount Zion a new church! That be your continued thank-offering in 1896. And with God's help, it shall be accomplished.

By the way, my little ones, Uncle Bob has noticed with pleasure the interesting fact, that Johnnie's and Jennie's, and Myrtle's and Mark's, big brothers and sisters are going to help us. The December *Missions-Tarbe*, the PIONEER's German sister, brings that information, and the *Lutheraner* in its financial columns verifies it.

Surely, my little ones will agree with me that the quarters of our Young People will prove not only a welcome assistance, but also an assurance that our elders will likewise fall in line cheerfully, provided the matter be kept

steadily before them at home. Tell your parents again and again that Mount Zion must have a new church before summer.

The mission-workers in Mount Zion have now definitely decided to vacate the old shanty, and henceforth, until the new church is built, to have services in the new school. It is sad, very sad indeed, to be compelled to do so, but conscience commands it. Imagine how uncomfortable it will be for the old folks to occupy children's benches for two hours during service-time. True, we have managed to put in eight long benches, by moving the patent benches towards the sides of the building. In that way we gain room in the middle for these eight benches, but only 48 can be seated, which is not half enough. How can we expect the old folks, the mothers and grandmothers, considering the many aches to which they are subject, to be comfortable? There will, I fear, be many excuses for neglecting services hereafter.

Take the PIONEER home with you, and when all are gathered about the hearth-stone, read it aloud to all assembled, and if any thereafter can devoutly say, "Thy kingdom come," without also going down in his or her pocket, then, indeed, does this world contain stony-hearted people. Uncle Bob, through his little ones, is determined to bring matters to a crisis. The old church, whether we get a new one or not, must come down. Yes, so it must, for, since I wrote you last, part of the sill is gone, there is a breach; in plain words, the uprights would drop, were they not held by the weatherboards. No matter which way the building falls, it will slaughter the innocents. *For God's sake, for your own sake, for the sake of the Mission, help us!* If that building causes any one's death, good-bye Colored Mission in New Orleans! Besides there will be legal actions for damages against the Board, an incorporated body and subject to legal process.

Now, then, up and about; a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether! Let not our fair Lutheran name be dragged in the mire, children. Let not our enemies rejoice over the downfall of the Colored Mission in New Orleans. Here are heartsore Mission-workers; there in St. Louis a heartsore Board willing to forward the funds, but handicapped by a lack of them. Up, ye Christians, in the strength of the new-born King! Lift this burden from our hearts.

God grant it. Amen.

The children's Christmas service was fine. 250 people crowded the school. There in the north corner stood the beautiful Christmas tree with its 100 wax candles diffusing light, and hundreds of glittering ornaments hanging from its evergreen branches. Under the tree were bags filled with sweetmeats; and there, in yonder corner, were the gifts. Our Pastor announced, "Let us all with gladsome voice." Then came the Gospel Lesson from Luke 2, followed by "From heaven above to earth

I come." There was a vim and an energy in the singing, which was truly delightful. Next came an address by the teacher, and after that the catechetical part of the service, containing the prophecies of the Messiah as recorded in the Old Testament, the history of the Saviour's birth, and the story of the Wise Men from the East. Christmas carols were interspersed. Many had never before seen such a Christmas service. The unanimous verdict was: Fine, well trained, indeed! The answers of the pupils came out boldly and distinctly, and the singing was exceptionally clear and cheerful.

Thus our Mission-schools, not only Mount Zion, but all of them, are becoming a power down here. Souls are being led to Christ. Are you not, therefore, happy to be able to contribute your mites towards such a worthy cause? Truly, you are.

Assurance by mail has reached us that my little friends are glad to contribute towards the new church. God reward you! They would also like to see the new school in the PIONEER. Uncle Bob will remember it.

So, again, a happy New Year to one and all.

Your affectionate uncle,

BOB.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Christmas Joys at Springfield, Ill.

On the evening of December 25, 1895, at 8 o'clock sharp, our Christmas services were begun in the name of the new-born King and Lord of heaven and earth. The many people who were present called to our memory the fact that a great event was to be commemorated. It was the birth of the dear Christ-child that we had assembled to commemorate in an appropriate manner.

Besides the unspeakable joys which this child Jesus brought home to our hearts, we also had the pleasure of hearing what the children of our school had learnt concerning this great and wonderful Child. Having sung a number of selections suitable for the joyful occasion, the pupils of our day- and Sunday-school were examined by their teacher, Mr. J. McDavid, regarding the prophecies which treat of the coming Messiah. While the questions were being asked and answered, the eyes of the entire audience were fixed on the children, whose prompt and correct answers called forth wonder and astonishment from the attentive listeners; so impressive and solemn was the occasion that it caused many an eye to shed tears of joy. No doubt the hearts of quite a number of the visitors were touched to see the words of the psalmist David fulfilled to the very letter, "Out of mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained perfect strength because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." Ps. 8, 2.

After the children had been satisfactorily examined, the vast assembly was favored with

a Christmas address delivered by Prof. Herzer, whose faithful and self-sacrificing labors among the colored people of Springfield will ever be held in remembrance by them. In a very striking manner he plainly showed to the people God's motive, namely His great love, in sending His only begotten Son into this sinful world to save us sinners; he also indicated that the Christmas Present which the Lord gave us on this day was in perfect harmony with His great love toward mankind.

Thereupon followed the lighting of the Christmas tree, during which time the children rendered the well known song, "The Christmas Tree's the Fairest Tree." Immediately after the lighting of the tree, the joys of the children were increased by receiving a few presents to remind them of the Gift which was also presented to them on this blessed day. In consideration of all the joys and pleasures which accompanied this memorable event, we have great occasion to exclaim with the Christians of old, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. . . . Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising Thee. Selah."

In conclusion a few words as to the present condition of this missionfield. The congregation has been without a pastor since March 1895, during which time it has been temporarily entrusted to the kind and faithful care of Prof. Herzer who, with the assistance of students, still furnishes it with preaching every Sunday. The services are visited by 12-30 persons. The day-school is also yet in existence. It is now taught by Mr. J. McDavid, a student of Concordia College. He has had charge of this school since April 1895, and now has 24 pupils enrolled; the Sunday school is attended by 30 children.

E. B.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE last Sunday of the past year was a day of rejoicing at our mission station at Greensboro, N. C. Under the bright lights of a beautiful Christmas tree the first confirmation of colored Lutheran Christians in that town took place. Rev. F. H. Meyer, of Salisbury, delivered the address on Rom. 8, 31. 32. The attendance numbered about 150, of whom seven adults publicly confessed their Christian faith and were confirmed. May the Lord keep them faithful unto the end.

—ON the 24th of November, 1895, the well known Lutheran missionary, Dr. Hugo Hahn, departed this life at Cape Town in South Africa. He came to Africa fifty-four years ago and became the pioneer among the evangelists of South Africa.

—OF the Christmas celebration at our mission station in Greensboro, N. C., a writer in

the *Daily Record* of that city says: "In correspondence with previous intimation, the eve of the nativity of our Lord and Saviour was solemnized in the colored Lutheran Mission with appropriate ceremonies, and becoming exercises. It was for this locality, indeed, a unique celebration. The validity of this even those, being not as favorably disposed toward the blessed work of this mission as might be desired, have ratified. To all present once more the Divine truth of the words of Scripture: 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise,' was demonstrated; for, not only did they commend in song the unfathomable mercy of our celestial Father, but also and not less, by the answers that they gave their Pastor and the teacher when questioned. First the older scholars in catechetical discourse gave the prophecies and a brief explanation of each, and then the smaller children, of which some had not completed their sixth year, were questioned concerning the story of our Saviour's birth. It was a delight to hear the clear and distinct answers of the little ones. The Christmas tree which already last year awakened such great interest and admiration, lacked nothing of its beauty this year; on the contrary, all of those enjoying them both, have pronounced it a greater success than last year. It was indeed a feast for the eyes that reminded those who beheld it of the inestimably beautiful Tree of Life, Jesus Christ. Also the hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Festoons were extended all along the walls; wreaths and a cross hung over the platform; from the center of the ceiling were suspended, in every direction, garlands, to which were attached many Italian lights, throwing a magic hue over the whole. Every one of the 75 children of the Lutheran day and Sunday school received a valuable present, such as entire suits, dresses, candy, fruit, toys, etc., to be reminded of the unspeakably great present which God at the first Christmas festivity gave unto the World—His Son."

—A CHRISTIAN LADY, who was engaged in work for the poor and degraded, was once remonstrated with for going among such a class of people. "You sit beside these people and talk with them in a way that I do not think you would do if you knew all about them—just what they are and from what places they come." Her answer was: "Well, I suppose they are dreadful people; but if the Lord Jesus were now on earth, are they not the very sort of people that he would strive to reach? And am I better than my Master?" A poor, illiterate person who stood listening to this conversation, said with great earnestness and simplicity, "Why, I always thought that was what Christians were for." The objector was silenced, and what wonder? Is not that what Christians are for? If not, what are they for?

—BRITISH Missionary Societies find themselves in much the same straits in which Boards

in America are placed by reason of inadequate supplies of money. Here is what *The Missionary Record* of the Scotch United Presbyterian Church says in view of this fact: "Are we to ask God to stay the blessing upon our Foreign Missions, and so save us from these increasing demands? Are we to pray that the work may never grow beyond what can be provided for out of the old measure of contributions? Are we to take it that the missionary income of these past years represents the limit of our ability or of our duty in view of the needs of the heathen world? Or are we to recognize that behind the blessing which is so greatly enlarging our foreign work, and behind the daily more clamant needs of the heathen, stands the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, telling us in this way that we are not yet giving as we ought, and so are hindering Him from blessing us as He would?"

OUR BOOK TABLE.

HERR, ICH WARTE AUF DEIN HEIL. Andachten in Psalmen, Gebeten und Liedern. Zusammen-gestellt von A. L. Graebner. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.00.

By issuing this book of devotion in large, clear type the compiler and publisher have conferred a great favor upon the aged fathers and mothers of our German congregations, whose eyes have grown dim with old age, and who lean more firmly upon the comforting staff of God's Word as they are nearing the end of their pilgrimage.

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.
J. W. F. KOSSMANN, 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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo.
All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCOPF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1896.

No. 3.

Lamb of God.

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

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

Selected.

The Lamb of God.

Jesus is the Lamb of God. Of Him it is said, "Behold the Lamb of God; which taketh away the sin of the world," John 1, 29. Jesus came into the world to become a sacrifice for our sin. In the season of Lent we go with Him on His way of sorrow to the altar of the cross. We behold Him suffering and dying for the sin of the world. He took upon Himself all our sins and the sin-hating God poured upon His sin-bearing Son all the wrath we deserved.

Behold the Lamb of God in the darkness of Gethsemane, bowed down under the burden of the world's sin and sweating great drops of blood in the unspeakable agony of His soul!

Behold the Lamb of God, bound and dragged from one tribunal to the other, scourged with the cruel whips of Roman soldiers, crowned with a crown of thorns, and led forth by Pontius Pilate into the presence of the murderous rabble that cried out, Crucify Him! Crucify Him!

Behold the Lamb of God nailed to the cross and suffering that great anguish which pressed from His lips that cry of woe, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" All the wrath due to sinners was put into one dreadful cup of suffering, and Jesus drank it all, crying, "It is finished!"

Thus the Lamb of God taketh away the sin

of the world by bearing all sin and all punishment due to sin. "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all," says the prophet. And St. Peter says, "He Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Our sins caused that deep agony in the garden; our sins scourged His holy body; our sins crowned His holy brow with a crown of thorns; our sins nailed Him to the cross; our sins drove Him into awful abyss of wrath and woe, out of which rose such a cry of distress as never shook the earth before: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" The prophet Isaiah says, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." And the apostle says, "Christ died for our sins."

The Lamb of God taketh away the sin of the world. Not only the sins of a favored few. No. He taketh away the sin of the world. Not only the sins of certain holy people like St. Paul and St. Peter and others. No. He taketh away the sin of the world. The Gospel, which brings us all the blessings won by the sacrifice of Christ, points every sinner, even the vilest sinner, to Jesus as to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, the sins of every sinner.

If you would enjoy what Christ has won for all sinners by the sacrifice of Himself, you must see in Him your Saviour; you must with the eye of faith behold in Him the Lamb of God that taketh away your sins; you must believe in your heart that He suffered and died for you, the poor, lost, and condemned sinner, and that by His sufferings and death you are saved. By this faith you will enter into the gladness of knowing that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1.

Do not neglect your Salvation.

Just think what has been done in order that you might be saved. God gave His beloved Son into sufferings and death; Jesus died on the cross—the Just for the unjust, the Holy One for the sinner. His blood was shed, and His blood it is which cleanseth us from all

sin, 1 John 1, 7. What a price has been paid! And this salvation, your salvation, is offered to you in the Gospel. How will you escape if you reject the Gospel and neglect this great salvation? Do you think that God, who spared not His own Son, will spare you if you reject the Son of His love and despise the salvation gained by His bitter sufferings and death?

One day an aged Christian was pressing on some unbelieving neighbors the danger of neglecting their souls' salvation, and in doing so set before them the terrors of the hell that awaits the impenitent. One of them turned on him and said, "You are a father; could you make one of your children unhappy, even if he had offended you ever so deeply? And will God be less merciful to us than an earthly parent would be to his children? If we have been so unfortunate as to offend Him, still will He not spare us?" "Spare you!" exclaimed the old Christian; "how could He do that, when He spared not His own Son!"

The Compassion of Jesus for the People.

When Jesus saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them. Every suffering one brought to Him, or who called to Him, found a ready response to their plea for mercy. The eyes of the blind were opened, the ears of the deaf were unstopped, the tongue of the dumb was loosed, the limbs of the palsied were strengthened. It is the will of Christ that every member of the body be freed from the power of Satan, and made free to serve and praise God. He called the attention of the disciples to the distressed and dying condition of the people, and reminded them that they were called to bring life, health, freedom and happiness to enslaved, suffering, and dying multitudes. He urged them to pray that the number of faithful laborers be increased. The conditions are the same to-day. Multitudes are perishing, the laborers are few, alas, so very few.

We must work and watch, but never be full of care or anxious. Commit our all to Him with a quiet heart, as one who is sleeping safely.—*Martin Luther.*

Luther's Dying Prayers.

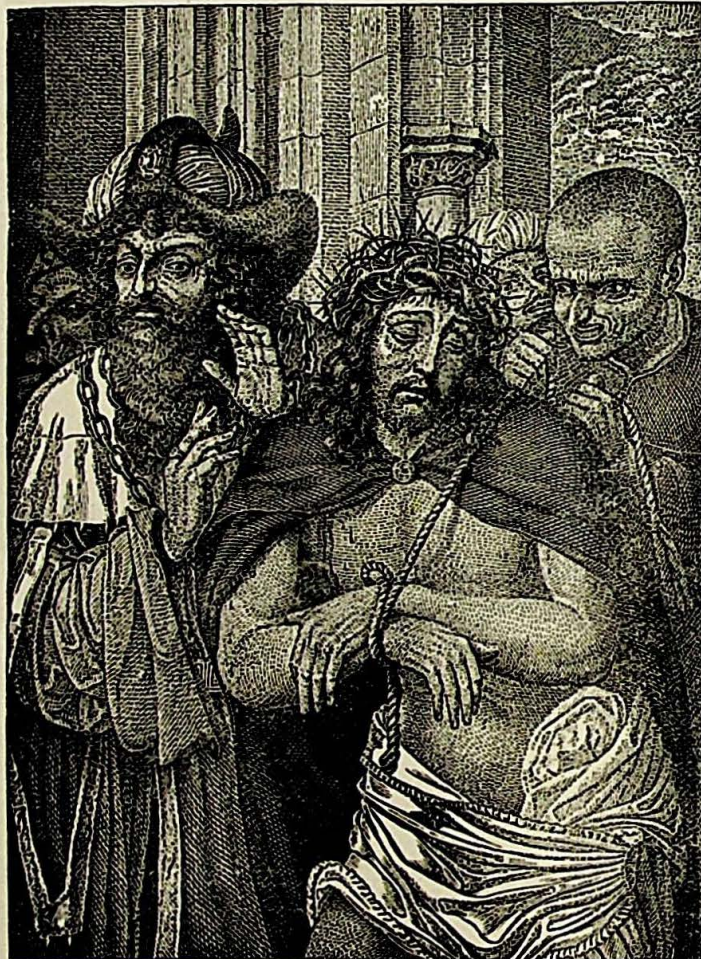
On the 18th of February of the present year many of our Lutheran congregations commemorated the 350th anniversary of Luther's death, and many writers presented to the readers of church papers the peaceful and Christian ending of the great Reformer. One of them well said: Luther was a man of prayer. He was a most prominent example of a man who combined working with praying. He prayed all his life long. He constantly breathed the spirit of devotion. He prayed much in the chamber at Eisleben, in which he died February 18th, 1546. Those prayers which he uttered in his dying chamber, and within a few hours of his departure from earth to heaven, are rich legacies left to the church. They reveal the working of faith in his heart. They present to us the man as he was, strong in the faith, devout in spirit, self abased in soul, and faithful to the end in the work that God gave him to do.

The following was uttered by him a few hours before his death, as he stood at the window of the little room of the house at which he stayed at Eisleben. It was his custom in summer and winter, to stand at the window, and looking out, and up towards the heavens, to offer his prayers. This one was uttered with a clear voice, and was written down as he spoke it. It is as follows:

"O Lord God, heavenly Father, I implore Thee, in the name of Thy dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have, by Thy grace, confessed and preached, that, according to Thy promise, and to the glory of Thy name, Thou wilt be pleased graciously to hear these my prayers. Thou wilt hear me, since Thou hast, in Thy great mercy, according to Thy gracious will, revealed to me the apostasy, blindness, and gross errors of the popes, before the great day, which is not far off, but just at the door, and which shall follow the light of the Gospel, which now shines in all the world. Be graciously pleased to preserve the church of my dear fatherland, even to the end, without any falling away, in the pure truth, and in the constant and faithful confession of Thy word, so that the whole world may know, that for this Thou hast sent me. Grant this, O dearest Lord God. Amen. Amen."

The next was uttered by him soon after, when he could no longer stand, but lay on his bed in his chamber, only a short time before he breathed his last. His mind was still clear, and he spoke these words very distinctly:

"O my Father in heaven, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; the God of all comfort, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed Thy dear Son Jesus Christ unto me, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and confessed, whom I have loved and adored, whom the malicious pope and all the ungodly dishonor, persecute and blaspheme. I beseech Thee, O my Lord Jesus Christ, receive my poor soul. O my heavenly Father, though I have to forsake this body and have to be taken away from this life, yet I am assured that I shall dwell with Thee forever, and



"My burden, in Thy passion, Lord, Thou hast borne for me. For it was my transgression, Which brought this woe on Thee.

I cast me down before Thee, Wrath were my rightful lot, Have mercy, I implore Thee, Redeemer, spurn me not!"

that no one shall take me out of Thy hands."

Then he thrice repeated the words distinctly, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And then he added three times in quick succession: "Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, Thou God of truth."

These, except the word "yes," in answer to the question whether he was still determined to stand fast in Christ and in the doctrine which he had preached, were his last words. They prove that he was not only a great, but also a godly man. Christ was his all. With

simple faith he trusted wholly in Him. His soul was in most intimate communion with God. He was a chosen instrument. God wrought by him. As he lived, so he died, a godly man. With St. Paul he could say: "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Lutheran Mission at Charlotte, N. C.

DEAR PIONEER:—It has been some time since your readers have had any news from our Mission in Charlotte, N. C. 1895 was an active year with our little congregation; we have built a schoolhouse costing \$155.00, and paid the same, all but nine dollars; and we have paid the current expenses of the church thus far. So much for our financial success in '95. By this your readers can see that we are trying to train our people to help themselves. True, most of our people are very poor, yet if they are taught they cheerfully do what they can.

Now to our gain of souls in the past year. Nine were added to our list of souls in the church: three adults by confirmation, six children by baptism. Others made application, but have not been received. Your readers can see that the Lord is adding His blessings to our humble efforts. May the Lord fill us with still greater missionary zeal and continue to bless our labors.

We have been greatly strengthened and encouraged through the year by the presence of Rev. N. J. Bakke, of Concord, N. C., who comes with the blessed word of God and at all times gives us good advice. May the Lord richly bless him.

Our schools are well attended. We have on our roll 79 pupils. The average daily attendance is 65. This is a good attendance considering our chances. The Graded School is just three blocks from us. It has

between nine hundred and a thousand children and ten teachers. One block west is the Baptist High School. Nine blocks south is the Baptist Normal School. So we must be doing well under the circumstances. We have a good Sunday school enrollment of 107 pupils. Time and more earnest work is all we need to make a better report.

I am also glad to inform your readers that we have commenced another mission three miles east of the city, and with God's blessings I feel sure we shall accomplish something for the Lord and the Church. We have at this station 40 children on roll with an average attendance of 30 each Sunday. We there hold Sunday school and then deliver a short sermon.

We are holding services at present in a private house. If we are to carry on the work successfully, we ought to have a chapel of our own. May the many friends of the "Negro Mission" soon enable the Board to help us build the so much needed house to hold our services in. We just want a plain neat chapel, something that will cost two or three hundred dollars. If we do not work this field now, some other denomination will; for we have many opponents in our mission field. Therefore we must work diligently and avail ourselves of every opportunity that presents itself.

Yours for the Lord and the Church,

MISSIONARY,
Charlotte, N. C.

The Child Martyr.

I am sure your young readers will be interested in a story about a boy only nine years of age, who, rather than deny Christ, suffered the death of a brave young martyr. It was at Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, that a deacon from the church of Cesarea was suffering dreadful tortures that he might be forced to deny the Lord that bought him with His own precious blood. This martyr said: "I believe there is but one God and one mediator between God and man." His body was almost torn in pieces. At last he said: "Call a little child who has been truly converted and let him decide whether it would be better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who died on the cross for us, or to worship the gods many and the lords many whom the Romans served."

Just then a Christian Roman mother, who had come to look upon the dreadful sufferings of the martyr, drew near with her little boy nine years of age. The question was asked the child, and he quickly replied: "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The prosecutor heard these words and was filled with rage. "O base and wicked Christian mother," he said, "thou hast taught this child to answer thus." Then, turning to the boy, he said: "Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak! How did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly into his mother's face. "My mother taught me that Jesus Christ loved little children, and died on the cross, and so I learned to love Him for His love to me."

"Ah," said the cruel judge, "we will see what the love of Christ can do for you," and at a sign the officers who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy, and laid their heavy blows upon his bleeding back.

"Now we will see," cried the judge, "what the love of Christ can do for him."

As the blood was streaming from the tender flesh of the dear boy, his mother replied:

"The love of Jesus enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all."

Again they smote the child, not only to torture him, but his mother also, and the cruel judge asked again: "What can the love of Christ do for him now?"

Many eyes were filled with tears as the mother answered: "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

When he was told that if he would deny Christ they would cease to lay upon him the cruel blows that were fast driving the life from his body, he answered: "There is no other God but one, and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loves me and I love Him, and I am soon going to live with Him forever in heaven."

At length the child fainted, and one of these cruel murderers tossed the boy's mangled body into the arms of his mother, crying: "See what the love of your Christ has done for him."

Pressing him gently to her own crushed heart, the mother answered: "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue." And then the little martyr's voice was silent.

The mother said: "Already thou hast tasted of the well which springeth up to everlasting life. I, ere long, will follow after thee."

The dear boy then gently opened his eyes as if he had just returned from heaven for a moment, and looked to where the elder martyr was suffering in the agonies of death, and said: "There is but one God and one Saviour who died for us on the cross." E. P. H.

He gave Himself.

An exchange recently printed an anecdote of a brave little Scotch fellow, who made a resolve, and, we believe, kept it, too.

Many years ago in Scotland, the story runs, a boy went one day to a missionary meeting. His heart was deeply stirred when he heard about people who did not know of Jesus. He determined that he would be a missionary himself when he grew up. When the meeting was about to close there was a notice given that a collection would be taken at the door. Now the boy had not a cent in his pocket, and as he was ashamed to go out and not make any contribution, he hung behind the rest of the people, hoping that the collectors would do their work and depart before he should appear. But as he was stealing toward the door one of the men heard him, and turning back held the plate toward him. The boy stood still for a moment and then looked at the man, and then said quietly:

"Please hold it a little lower, sir." The man complied with the request.

"Lower still, sir," said the boy again.

Again the man did as requested, half-amused, half-curious.

"You'd better put it on the ground," persisted the boy; and when this direction was followed he stepped into the plate and glanced up with a smile.

"It's all I have to give, sir," he said, "but if God will let me, I will be a missionary some day."

And there was nobody in all the church that day who gave so much as the lad with nothing in his pockets.

"What a Cooked Ox has to Preach."

A young missionary of the Berlin Society had, after the country fashion, slaughtered an ox and invited a great throng of Caffres to his wedding feast.

"After it the Christians march home singing, heartily thanking us for the delightful feast, which we have made ready for them. I also rejoice. My feast-ox also delivers his sermon; he discourses of the untroubled joy of the Christians. Heathen feasts mostly end in wailing and woe. The Christian enjoys himself before, during, and after the feast—that is, if it is really celebrated in the Lord. The heathen also openly declare so many men they had never before seen eating together. And what astonished them most, all, they said, had been so joyous and likeminded. One heathen does not trust another, not even him who has bidden him to the feast. Therefore, when they slaughter, the flesh is divided and shared out, and every one cooks and eats at home. There with us now all the flesh was cooked at once and consumed in brotherly fellowship. One trusts the other. Even the heathen forget with Mynheer their fear of the food of strangers, and eat and trust Mynheer and his Christians."

"Do You Know Jesus?"

"Do you know Jesus?" The question was put to a pious young wife, who, having been suddenly stricken down by typhus fever, lay sick unto death, and unconscious of every loving friend by whom she was surrounded.

Languidly opening her dying eyes, she responded, whilst a bright smile played upon her lips: "Jesus—Jesus—O, yes, I do know Jesus; why, He has long been my dearest friend! Know Jesus? why, He is my Saviour: He is close to me now, close here, quite close. Let me clasp the hand of one who talks to me of my friend, my brother."

After a short illness of four days she was called home to be with Christ.

It may be true that we "make no note of time, but by its loss." We should mark it by its eternal gain, for "now is our salvation nearer than when we began."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—LAST June a colporteur of the American Bible Society who was distributing Bibles in Brazil, was ordered by an officer, under direction of the Catholic priest, to give up his books. He had forty-seven Bibles, fifty Testaments and one hundred Gospels. They were all taken to the market-place, saturated with oil, and burned.

—THE fact that also a Peruvian Mayor has had publicly burned the Bibles and other stock of the American Bible Society's local agent, affords another illustration of the unchangeable character of Rome. Wherever she has the power, she does not hesitate to show her bitter hostility to the Bible, and those who think she has changed with the times are blind to the facts of current history, as well as that which records the events of the past.

—SEVEN years ago, when Italy had not the religious liberty which the country now possesses, the police were sent one night to search the rooms of a young man who was supposed to have a Bible. The young fellow did not appear at all disturbed by this inroad of the police, but sat calmly by while they turned over all his papers, broke open his cupboard, and ransacked his room from end to end, even ripping up his sofa and chairs to see if the forbidden book were hidden in the stuffing. No Bible was discovered, and the police went away baffled. The Bible was, however, hanging in a net from a nail just outside the window sill!

—THE converts on the Island of Aneityum in the New Hebrides set a good example in the matter of benevolence. Having been taught by Dr. and Mrs. Inglis how to prepare arrow-root for the market, they make money enough in this manner to pay entirely for the Bible which Dr. Inglis had translated into their language, and are now giving the proceeds of the industry to the Free Church of Scotland, which sent out their missionary. The contribution of this year will amount to about \$500. The natives also keep up twenty-eight village schoolhouses in Aneityum.

—SPEAKING of the late massacre in China, a missionary at Rabai, East Africa, writes: "None can fully realize such a scene who have not experienced it. . . . Oh, the darkness of heathen lands, and the deadness of souls for whom Christ has died! Our people here are so superstitious that even when they are having some of their dances, if the leader in the dance stops in the middle, and pointing to a certain spot on the ground, says, 'That place is bewitched, I see, and if you pass over it before I do you will die; but if I pass over first and you follow, it will be all right, and no harm will come to you'—the people so fully believe it that they are afraid to disobey their leader, but meekly follow behind."

—ONE reason given for the sufferance of vermin in Hindu houses, is their superstitious and firmly-rooted belief in the transmigration

of souls. A missionary was recently visiting a high-caste woman who had lost her child. As she sat talking, a cockroach walked across the floor, and she was about to brush the insect away, when the mother cried, "Don't harm it, I beg you; my little baby's soul is in that cockroach."

—It will be remembered that, some two years since, two Swedish missionaries were slain by a mob at Sungpu, China. A report now given in *China's Millions* shows that the blood of these martyrs was not shed in vain. It seems that a Chinese lady read of the faith and patience of these missionaries and was so impressed by what she was told of their lives and their deaths that she traveled to another city in order to ask the missionaries about the religion which could produce such fruits. "What is it," she asked, "that makes you Jesus people so different from us? We call you 'foreign devils;' our people have martyred two of your teachers who only did good to our people, and you show no revenge and receive me as a friend." She was told that this was the teaching of Jesus, who died for us when we were enemies. This lady, who was termed "the Chinese Queen of Sheba," continued for two weeks with the missionaries to learn of their faith and doctrine, and then returned to her own city to tell her neighbors: "These Jesus people know how to love their enemies."

—THERE are 30 islands in the New Hebrides group, which are stretched over about 350 miles. These people were until a few years ago ignorant heathen, but now most of them are Christians. There are twenty different languages used on this group of islands. The Scriptures have been published in whole or part in seventeen of these languages. Not many years ago cruel heathen customs prevailed among these people, such as eating their slain enemies, killing their children, strangling their widows, and the like more. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has driven all this from the South Sea Islands.

—MANY years ago the Emperor of India built a tomb for his deceased wife. It took twenty thousand workmen seventeen years to build this magnificent structure, and it cost twenty millions of dollars. It stands on a marble platform 400 feet square. There are many beautiful ornaments of agate and jasper. Here are two of the inscriptions found on it: "The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build not upon it." "The world is an hour; give its minutes to thy prayers, for the rest is unseen." The tomb is surrounded by a beautiful garden or park, and is one of the curiosities for sight-seers in India.

—At the funeral services of Dr. A. J. Gordon, a Chinaman sent a sum of money with the following note: "Goon Moy gives the inclosed for missions instead of flowers, as he thinks Dr. Gordon would have desired."

—A NEW YORK pastor quotes a Southern slave, of the old times, who replied to one

who said, "I hear your master has gone to heaven," with the remark: "I'se afraid he has not gone dar, fur I neber heard him speak o' dat. When he go to the Norf, or to de Verginny Springs, he allus be gettin' ready fur weeks. I neber see him gettin' ready fur goin' to heben."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

CONCORDIA MAGAZINE. February, 1896. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

The price of this excellent monthly, which we recommended to our readers in the last issue, has been reduced to \$1.00 a year. The *Lutheran Standard* says of this Magazine: "In illustrations, letter press, and well designed cover it is as thoroughly American in its enterprise as any of the cheaper monthlies. Its contents are fresh and varied, and throughout have a churchly impress."

LANGUAGE LESSONS for Common Schools. Part I. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cts.; per dozen 8 cts. each.

Eminently practical! It is just the book we need for our schools. Let every teacher get a copy and examine it for himself. We doubt not that he will gladly introduce it in his school as a welcome help in teaching English.

DER HAUPTGOTTESDIENST DER EV.-LUTH. KIRCHE, zur Erhaltung des liturgischen Erbtheils und zur Befoerderung des liturgischen Studiums in der americanisch-lutherischen Kirche erlaeutert und mit altkirchlichen Singweisen versehen von Friedrich Lochner, Pastor. Price, \$2.00. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

This is a valuable addition to our American Lutheran literature by the venerable Rev. Lochner. Every pastor and teacher may learn from the study of this book the "meaning and beauty of the liturgical service of our dear Lutheran church."

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.

J. W. F. KOSSMANN, 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.

TERMS:

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

1 Copy\$.25

10 Copies 2.00

25 " 5.00

50 " 9.00

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

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

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

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1896.

No. 4.

Christ Risen from the Dead.

Rev. 1, 18.

Proclaim the lofty praise
Of Him who once was slain,
But now is risen, through endless days,
To live and reign;
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with His blood,
Enthroned above the farthest sky,
Our Saviour God.

All honor, power and praise,
To Jesus' name belong;
With hosts seraphic, glad, we raise
The sacred song:

"Worthy the Lamb," they cry,
"That on the cross was slain,
But now ascended up on high,
He lives to reign."

Selected.

Christ is Risen.

Christ is risen. He has been declared to be the Son of God. Our Saviour is not a mere man. No. We have a divine Saviour. Our Saviour is the Son of God. This comforting truth we learn at the empty grave on Easter morning. St. Paul says of Christ that "He was declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead." Christ Himself had said that He is the Son of God and that He would rise again from the dead on the third day. Pointing to His body, He said: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up," John 2, 19. Again He said, "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself: I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again," John 10, 17, 18. On Easter morning we see His words fulfilled. The grave could not keep the Lord of life. He is risen! He is risen indeed! All the wise men and all the mighty men of the earth can not conquer death; but Christ conquered this powerful enemy and thus proved Himself to be the eternal Son of God. Blessed are those that accept this Saviour. They have a divine Saviour. Woe to those that reject this Saviour. They reject God Himself.

Christ is risen. He has finished the work of our redemption. He did not only under-

take that work. No. He finished it. We are redeemed. This comforting truth we learn at the empty grave on Easter morning. St. Paul says, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain: ye are yet in your sins," 1 Cor. 15, 17. Christ took our place under the law, in order to redeem us from the curse of the law. Our sins were laid on Him, He bore the punishment of our sins, in order to redeem us from everlasting woe. He "was delivered for our offenses" into sufferings, death, and the grave. Now suppose death had kept Him! Suppose that after all the bitter sufferings He had not come forth from the grave! How could we then know that His sacrifice is accepted, that the work of our redemption is finished? Would not the last hope of a ruined world be buried in the tomb of Joseph? But let sinners rejoice! Christ is risen! He is risen indeed! The sacrifice for sin has been accepted. The justice of God is satisfied. The work of our redemption is finished. "Christ was raised again for our justification," says the Bible. He was our Substitute in His sufferings and death, He is our Substitute in His resurrection. In Him we suffered and died, in Him we are justified. In Him we were imprisoned in the grave, in Him we are set free. Our sins He bore to the grave, our sins He left in the tomb. Woe to those that reject this redemption. They reject their only salvation. Blessed are those that by true faith accept this finished redemption. They can cry out triumphantly: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again," Rom. 8, 33, 34.

Christ is risen. He will raise us also from the grave. This comforting truth we learn at the empty grave on Easter morning. St. Paul says, "If Christ be preached that He rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection from the dead?" Again he says, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep." When the first fruits have been gathered in, the whole harvest will surely follow. He who by His divine power raised His own body from the tomb will by that same power raise our bodies from the grave.

For He has said: "Because I live, ye shall live also," John 14, 19. Blessed are those that believe in the risen Saviour. To them their own resurrection will be a resurrection to everlasting joy and bliss.

No wonder that the news of Christ's resurrection gladdened the hearts of the disciples and that this news has gladdened the hearts of millions that have heard and believed it in all the years since the first Easter morning. May the glad Easter tidings fill our hearts also with true Easter joy.

He Lives.

He lives! He lives! With these words Dr. Luther, in his sore trials and conflicts, often cheered himself. He would write them in large letters with chalk upon his table; yea, upon all the doors and sides of his room he would write: He lives! He lives! He lives! When asked what he meant thereby, he replied: "Jesus lives! and if He did not live, I would not wish to live a single hour." The fact that Jesus lives assured him of the success of his work in spite of all difficulties, and comforted him in all his sore trials.

Jesus lives! This is every missionary's consolation in the midst of trials and discouragements. Jesus lives! We preach, not a dead Saviour, but a living Saviour to sinners who by nature are walking in darkness and death. He, the living Saviour, is Himself present in the Gospel that we preach. He will see to it that our labor is not in vain. "My Word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto I have sent it." This is the promise of a living Saviour, and we may well leave the results of our labor to Him who lives and reigns forever.

NO FEAR OF DEATH.—"Knowest thou not," said Luther to the King of Terrors, "that thou didst devour the Lord Christ, but wast obliged to give Him back, and wast then thyself devoured of Him? So thou must leave me undevoured, because I abide in Him, and live and suffer for His name's sake. Men may send me out of the world—for that I care not—but I shall not on that account abide in death; I shall live with my Lord Christ, for I know and believe that He liveth."

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR EDITOR:—Would you please make known in the PIONEER that Rev. Friedrich's congregation at Knoxville, Tenn., had the great kindness to present to Mount Zion a handsome crucifix of extraordinary large size, "which should testify from its altar that we are united by the same faith in Christ and Him crucified." It is the express wish and request of the congregation that it should adorn none other than the altar in the new church. The crucifix is not a new one, but is equal to and even better than many new ones, the cross itself having been relacquered and the Christ figure resilvered in a most substantial and durable manner. It will, no doubt, greatly beautify the whole interior of the new church, which, as we now confidently hope, will soon be a reality.

May God bless the kind congregation at Knoxville, and teach other congregations to take to heart the lesson this laudable act teaches. MISSIONARY.

Luther on The Lord's Prayer.

Translated from the German by Rev. P. S. Nellis.

In the first petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Hallowed be Thy name," we pray for all true ministers of the Gospel, and against all heretics and unbelievers, against Jews, heathens, Turks and the pope; for they all blaspheme and profane the name of God. We pray that God would defend and give us true ministers of the Gospel, and that He would keep His Word clean and pure against all heresy.

In the second petition, "Thy kingdom come," we pray that the kingdom of the devil and of death might come to nothing. This is also a very extensive petition, for it embraces the entire kingdom of the devil, that God might make an end of it, and that by means of His Word and the Holy Spirit He might establish His kingdom within us and all mankind.

In the third petition, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," we pray that every will which is against the gracious will of God might be hindered. This is a very unbearable petition to the devil and to the wicked, and prevents beyond measure great calamity that the devil and the wicked world would cause, if it were not for the protection that comes from this petition.

In the fourth petition, "Give us this day our daily bread," we pray for our rulers, for our parents, for wife and children, for bread and for the fruits of the ground, for peace and for everything we need to sustain our present life, that God would give success and His blessing to each one, and graciously protect from all misfortune.

In the fifth petition, "Forgive us our

trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us," we pray that God may be merciful to us, that He may turn away from us deserved wrath, and not punish us for our sins, and that He would give us grace that we might become better from day to day, and that we might conform to His will, live with one another in peace, and each forgive the other his sins.

In the sixth petition, "Lead us not into temptation," we pray that God would aid especially all tempted hearts, that He would not forsake them in their trials, but by means of His Word and the Holy Spirit would de-

names of the Virgin Mary, of the apostles and other saints. Such ungodly prayer God does not hear, hence it has no power. Christians should not pray in their own name, because they are by nature the children of wrath and liars; therefore, they are ashamed to mention their own names to God in prayer. But because they know that God is merciful, they have the command to pray in the name of Christ. This makes them bold and confident.

But there is a great defect in our prayers, for as St. Paul says: "We know not what we should pray for, nor how we should pray."

As Christ prayed on the Mount of Olives, "Not My will, but Thine be done," so we should pray, and always look to the will of God, and not doubt but that God will give us everything that conduces to His honor and our salvation; for if it had not been for our prayers, then most assuredly the pope and other tyrants would long ago have overcome and uprooted us.

I have no doubt that through our prayers many evil practices of the opposer of God's Word have not succeeded, and so now, if good is to come and evil is to be hindered, this must happen through prayer.

The Debt is Paid.

At a village shop the old woman, into whose debt her customers ran, would carefully mark upon the back of her shop door how much each one owed her. There, in white chalk, was written the name of each debtor with the exact amount of the debt.

Among the old woman's customers was one whose conscience sorely troubled her on account of the debt of her sins, and who dreaded the opening of the books when small and great shall stand before the great white throne and be judged. She knew that her sins could never be blotted out from God's book by her own doings, and that unless they were blotted out she must be everlastingly lost.

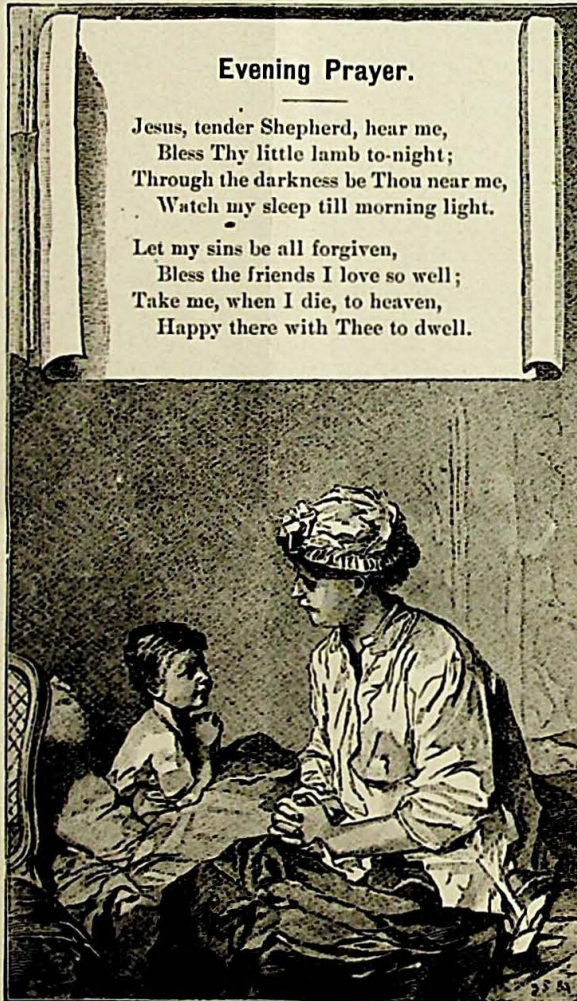
"Why do you mourn thus?" a friend one day said to her. "Why do you not believe what God says respecting the work of our Saviour? Has He not, by raising His Son from the dead, declared that *our debt is paid*? You never trouble about the chalk marks on the shop door after the money is put down. Can you not likewise rest in what Christ has done in paying the debt of sin?"

"I will go to the shop and see what the old woman has against your name, and will pay it all; she will then rub out the chalk marks, so that when you next go there, she will tell you that not a mark stands against your name, and you will thankfully believe her and be glad that the debt is paid.

Evening Prayer.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.



liver them and break the devil's purpose and power.

In the seventh petition, "But deliver us from the evil," we pray for a good happy hour when our Lord shall graciously take us from this vale of tears and make us eternally happy. Such a prayer it is necessary that we should offer daily. We should remember that we are poor sinners, not worthy that we should come before God, and still less worthy to ask anything from God. In order that our unworthiness may not keep us from praying, Christ has commanded us in forcible language that we should always pray in His name. Hence all prayer that is not offered in the name of Christ is no prayer, and is not acceptable to God. The papists would have not only the name of Christ in prayer, but also the

"And thus it is, dear friend, with the terrible debt of your sins over which you mourn, and for which you own you have nothing to pay. That debt is paid, for the blood of God's Son has been shed for our sins. Jesus has paid the price of all our sins in His own blood. That payment of our debt has been accepted by God the Father; for by raising Christ from the dead He has declared that our debt is paid and that He is perfectly satisfied. Why are you not satisfied? Why do you not believe what God says in the Gospel? Does He not in the Gospel give you a receipt in full? The moment you believe what God says and accept the Gospel you will enjoy the freedom from the debt of sin."

The anxious sinner soon did believe, and henceforth rejoiced that her debt was paid.

Testing God's Promises.

Among the hills of New Hampshire there was a noble farm, whose thriving cornfields were the pride of the neighborhood. The farmer was a rich man, and his fine barns, granaries, wood-piles and well-kept fences showed that he looked well to his business; he was rich also in a warm heart; for, having no children of his own, he and his excellent wife took one little motherless child after another to their hearts and home, until six adopted children sat at their table and filled their house with gladness. Nor did their riches end here. He had a treasure laid up in heaven. The farmer was rich in faith, and his pious example shone with a beautiful light all around. The little church not far off loved and honored him, and made him one of its officers. The people loved and honored him, and appointed him selectman of the village. A useful and happy life was his.

Time went by with its changes, and some it brought to the deacon. His children one by one married and settled. At last his wife died, his companion for forty years, and he was left alone. Old age had crept on, and he began to need the affectionate care, which, in other days, he had so freely given to others. A son invited him to make his house his home; and friends invited him to go and spend the rest of his days in that ease and comfort which he could so well afford. It was hard to sell "the old place;" but he could do what seemed best, since, loving it as he did, he looked forward to that sweeter rest which remains for the people of God beyond the grave.

In a few years, the son failed in business, and the failure swept away the larger half of the old man's property. Other losses followed in its wake, and, like Job, he was well-nigh stripped of everything. Scarcely enough was left for his daily bread. Unwilling to be a burden, he yearned for his early home, and only wished he might end his days there. Back he traveled to his native village. He knocked at the old farm-gate, and begged

for lodgings beneath the old farm roof. The young farmer bade him welcome. A bargain was struck, and the old man became a hired servant where he was once the master. But no complaint of a "hard lot" ever fell from his lips. A sweet contentment filled his soul. At morning, midday, and evening, snatches of prayer and praise floated from his bedroom into the kitchen and over the green, catching the ears of the young farmer and his wife, who often stopped and hearkened to the strain.

But what could the old man do? He could no longer swing the axe, handle the hoe, or turn the furrow, as he once had. The hard, rough work of life must be done by stronger hands than his. Ah, there was work to be done, precious work, that he could do. *There were little children to be watched and tended, and a burdened mother to relieve.* And before many months it was plain how their little hands and hearts were stretched lovingly toward him, and even baby chirped more cheerily in his arms. It was a touching sight to see him on the log under the old beech-tree, one in his bosom, another hugging his knees, a third kneeling at his side, listening with eager face to "little Moses hid in the bulrushes," or "Samuel hearkening to God," or the "mocking children ate up by the bears," or "that sweet story of old," the infant Jesus in the manger, their own blessed Saviour. The old man was never tired of these labors of love. And do you think the father and mother could help hearing what pleased their children so? No, no. His good words, and simple, godly talk sunk into their hearts as well as the children's, like small seeds into the bosom of the earth.

"Oh," sighed the young mother in her innermost heart. "I want to be like that Christian man."

"That's the religion for me," said the strong farmer, thinking of it over his plow. Then they asked him to come and pray with them. And the good deacon fetched out his old family Bible, and set up the family altar once more, as it used to be under the old roof in his day.

And this pleased God, and he sent his Holy Spirit down into the little household; Jesus was there; and the young farmer and his wife sought Jesus and found Him; and by and by they united with the little church hard by. Then they called the old man "father," and the little ones called him "dear grandfather," and he had the best seat in the chimney corner, and nothing was too good for him to have.

You observe, when "hard times" came to him, he did not grumble and complain, or lose faith and get discouraged; he did just what David tells us to do, "*Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.*" And didn't he find it true?

The Blood of Christ.

An old Shepherd in England was taken to a London Hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again—I never heard it before."

She read it again: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that it is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

So she took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that it is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that the old man withdrew his hands, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

Risen with Christ.

True believers know that they are risen with Christ. They therefore also know that they must live as those whose citizenship is in heaven, who are seated with Christ in heavenly places, who have left the cross, and death, and the grave behind them! St. Paul says, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth," Col. 3, 1. 2. Mark well: "On things above, not on things on the earth."

Romanism.

Here lies one of the dangers of popery, that it holds a doctrine according to which men can free themselves from their guilt by their own merits and works of satisfaction; whereas the only way to obtain forgiveness of sin is—to look to Christ in penitence and faith, and with the publican—to pray: God be merciful to me, a sinner.—*Luther.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR young people are nobly responding to the call of our Mission Board, and we doubt not that the Board will soon be enabled to erect a new church building for our Mount Zion congregation in New Orleans. We have also received letters, the writers of which tell us that they have read "Uncle Bob's Letters" and that they will surely assist in building the new church. One of Uncle Bob's "nephews" at New Orleans writes: "Our dear uncle is looking after our interest as well as after the welfare of other souls. Let us all lend him our assistance, and we shall soon have a new church. May God bless uncle's work, and may his writing be not in vain." And one of Uncle Bob's "nieces" at Memphis writes: "Uncle Bob is right. Mount Zion needs a new church building. I saw the present building many years ago, when it was called 'Sailors' Home,' and I can well imagine that a new building is needed."

—It is not, perhaps, generally known that the Sandwich Islands have a large population of Japanese and Chinese who flock there for work. There are more than 10,000 Japs engaged in the sugar plantations alone. They are brought more or less into contact with the Christianity that fills those shores. There are eleven Japanese preachers and evangelists on the islands, who are doing a work amongst their fellow-countrymen when so far from their own homeland.

—DESPITE the treatment accorded to Christian missionaries in some parts of China, their good work seems to be appreciated and valued. Bishop Hendrix, who has just returned from a visit to China and Corea, has brought with him a message from Li Hung Chang, the great statesman. "Say to the American people," it runs, "to send over more men for the schools and hospitals, and I hope to be in a position both to aid and protect them." When told that there were already six hundred American missionaries in China, Li Hung said: "More are needed! More are needed!"

—ABOUT eight millions of colored people are said to be in our country, of whom 2,674,000 are communicant members of different churches. So there are several millions that are still beyond the pale of the Church. What an inviting mission field right at our doors!

—A NORWEGIAN Lutheran missionary gives us the following glimpse at a leper settlement in Madagascar: "We have not time to visit many more, but we must go to see Rajoanarivony. He lies on his bed of pain, and his wife, who sits by his side, scarcely looks much better. He is very emaciated; he has been ill nearly two years; more than half his fingers and toes are eaten away by the disease; but, what is worse, is the great difficulty he has in breathing. In the midst of all these trials we try to speak a word of consolation, but how astonished and glad we are when he asks us

to sing a hymn of praise! We sing a heavenly song of rejoicing, and then leave him. He is one of the happy ones. This I call honoring God, when a man in the midst of such suffering can praise and magnify Him."

—THE early missionaries to Madagascar were told by the French officers on the Island, "Make the people of Madagascar Christians! Impossible. They are mere brutes, and have not as much sense as irrational cattle." Today the London Missionary Society alone has 1200 Christian congregations in Madagascar, and the Lutherans have also a large mission work there.

—A CLERGYMAN, upon being asked how he was able to make so large a gift for missions, replied: "It is little I have to give, but I could not give that little except by a fixed method. Years ago I made up my mind that whatever my income might be I would give not less than one-tenth of it for religious and beneficent purposes. I have held to that rule, and it has enabled me to give more and more easily than before. The only question I have to decide is as to the appropriation of what I have to give."

—MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, the great African explorer, in a recent interview, speaking of the religious growth in the region of Lake Victoria Nyanza, said: "When I was at the lake 18 years ago there was not a missionary there. Now there are forty thousand Christian natives and two hundred churches. The natives are enthusiastic converts. They will spend their last penny to acquire a Bible."

—MR. MCKAY, of Formosa, while attempting once to preach the Gospel in a marketplace, was confronted by a native with a long drawn sword, intending to strike off his head. He faced his antagonist, and the native's arm dropped as if paralyzed. Afterwards the man presented the sword to the brave missionary, saying, "Christ has subdued me."

—IN Greenland, where the courageous missionaries found nothing but heathenism, it is said that to-day scarcely a heathen is to be met with. The Gospel has conquered.

—IT is now 900 years since Iceland was visited by Scandinavian missionaries. In 1530 the Lutheran faith was established, and to-day the 75,000 inhabitants are all Lutherans save one family, that of the French consular agent at Reikjavik. Two Roman Catholic priests lately said mass there, a service not before performed in Iceland for 365 years.

—AN incident, narrated by Mr. Dorward, of the Zulu Mission, illustrates the wonderful power of the Gospel to sustain and cheer not only those who have been trained under Christian influences, but also those who have been brought up in heathenism and who have perhaps late in life heard the message of divine love. "Imagine," writes Mr. Dorward, "a grass hut with no windows and a door about two feet in height; the floor is of hardened earth, there is no chimney, and the roof is black with the soot of years, and there are

rents in the wall. Entering, I saw, as soon as my eyes were accustomed to the darkness, a sick woman on a mat and covered by a thin blanket. Of furniture there was none; there was not a sign of anything that would relieve her sufferings or cheer her loneliness. She had the appearance of a heathen woman, and all the discomforts, too. Though very sick, her eyes were shining and her face bright and intelligent. It was a joy to find that she knew much about the Saviour, and that she knew Him to love Him. She was very destitute, even for a native; and when the weather is cold she borrows blankets of others during the day, and shivers under her own single blanket during the night. Sleepless and disturbed by coughing, yet she was happy, and she wonders why she can be so happy and yet be so ill. The joy of the Lord is her strength, and this is apparent to all beholders. It is a marvelous sight, and I thanked God and took courage."

—THE continent of Africa is equal in area to Europe and North America combined, comprising nearly 12,000,000 square miles. The population is about 300,000,000. There are 3,500,000 nominal Christians, one half of whom are Copts and Abyssinians, one-fourth Protestants, and one-fourth Roman Catholics. There are 250,000 Hindus on the east coast. There are 50,000,000 Mohammedans, and more than 200,000,000 pagans.

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.
J. W. F. KOSSMANN, 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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

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

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1896.

No. 5.

Full Salvation.

I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love Divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call the Saviour mine.

His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

I praise the God of peace;
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Selected.

Ascension and Pentecost.

These two church festivals we this year celebrate in the month of May.

On Ascension Day we commemorate the ascending of Christ into heaven and His sitting at the right hand of God. After His resurrection the Lord sojourned yet forty days on earth, showing Himself alive to His disciples by many infallible proofs, and "speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." "Then, after the Lord had spoken to them, He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." The work of redemption, which He came to do, was finished, and so the Saviour ascended up into the glory which He had from everlasting, entering that glory with the very human body that was slain for our sins. He went to prepare a place for us, eternal in the heavens, where we shall see Him and be with Him forever when our earthly pilgrimage is ended. It is not with sorrow, therefore, that we look up to the heavens where our risen Saviour has gone, but with joy that His work of redemption is finished and that the place is prepared for His people there, that they may behold His glory and enjoy forever the fruits of His labor and suffering and victory on earth. He "is entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." Being seated at the right hand of

the Majesty of the Most High, He is able to save to the uttermost; and having entered upon the full use of all power in heaven and on earth, He is able as He is willing to be present with us every day, to lead and comfort unto the end of the world. Ascension Day, therefore, is a day of rejoicing, and the Church on that day raises her song of triumph: "Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men."

The captivity which our ascended Saviour led captive was our captivity, we being by nature the captives of Satan, sin and death. And the gifts which our ascended Saviour received He received, not for Himself, but "for men." These gifts are forgiveness of sin, everlasting life and salvation. If we are to enjoy these gifts, they must be brought to us and must be made our own. This is the work of the Holy Spirit, whom our ascended Lord sent according to His promise. "If I go not away," said He, "the Spirit will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send Him unto you." Ten days after He had been taken up, this promise was fulfilled. The Holy Ghost was poured out upon the disciples. The day on which this occurred is called Pentecost, and in view of the great importance of this event the Church observes this day as one of her great festivals.

On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured out on the disciples in an extraordinary manner; but He still continues His work on earth, though now by ordinary means. These means are the means of grace: the Word of God and the holy Sacraments. By these means the Spirit brings to us the precious gifts of salvation and works in our hearts true faith by which we take these gifts as our own. Pentecost is, therefore, a day of rejoicing. We have the blessed means of grace, and in them the Holy Spirit comes to us also with precious gifts unto everlasting life.

The Holy Spirit's Work.

In our Catechism we confess: "I believe that I can not by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to Him; but the Holy Spirit hath called me

through the Gospel, enlightened me by His gifts, and sanctified and preserved me in the true faith."

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

Not Seeing Death.

Two days before his death, on February 16th, 1546, Luther wrote for a friend into his autograph book these words of Christ: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death," John 8, 51.

To this Bible passage Luther added these words: "How incredible does that seem which the Lord here says. And yet it is true. If a man really takes the Word of God into his heart, and believes it, and falls asleep and dies over it, he departs without being aware of death, and has certainly gone to his rest in perfect peace through the Word which he has thus believed."

Forty-eight hours after this was written Luther himself died just such a death.

First and Last.

"The first shall be last."—Such words teach thee to cast off all arrogance and self-righteousness, even if thou thinkest that thou hast equaled an Abraham, David, Peter or Paul; for others may reach a higher degree of humility and faith than thou hast. "The last shall be first."—Such words teach thee to hope and not despair, even if thou believest that thou hast sinned like Pilate, Herod, Sodom and Gomorrah.—*Martin Luther.*

Ascension Blessings.

Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ascended on high to promote His kingdom, that through the Word and the Sacraments His Church might be established and preserved. St. Luke in his Gospel points to this fact in these words: "While He blessed them, He was parted from them, and was carried up into heaven." This blessing was not a mere expression of good will, a parting wish, such as we employ when bidding each other farewell. He wished His disciples success and joy in the holy office which He had entrusted unto them, by preaching the Gospel unto all creatures throughout the world. To such preaching Christ ordains His apostles, when He lifts up His hands He blesses them. He thus not only wishes them success, but helps them and grants them prosperity, and bestows His blessing in the administration of their office.

This benediction of our Lord Jesus Christ still continues, and is efficacious wherever the holy Gospel is preached in its purity, so that this preaching is not in vain. This blessing bestowed upon the disciples by the Lord, at the very time of His ascension on high, is full of consolation for us. He thereby invites us to keep in mind His going to the Father, and to rest assured under all tribulation that the blessing of His ascension is with us, and that He will employ its glorious effects for our benefit. If His purpose were otherwise, if He were angry with us and would not use us in His kingdom, He would certainly not have departed on high with these tokens of love toward us. The fact of His raising His hands in blessing over His disciples, thereby promising them all prosperity and success in their holy office, to which He had called them, is an assurance unto us that the Lord is our faithful, true Friend, whose blessing is ever upon us as long as the Gospel is preached.

These considerations teach us what a happy and comfortable day the festival of Christ's Ascension is unto us, and what manifold blessings flow from it. Henceforth the Son of God, who assumed our flesh and blood and overcame sin, death, and the devil, sits at the right hand of the Father and protects us against the many assaults of these our foes. They are indeed relentless enemies, constantly on the alert to injure us; and yet they are in captivity, led captive by our ascended Lord. Christ furthermore sends us His Holy Spirit to guide us into all truth, to protect us from error, to console us in sorrow, to teach us how to pray, and to confer upon us various gifts and graces. Christ "ascended up far above all heaven, that He might fill all things," says St. Paul, and thus expresses the truth

that we now have through our Lord all things that we need for time and for eternity. Let us therefore imitate the example of the apostles, as it is recorded by St. Luke, who "worshiped the Lord" and were filled "with great joy;" let us give hearty thanks unto our heavenly Father for His manifestation of mercy, and pray that He may keep us in true faith, so that in the end we may depart in peace from this world, following our ascended Lord into eternal life and happiness. O Christ, grant us this in mercy! Amen.

Dr. Martin Luther.



THE LORD'S ASCENSION.

Letter from Uncle Bob.

TO MY OLD FRIENDS AND MY YOUNG FRIENDS:

Last Sunday was a day of genuine joy and happiness in Mount Zion. It was Confirmation Day.

Uncle Bob was invited to attend; and, of course, he was in evidence. This was the first confirmation in Mount Zion held outside of the precincts of a church edifice, because there was none. Our new school, however, answered very well under the circumstances. Saturday was a busy day. Stoves were taken out and stored away till next winter. The folding doors were thrown wide open, in order to make one large hall out of the two rooms. There was a general overhauling, so as to make the school look as nearly churchly as possible.

Sunday morning promised a bright day, and just so it turned out. The Sunday School was crowded; and everything looked auspicious and augured a pleasant evening. By 7 p. m. Uncle Bob and his young nephews were on the way to witness the Confirmation in Mount Zion. Down the wide avenue we all sauntered with the cool south breeze in our faces till we reached Mount Zion. All was bright and cheery when we entered. True, it was a solemn occasion, one full of serious import for all, but doubly so for those who were to announce their allegiance to the

Saviour and His cause. There they sat, those six faithful children, and behind them one of mature age, ready to confess the Lord before friend and foe! Uncle Bob scanned their features, and the bright eyes and beaming countenances, added to a modest behavior, was surely indicative of the happiness within their hearts.

Uncle Bob was glad to see 225 persons present on this solemn occasion. At 7.30 p. m., the large chapel organ poured forth its grand music for some minutes, announcing the beginning of services. Then the pastor stepped forth and announced the services as begun in the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Next followed the hymn "Lord Jesus Christ, be present now." The many children put vigor and force into the singing, so that it was very inspiring to hear the grand old hymn floating through the large hall. After the hymn, the pastor addressed and catechised his catechumen class. Their answers convinced all present that they were well prepared for Confirmation. Certainly, this fund of Bible knowledge will stand them in good stead in the years to come. Following the catechisation, came that prayerful hymn "Let me be Thine forever." The pastor next delivered a very able sermon to the assembled congregation. After the sermon the congregation sang "Baptized into Thy name most holy." Then

followed the baptism of two catechumens by the missionary.

The pastor then performed the act of Confirmation as in use in Lutheran congregations, which is certainly very impressive. In Mount Zion it was particularly so, owing to the many strangers present, who had never witnessed it before. The valedictory address was a touching one. God grant that the words which fell from the lips of the missionary may fall on good ground in those young hearts, and also in the hearts of us all. Benediction and Doxology closed the beautiful services, which Uncle Bob had expected to take place in the new church. But it was not to be!

Uncle Bob expects to address his friends, children and young people, very soon again,

as he desires to let them all know that he has been very mindful of their doings in behalf of the new church.

Commending you all to the gracious care of our Saviour,

Your affectionate uncle,

BOB.

How They Planted the Seed.

A MISSIONARY STORY.

"Mamma's gone on a visit, and grandma's going to tell us our good-night story," said brother Willie.

And little roly-poly Archie left his bridge-building on the floor, and came to nestle in grandma's arms; for somehow he knows a story is nice, though he doesn't understand it all.

"O grandma, please tell us a missionary story," exclaimed one of the children.

So grandma began:

"It was a long time ago, when I was no older than Willie, that there came into Boston harbor one day a whaling vessel, whose captain brought word that the king of the Sandwich Islands wanted a missionary.

"Wants a missionary!" people said with surprise. "And does he want to cook him?" some one asked, remembering the fate of poor Captain Cook.

"No; the king had changed his mind, and wanted some one to teach him and his people about the white people's God. So, up among the hills of Massachusetts went the news and the question, Who will go? A young man, Hiram Bingham, said, 'I'll go;' and another, Asa Thurston, said, 'I'll go;' and soon each had asked the girl he liked the best to become his wife and go too. The girls said 'Yes,' and then what busy times there were! mothers, aunts, sisters, and friends all doing something to provide for the homes to be made in those far away islands of the sea.

"After a while weddings were over, boxes were packed and good-byes said, and in October, 1819, they set sail. They did not go in a cozy steamer, bent on making the passage in the least possible time, but upon a whaling vessel, whose kind captain made them as comfortable as he could, and while he prayed—if pray he did—that they might see some whales, this little band of missionaries prayed for favorable winds and smooth seas; for they had to sail away around by Cape Horn—there was no Panama Railroad then—and so, when they reached Hawaii, the biggest of the Sandwich Islands, it was April.

"How glad they were to see land once more! The king, too, was glad to hear of their arrival. He had been so sure they would come that he had destroyed all his idols. So, when he had freshly besmeared his body with cocoa-nut oil, had put a bunch of tall feathers on his head, and a green girdle about his waist, he went down to the ship to pay his respects to these

gentlemen, and to welcome their sweet young wives. Soon they built a little house and went to house-keeping, and received the natives in their own homes. Can you imagine how strange it all was—the native men and women coming in and looking at everything, and saying so many things in a language that no one understood, and which was laid down in no books?

"But they set about finding out what these strange words did mean, and when one learned a word he told the rest. Then they put their wits together to spell it, and were amazed to find that they could spell every word with only twelve different letters. Wouldn't it be fun to learn to read with only twelve letters? There couldn't be so many silent ones, could there? After a while they made a primer, and how wonderful it seemed to the natives that books could talk!

"After a few years other missionaries came; and in these homes, I mustn't forget to say, that little missionary children were growing up, and becoming a great help as the years went on. Pretty soon the Gospel was preached in all the Islands,"—grandma called it pretty soon, but it was as much as fifty years—"and there were pretty homes, fine fields, churches and school-houses all over the Islands. Here they told the Mission Board they would support themselves; they had been helping themselves and others somewhat all the time, but now they would take no more help."

Willie, who has a head for figures, asked how much it had cost the Board in fifty years, and "Oh-d" a great deal when grandma said it had cost more than a million dollars.

"Far away to the southwest of the Sandwich Islands is a group called the Gilbert Islands, and Rev. Mr. Bingham's son, who was a young man now, wanted very much to carry the Gospel to those islanders. They were so savage, however, that they wouldn't let him land, and drove him away with arrows. But the young man kept asking the Lord to pity them and make them willing to hear about Jesus. After awhile he went again, and this time they let him stay, and how glad he was to puzzle his brain over their strange language. By and by he was ready to make them a little primer, so his father wrote him: 'We will send you by the Morning Star our old font of type; we have a new one from the States.' When the type came and the junior Bingham attempted to set it up, the language was so different—though they used all the same letters, only a great many more a's and n's—that he could do nothing with it. What trouble he was in! People were waiting for the primers, and the primers were waiting to be printed, and now a strange thing happened.

"Away six hundred miles to the eastward a ship was tossing in a dreadful storm. By and by it sprang a leak, and though the ship carpenters tried to mend it, and the sailors pumped bravely, the seam kept widening and the water gaining. At last the lifeboats were

brought out and filled. The sailors lashed themselves to pieces of the ship, and one poor fellow floated day after day, until one morning he was washed ashore at the Gilbert Islands. How wet and hungry he was! But when he had been warmed and clothed, and given a breakfast he was found to be a practical printer. When he learned what dilemma Mr. Bingham was in, he said, 'We'll cut off the d's and make a's, and cut off the h's and make n's.' This they did, and soon the primer was given to the people.

"Afterward the missionary made the whole New Testament into the Gilbert Island language, and went to Honolulu to have it printed on the new type. Here his sisters had a seminary, and when commencement day came the new king, Liholiho, was present. Upon the table lay two newly-bound copies of the Gilbert Island Testament, and two swarthy islanders came in and bought them, and everybody was glad and happy."

Here grandma stopped to find little Archie fast asleep; but Willie's eyes were wide open, and he said that he wants to preach to the islanders when he grows to be a man.

Selected.

A pretty "Thank You."

In far-away Kanazaw, Japan, a foreign lady stands looking out of her window. What does she see? Some little girls have opened the gate, and are timidly coming into the yard. Immediately Mrs. Hayes (for the foreign lady is she) raises the window and invites the little ones in, but, oh, no! they are too shy for that, and they all scamper off—all but one, and she looks very frightened.

Mrs. Hayes encourages her, however, with a sweet smile, and soon the others come back also, and each one is given an orange. This is acknowledged by a very low bow, and away they run the second time!

Half an hour later Mrs. Hayes again looks out of her window; this time it is what she hears that attracts her. The same little girls have returned and are standing at the gate singing one of the hymns taught in the mission Sunday school.

This is one of the ways little Japanese girls have of saying "thank you"—and a pretty, graceful way it is!

A Mother's Influence.

"I used to be called a Frenchman," wrote John Randolph, "because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist (one who believes that there is no God) if it had not been for one recollection—the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me, on my knees, to say, "Our FATHER, Who art in heaven!"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE *Lutheran Standard* says: "Those who are looking for a family magazine suitable for a Christian home, will find it worth their while and their money (\$1.00) to subscribe for and read *The Concordia Magazine* of the Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. The March number is full of good things."

—WE have received samples of Sunday School Cards, giving the text of the English Lutheran Catechism, as adopted by the Synodical Conference, together with appropriate Bible passages and prayers. The Cards are intended for the smaller children of our Sunday Schools, aiding them to memorize the Catechism, Bible verses, prayers, and hymns. They will, no doubt, prove very helpful in Sunday School work, and we heartily recommend them to all our teachers. Price, 10 cts. per dozen; $\frac{1}{2}$ ct. each for all above that number; $\frac{1}{3}$ ct. a card to all regular subscribers. Address Prof. A. W. Meyer, St. John's College, Winfield, Kans.

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

—In one of our exchanges we find an account of the life of Rev. Hugh Goldie, a veteran and hard-working African missionary. For forty-eight years he labored most quietly but most efficiently for the welfare of the people of a place which he found in darkest heathenism. When he arrived at Duke Town, in June, 1847, he found that a king had just died and his brother was procuring human sacrifices for the funeral service. One woman was seen strangled, and others were awaiting their doom in the room where the dead king lay. When arrangements were completed, the heads of the king's sword bearer, snuff-box bearer and umbrella holder were struck off and tumbled into the pit with thirty of his hundred wives. But three years after Mr. Goldie's arrival, the kings pledged themselves that no human beings should be killed except for crime. Subsequently other reforms followed. Sunday began to be observed, the killing of twins and their mother, which had been a universal custom, was prohibited, and before many years the last remnant of public

heathen rites disappeared. Women were honored, Christian dress was adopted, and a complete change came over the thoughts and habits of the people. Their better spirit is shown in the fact that in 1879 for the building of their church they contributed \$7000. Mr. Goldie gave much attention to the Efik language, publishing school books, catechisms, hymn books and dictionary, and the New Testament also in that language. He was permitted to see a marvelous change in the district in which he labored. He died, at his station, on the 18th of August last.

—THE difficulty with the Japanese, a lady missionary says, especially with women of the upper class, is to make them believe that they are sinners, and she gives this instance: "I was talking one day to a woman of very good family, an officer's wife here, and was telling her that before the One True God we are all sinners. She listened politely, and then, covering her face with her hands, she burst into a peal of quiet laughter—"I do beg your pardon," she said, "but I a sinner! the idea is too ridiculous." You see it is firmly believed in many cases among men, and women too, that other nations may need a Saviour, but not Japan; Japan is the country of the gods, the Japanese the children of the gods, and therefore they can not sin."

—HERE is a little girl's idea of how to make money go a long way: "A little girl had ten cents, and, after hearing about the needs of heathen children, she wanted to give it for missions. 'No,' said her mother, 'you have so little money, you had better keep it for yourself.' 'But, mamma,' persisted the child, 'you said the other day that you liked to make a little money go a long way. So please let me send this to India, for that will be a very long way.'"

—"I AM a skeptic," said an immature person of the masculine gender in a vain-glorious strain. "An epileptic?" asked an old lady, somewhat hard of hearing. "Poor boy, you look like it, you do." While the smile went 'round, the youth went out.

—THE *Church Missionary Gleaner* tells of a recent visit made to the Esquimaux in Cumberland Sound, North America. The missionary, Mr. Peck, erected a tabernacle out of seal skin and whalebone, but it was soon after eaten by dogs, who devoured the skin, and literally ate up the church. Before this happened, however, a number of views were shown the natives by the missionaries, describing events in the life of Christ. They looked and listened with delight, and often exclaimed, "Had He not great love!" "Oh, what love!"

—MY SON, said a banker one day to his boy, I want, to teach you how to conduct business. Here is half a dollar, if you can find a person whom you can trust, and who will pay you the interest, you may lend him the money, and I will increase your capital. In the evening the father called the son to him and asked what he had done with the money.

"Papa," said he, "I met a poor boy on the street who had no shoes and was very hungry, so I gave him the half dollar with which to buy himself something to eat." "You will never make a business man," rejoined the father. "Business is business. But I will try you again. Here is a dollar, see that you make better use of this." The son took the dollar with glad surprise, and said to the father: "My Sunday-school teacher told me, that he 'that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and He will repay him two-fold,' but I did not expect it so soon."

Either Will Do.

"Either lighten my burden or strengthen my back!" cried out an old divine, in prayer to God, under the weight of his trials.

Acknowledgment.

Received for Mr. ZION from Henry Johnson \$.25; Mrs. Rappanier .25; Louisa Vanauil 1.00; Chas. Robinson .25; John Lewis .25; Chas. H. Baker 1.00; Louis Thomas .50; Sylvina Thomas .50; Hannah Vanauil .40; Maggie Mitchell .25; Mary M. Thomas .50; Salina Thomas .40; Eugenia Cox .25; Clara Cox .25; Octavia Gaspar .25; Rosalia Boissier .25; Emille Boissier .25; Wm. Thomas .50; Moses Thomas .25. — Total \$7.55.

F. J. LANKENAU.

New Orleans, La., April 1, 1896.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
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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.
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TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo.
All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1896.

No. 6.

Hasten, O Sinner.

"Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

"Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run.

"Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

"Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun."

Too Late.

We recently read of two criminals, who were sentenced to be hanged, and whose friends made great efforts to get from the Governor a pardon, and, failing in this, a brief respite. Their friends worked day and night, but all seemed in vain. The Governor gave no sign of yielding.

Hence preparations for carrying out the sentence of the law went on, and the fatal day arrived. The sound of the hammer and the saw was heard in the cell of the doomed men. The officers entered, and the two men were led forth to the scaffold. The steps were mounted; they stood upon the trap-door, trembling with terror; the ropes were put around their necks; when suddenly the bell of the jail was rung violently, and rapid knocking at the large door was heard. The sheriff, supposing that some of the mob in the street were trying to get in, paid no attention to the noise, and the next moment the two men were launched into eternity.

But the ringing and the loud knocking went on, and a policeman was sent to quiet the disturber. Almost immediately he came back with a messenger from the Governor bringing a reprieve, but it came too late. Only half a minute late, but it might have been a thousand years late so far as the two men were

concerned, for their necks were broken by the fall.

Too late! How sad! Ah! this will be the experience of many that now hear the Gospel in unbelief and indifference, delaying their acceptance of the Saviour from day to day, until it is too late, and they are suddenly launched into an eternity of woe. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in Thy presence, and Thou hast taught in our streets. But He shall say, I tell you, I know not whence ye are: depart from me all ye workers of iniquity" (Luke 13, 24—27). Just as certainly as Jesus came the first time to die on the cross, so surely will He come a second time in glory to judge the world. The many great disturbances in nature are signs of His coming. And when once He is risen up, and hath shut to the door, it will be too late to seek to enter. Even half a minute late will be an eternity late.

"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh unto you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me" (Prov. 1, 24—28); "He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29, 1); "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil. Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before him: but it shall not be well with

the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days, which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God" (Ecc. 8, 11—13).

The days of life are but a shadow. That shadow will soon pass away; yea, it may pass away suddenly. Men have been carried off into eternity by explosions and storms without the least warning. Blessed are they that were prepared for the change by faith in their Saviour. But for some, who imagined that they had time enough, the shadow of their days has been turned into "the blackness of darkness forever." Therefore, dear reader, heed the voice of God saying: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." Do not say "to-morrow," and still "to-morrow," until it is too late, and the voice is heard no more.

"Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith, TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts" (Hebr. 3, 7. 8).

"To Jesus come, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, no longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!"

Luther and Satan.

Luther once reported a colloquy he had with the devil in his characteristic manner, as follows:

"Once upon a time the devil said to me," says Luther:

"Martin Luther, you are a great sinner and you will be damned!"

"Stop! stop!" said I, "one thing at the time. I am a great sinner, it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it. I confess it. What next?"

"Therefore you will be damned."

"That is not good reasoning. It is true, I am a great sinner, but it is written, 'Jesus came to save sinners,' therefore I shall be saved. Now go your way.

"So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Uncle Bob goes to the Picnic.

"Howdy, Uncle Bob? What are you doing here?"

"I'm on the Committee."

"It looks that way; you're in for it again, ar'n't you?"

"That's a fact."

That's what the folks have been saying year for year, and Uncle Bob kind o' got used to it.

You see, Saturday before the Picnic, the Missionaries of Bethlehem and Mount Zion had a meeting to make arrangements for the annual outing; and as Uncle Bob resides within a stone's throw of Mount Zion, he attended the meeting, and was unanimously appointed to serve on the Picnic Committee.

A few days afterwards, Uncle Bob made arrangements with the Superintendent of Audubon Park for the coziest and loveliest spot; one where giant live oaks would afford shade and coolness under their far-spreading limbs. These monarchs of the woods, with their abundance of moss swinging fantastically in the breeze, are simply grand! They can not be surpassed for picnic purposes. Those that gave us shelter last Friday form a regular double line with a carriage drive between them, and are known as the Oak Avenue. Toward the north-east of the Avenue, is Horticultural Hall,—all that remains of the Cotton Centennial Exposition held some years ago in New Orleans. Owing to the constant south wind in summer balmy breezes float through Oak Avenue all day long, making this one of the most pleasant spots in New Orleans. Much more could be said of the beauty, vast expanse, and lingering romance of Audubon Park, but it does not properly belong within the scope of this Picnic Sketch.

No drinking water could be had at the Park on account of the long dry spell we had. Hence Uncle Bob reported to headquarters that the wherewithals for good lemonade were lacking in the main essential: water. Headquarters went to Mr. P. Hirsch of St. John's congregation, the great cooperage-man of our burg, and got four new large glucose barrels for a sincere and heartfelt "Thank you, Brother Hirsch," which is here re-echoed unanimously by Uncle Bob on account of Beth-

lehem and Mount Zion, and without a dissenting voice, too. After having been brought to school, the barrels were filled with water for the Picnic. Sugar and lemons were bought à la en-gros. Brother Pleasant Green was to get the ice and haul all the necessaries up to the Park early Friday morning.

Well, that Picnic came off on the 22d of May; and, sure enough, it was one; and, as usual, Bethlehem and Mount Zion joined hands in this laudable enterprise.

The 22d of May dawned a beautiful day. Three large electric cars were chartered to take the pupils of Bethlehem and Mount Zion to the historic oaks of Audubon Park. The Park line passes the door of Mount Zion; Bethlehem had four blocks to march. With

young and old folks took part in the Picnic. With beating of drums and Uncle Sam's colors in the breeze, the Mission folks took possession of the old hunting grounds of Mr. Audubon and the Tchoupitoulas Indians. Four barrels of lemonade quenched the thirst of the hundreds of people. Swings for the young and benches for the old folks were plentiful. Uncle Bob was prevailed upon to take dinner three times, firmly refusing many more kind invitations, in order to save the mill from disaster. Between 12 and 2 o'clock he refrained from perambulating the Avenue, as his many friends, in the superabundance of their goodness, had invited him to try their pies and cakes; as the mill was overstocked, he made a masterly retreat.



TREADING OUT GRAPES IN PALESTINE.

flag-decorated hats and swelling bosoms, and carrying many fanciful designs characteristic of a picnic-turnout high aloft on poles and hoops, besides other oddities too numerous to mention, the pupils of Mount Zion marched from the yard to the sidewalk at 8.30 A. M. When our cars came in sight, the boys and girls gave the school-yell, which sounds somewhat like this: Hurräh—äh—hä! the last syllable drawn long enough to exhaust the lungs of air.

As soon as Mount Zion was safe aboard, we hastened on to meet Bethlehem a dozen blocks farther up the road. When we came in sight, Bethlehem gave the regular U. S. yell, while Mount Zion answered with the lately revised and improved one as officially recognized by the Faculty of Mount Zion. Five minutes later, we were again flying with the speed of electricity towards Audubon Park.

Three hundred pupils and as many more

people was exemplary. The conduct of our youth was in striking contrast with that of the outsider, who knows nothing of true Lutheran mirth and happiness. Truly, the young folks reflect credit on the churches to which they belong.

Our genial friends, Revs. Heyne and Lankeau, ever ready to speak a good word for our cause, did not fail to come up and spend a pleasant hour with us.

Much credit is due to the faithful members who assisted the Missionaries in dispensing lemonade. All day long they worked hard to please everybody, and the verdict is that they succeeded admirably.

When Uncle Bob reverts back to the early years at Sailors' Home and the Picnics then, and compares them with those of the present day, he praises God's goodness and mercy. Year by year we grow stronger; and when the Picnic comes, one has an opportunity to

The scene was not unlike our great Mission-festivals up North, when everybody wants everybody to take dinner with them, and be sure to come.

Right here Uncle Bob is pleased to express to the members of Bethlehem and Mount Zion the sincere thanks of the Missionaries for courtesies extended. Their hospitality was hearty and bountiful. Thanks again!

It would require too much valuable space to describe the pastimes of young and old, and the many droll and comical incidents of the day. Suffice it to say, that mirth and cheerfulness reigned supreme. To the credit of the Mission be it said that the behaviour of our own

compare then and now. All the boys and girls, now grown up to manhood and womanhood, come out and shake hands with us. They have not forgotten us altogether. May they become earnest and zealous members of our congregations! When our folks leave the cars now on Picnic Day, it looks like a bee-hive turned loose, so many are they; fifteen years ago it was a wee little band. It makes one forget all the sorrows and trials of by-gone days, and in the gladness of our hearts we cry out: "Lord, who are we, that Thou art so mindful of us? We are not worthy of all the goodness and mercy which Thou hast shown Thy servants."

May He continue to prosper the work entrusted to our hands. May His Holy Spirit lead and keep us in the right path.

UNCLE BOB.

Didn't Know it All.

Clara and her mother were sitting one Sunday afternoon at an open window of their cottage, which looked out on a pretty little lawn. Mrs. Ramsay had been reading to her daughter; now she intended to read a little for herself. Clara was yawning, and looking lazy all over. Her mother said, "Clara, I should like you to find those references now."

"Oh, mother! more Bible? I'm quite tired of reading it so often. Besides, I know everything that's in it."

"Everything, my child?" said her mother. "Is there not one chapter or verse, perhaps, not quite mastered yet?"

"No, mother. I'm quite sure I know it all, especially the historical parts—I know them all by heart," said Clara.

"Well, dear, I should like to see if that is quite true," was her mother's quiet reply. "When were a large number of men fed with a few loaves of bread, and still a supply was left after they had finished eating?"

"Mother!" exclaimed Clara, "as if I did not know that Christ fed several thousands of persons, at two different times, with a few loaves and fishes! I can find you the chapters."

"Very well, dear child; now give me a third instance."

"There is no other instance in the Bible, mother."

"Are you quite sure of that, my child? Just think a little."

"Well, mother, I have thought, and I am quite sure there is no other miracle of the kind mentioned in the Bible."

"Open your Bible, my daughter, at the fourth chapter of the fourth book of King's," said Clara's mother, gently.

"Why, mother, there is no such book in the Bible!"

"Just let me find it for you, Clara. What is this title?"

"The second book of the Kings, commonly called the fourth book of the Kings.' I never noticed that before, mother."

"So then there is one thing you did not know, my child, though you knew the Bible by heart! Now turn to the fourth chapter, and read from the forty-second verse."

"And there came a man from Baalshalisha," read Clara, "'and brought the man of God—'"

"Who was that man of God, my child?" asked Mrs. Ramsay.

"I don't know, mother. Ah! I have found it—he was Elisha."

"The prophet Elisha. Well, read on for the miracle."

"And brought the man of God bread of the first-fruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. And his servitor said, What, should I set this before an hundred men? He said again, Give the people, that they may eat: for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and shall leave thereof. So he set it before them, and they did eat, and left thereof; according to the word of the Lord.'"

"Had you remembered that miracle, my child?"

"No, mother, I have never noticed it before," said Clara.

"Well, you can put your Bible away now. You know I never wish to make your Bible a book of tasks, nor to weary you by making you read it continually, without giving you other books to read. I just wanted to show you how easy it is to be mistaken about your own knowledge."

"Yes, mother; that was a silly mistake of mine."

"There are thousands of persons, children among them," continued Clara's mother, "who would read eagerly portions of the Bible if they found them in a fresh and handsome volume, which they believed was published for the first time. Dear child, remember this; read carefully, and make a list of all passages that are new to you. You may have read them before, but it needs thought to fix them on your mind; and, dear daughter, it needs prayer to fix them in your heart."

Selected.

Burning One's Own House.

Would any one dare to set his house on fire? Whoever wants the pleasure of spending several years on bread and water behind locks and bolts may do it. Whoever wants an uneasy conscience, so that he will rush back in terror at the sounds of wind through the house or rustle of leaves on the trees, may set his own house on fire.

But once an old woman burnt her house, and did not get behind the locks and bolts, nor did she lose a peaceful conscience, but

she received the warm thanks of many, many people.

It happened in this way.

Do you know of Husum? Husum is a city on the Western Coast of Schleswig, hence on the North Sea.

Any one fond of oysters must go to Husum, for there he may always be sure of a treat.

Winter brings to Husum every year a great deal of ice. Once it was so cold that part of the marshy strand was covered with beautiful smooth ice. The skaters of Husum gave themselves up to pleasure, as if it were a holiday. Those who could not skate, learned how, or enjoyed their attempt at it.

At length a great festival was arranged, pavilions were built, and everything that would refresh either cold or warm dispositions, was provided on the ice. Husum had never seen such times. And now came off the event. All who had legs used them on the ice. The people sang, frolicked, laughed, drank, caroused as they sped with winged feet over the smooth pond all unconscious of a little white cloud yonder in the sky, or of the sick woman, in an old house on the dike.

From her bed she could watch the ever moving throng on the ice—but she also saw the little cloud and knew it meant something—for she had, in her younger days, taken many voyages with her husband, and helped in many a fish and oyster catch. She saw that soon several clouds followed behind the first one, and uniting with it became a great cloud, as if a thunder-storm were coming up. In half an hour the flood would be upon them—if the people were not off the ice, few would be left to eat their evening meal in Husum. The sick woman shouted as loud as she could,—but no answer came. The joyous skaters saw and heard nothing. Only a few minutes more, and the raging sea would hide hundreds in its watery embrace. Then the good mother, gathering up all her strength, reached for her tinder bag, pushed a fire brand into her bed, and dragged herself with difficulty out of the house. In a moment the bright flames blazed up—those on the ice seeing it rushed to the land to save the house. Scarcely had the last foot touched the dry ground, when with a mighty crash the flood broke through the ice,—and all were safe. They had come to rescue the sick woman, but she had rescued them.

And now?

Well, yes! The people of Husum were thankful to God and to the good old woman, and provided her with a new home, with food and tender care."

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

F. R. H.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A FRIEND in New York writes: "It is with a sad heart that I inform you of the death of our dear missionary, Daniel Landsmann. He fell asleep in Jesus on the 13th of May, after having confessed his faith in His Redeemer, for which faith he at the time of his conversion had suffered so much at the hands of his Jewish brethren. On his dying bed he prayed earnestly for our mission and also repeatedly admonished his wife and child to remain faithful to the Lutheran church and to trust in the Lord who would not forsake them. For the past thirteen years he was our zealous and faithful missionary among the Jews of New York. Many have heard from his lips the words of life, and some have been led by him to the Saviour of both the Gentiles and the Jews. As in the departure of our beloved Rev. Sauer at Fort Wayne on the 4th of May, during the sessions of our synod, so also in the departure of our missionary the church has suffered a great loss. But they have not lost anything. No. They have gained all; for they are at home with the Lord. To them to live was Christ, and to die was gain. May God comfort us all and grant us a blessed death."

—THE stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society was held in the Bible House recently. The secretaries reported to the Board that the aggregate issues for the year ending March 31, 1896, were 1,750,283 volumes, being an increase of 169,155 volumes over the issues of the year immediately preceding. This striking fact was also stated, that for the first time in the Society's history the aggregate number of volumes circulated abroad during any single year exceeded the number circulated in the United States. In China alone nearly 400,000 volumes were issued, and the entire circulation in foreign lands amounted to 890,150 volumes.

—MR. WILLIAM MURRAY, who invented the system by which the Chinese blind can learn to read, does his most satisfactory work among boys and girls of seven or eight years, and he has had some very bright converts among these young people. Of these, about a half dozen boys go daily to read aloud at the chapels of the various missions in Peking, where many of their countrymen, who would never come near a European teacher, pause to see these small lads reading with the tips of their fingers, and in some instances playing the American organ as an accompaniment to hymns which tell Bible stories.

—NUMBERS of Hindus are only half-hearted in their championship of their faith. In course of conversation one recently remarked to Mr. A. C. Kestin, of Calcutta, "We are upon two boats," meaning that many have largely lost the feeling of security which they formerly enjoyed in Hinduism, and as yet

have not laid hold of the sure hope in Christ Jesus. May God send out the light of His Truth to give them rest and satisfaction where alone they can find it!

—BISHOP WHIPPLE says, "the first dollar received by me for Indian missions came from converted black men in Africa"—seventy-five dollars having been entrusted to Rev. Mr. Hoffmann, when he left that country, for any heathen in America for whom the Church should establish a mission.

—A MAN standing on the deck of a vessel in mid-Atlantic was seen tossing something in the air over the side of the vessel. "What is that?" asked a passenger. "Oh, it is a diamond," he said, as he kept tossing it up. "You are reckless, it seems to me," said another passenger. But he gloried in his recklessness as he tossed up the diamond and caught it skillfully. But he tossed it up just once too often, for the ship lurched, and the diamond went into the sea. "Fool, fool," said he, "to deal so recklessly with such value." A greater fool is the man who treats his soul lightly.

—THE REV. J. TOM BROWN, of Kuruman, has paid a visit to Morokweng, one of the most heathen towns in Africa. The chief is not only a heathen, but a drunkard, and is guided by entirely the worst characters in his town. He has repeatedly set the law at defiance and resisted the Government in its efforts to repress theft and murder. "He is, of course," says Mr. Brown, "at all times very hostile to our work, but at present his hostility is taking an aggressive form. In a recent case, one of the chief witnesses for the Government was a Christian, who not only told the truth when the case first came on, but held steadily to it after repeated examinations—a most unusual thing for a native to do. The evidence of this man was so strong that the case is sure to go against the cattle-stealers. This is more than the chief means to bear, so our church is to be burnt to the ground, our native evangelist is to be driven away from the place, and everyone who adheres to Christ is to be punished in some way or other. I do not think anything will be done while I am here, but undoubtedly a testing time is coming for our Christians. Pray for them with us that they may be able to stand! The cup of this tribe's iniquity must be full. Their treatment of their slaves is barbarous; flogging to death is not uncommon; maiming and mutilation is very common. Some of these slaves are good Christians, and one of them has for many years been a teacher even of their masters. The English law may do much to abolish these horrid crimes, but nothing save Christ can change the hearts of the men who can conceive and carry out such modes of punishment as are practiced. When we look at this huge district, about 14,000 square miles in extent, with its villages scattered up and down, one is tempted to ask: 'What is one among so many?'"

Equality.

There are various ranks in the world, kings and peasants, rich and poor. But in the Kingdom of God the prince and the beggar, the lord and the free, meet on equal terms, and are alike. They have the same Gospel and Sacraments, the same Saviour and God. Do thy duty on earth with a cheerful heart, in whatever condition thou mayest be. Though thou shouldst not be a prince, yet, if thou art a Christian, what more canst thou desire?

Luther.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

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TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo. All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1896.

No. 7.

Sow thy Seed.

"Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits in joy.

"God but uses thee as sower,
Puts the seed into thy hand;
Sow thou then, let Him be mower,
Till thou reap in fatherland."

Christ is the Way.

"I am the way," says Christ. He does not say, I am one of the ways to heaven. No. He says: "I am *the* way." There is only one way to heaven, and that way is Christ. He is the only way to our heavenly home; for no one cometh to the Father but by Him. And why is Christ the only way to heaven? Because He alone is the Saviour. Man is so deeply fallen that he can not lift himself out of sin. Jesus, and Jesus only, is the sinner's Redeemer. He took our sins upon Himself and suffered the punishment, thus redeeming us from sin and eternal woe. He alone did this, and therefore He alone is the way to heaven. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." How foolish for people to try to get to heaven in some other way than by faith in Christ! "I am the way," says Christ. There is no other way to heaven; every other way leads to hell. The selfrighteous, who trust in their own works, deceive themselves. Their righteousness is no way to heaven. They are on the way to hell as well as other sinners that believe not in Christ. "I am the way," says Jesus. Those that believe in Him are on the way to heaven and are saved; those that believe not in Him, no matter in what else they believe, are not on the way to heaven and are condemned. For it is plainly written: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," John 3, 36.

"I am the way," says Christ. He does not say, I am part of the way. No. He says, "I am *THE* way." He is the *ONLY* way, and He

is *ALL* the way to heaven. He has paid *ALL* the debt we owe; He has suffered *ALL* the punishment we deserved; He has done *ALL* the work God required to be done, "that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus," Rom. 3, 26. Therefore Christ is *ALL* the way to heaven. Mark well! Not half the way, nor two-thirds of the way, nor nine-tenths of the way, but *ALL* the way. It is not the work of Christ and something added that brings us to heaven, but the work of Christ alone, apart from anything and everything we can do or feel, as having the slightest merit in the sight of God. How foolish for people to try to get to heaven by partly trusting in Christ's work and partly in their own doings! They are like the man who tried to cross a stream by walking on a sound plank and on a rotten plank at the same time. He fell into the water. So they who partly trust in the righteousness of Christ and partly in their own righteousness will surely fail of eternal life. For Christ says, "I am the way." He is the only way, and He is all the way to heaven. Trust in Him, in Him alone, and you shall be saved.

"I am the way," says Christ. Happy are they that by faith walk in this way. They are on the only way that leads to heaven. But, alas! there are many that know not Christ and therefore know not the way to heaven. Hence those that have been brought to Christ by the grace of God will be zealous in mission work, by which Christ is made known to men, and sinners are brought into the only way that leads to heaven.

The Believer Hates Sin.

The apostle St. Paul says, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." But the believer will not think that since he is saved wholly by grace, he may sin, so that grace may much more abound. No. The apostle continues: "What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Know ye not, that so many of us as were

baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also shall walk in the newness of life," Rom. 6, 1-4.

And again the apostle says to the baptized believers: "Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under law, but under grace. What then? Shall we sin, because we are not under law, but under grace? God forbid," Rom. 6, 14, 15. "Being made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness," Rom. 6, 18.

The Christian is dead unto sin and lives unto God, whose beloved child he has become in baptism. Being God's child, he is the servant of righteousness, and not the servant of sin. Being God's child, he gladly obeys the will of that dear Father whom he loves, because He first loved him.

A boy whose father had forbidden certain fruit in his garden to be touched, was urged by his companions to take it, because, as they argued, "He loves you so much, he may not punish you at all." The little fellow replied, "I know that he is my father and that he loves me, and that is the very reason I will not take his fruit. I am his child and I love him, and therefore I will not grieve him by doing what he has forbidden me to do."

Believers hate sin, because God hates it, because it murdered their Lord, because it grieves the Holy Spirit, because it wounds the heart that loves them.

Accept Christ.

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

Opening up Africa.

How strangely, yet how rapidly God has opened the doors of Africa. Only a few years ago, the map of the vast district in the interior was marked "unexplored." Little was known of the country, except its 6000 miles of sea-coast and its great desert, and that narrow border of country which lay next the ocean or lined the Nile. The heroic Livingstone, entering from the south, seeking to know something of the unknown, and open a path for the missionary, died of fever, amid the swamps of Lake Bangueolo, in 1873. His death set in motion many agencies for the evangelization of Africa, and among them all none is to be more emphasized than his influence on Stanley.

H. Stanley says, "What has been wanted and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans has been the good offices of Christians ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months that I was with him. In 1871, I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there, away from a worldly world. I saw this old man there, and asked myself, 'How on earth does he stay here? Is he insane? What is it that inspires him?'"

"For months after we met, I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible, 'Leave all things and follow Me.' But little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused; seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him."

No sooner had Livingstone's death become known, than Stanley determined to become his successor in opening up Africa to civilization. Entering at Zanzibar in 1874, he emerged at the mouth of the Congo in 1877, and the greatest step in the exploration of equatorial Africa was thus taken. The next ship that sailed from England after hearing this news bore missionaries. They began to plant stations from the Congo's mouth to the Equator, as well as about the great lakes of the East. If this is a wide door of opportunity, what

shall be said of the obligation? In Stanley's journey of seven thousand miles, from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo, he saw neither a Christian disciple nor a man who had ever even heard the Gospel message.

Curing Sick Children.

Not far from my house in Sivas, Turkey, writes a missionary, was the tomb of some reputed holy man, and on pleasant days I have seen quite a procession of Oriental women, wrapped in sheets, carrying babes or leading little children who could walk, passing round and round his tomb. Some of the infants

thorny bush. It was thickly hung with rags of every imaginable color. The older missionary, who was riding with me, explained: "Some pilgrim once rested in that bush, and, departing, hung on it a strip of his garment. Now many who pass leave a like token, that they may share in the benefit of the pilgrim's prayers."

Just then a traveler paused at the curiously decorated bush, and bowed for a moment in silent prayer.

"He is praying," I said, "for those who have left these strips of their garments to request those who pass to remember the wearers. That bush is a call for us to pray for the sick, burdened, superstitious, but pleading, multitudes who pass along this road!"

Such silent calls everywhere witness to the need of men, and to their blind search for a source of help.

He saved his Bible.

Those who go away from home on their summer vacations and leave their Bible behind may find a helpful lesson in the following: The steamer *Scotia*, it is said, once picked up a dozen shipwrecked sailors in mid-ocean, among them a boy twelve years old.

"Who are you?" said the captain.

The answer was, "I'm a Scotch boy. My father and my

mother are dead, and I am on my way to America."

"What have you here?" said the captain as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body.

"It's a rope," said the boy.

"But what is that tied by this rope under your arm?"

"That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that."

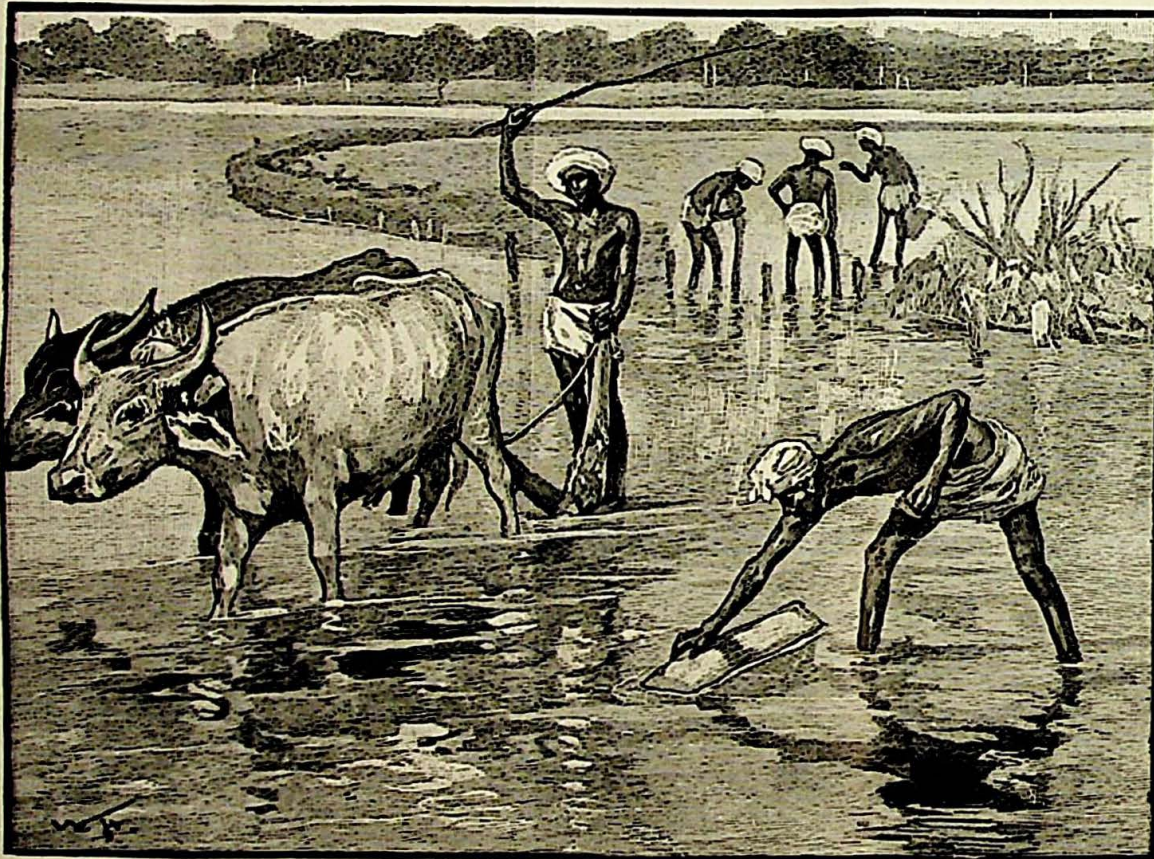
"Could you not have saved something else?"

"Not and save that."

"Did you expect to drown?"

"Yes, sir; but I meant to take my Bible down with me."

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



PLOWING IN INDIA.

were very feeble, and the other children were often lame and deformed. It was a pitiable sight, these mothers with their sick little ones, seeking to cure them at the dead saint's shrine. The path was worn hard by their constant coming.

"Do the children get better?" we asked one day.

"Inshallah!" (By God's grace) was the characteristic answer.

"Do they all find a cure?"

"Some are left too long before they are brought. Some are fated to die!"

As a matter of fact, the children who had no incurable disease were often benefited by the daily walk in the open air. The tomb was just by the city's limits, and beyond lay the open fields and the mountains. The old saint's dust received credit for the health-giving power of fresh air and mountain breezes!

One day I saw by the roadside a large,

The Stone in the Road.

A long time ago there lived a king who took great delight in teaching his people good habits. "Bad luck comes only to the lazy and careless," said he; "but to the busy workers God gives the good things of this life."

One night he put a large stone in the middle of the road near his palace, and then watched to see what the people who passed that way would do.

Early in the morning a sturdy old farmer, named Peter, came along with his heavy ox-cart loaded with corn.

"Oh! these lazy people," he cried, driving his oxen to one side of the road. "Here is this big stone right in the middle of the road, and nobody will take the trouble to move it."

And he went on his way, scolding about the laziness of other people, but never thinking of touching the stone himself.

Then there came a young soldier, singing a merry song as he walked along. A gay feather was stuck in his hat and a big sword hung at his side; and he was fond of telling great stories of what he had done in the war. He held his head so high that he did not see the stone, but stumbled over it and fell flat into the dust.

This put an end to his merry song; and, as he rose to his feet, he began to storm at the country people.

"Silly drones!" he said, "to have no more sense than to leave a stone like that in the middle of the road!"

Then he passed on; but he did not sing any more.

An hour later, there came down the road six merchants with their goods on pack-horses, going to the fair that was to be held near the village. When they reached the stone the road was so narrow that they could hardly drive their horses between it and the wall.

"Did any one ever see the like?" they said. "There is that big stone in the road, and not a man in all the country but that is too lazy to move it!"

And so the stone lay there for three weeks; it was in everybody's way, and yet everybody left it for somebody else to move.

Then the king sent word to all his people to meet together on a certain day near his palace, as he had something to tell them.

The day came, and a great crowd of men and women gathered in the road. Old Peter, the farmer, was there, and so were the merchants and the young soldier.

"I hope that the king will not find out what a lazy set of people he has around him," said Peter.

And then the sound of a horn was heard, and the king was seen coming toward them. He rode up to the stone, got down from his horse, and said:

"My friends, it was I who put this stone here, three weeks ago. It has been seen by every one of you; and yet every one has

left it just where it was, and has scolded his neighbor for not moving it out of the way."

Then he stooped down and rolled the stone over. Underneath the stone was a round, hollow place, in which was a small iron box. The king held up the box so that all the people might see what was written on a piece of paper fastened to it.

These were the words:

"For him who lifts the stone."

He opened the box, turned it upside down, and out of it fell a beautiful gold ring and twenty bright gold coins.

Then every one wished that he had only thought of moving the stone instead of going around it and finding fault with his neighbor.

There are very many people still who lose prizes because they think it easier to find fault than to do the work which lies before them. Such people do not usually blame themselves, but think it is all on account of bad luck and hard times.—*Selected.*

The Infidel Blacksmith.

A certain infidel, who was a blacksmith, was in the habit when a Christian man came to his shop, of asking some of the workmen if he had ever heard about brother So-and-so, and what they had done? They would say no, what was it? Then he would begin and tell what some Christian brother or deacon or minister had done, and then laugh and say: "That is one of their fine Christians we hear so much about." An old gentleman, a deacon, one day went to the shop, and the infidel soon began about what some Christians had done, and seemed to have a good time over it. The old deacon stood a few minutes and listened, and then quietly asked the infidel if he had read the story in the Bible about the rich man and Lazarus? "Yes, many a time; and what of it?" "Well, do you remember about the dogs—how they came and licked the sores of Lazarus?" "Yes, and what of that?" "Well," said the deacon, "do you know you just remind me of those dogs, content merely to lick the Christian's sores." The blacksmith suddenly grew pensive, and hasn't had much to say about failing Christians since!—*Selected.*

Costly, but not Dear.

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

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

Putting off Salvation.

The steamship *Central America* on a voyage from New York to San Francisco sprang a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel noticing her signal of distress bore down toward her. Seeing the danger to be very great, the captain of the rescue ship spoke to the *Central America*:

"What is amiss?"

"We are in bad repair, and going down; lie by till morning," was the answer.

"Let me take your passengers on board now."

But as it was night the commander of the *Central America* did not like to send his passengers, lest some might be lost; and thinking the ship could be kept afloat a while longer, replied:

"Lie by till morning."

Once more the captain of the rescue ship cried, "You had better let me take them now."

"Lie by till morning," was sounded back through the trumpet.

About an hour and a half afterwards her lights were missed; and though no sound had been heard, the *Central America* had gone down and all on board perished just because it had been thought they could be saved better at another time.

How much this reminds us of the fate that may await those who persist in putting off the claims of the Gospel! Jesus cries, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Alas! the folly of those who answer, "Not now; wait; when I have a convenient season I will call for Thee."

Forgiveness of Injuries.

A slave who had, by the force of his sterling worth, risen high in the confidence of his master, saw one day, trembling in the slave-market, a Negro, whose gray head and bent form showed him to be in the last weakness of old age. He implored his master to purchase him.

The old man was bought and conveyed to the estate. When there, he who had pleaded for him took him to his own cabin, placed him in his own bed, fed him at his own board, gave him water from his own cup; when he shivered, carried him into the sunshine; when he drooped in the heat, bore him softly to the shade.

"What is the meaning of all that?" asked a witness of his kindness. "Is he your father?"

"No."

"Is he your brother?"

"No."

"Is he then your friend?"

"No; he is my enemy. Years ago he stole me from my native village and sold me for a slave, and the good Lord has said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—ONE of the graduates of our Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis will go to South Africa to enter the mission field.

—THE Lutheran Missouri Synod, at its recent sessions, resolved to take up mission work among the deaf mutes, of whom there are upwards of 40,000 in the United States. There are in St. Louis 300 adult deaf mutes and nearly the same number of children; in Chicago they number 1000, in Milwaukee 240, in Peoria 30. Speaking of the importance of this work, Rev. Reinke says: During the two years that I have labored among these poor people I have become convinced that we, as a synod, ought to begin mission work among them. What an immense field opens up to us among these deaf mutes. Language is no hindrance. They all use the language by signs. At the services held I have often had before me Germans, English, Swedes, Norwegians, Poles, Bohemians, and French. Four candidates, who finished their studies in St. Louis in June, have learned this language by signs and are ready to serve these deaf mutes with the preaching of the Gospel.

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

—IN Hawaii 60 per cent. of the entire population are to be found in the churches on the Lord's day; there is not a native that can not read and write; there is a large percentage of the native population in the day schools; and one church with 500 members is building a church edifice to cost £8000, while contributing £800 a year to missions and charity.

—THIRTY years ago there was no organized evangelical church or school house in Mexico; the statistical result of twenty-five years' systematic work is as follows: Centers of operation, 90; congregations, 615; ordained missionaries, 60; assistant missionaries and wives of ordained and assistant missionaries, 60; lady teachers, 67; native preachers, ordained, 111; native preachers, unordained, 164; native teachers, 177; other native helpers, 94; grand total of foreign and native workers, 732; churches organized, 444; communicants, 17,000; probable adherents, 50,000.

—A WRITER in one of our exchanges says: "I am convinced more fully each year that the Sunday school is one of the weak points in the Church to-day. It has crowded out the old catechetical method of teaching Scriptural truth, and in the great majority of cases gives no satisfactory substitute. Many teachers spend the half-hour in gossiping with members of their respective classes, and others in telling stories with more or less of carefully prepared systematic Bible instruction of which

there is precious little. If any brother preacher doubts this let him critically question the Sunday school children in his parish. I have been doing this, and I am heavy of heart because of the results. What is the remedy?" The remedy is for the churches to erect parochial schools.

—A TOUCHING incident is related of two Mohammedans in Asia Minor, desiring the Word of God, but hiding it for fear of persecution. One bought the Scriptures in Spanish, and learned the language, that he might read it in safety. Another walked 100 miles and paid \$1.50 for a copy—all he could spare from a year's work.

—AN affecting incident connected with the massacre at Oorfa was that of a mother, in whose presence her two sons were caught by the mob, while men with drawn swords, ready to cut them down, demanded of the young men that they should accept the Moslem faith. But the mother called out to them, "Die, but don't deny the Lord." They stood firm and were immediately cut down.

—THE annual report of the Bible Societies' Committees of Japan for the year 1895 reveals a most remarkable work accomplished in the distribution of the Scriptures. The most significant item concerns the circulation of the Scriptures in the army and navy. An entire change is manifested in the officials in reference to the possession and reading of the Bible by soldiers. The total number of copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions circulated was no less than 257,578.

—IN China, Dr. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, reports the opening of a mission station at Tsan Shih, "the rowdiest place in Hupeh in former times." "A great change," he proceeds, "has come over the place, and now the head of the gentry is inviting me, in the name of the gentry and the people, to come and establish a mission there. The missionaries have often been pelted out of the place. It is a joy to be able to say that all that has passed away, and that even Tsan Shih has become friendly. Speaking of Hunan, you will be glad to learn that the society has received the gift of a house and land in that province. A man, named Li Yeukeng, was baptized by me seven years ago. He has just returned to Hankow for the first time since his baptism. All these years he has been busily engaged in Christian work among his own people in the county of Heng Shan. He opened a free night-school for the children of the place, in which he has been teaching from Christian books. Now there are four whole families there who have given up idolatry and are seeking baptism. A number of children have committed some of our Christian books to memory. Mr. Li has handed over his house and a large piece of land connected with it to the society. The deeds are in our possession. The Society is the first Protestant mission to hold property in Hunan."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ADOLF FR. TH. BIEWEND, weiland Professor am Concordia Seminar und Director des Gymnasiums zu St. Louis, Mo. Ein Lebensbild von H. Wyneken. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 30 cts.

The Missouri Synod will next year celebrate its Golden Jubilee, and it must be interesting and edifying for every lover of our church to read of the "days of small things," when the foundations were laid. The work was well done by those able, learned, pious, and self-denying men whom God raised up for the service of His Church. One of those men was the lamented Prof. A. Biewend, whose interesting biography, so well written by Prof. H. Wyneken, we heartily recommend to our readers.

THE CONCORDIA MAGAZINE. Vol. I., No. 7. Tornado Number. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cts. per number; \$1.00 per year.

This number of the *Concordia Magazine* will be especially welcome to its readers. Besides other instructive and entertaining matter it brings an interesting and copiously illustrated article on the great tornado that recently befell the city of St. Louis. We again heartily recommend this Magazine, whose object is to furnish the Christian family with a pure literature, and thus guard against the influences of the anti-Christian publications of the times.

Acknowledgment.

The following mites for the St. Louis Storm-sufferers have been received by me from my pupils, I. Dept., Mt. Zion, Louis Butler, Julia Parks, John Allain, Wade Allain, each 10 cts.

Cash Montgomery, Rita Jolly, Allen Percy, Alfred Hennen, Geo. Thompson, Augustine Edmore, Manuel Dean, Henrietta Gaines, Rosalinda Anderson, Arth. Brown, Benj. Wilcox, Viola Collins, Albert Noré, Joe Quilling, Robt. Halsey, Louisa Pease, Theod. Simpson, Albert Simpson, Mary Brown, Bertha Harris, Paulina Jackson, Lizzie Hammond, Briscoe Perkins, Sidonie Robinson, Eddie Harris, Ada Davies, Louis Brown, Maggie Kier, Sidonie Delagrade, Sam. Kier, Alex. Harding, Victoria Leonce, Mamie Anderson, Emily Anderson, Bessie Harding, each 5 cts. Total, \$2.15. Thanks, dear children, thanks! EUG. R. VIX.

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. LANKEAU, 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.
J. W. F. KOSSMANN, 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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo. All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1896.

No. 8.

Be Still.

Dear troubled soul, be still, be still,
God knoweth best;
Calmly accept His loving will,
So cometh rest.

His purposes thou canst not see,
'Tis thine to trust;
He never will unmindful be
That thou art dust.

Thy trial shall but spell His love
In lines of light;
The darkest providence shall prove
An angel bright.

He with His own hath ever stood,
To shield from ill,
For He is God, and God is good;
All hail His will!

Selected.

The Guide-Post.

Perhaps you have already seen a guide-post and know its use. There it stands at the cross-roads, with its arms pointing different directions, and the needed information painted on them. How convenient to the traveler who wishes to know which road to take! He looks up, reads, and passes on with a light heart. The guide-post points the way, the traveler follows the road pointed out, and finds himself in the course of time at his destination.

We all are travelers—travelers to eternity. But there are two places in eternity—heaven and hell. And there are two roads, of which the one leads to heaven and the other to hell. On which road are you? We need not be in ignorance of whither we are going. God has set up His guide-posts, so that we may not in any wise mistake our way. Here is one of the guide-posts. Read it:

"Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because, strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it," Matth. 7, 13, 14.

This guide-post calls your attention to the two roads. Where are you? On the broad road which leads to destruction, or on the nar-

row way which leads to life? On one or the other you are most certainly traveling. Every breath you draw brings you nearer to *everlasting glory* or *eternal misery*.

One of these roads has a *wide gate*, and many there be which go in thereat. The road is *broad*—plenty of room—souls are born in it, live in it, die in it. It is a large road and holds many, and in it are attractions to suit all as they pass along, according to their various tastes. Attractions pleasing to the flesh of those that live in sin and of those that live in self-righteousness. All kinds of pleasures and attractions—it matters not, so long as Satan gets souls to the end of that broad road. Beware, lest you be one of those whom he is beguiling. The broad road is the road to hell. In it all those travel that live in sin or in self-righteousness—in short, all that reject the Saviour. It is the road of unbelief. "He that believeth not is condemned."

The other road is the road to heaven. Its gate is strait, the road is narrow; but it leads to life, and few there be that find it. Have you found it? Have you passed in at the strait gate, and are you upon the narrow way that leads to life everlasting? Which is the gate, and how do we pass through on the narrow way? Christ says: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved," John 10, 9. As there is salvation in no other than in Christ, and as there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, than the name of Jesus, so there is only one entrance to everlasting life—Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. "I am the door," says He. Not one of the doors, but *the* door, the only door. He is the door for all sinners, for He shed His blood for all and redeemed all from sin and eternal woe. How can you pass through this door on the narrow way to everlasting life? By faith. "He that believeth is saved." The moment the poor sinner, convinced of his sin and guilt, trusts in Christ as his Saviour, he is on the narrow road that leads to heaven. Do you see why there are so few that find the narrow way? Most men reject the Saviour. They prefer the pleasures of sin to the joys of heaven and do not want to be saved from sin. Or they

try to save themselves by their own works and their own righteousness, and reject the grace and merits of Jesus offered to them in the Gospel. The gate is strait and the road is narrow that leads to heaven. There is plenty of room for you to get through, but no room to take anything with you; every rag of your own righteousness must be stripped off, and if you enter the strait gate it must be as a lost and guilty sinner trusting in Jesus only.

Just as thou art, without one trace
Of merit or of self-earned grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O, guilty sinner, come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed—
O, weary sinner come!

Prayer for Missions.

Prayer is the most important help in missions, and therefore every Christian should pray, earnestly pray for our missions. Prayer is the mainspring of all missionary work. Christian missions are born, cradled, live, grow, and work in prayer. But for the power of prayer missions would scarcely yet have entered any field; but for the power of prayer the missionaries would have speedily to leave them. It is in answer to prayer that men are given; it is in answer to prayer that money is given; it is in answer to prayer that upon the expenditure of the money and the labor of the men, the blessing of God descends. That the Church's work of witness may be discharged God calls for consecrated prayer, for the prayers of His children. Christians, pray for our mission work!

Working Cheap.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked a man of a swearing boy.

"Nothing," was his answer.

"Well," said the man, "you work cheap. To lay off the character of a gentleman, to give so much pain to your friends and all civil folks, to wound your conscience and risk your soul, and all for *nothing*, you certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."—*Ex.*

Rules for Daily Life.

Begin the day with God;
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad—
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God;
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood
And plead His righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servants sleep;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death
He will thee guard and keep.

Selected.

Mission among the Colored People.

The mission of our Lutheran church among the colored people is of the greatest importance, and the good being done by our missionaries in the church and school can not be over-estimated. The pure Gospel-seed is sown which according to God's promise will bear fruit.

God has given to the Lutheran church His pure word and sacrament for the salvation of souls, and others can not do for her the work which He has commanded her to do. Some look upon mission work among the colored people as quite useless and unnecessary. Two of the most prominent Protestant Episcopal ministers openly declared "that the colored people had no hereafter, and therefore were not responsible." Others laboring among the colored people of the South are but blind leaders of the blind. Many of the colored preachers of the sects in the South are not instructed of God and therefore can not teach others the only way of eternal salvation. Mr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee University, "a colored man more greatly honored than any other of his race," when speaking of the condition and fitness of his colored brethren, says: "After coming into direct contact with the colored ministers for eight years in the heart of the South, I have no hesitancy in asserting that three-fourths of the Baptist ministers and two-thirds of the Methodists are unfit, either mentally or morally, or both, to preach the Gospel to any one or to attempt to lead any one. The Baptists claim ten thousand churches and seven thousand ordained ministers; but it is perfectly safe to say that each church contains an average of four persons licensed to preach, and the same is true of the Methodists. One

Baptist Church near Tuskegee has a total membership of two hundred, and eighteen of them are preachers; but the character of many of these preachers can be judged by one, of whom it is said that, while he was at work in a cotton field in the middle of July, he suddenly stopped, looked upward, and said, 'O Lord, de work is so hard, de cotton is so grassy, and de sun am so hot, I bleave dis darkey am called to preach.' With few exceptions, the preaching of the colored ministry is emotional in the highest degree, and the minister considers himself successful in proportion as he is able to set the people in all parts of the congregation to groaning, uttering wild screams and jumping, finally going into a trance. One of the principal ends sought by most of these ministers is their salary, and to this everything else is made subservient. Most of the church service seems to resolve itself into an effort to get money. Not one in twenty has any business standing in the communities where they reside, and those who know them best mistrust them most in matters of finance and general morality. With such spiritual leaders, the mere fact that so large a proportion of the seven million colored people in the South are church members is misleading, and is no evidence that a large proportion of these church members are not just as ignorant of true Christianity, as taught by Christ, as any people in Africa or Japan, and just as much in need of missionary effort as those in foreign lands."

The Baptist *Leader* sustains Mr. Washington in his opinion, as far as their seven thousand colored preachers are concerned, with upwards of a million church members, thus: "The greatest object of over two thirds of the Baptist ministers of Alabama is to get their salaries. They care no more for the moral and intellectual standing of the people than they care for the snap of their fingers. In some parts of the country we find preachers who do not take a paper of any sort, nor read the Bible. In fact, they can not read, and yet they are attempting to teach the people." Such statements need no comment. What a work our Lutheran church has before her in the South! Her mission among the colored people is of vast importance, and too much sympathy and aid can not be given to our hard working missionaries. May the Lord fully sustain them in their important work and make them a blessing to many souls of the African race!

Sad News From North Carolina.

DEAR PIONEER:—

On the 20th of July, Grace Church, Concord, N. C., was the scene of great grief. Mrs. Bakke, wife of our faithful missionary, had passed to her rest in heaven on the Sunday morning preceding. She had been ill only a few days with malarial fever, and was

brought near death's door by an attack upon her heart on Thursday, July 16th, but recovered from that, to prepare for the last struggle. Failure of heart, says the physician, ended her life. After a brief service at the newly completed parsonage on Monday morning, members of Grace Church bore her remains to the adjoining church, which was filled to overflowing. The funeral oration was preached from the words of the third petition, "Thy will be done." Prominent citizens of Concord acted as pall-bearers from the church to the depot, whence the grief-stricken husband and daughter took the remains to St. Louis for interment in the Lutheran cemetery, where rest Mrs. Bakke's father, Prof. Guenther, and mother, and also a sister, lately departed.

Mrs. Bakke was born, baptized, and confirmed at Saginaw, Mich., and has for many years faithfully labored with her husband, both in New Orleans and in North Carolina. As we view the matter, her early departure is a great loss, not only to Pastor Bakke, but also to the Colored mission, inasmuch as the efficient work of the pastor was, in a measure, rendered possible by his unselfish and devoted wife. Mrs. Bakke was highly esteemed by all classes of people in the community where her husband is at present laboring, and the expressions of sympathy which the latter received upon his sad bereavement were both numerous and cordial. God, who in mercy overrules also our afflictions for our eternal welfare, may strengthen and comfort our missionary, and cause us to pray all the more for him and for his work. W. H. T. DAU.

How a Life was saved.

In persecuting times a Christian was running for his life. He came to a lime kiln, into which he entered to conceal himself from the soldiers that sought his life. He no sooner entered than several spiders began to weave their web over the mouth of the kiln. Then a strong wind arose, and the dust in clouds came and covered the spider's web. When the soldiers came up and searched they could not find the fugitive. One of the soldiers said to the captain:

"Perhaps he is in there."

"You fool," replied the captain, "how could he be? That spider's web covered with dust has been undisturbed for an age. If he has gone in there, he must have broken through the web."

And so they passed on, and the man was saved. The kiln, the spiders, the wind, the dust were "God's hosts." Put your trust in God.

If you can not pray over a thing and can not ask God to bless you in it, don't do that thing. A secret that you would keep from God is a secret that you should keep from your own heart.

A School in India.

In our picture you see boys in India being instructed in writing by their school-master. They are learning to write the letters of their alphabet in the sand or dust. After they have learned this, they will pass to a higher school, for not all schools in India are like the one you see in our picture. A missionary, writing of the schools in that country, says:

"A village school in India does not cost much. Except in the rainy season, it is held under the trees behind the school-master's house, and there are neither desks, benches, slates nor books. The boys sit upon the smooth, hard ground, and the school-master upon a mat smoking his pipe.

"The school is divided into four classes, which are named after the writing material used by each. The lowest is called the chalk class, and sometimes the floor class, the pupils of which learn to write with chalk upon the trodden ground. The next is called the palm-leaf class, as the pupils write upon palm-leaves, a material which is said to be much better for the purpose than our slates, as it never breaks, is very light and costs nothing. The third is called the plantain-leaf class; and the highest of all, the seniors of the institution, write on paper, and are called the paper class.

"For years the boys spend most of their time writing. There are fifty letters in many of the Indian alphabets, and these are joined and compounded in numberless ways. Their system of enumeration, also, is complicated and requires practice to use readily.

"A boy going to school in the morning carries under his left arm a bundle of twenty clean palm leaves. A pen of reed is behind his ear, and he carries in his hand a rude ink-pot of clay. As he spends most of the day in writing upon these leaves with ink, and rubs out his mistakes with his hand or his wrist, he comes home at night pretty well smeared and spattered. This is reckoned honorable to him; and the blacker he is, the more his parents praise him for his diligence at school.

"They have one practice which is familiar to all who are in the habit of passing by our own country school houses; the children recite a great deal together. After writing most of the morning, the whole school says in chorus the letters, the diphthongs, and the hundred numerals. Then, in the afternoon, when they are all tired of writing, they recite together in a sing-song way the multiplication table up to twenty times twenty.

"It is so difficult to write their language that a boy will spend some months in writing the names of the boys in the school, and of the inhabitants of the village. From names and

words they advance to very short sentences, and at length begin to compose letters.

"Letter writing is a great art with them; and even the addressing of a letter is a matter of much difficulty. India is the land where the idea of rank has been most developed.

"An old-fashioned native of Bengal can not conceive of our notion of 'human equality,' and he looks upon every inhabitant of his teeming peninsula to be either above him or below him. There are hundreds of ways in which men are to be spoken to, or addressed in writing, so as to properly recognize their rank.

"If a boy writes to his father, he must use a certain prescribed, invariable form expressive



A SCHOOL IN INDIA.

of the profoundest respect. When he addresses his uncle, he must use another form, and there is a different form for a paternal and a maternal uncle. For cousins, second cousins, acquaintances and friends, there are special forms, as there are for all grades of the magistracy, priesthood and nobility.

"The school hours seem to us intolerably long. Morning school from seven, and afternoon school from three until sunset.

"The teacher receives from each pupil about three cents a month in money; but besides this, every boy is expected to bring to afternoon school a small present of tobacco or something of the kind; and once a month each brings a few pounds of rice, a proper quantity of seasoning to go with it, such as oil, mustard and salt.

"With all his perquisites, however, the village school-master would be very poor if he did not generally cultivate a small quantity of land, which he manages to do by taking a

partner who does the work. The boys, also, are very glad to perform menial labors for him, and it is considered a great privilege to fill and light his pipe.

"Now this would all be well, if teachers and pupils also knew the Gospel, but this is only taught in the schools of the Christian missionaries."

Infidelity and Family Worship.

A Christian gentleman had occasion to travel through a new and thinly settled part of the western States. His traveling companion was a gentleman of intelligence, but of infidel principles, who was fond of discussion, and tried to beguile the way by urging arguments against the truth of the Christian religion. The thinly peopled portion of the country through which they were passing was inhabited by people of various characters, and it had been rumored that travelers had sometimes suffered fatal violence, when thrown within their power. As regular inns were unknown, our travelers were compelled to trust to the hospitality of those of whom they could not but entertain a secret fear.

On one occasion as the evening closed in, they sought a lodging-place in a log-cabin, far remote from other habitations. They anticipated but little comfort, and were induced to believe that it would be a measure of safety to watch alternately through the night. As they were about to retire to their rude bed, their host, whose exterior had excited their distrust, proceeding to a shelf, took down an old and much worn Bible, and informing his visitors that it was his custom to worship God in his family, he read and prayed in so simple and sincere a manner as to secure the esteem of the travelers. They retired to

rest, slept soundly, and thought no more of alternate watching.

In the morning the Christian requested his infidel companion to say whether the religious exercises of the preceding evening had not dispelled every particle of distrust of their host's character, and had not enabled him to close his eyes in the most confident security. He was evidently embarrassed by the question, but at length candidly acknowledged that the sight of the Bible had secured him a sound night's rest.

Here was a testimony extorted to the influence of the religion which he sceptically assailed. He could not harbor a fear of violence from one who was in the habit of daily bending his knee before God. The very erection of the family altar rendered the house a secure asylum. — *Olive Leaf.*

"DYING grace shall be given when the dying hour comes, for He has promised."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM Prof. Dau's letter in this issue of the PIONEER our readers will learn that God has taken the beloved wife of our missionary, Rev. Bakke, to her heavenly home. She was a true missionary's wife, faithfully sharing with her husband the labors, and the sorrows, and also the joys of the mission field. May the Lord comfort our dear missionary in his sad bereavement. The life of faith has many trials, and often very sore trials. When our Lord's dealings with us are dark, He says: "What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter." This is frequently the only comfort we can grasp, and it is ours to trust God even in darkness and wait for light, knowing "that all things work together for good to them that love God."

—WE have received the Catalogue of Concordia College, Conover, N. C., giving the names of the students and also an account of the thorough work done during the past school year. Concordia College is of great importance for our church in the South. May God bless its work also in the future. The Catalogue may be obtained by addressing Rev. Prof. W. Dau, Conover, N. C.

—IN Chinese families, one of the most regular attendants at church is pretty certain to be the baby. If the mother goes she never dreams of leaving baby at home, and in any good-sized congregation there will be a considerable sprinkling of these small creatures. When they are good and go to sleep (the best of babies can't do better in church) they are probably laid carefully on their backs on the bench, or even on the floor, while mamma fans the little half-yellow, half-pink face and listens as best she can to the sermon. When they are naughty—and what with heat, mosquitoes, and Chinese singing, even a Chinese baby can be exasperated into naughtiness—they rave and scream and refuse to be comforted, much as other babies sometimes do at home. 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 the Christians have a "party" of this kind they invite the missionaries, and they 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.

—THERE has been discovered in Birmingham, in the very center of Christian England, says the *Hartfort Times*, a factory, where idols are made for heathen nations! Many attempts to obtain admission to the factory have been

made, but a strict watch is kept upon outsiders anxious to pry into the secret chambers where the heathen gods are made, and reporters, especially, are prevented from entering the works. Idols of all kinds are turned out, representing the gods of all heathen nations, from Ookai to Timbuctoo. The export trade to heathen countries is a fairly large one, although more gods are sent out to foreign dealers in curios in the bazars of Cairo, Damascus, Columbo, etc., for sale to unsuspecting travelers anxious to take home some mementos of their stay abroad. The price of gods varies greatly. You may get a Birmingham made one in a London curiosity shop for half a crown, or you may run up the petty bill to \$100 for an especially ugly one, "stolen," according to the dealer, "by a sailor during the Chinese war!" In the Cairo bazar, however, the price of a first-class god of this kind may run up from \$100 to anything. A traveler says that there is little difficulty in detecting a god of native make from one of the Birmingham manufacture. The first generally displays some slight irregularity or change of design due to the native working by hand, while the Birmingham god is correct in form. The trade in idols is kept such a close secret that it is difficult to estimate the output, but there is no doubt the trade is a fairly large one, and that some enterprising Birmingham men make money in the business. This is a shame for "Christian England."

—THAT was a good remark of the African king in Zambesi to a veteran missionary on the occasion of his recent return to Europe on a furlough: "Ah, if I am not saved it is not your fault. You have given yourself no rest, but neither have you given me any."

—"THE late Irenæus Prime was on one occasion the guest of President Pierce at the White House. While there he attended the noonday reception. Foreign ministers, senators, governors, distinguished strangers and fair women had congregated to do honor to the chief magistrate of a mighty nation. Just as the President was about entering the reception room, he put his arm around the neck of the genial Irenæus at his side, and said: 'After all, the man who preaches the Gospel and wins men to heaven has the highest office on earth.' And a greater than President Pierce said: 'I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry.'"

—A LONG article might be written on boys and girls as givers. With a little attention and intelligent direction and encouragement they may be trained to become the most cheerful and ardent givers that we have in our congregations. A little girl in a church at Ashland, Va., was one of a band of workers to raise money to complete their church building. She had earned by her own work a considerable sum, when a friend heard her express a great desire to own a canary bird. It was suggested that she could easily buy one from

her own purse. "O," she replied, "I can't get a thing for myself while I have that church on my shoulders!" Some of the colored people in Augusta, Ga., were taking monthly collections to build a church. A little girl six years old said she must have a nickel, for next Sunday was "throwing in" Sunday. Her mother said she shouldn't give her one, for she spent the last one for candy, and she ought to have saved that. So she went off with a basket on her arm, picked up bones, and sold them for five cents. Then a friend gave her another, and she remarked, "I believe I'll put this in too, for *that church must be built!*"

LETTER BOX.

W. M.—Men who reject the Bible are prepared to accept any theory, however absurd, any error, however glaring, because "the mind of the flesh is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," Rom. 8, 7.

L. R.—Have ordered the Catalogue to be sent to you. Do you know what Luther says on choosing a college? "I am afraid," says he, "that universities will prove to be the great gates to hell, unless they diligently labor in explaining the Holy Scriptures, and engraving them in the hearts of youth. I advise no one to place his child where the Scriptures do not reign paramount. Every institution in which men are not unceasingly occupied with the Word of God must become corrupt."

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Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., September, 1896.

No. 9.

The Believer's Nearness to God.

So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I can not nearer be,
For in the person of His Son
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I can not be;
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His love to me.

Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me day and night,
And tells me, "Mine is thine."

Selected.

The Robe of Christ's Righteousness.

The Bible tells us of a dress that all sinners should put on. It is the righteousness of Christ, which He has procured for us by His life, sufferings, and death, and which alone can be a covering for our sins.

We are sinners, and all we can do to save ourselves, or make ourselves better, is just like dressing in dirty rags. Such rags will never do instead of proper clothing. If we were to try all our lives to make ourselves fit to stand before God, we could never do it. We must come to Him as the prodigal son came to his father. He came just as he was. He did not stay to make himself better, or to mend his clothes; he could not do it, he knew it was hopeless. He came as he was and told his father he was not worthy to come. And then the father called for the best robe to cover him.

That is what God does. If you come to Him as a poor sinner, who has no fit dress to stand in before Him, He will clothe you with the beautiful robe of Christ's righteousness, so that you can cry out with joy: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness," Isa. 61, 10. In the Gospel those garments of salvation are offered to you, for the Gospel brings to you Christ and His righteousness. The moment you accept the Gospel you are

clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness and become a happy child of God.

A poor colored slave in the West Indies, who had led a very wicked life and who felt himself a lost, undone sinner, one evening heard a Gospel sermon, in which Christ was presented as the Saviour of sinners. By the grace of God he accepted the Saviour by true faith and found peace.

His master heard the same sermon; but as he had lived outwardly what men regard as a good moral life, his proud heart rejected the finished work of Christ, and set about trying to save himself. This went on for about a month, and the poor Pharisee was becoming more wretched, when he resolved to have a conversation with the happy slave, and the following accordingly took place:

"Sam, you are happy!"

"Yes, massa, I be," he said, his face beaming with joy.

"Well, Sam," said the master, "I have come here this morning to find out what it is that makes you happy. You know, Sam, I heard that same sermon about which you speak so much, and from which you, though you were such a bad fellow before, got so much peace and happiness, while I, who have always been what the world calls a good man, have been going on in darkness and sorrow ever since, and it seems to me I only grow worse. It is a great mystery, Sam, I don't understand it."

"Oh, massa," said the poor slave, "it ain't no mystery at all to me, 'cause you see dat's de berry reason Sam was such a bad fellow, and hab on such a dirty, ragged blanket, dat when God called him he knew it wasn't fit to go 'fore God in, so he threw it right away, and den God put on him de robe of Christ's righteousness; and den, ob course, when Sam had dat on, he couldn't help being glad and full ob peace. But massa hab on what he thinks to be a real good coat, and he did not like to throw dat away, for he thought if it was fixed up a little it would do to go 'fore God. So when he sees a dirty spot, he says: 'Oh, I'll wash dat!' and when he sees a hole, he says: 'Oh, I'll patch dat!' and so he goes on, trying to make his old coat do; but it

nebber will, for God won't receive massa in dat coat, no matter how much he fix it up. But if massa will only throw dat coat away, and let God put de robe ob Christ's righteousness on him, den massa can go in 'fore God, and not be 'fraid, but be happy, like poor, bad Sam."

The slave paused and looked at his master, as if to see the effect of this bold language. A smile broke over the master. "You are right, Sam," he exclaimed, as he grasped the rough black hand held out to him. "I have been trying to fix up my old coat; but, thank God, I am done with it now. I'll have on the robe of Christ's righteousness as well as you, and I see that will bring me peace and joy. God bless you, Sam; you have taught me a precious truth."

Look at Christ.

Looking at the natural sun weakens the eye; but the more we look at Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, the stronger and clearer will the eye of faith be. Look but at Christ, then you will love Him, and live on Him and for Him. Are you tempted to sin? Remember that He gave Himself for you that you may be saved not only from the guilt of sin, but also from its power over you. Think how much He loved you—how much He suffered for you, and you will loathe sin in every form. Love to read the Scriptures—they testify of Christ. Are you in danger of being carried about "with every wind of doctrine?" Be occupied with Christ, who plainly speaks to you in the Bible. It is His word. Accept it as it is written, no matter what your reason or other men's reason may say. Look to Christ alone—the "Rock of Ages" is a sure foundation, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Do the trials of life weary you, and its cares threaten to overwhelm, look unto Him who says: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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

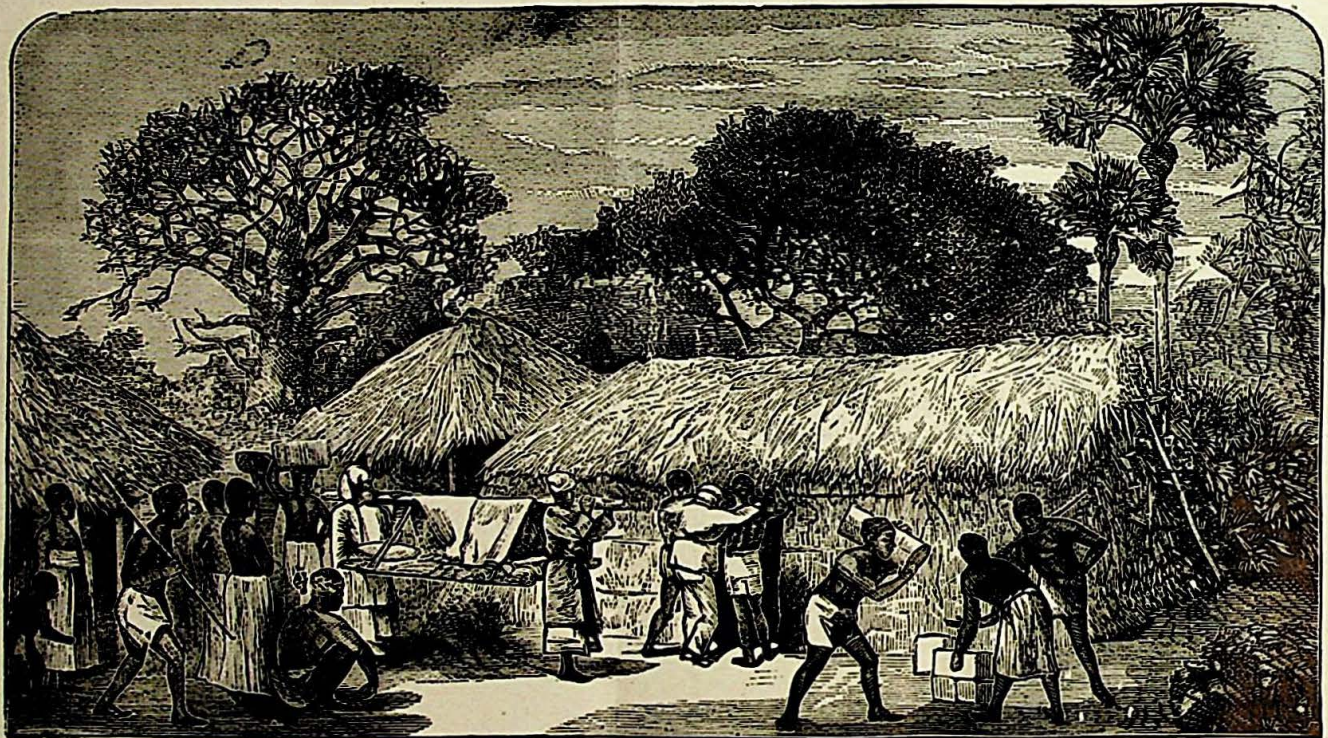
David Livingstone.

In our picture you see David Livingstone led into his hut by two faithful servants. On the 22d of April, 1873, he was taken ill in Africa, and his attendants carried him on a litter to Boga, led him into the hut, where he died on the 1st of May, kneeling at the side of his bed in prayer.

But who was David Livingstone? He was, says one of our exchanges, a missionary and explorer, whose name will be honored until the end of time. He was born in Scotland in 1813, and died in Africa in 1873. He studied medicine and theology, preparing himself for the great work of missionating among the heathen. He had hoped to labor for the conversion of the Chinese. However the London

not those of the ordinary missionary, but rather those of a Christian explorer. He traveled over this unknown heathen land, and prepared the way so that other missionaries might follow and labor to better advantage. He did much to give the world a proper idea of the geography of Africa, and much towards breaking up the slave trade of the Portuguese. The wild natives learned to know him, and to love and trust in him. Once, while exploring a river, he met several bands of slaves. They were natives who had been captured and were to be sent north for sale. He set these free, and ever afterwards the slave hunters had reason to fear this God-fearing explorer. The latter part of his life was one of great pain, but he labored on, and at last died the death of the righteous,—died while on his knees at prayer.

ing that which is worth nothing. The government makes the good money, and the officers of the government hunt up those who make bad money, and have them punished. It is almost impossible for a man to make counterfeit money and not be found out, for the officers of our government are very shrewd, and find out the wrong-doer before he is aware that any body knows of his bad work. Another valuable thing that is often counterfeited is religion. There are people in the world who want to be looked upon as Christians, while all the time they have no love for God in their hearts. We call them hypocrites. They go to church services. Perhaps they join some congregation. They call themselves God's children. But they are really children of the devil. They may deceive men, but they can



Missionary Society which he joined preferred to send him to Africa. He left England for the dark continent December 8, 1840, at the age of 27 years. The history of this man is quite interesting, and we hope it has a place in our Sunday-school libraries. On his first journey he came to a village that was troubled with lions. The people were anxious to kill one of the wild beasts, for this was a sure way of driving off the ravaging brutes. He therefore undertook to shoot one of the lions, but while reloading his gun was attacked by one. The savage creature pounced upon him and bit and crushed his shoulder and arm. One of the natives killed the lion, and in course of time Livingstone was well again. In after years, when his dead body was brought back to England for burial, it was recognized by the lion's teeth-marks, and was given the honor due to it.

Livingstone spent sixteen years in Africa, laboring in the interests of the Missionary Society that sent him forth. His labors were

Counterfeits.

Some time ago a number of people in a certain neighborhood discovered that they had in some way and somewhere received counterfeit money. The fact was reported, and a detective came and lived in that vicinity a while, and quietly watched until he learned that the counterfeit money came from a certain man. This man was arrested and his house searched, and this revealed the fact that he made bad money and gave it out as good money. He was sentenced to spend some years in prison.

There is a good deal of counterfeit money. One must be careful or he will get hold of some of it, and not only lose money in that way, but perhaps get into trouble. Counterfeit money looks very much like good money. Sometimes only those who are used to handling much money can tell if a note or coin is genuine or counterfeit. The reason that men make counterfeit money is because money is valuable. People never think of counterfeit-

not deceive God. He knows our hearts. If we are hypocrites He is aware of it.

There are little folks who do this same bad work. They want their parents and pastor and teacher to think that they are very good. However, when they get away from their eye they will say bad words and do naughty things. They are counterfeits. God is not pleased with such children. I hope none of you are counterfeits. I hope you love our Lord Jesus, and for His sake desire to do what is right, and nothing else. Do not forget that God sees you all the time, and that you can not deceive Him.—*Luth. Child's Paper.*

Two Kingdoms.

“The kingdom of this world, or the devil's kingdom, is the kingdom of iniquity, ignorance, error, sin, death, blasphemy, desperation and everlasting damnation. The kingdom of Christ is the kingdom of equity, grace, light, remission of sins, peace, consolation, saving health and everlasting life.”—*Luther.*

The Talking Chip.

While Missionary Williams was building a new church on one of the islands of the South Sea, he forgot one day, on setting out from home, to take his rule along. Not wishing to walk back the long way himself, he picked up a chip that lay at his feet, wrote on it a few words with a piece of cinder, asking his wife to send him the rule, and handed the chip to a by-stander with the words, "My friend, take this chip, go to my house with it and give it to my wife." The man was a stout fellow and a mighty warrior, who had lost an eye in a battle. He looked at the missionary in surprise and asked, "What's the meaning of this piece of wood? Mrs. Williams will think I am a fool for bringing her a chip." "No, she will not," said the missionary; "take it and carry it to her without delay, for I am in a hurry." As the man, who had never seen or heard of writing before, noticed that the missionary was in earnest, he finally took the chip and inquired, "But what am I to do or get?" "You don't need to say a word," replied Mr. Williams; "the chip will tell all that I wish to say."

With a look of mingled wonder and contempt the man held the chip up and said, "Can this little piece of wood talk? Why, it has no mouth!" The missionary now bade him make haste and not lose so much time in talking about it. The man went. Arriving at the house, he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read the note, threw the chip away and went to the chest of tools. The man watched her every movement with astonishment. When she handed him the rule he cried, "Stay, daughter! How do you know that Mr. Williams wants just this tool?" "Why," said Mrs. Williams, "did you not bring me this chip?" "Yes," replied the astonished warrior, "but I didn't hear it say anything to you." "If you didn't hear it say anything," she observed, "I did; for it told me what my husband wished, and you have nothing more to do but to return to him as quickly as possible."

Picking up the mysterious chip, the man hurried away, ran through the village holding up the piece of wood in one hand and the rule in the other, and exclaimed, "Just see how smart these white people are! They can make chips speak!" Having returned to the missionary and given him the rule, he wanted to know how it was possible for the chip to speak. The missionary explained the matter to him as well as he could, but still it remained so great a mystery to him that he put a cord through the chip, tied it about his neck and ran around with it for some time. Everywhere the people gathered about him in groups and listened with the greatest attention, while he told the story of the wonderful chip. Only later, after he had himself learned to read and write, the marvelous feat became clear to him.

Nothing but Girls.

You would never hear *your* father say that. But let us visit the lands where the little girls are not wanted and not cared for.

A missionary once went to see an old Mahomedan in the Syrian city of Tripoli. As he entered the outer court, he saw a number of little girls running out of his way as fast as they could. He asked a boy who was with him who they were, and he said they were the children of the person he was going to call on.

So he went on into his presence and was most politely received. The old man rose from his cushion on the floor, placed his right hand on his forehead, and, bowing gracefully, said, "May your morning be blessed, your Excellency! Peace be to your life." Then a boy brought in cups of very strong black coffee, and they talked together in a friendly way.

Presently the missionary asked the old man how many children he had, and was surprised at the prompt reply, in a sorrowful voice, "I have no children at all."

The visitor thought this was very strange, and that there must be some mistake. "Were not those your daughters whom I saw in the court?" he asked again.

"Oh yes," he replied, "those are mine, but they are *nothing but girls*."

The same missionary, calling on another Mahomedan gentleman, and asking him the same question, received for answer, "I have four sons, but praise to God, I have no daughters."

Now let us see what a difference it makes when people become Christians. A little daughter was born in the same city of Tripoli, who had a very unusual welcome. When the relatives heard of its birth, they came to express their sympathy with the parents at the sad calamity which had befallen them. The baby's grandmother declared she would not kiss her for six months because she was a girl!

But the father stood up and said, "Spare your sorrow. I do not want your sympathy. I love my little daughter, and I hope to train her up to love the Saviour, and to do good to others. I am not a heathen any longer." And then he went and put up a flag to let all his neighbors know that he was not sorry that his child was a girl.

Thus, you see, the little heathen girls have great reason to rejoice when their parents become Christians. The life of a woman is a very sad one in all countries where they have not got the Bible. She is despised and degraded, thought to have no soul; made to do all the work; never allowed to take her meals or sit down with her husband. But when the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ comes in, woman begins to be loved and honored, and is promoted to her proper place.

The Queen and the Child.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, had a palace at Schönhausen. One day Queen Elizabeth, the wife of Frederick, was walking in the garden connected with this palace. Her gardener had a little niece named Gretchen with him in the garden. She was on a visit to her uncle. Gretchen lived in the city of Berlin. Her father was a gardener too. He was a poor man, but he was a Christian, and he had taught his little daughter to know and love Jesus.

The Queen talked with little Gretchen, and was so much pleased with her simplicity, and her bright, intelligent answers to the questions she asked her, that she told her uncle to let her come to the palace the next day and make her a visit.

So Gretchen dressed herself very neatly, and went to the palace at the time appointed.

One of the court ladies who knew about it, saw her coming, and told the Queen, who was then at dinner. The good Queen was much pleased to hear that her little visitor had come. She ordered her to be brought in at once. Gretchen ran up to her kind friend, courtesied to her very respectfully, and kissed her dress. At the request of the Queen, she was placed on a chair by her side, where she could see at once all the splendid sight which that table presented. There was a large company dining with the Queen. Lords and princes, and officers of the army, and ladies were there, sparkling with gold and jewels. It was the first time this innocent child had ever seen such a sight, and the Queen felt curious to know what effect it would have upon her.

Gretchen looked quietly at the costly dresses of the company, and at the beautiful dishes of china and gold that covered the table, and was silent for a while. Then, while all the persons at the table were looking at her, she clasped her little hands and closed her eyes, and repeated in a simple, touching way, this verse of a hymn her father had taught her:

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

The company were greatly surprised and deeply moved. One of the ladies said to the Queen, with tears in her eyes, "Happy child! We thought she would envy us, but we have much more reason to envy her."

A Beautiful Custom.

It is said, that, when the sun is going out of sight, the pious Swiss herdsman of the Alps takes his Alpine horn, and shouts loudly through it, "Praise ye the Lord!" Then a brother herdsman on some distant slope takes up the echo, "Praise ye the Lord!" Soon another still higher up the mountains; till hill shouts to hill, and peak echoes to peak, the sublime anthem of praise to the Lord of all.—*Selected*.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—IN the month of August the Synodical Conference met at Evansville, Ind. The most important business matter presented to the delegates was our Colored Mission. The growth and the needs of our mission were thoroughly discussed, and we hope greater interest has been awakened for our mission work.

—THOSE who have not worked for the Gospel in Roman Catholic countries can hardly credit the subterfuges and lies resorted to by the priests to prejudice men and women against going to hear its proclamation. In Spain a man had been solemnly warned that, if he entered the Evangelical Hall, some dreadful misfortune, perhaps sudden death, would befall him; he, therefore, took the precaution of taking with him to the hall two of his grandchildren, whom he left near the door, enjoining them to watch and notice what happened to him, and to go out and give warning to his friends should the Protestants try to kill him. He is now the only witness for Christ in his native town.

—THE Norwegian Lutheran missionary who had begun work for the kingdom of Christ among the Zulu tribes in Southeast Africa in 1849, established their first station at Betafo among the Betsileo tribes in 1867. Norwegian missionaries are found in the capital of Madagascar since 1870. They extended their work to the West coast in 1874, and to the East coast in 1888. The European Norwegian missionaries, who are supported by the Stavanger Missionary Society transferred its field of operation in the southwest of this island to the American Norwegian Lutherans in 1892. The work of our Norwegian brethren has been blessed abundantly. They are said to be the most diligent, thoroughgoing and persevering of all missionaries in Madagascar. Their "statistics" are the following: 25 European and American ordained missionaries; 60 native ministers; 50 churches; 35,000 church members, 30,000 of whom are communicants; 500 mission parochial schools, with 35,000 pupils; a theological seminary at Tananarivo, whose 30 pupils study among other books the Augsburg Confession in Malagassy; high schools for boys and girls; a hospital and a printing office at the same place.

—THE English Church Missionary Society is receiving from Bishop Tucker in Uganda, Africa, letters of deep interest, indicating extraordinary progress in the development of the country and the extension of the Christian faith. Bishop Tucker, writing October 14, compares his first visit in 1890 with his present visit. The contrast is vast. Now order reigns; it is no longer the drum-beat from morning to night and the gathering of excited crowds. When the drum beats, it is to call people to service in the great church or for classes in the various teaching houses. There has been a great increase in cultivation. Whereas in 1890 much of the land around

Mengo was waste, now the gardens have been reclaimed, fresh land cultivated, "and Mengo is one great garden." A great deal of building has been done. Each prominent chief has now a double storehouse; roads have been built, swamps have been bridged and drained. But the most marked prosperity is in spiritual things. The old church, which was blown down, has been replaced by a beautiful edifice, accommodating 4000 worshippers, and in the districts close around the capital there are twenty-three other churches, while in the country there are not less than 200 of these churches. In them all, services are conducted in an orderly way. Bishop Tucker writes of a large missionary meeting for the purpose of sending forth nine new missionaries into different sections of Uganda. Several confirmation services have been held, at one of which ninety-eight, and at another 145 candidates were confirmed. At one of these services two blind men were confirmed, one of whom had lost both his ears. They had been cut off by order of the king, some years ago, by way of punishment. Both men in their sightlessness were victims of the king's cruelty. It was a striking proof of the change that had come over the land. Bishop Tucker writes of the present problem that was before them as to the preparation of men for pastors, and he affirms that young men are now coming forward as teachers who are far in advance of any they have heretofore received. He proposes to establish a separate order of teachers, to be formally authorized by the Church Council to instruct in Christian truth and duty. A new church in the king's enclosure has been recently opened, built by King Mwang'a's orders. He is by no means a Christian, though he knows a great deal of Christian truth. Bishop Tucker says there are 400 people living inside the king's enclosure, who are either Protestants or Roman Catholics. The new missionary ladies who have recently arrived are to be permitted to visit the king's chief wife and his other women at least once a week. The whole outlook in Uganda is most encouraging.

—A most striking proof of the energy displayed in recent years by many of the leading Christian societies is found in a pamphlet entitled "Bible Translations. Table of quinquennial progress of work of translators, 1891-95." It is compiled by one of the vice-presidents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, aided by the assistant secretary to the society, the Rev. J. Gordon Watt. In 1890 the number of languages and dialects into which the Bible or portions of it had been translated numbered 329. During the five following years these figures have been increased to the astonishing total of 381. In this short space of time, therefore, 52 new versions of the Scriptures have been added to this noblest of all catalogues. Englishmen and Scotchmen have special reason to be proud of these results, for we find on examining the details that 42 ver-

sions have been published by British societies, the British and Foreign Bible Society nobly heading the list with 29. American societies have five languages to their credit. The utmost variety is seen in the list. 23 languages and dialects belong to the African Banta family, four belong to each of the following—Malayan, Chinese and Melanesian; three are Indian languages; two each belong to the Negro—Turki, Druidian and Hamitic groups, and one each to the Tibeto-Barman, Arian and Mikronesian families. No more astonishing proof of its vitality and world-wide interest could be offered by the Bible Society than the facts recorded in this striking little pamphlet.

—ON the occasion of the celebration of the sixtieth birthday of the Empress Dowager of China, the Christian women in the empire presented to her a splendid edition of the New Testament, translated into the Chinese language. The book was decorated with silver and gold and cost about \$1200. When this elaborate volume was printed in China, a few additional copies were run off the press, and one of these was given to the American Bible Society, to be placed on the shelves of the library of that institution. The book is royal quarto size, printed on the finest paper and in the largest of movable metallic type. The border around each page is of gold.

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Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1896.

No. 10.

The Church.

Hark! the church proclaims her honor,
And her strength is only this:
God hath laid His choice upon her,
And the work she doth is His.

He His church hath firmly founded,
He will guard what He began;
We by sin and foes surrounded,
Build her bulwarks as we can.

Frail and fleeting are our powers,
Short our days, our foresight dim,
And we own the choice not ours,
We were chosen first by Him.

Onward, then! for nought despairing,
Calm we follow at His Word,
Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
Faithful witness to our Lord.

Though we here must strive with weakness,
Though in tears we often bend,
What His might began in meekness,
Shall achieve a glorious end.

Selected.

Reformation Day.

The last day of October is called Reformation Day. On that day, in the year 1517, Dr. Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses to the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg. In these theses, or propositions, Luther stated the plain teachings of God's Word on various subjects referring to our salvation, and exposed the errors of the Romish church. This was the beginning of the Reformation, for which all that know and rejoice in the pure Gospel truth of salvation should give thanks to God on Reformation Day.

But is not the Gospel revealed to us in the Bible, and did not the people before Luther's time have that precious Book? It is true, the Gospel is revealed in the Bible; but the people before Luther's time did not have an open Bible as we now have. The light of God's Word was for centuries hidden from the people and darkness spread throughout the church. False and soul-destroying doctrines were preached, and the Bible was kept away from the people, lest they might find out that they were being led astray. The anxious sinner was not told to trust in Christ, the Saviour of sinners, but he was told to

trust in his own works and in the works of the saints. He was led in a way in which peace and salvation can not be found. Ah, those were dark and dreary days!

But the time of deliverance came. Dr. Martin Luther was God's chosen servant to deliver the church from the dark rule of the pope. Luther, you know, tried hard to get the assurance of salvation by his own works. He entered the cloister, he fasted, he prayed to the saints, he did all that was required of him by his superiors. He went the way pointed out to him in the Romish church, but he found no peace. When he was near despair, God opened to him the Bible. From that precious Book he learned the Gospel way of salvation, which had for centuries lain hidden under the rubbish of human doctrines. He learned that the sinner is saved, not by man's work, but by God's work; not by trusting in his own works or in the works of the saints, but by trusting in the finished work of the crucified Saviour. Thus Luther found rest, and peace, and salvation in the Gospel of Jesus. This Gospel he made known for the salvation of others. He translated the Bible, so that the people could read the Word of God. In his sermons and writings he proclaimed the doctrines of Holy Scriptures and defended them against the enemies of God's truth. Thousands rejoiced and thanked God for the Gospel truth restored to the Church through God's faithful servant, Dr. Martin Luther.

We still have an open Bible, we still have the pure Gospel. Let us thank God for this great blessing on Reformation Day. And may our gratitude bear fruit in our lives. May we as the children of the Reformation walk in the Gospel way of salvation. May we, like Luther, be zealous in making known the Gospel, so that others may rejoice with us in the blessings of the Reformation.

Rome's Cruelty.

At the time of the horrid Inquisition, instituted by the Romish church, thousands of Protestants were most cruelly tortured and put to death. Look at Rome's damning

record! You need not take the Protestant figures, but study the following startling revelation of its agents of cruelty and the number of victims, as given by the *Catholic Banner*, a Romish paper:

By Torquemada—Men and women burnt alive, 10,220; burnt in effigy, 6840; condemned to other punishments, 97,371.

By Diego Deza—Men and women burnt alive, 2592; burnt in effigy, 829; condemned to other punishments, 32,952.

By Cardinal Jimenez de Cisneros—Men and women burnt alive, 3564; burnt in effigy, 2232; condemned to other punishments, 48,059.

By Adrian de Florencia—Men and women burnt alive, 1620; burnt in effigy, 560; condemned to other punishments, 21,835. Total number of men and women burnt alive under the ministry of forty-five holy Inquisitor-Generals, 35,534; total number burnt in effigy, 18,637; total number condemned to other punishments, 293,533. Total, 347,704.

The editor of the *Banner* should weep over, rather than gloat over this damning record. Rome indeed is "the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus," Rev. 17.

Luther's Joachim.

On one occasion a man, banished from his home and country on account of the true faith he held in Christ, came to Dr. Luther and asked him for a gift. But Luther had at the time in his treasury only one dollar, which, because it bore the imprint of Joachim on one side, was called a Joachim dollar. It is also said that Joachim was the name of the valley in Bohemia where the metal for this coin was obtained. Luther thought of this dollar, and forthwith he cried out with a cheerful voice, "Joachim, come forth; the Lord is here!" and so Luther's last dollar went to the poor exile. Let us ask ourselves whether we have not some idle Joachims prisoned away in the dark, who ought to be called into the light, where they could be of much service in honoring the Lord and blessing men.

Luther at the Diet of Worms.

In our picture we see Dr. Luther at the Diet, or convention, in the city of Worms, standing firm as a rock and declaring that he could not depart from the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures.

This Diet was held by the Emperor Charles V., in the year 1521. The religious controversy was to be attended to at this convention, and therefore Luther was ordered to appear. Trusting in God, and not fearing man, he obeyed the order. When he entered the hall in which the Diet was held, he saw before him the mighty men of the earth. There sat the mighty Emperor, and the princes, and the dukes, and the pope's messenger, and many others of high rank. There stood Luther, the peasant's son, the poor monk, calm and full of peace, mighty in the Lord. He, the messenger of God's eternal truth, did not fear man. When asked whether he would recant what he had written in the books lying on a bench near by, he gave his answer in very respectful language and manner, but with great firmness. In a speech which lasted two hours, he showed what was contained in his books, and said that if any one would prove from the Bible that he had erred, he would retract every error and would be the first one to throw the books into the fire. At the close of his long speech,

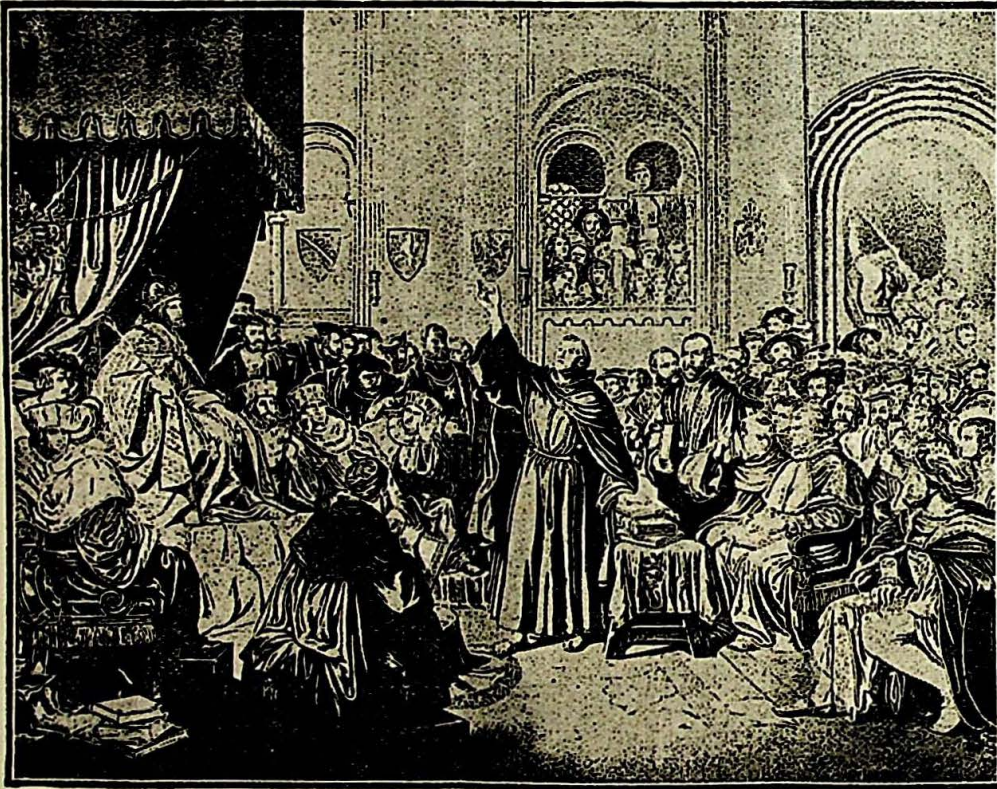
Luther was quite exhausted and overcome by the heat of the crowded room. But the Emperor did not fully understand the German, and therefore wished Luther to repeat his speech in Latin. Luther complied with the Emperor's wish. He was then told to answer simply the question whether or not he would retract his doctrines. Luther now said: "Since your most serene Majesty and your Excellencies require from me a clear, simple, and precise answer, I will give you one with neither horns nor teeth, and it is this: If I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scriptures, or by cogent reasons—for I do not trust in the pope, nor in the councils, since it is as plain as day that they have often erred and contradicted themselves—if I am not convinced by the Holy Scriptures, I can not and will not revoke anything, for it is neither safe nor right to do anything against conscience." And then, with great force,

and looking up toward heaven, he spoke those memorable words: "HERE I STAND; I CAN NOT DO OTHERWISE; GOD HELP ME! AMEN."

And God did help him. Throughout Luther's life God protected him against his enemies and enabled him to proclaim and defend the truths of the Bible.

The Romish Church and the Bible.

Before the time of the Reformation the Bible was not only hidden from the people, but the Bible was said to be a dangerous book, a book which could do the people no good, a dark book which the people could not understand. Luther, speaking of the Romish church and the Bible, says: "Ob-



Luther at the Diet of Worms.

serve what the devil has done through the papists. It was not enough for them to throw this book under the table, and to make it so rare that few doctors of the Holy Scripture possess it, much less read it; but, lest some one should bring it to notice, they have branded it with infamy, blaspheming God, and saying that it is dark and that we must follow the glosses of men, and not the pure Scripture. The calamity is so great that it can not be reached by words or thoughts. The evil spirit has done his will and suppressed this book and has brought in its stead so many books of human doctrine, that it may well be said that there is a deluge of books; and yet they contain nothing but errors, falsehoods, darkness, poison, death, destruction, hell and the devil."

Dear reader, thank God, that we have an open Bible, and make good use of that precious Book. Read the Bible! Study the Bible!

I owe it all to the Gospel.

A pastor was one day called to one of his members in order to comfort him in his dying hour. The sick man thus addressed the pastor: "My dear sir, if it shall please God to restore me to health again, I will certainly lead a different life. Although I have, through God's grace, learned to know the Gospel, I am very sorry that I have not done more to the honor of Jesus' name. Oh, if I recover, it shall be my highest aim to support the cause of missions. I have given something yearly and have gladly visited the mission services, but my heart was not in the work! I have not done nearly enough!" The pastor then asked him the cause of these reflections. He answered:

"In the past night I awoke about midnight from a short slumber; when I pulled back the bed-curtains to see if any one was watching, my sons both hastened to my bedside, with anxious care, to see whether anything was wanted. At that moment, I remembered what was said in the missionary service about the Hindoos, that they allow their old parents to starve, or throw them into the river. The thought occurred to me, Why do my sons not take me out and throw me into the water? Why do they watch with me all night long? Do I not owe all this their love and care for me to the influences of the Gospel? What have I done

that this blessed Gospel might be brought to my poor heathen brethren? Had the first Christians been like unto me my sons would not be watching with me, no one would be about me; I would leave this world in the fear of death without hope, without God. Should it please the Lord to prolong my life, I will be more earnestly concerned about the salvation of the poor heathen, and will zealously support the cause of missions with prayers and gifts."

POPE ADRIAN VI. had two cities painted upon a tablet—Utrecht, the place of his birth, and Lyons, the place where he had attended the high school—above which he had had written: "Utrecht planted me, and Lyons watered me." Beneath these stood the likeness of the Emperor Charles V., and the words, "And the emperor hath given the increase." Below this some one wrote with chalk, "With all this God has had nothing to do."

The Dying Monk.

Ferrero was a monk who, by secretly reading the Bible, had come to know the Gospel. His friend Egidio was an inmate of the same cloister, and with him he now and then spoke of the Gospel way of salvation which he had learned from the Bible. Of his friend's death Ferrero gives the following account:

A narrow cell, the only furniture of which is a rough table; on which are placed a crucifix and a human skull, on the brow of which is written, "*Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return*"; a few books of theology and church history; a bedstead with a litter of straw, on which lies a young monk in the last stage of consumption—such is the picture presented to you.

The dying man was possessed of a noble intellect, naturally kind, frank, and straightforward, of gentle manners, of superior education, and to the last simple as a little child. He was considered blameless in life, according to the standard of the convent, and was held up to the young clergy as a model of holiness. The people confided in him, and the Superior saw in Egidio the promise of an eloquent advocate of the Romish church. He was but twenty-two years of age, but his last hour was rapidly approaching.

At noon of a beautiful June day, the monk appointed by the superior of the convent to attend on the sick, called out hastily at the door of my cell, "Father Egidio is dying! Make haste, please; you are just in time to give him the holy absolution."

I ran hastily into the cell of my young fellow-monk. I was not his confessor, and was surprised to learn that he wished for me. So soon as he saw me, he said eagerly, "Please shut the door." I did so. He asked if all was secured. I replied, "Yes, my brother, fear not; no one listens to us but God, the searcher of all hearts." "O dear Ferrero! my only friend on earth," he exclaimed, "not for me are such precautions. I have nothing now to fear from man; but I feel anxious for your security. Oh! tell me again of that sweet comfort, that peace with God, of which you spoke three days ago, when I asked you why you read the Bible so often. Tell me frankly, before God, are we saved by our own works, or by grace only? Have all my prayers, fastings, and penances no merit before God? Oh! I see that all my boasted works, on the balance of God's Word, weigh less than nothing. There is no salvation there. Unless grace take the place of God's terrible justice, I am damned. 'If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, who shall stand?'"

"No one, my dear Egidio," I replied. "But let me read the psalm from which you quote. There is forgiveness with God; there is mercy with the Lord, and with Him is plenteous redemption."

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "I want God's mercy, God's forgiveness." Then, looking at

the crucifix, he continued, "That blood, the blood of Jesus, of which you told me—speak, Ferrero, speak again."

He would have said more, but exhaustion closed his faltering lips. Yet, with his eyes fixed on mine, he waited anxiously for a word of peace. "'By grace ye are saved,' I said, 'through faith'—faith in what Jesus has done for sinners. Oh, how have we been deceived, foolishly trusting in our works, when God has said, 'By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.' But hearken, 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' It is not written that our fastings or prayers can save us from wrath or cleanse us from sins. No, no! Only the precious blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. My dear Egidio, you are convinced that you are a sinner; then be convinced, that what the Bible says is true indeed. Only believe God's Word. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; rest in the value of Christ's perfect sacrifice, in His precious blood, and soon you will be with Christ in Paradise."

As the thirsty one drinks from the spring suddenly discovered in the desert, so my dear friend drank joyfully of the living water. Being now speechless, he gave me one glance from his eye, so sweet and smiling, that it told me more than words could have done.

At this moment there was a knock at the door. I opened, and the superior, accompanied by the doctor, entered. Seeing the sweat of death upon the sick man, the superior sprinkled him with "holy water." Egidio shook his head. And so, when extreme unction was administered to him, he seemed to protest against the ceremony. At last, collecting all his strength, he cried out with distinct voice, his countenance beaming with heavenly peace: "Precious Jesus! Thy wounds are my merits. Yes, yes, mine, O Jesus!" And with eyes uplifted to heaven, he fell asleep. Such was the dying confession of Egidio.

The action and words of his dying moments were attributed to delirium, and a circular was sent to the other convents announcing his death and commending his holy life. But, dear reader, though Egidio was considered spotless by man, his religion gave no rest to his soul, no peace, no assurance of salvation. At last he found all that he had done to gain the favor of God—all his own righteousness—to be as filthy rags; and then he found pardon, peace, eternal life, by faith in the precious blood of Christ. In what are you trusting?

Thou Shalt not Steal.

"One day before harvest," says an English gentleman, "I met a fashionably dressed person with a large handful of ears of wheat taken from my fields. I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat.

"'Yes,' said he, 'it is truly a fine sample,

and does great credit to the farmer who grew it.'

"I acknowledged the compliment, and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed out the place, he assured me that he always liked to take home a good sample of grain, as it interested the ladies.

"Upon this, noticing, with admiration, the style of his coat, I asked him to allow me to look at the skirt. He readily did so, and I quietly took out my penknife, and cut a large piece from the tail.

"The gentleman raged and swore, but I told him that I always took samples of cloth, as I found that they greatly interested my wife. I added that he had no more right to take my wheat than I to take his coat, and that I wished the public to bear this truth in mind."

Perhaps it might be well for us to draw a wholesome moral from the incident, to be acted upon daily.

Sought and Found.

Under this head, Mrs. Simpson gives a graphic account of how a Chinese woman found the Lord. About a year previous Mr. Simpson had preached in the village of Chih-li, where the woman and her husband lived. Within six months the husband fell ill and died, but as his end drew near he said to his wife, "When I am gone you must go and visit them (the missionaries), and inquire more fully about this doctrine. It is too late for me; I can not go, and I can not find the way." As time went on the woman became more and more desirous of further information and instruction, and when nearly a year had passed from the time of the missionary's visit, she made her way to the station. There she found what she sought, an abundance of the bread of life, of which a few morsels had been so precious to her soul. Simple and child-like in her faith, she sought to know Jesus' own words, and when she got them she stuck to them, and made them her pillow on which to rest. Her joy in the Lord continues to be very great. "People think me crazy," she says; "but they do not know the precious Mediator I have got."

What Trials are.

An old divine says: "Trials are sharp pruning-knives, to lop and trim us, that we may bring forth plentiful fruits of godliness; they are spurs, to prick us forward in the Christian race; and hedges, to keep us from wandering out of the way. They are the wormwood whereby the Lord weans us from the love of the world, whose pleasing delights we would ever seek without weariness if our mouths were not distasted with some affliction."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—ON the 13th and 14th of September our Lutheran Seminary at Springfield, Ill., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Thousands of Lutherans assembled and gave thanks to God for the great blessing bestowed upon the church through the work of our Seminary. On the second day there was a reunion of the alumni of the institution, which was attended by a large number of clergymen from different parts of the country, and which was a decidedly pleasant affair. The speakers gave interesting accounts of the work of the Seminary by decades. May God continue to bless Concordia Seminary!

—A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Observer* claims that since the introduction of the International system of lessons into the Sunday schools of the land, the memorizing of the Scripture by the scholars has very largely gone out of practice. In the days when the catechism was more generally taught, nearly all scholars were urged to memorize the entire Scripture lesson of the day—a practice of which many now in middle life, whose minds are treasure houses of Bible thoughts and phrases, have felt the benefit. In some charitable institutions, the memorization of the Scriptures is still an important part of each day's drill. To put the Bible into the mind is the first step toward putting it into the heart and life.

—IN the year of 1842, which is indelibly imprinted in Chinese memory as the time of the disgraceful "Opium War" with England, there were only six native Christians in all China; in 1853 not more than 350; in 1864 there were 2000, and in 1890 already 37,300 communicant members of 522 congregations, 94 of which had become self-supporting. The number of ordained missionaries was 589; of single female white helpers, 316; of ordained native pastors, 211; of pupils, 16,836; of hospitals, 61. Seven thousand of the 77,000 Protestant Chinese Christians are members of the Lutheran Church.

—WHAT a change! Rev. F. Ramseyer, a veteran Lutheran missionary on the Gold Coast of West Africa, together with his wife and child, and his fellow-missionary, Rev. J. Kuehne, had been taken captives by the Ashantee warriors in 1869 and kept prisoner until 1874, when he was released by the British forces, has lately returned to Koomasee, the capital of Ashantee, whose dethroned king had been exiled to St. Helena, to establish a missionary station, under very favorable auspices. The new British governor has publicly announced that the missionary is under his protection, and the chieftains, "kings" (1) of the subdued tribes, are anxious to call their former captive their best friend and to do him all honor!

—THE New Hebrides, one of the Melanesian groups of islands, are a center of missionary activity. Of the 85,000 natives, 12,000

are Christians; the Scriptures are read in 13 of the 25 native dialects. The names of John Williams and R. Paton will always be revered by friends of the kingdom. The island of Amityum now is entirely Christian, but there was a time, only 50 years ago, when its inhabitants were cannibals and its customs most ferocious. The substitute for the Christian marriage ring was the "marriage rope," put around the neck of the bride. This she wore all her life, and when her husband died she was strangled with it by his nearest relative. The Rev. John Inglis, who began his work there in 1852, reported that there was not a widow on the island, nor any word in the language for widow. The unwritten law demanded that on the death of her husband the wife be strangled, and her body cast into the sea with his.

—THE Lutheran churches in France—membership, 80,000—have decided to support the Norwegian Lutheran missions in Madagascar, since the island has become a French colony.

—A PARIS correspondent says: "The Norwegian Lutheran Missions in Madagascar wish to put a stop to the attacks made on them by so-called French Catholic patriots. To this end they have invited French schoolmasters intending to go to Madagascar to make first a sojourn at the missionary training-school at Stavanger, where they will be kept for nothing, taught the Norse tongue, and enabled to understand the religious teaching the missionaries are to give. This the Norwegians hope will clear away all misunderstanding and enable French and Norse teachers to go hand in hand. The Norwegian missions have fully accepted the French conquest of the Island. All they want is to be allowed to continue peacefully the work they have begun among the natives."

—A VERY striking incident reported from Turkey is that of an aged mother, 110 years of age, whose son was nearly ready to give up in despair in view of the terrible experience through which they were passing. But the mother told the ruffians who were assaulting them that she was too old to change her faith. "I know only Christ," she said, and they took the dear old lady's Bible and tore it up and burned it before her eyes. "But thank God," adds the reporter, "they could not tear the Word out of her heart."

—ONE of the things which renders missionary work difficult is the strangeness of the surroundings in which the Christian worker must labor. A lady who writes from China gives some rather amusing instances of the difficulties she has to meet. It is amusing to see this Chinese school during school hours. All our ideas about schools and school discipline are totally set aside. The scholars are of all ages and sizes; they sit anywhere, more often on the floor than not, probably all studying aloud at once. When they hear one of the foreigners coming, they all shout, "Here comes Sinai," (Mrs.) and they all rush out to

greet me by asking me, "if I have eaten my rice" (the usual salutation). The two young ladies have charge of the executive part of the school. It is so hard to hold and interest women who have never read anything or thought of much beyond eating and money. One morning when I was talking to a number of women in a small dirty room, a large pig came in and settled himself for a rest. I said, "Why do you not make that pig stay in the yard?" They replied, "The pig is not willing." Too listless to make even a pig obey them!

OUR BOOK TABLE.

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TERMS:

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

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

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

All business communications to be addressed to "Concordia Publishing House," St. Louis, Mo.
All communications concerning the editorial department to be addressed to Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF, Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1896.

No. 11.

Thanksgiving.

"Sing to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise;
With joyful hearts and voices
Your alleluias raise.

"By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move.
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love."

Are You Ready?

"Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh," Matt. 24, 44. Of these words of our Saviour we are reminded by the lessons of the last Sundays of the church year. He that comes to us throughout the year as our Redeemer in His Word and Sacrament will come visibly in the clouds of heaven as the Judge of the quick and the dead and as the Bridegroom that comes to lead His bride to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Are you ready? How important this question is, since Christ Himself says that He will come in such an hour as we think not! How foolish it is for people to put off their getting ready from Sunday to Sunday. As the church year comes to an end, so their time of grace may come to an end at any moment; "for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Are you ready?

In the book of Revelations we read that the bride is "ready" for the marriage supper—"arrayed in fine linen, clean and white." This wedding garment is "the righteousness of the saints" procured for them and given to them by Christ. Have you this wedding garment? A wedding garment so white and clean, that He who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity can detect upon it no spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Have you this wedding garment on now? Remember, "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Though you may deceive your pastor in this matter, though children may deceive their parents, and husbands their wives, and wives their husbands, and friends their friends, yet the solemn truth remains the same, that at the coming of the Son of man every refuge of lies will be forever

swept away, and our self-made garments will appear but as filthy rags before the searching eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

The wedding garment, suitable for every sinner, was wrought out and fashioned centuries ago by the life, sufferings, and death of the Saviour. Therefore the Bible tells us again and again that salvation is a gift from Him who gave His only Son for lost and ruined man. We read in its sacred pages that the "wages of sin is death," but we nowhere read that the wages of our righteousness is eternal life. No. The Bible says, "The gift of God is eternal life." It tells us that we are justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Yea, that by the righteousness of One, namely, of Christ, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. How amazing then, that any should try to work out a righteousness for themselves, when they are told that God's Son was Himself made sin that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

Does our reader say, "Yes, I see that salvation is a gift, that the wedding garment is freely offered, but how am I to lay hold of it?" *By the hand of faith*, is the Bible's answer. God is fully satisfied with the work of His Son, the law is satisfied, and on Calvary's hill the Lord Jesus made an end of sins, and brought in everlasting righteousness. This righteousness is offered to you in the Gospel without money and without price. It is offered to you freely. The moment you take it and as long as you keep it, you are prepared and ready for the coming of the Lord. Take, then, with the hand of faith what the Gospel offers to you, and though you be the chief of sinners, you become a child of God, are clothed with a righteousness of His own, and will be a welcome guest at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

The church year closes. And every Sunday, yea, every day and hour brings you nearer to that great event—the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven. Soon the cry will be raised, "The Bridegroom cometh!" See to it that you as His bride stand ready, "arrayed in fine linen, clean and white"—the righteousness of Christ!

"Instant in Prayer."

Stonewall Jackson was once asked what was his understanding of the Bible command to be "instant in prayer" and "pray without ceasing." His reply was, "I can give you my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and will not think I am setting myself up as a model for others. I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without lifting my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Then when we take our meals, there is the grace. Whenever I drop a letter in the post-office, I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and the person to whom it is sent. When I break the zeal of a letter just received, I stop to ask God to prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my class-room and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so in every act of the day I have made the practice habitual."

"And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" asked his friend.

"I can hardly say that I do," replied Jackson, "the habit has become almost as fixed as to breathe."

Believe all Things are Ours.

Dr. Arnot tells a story of a father moving into a new house and furnishing it far more elegantly than his former dwelling, and his little boy was wonderfully excited and ran through the new house, saying, "Father, is this ours?" He felt that that which belonged to his father belonged to him; and this pleased the father very much. So should Christians believe—that that which belongs to God, their Father, belongs to them. And this is true, for the Bible declares, "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

SLANDER would very soon starve and die of itself if no one took it in and gave it lodging.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A LUTHERAN deaf-mute congregation has been organized in Chicago by the Rev. Reinke, who for some years has been doing effective mission work among the deaf mutes of our country. He has been holding mission services in the language of signs in many of the large cities of the West. Two young missionaries have recently entered this long neglected field to assist in the work among these afflicted, who are shut out from the ordinary means of worship and religious instruction. May God richly bless this proclamation of the Gospel in the language of signs!

—THE Quakers of North Carolina in convention assembled decided that the public schools do not meet the requirements of the Society of Friends. The newspaper report states: "The Friends want to see every child in the State educated and will do all they can towards this end, but they are going to see that those belonging to their own denomination are cared for in this respect, without being dependent upon the State." It would be well if all Lutherans would come to the same decision and provide schools in which their children are educated, not only for this world, but for the world to come.

—THE American Bible Society has published in all 61,705,841 copies of the Bible in nearly 100 languages. Last year's issue was 1,750,123 copies. Distribution is made in all parts of the world, among pagans, Mohammedans, Jews and Christians. The work was very encouraging during the past year, except, of course, in Turkey, where persecution is raging.

—MADJI RAHSIN, a Christian Turk, a merchant from Constantinople, arrived recently in New York. He said he was a witness in August of the three days' massacre of Armenians by Turks in the streets of Constantinople. "During the butchery," he said, "I saw processions of wagons piled high with the bodies of the slain passing through the streets on their way to the Bosphorus. The corpses were not buried, but dumped into the sea. I could hear half-dead wretches crying to be taken out from the heaps of the slain. The Turkish soldiers I saw rushing about with pistols and the unattached Turks with clubs. Spies would point out an Armenian, and the Turkish soldiers would strike him on the head. When the spies pointed to the house of an Armenian the Turks would break in the door and kill men, women and children. If the Armenians hid on the house-tops the Turks would pursue them to the roof and compel them to jump into the street. Thirty thousand people were slaughtered."

—REV. DR. ROBERTSON, a Canadian minister of note, states that in the Canadian church \$20,000 are now given annually to foreign missions by congregations that were founded as home mission stations within the last twenty years. It is a striking illustration of the truth

that "the very best way to help foreign missions is to establish home missions."

—IN an appendix in his report on the trade and general condition of British Central Africa, Sir H. Johnston gives the history of the Universities' Mission and the later settlements of other societies, and says: "No person who desires to make a truthful statement can deny the great good effected by missionary enterprise in Central Africa. There are some missions and some missionaries out here of whose work nothing but praise can be uttered, though much just criticism might be written on their mode of life, which in some instances is singularly and needlessly ascetic and uncomfortable. Asceticism is all very well in a wholesome part of England, or in an equally healthy North African desert; but any attempts to live carelessly, uncomfortably, and too frugally in the exceedingly unhealthy climate of Central Africa must sooner or later result in the permanent disablement of the missionary's health, or his death, and can serve no useful or godly purpose whatsoever. I think that if Europeans are expected to live in Central Africa and to carry on an active work, whether it be educational, religious, commercial, or political, they should first of all be comfortably housed, and secondly, they should eat the best of food. If they will do this, then they may hope to be able to spend ten or fifteen years of their life in Central Africa without serious deterioration of their health. About mission work in other parts of the world I have no direct knowledge but I can say of all mission work in British Central Africa that it has only to tell the plain truth and nothing but the truth to secure sympathy and support."

—THE region in West Africa north of Cape Colony and south of Angola belongs to Germany, and German missionaries have been at work among the Hereros and other tribes occupying this section. Recently a German military officer, Lieutenant Von Francois, has issued a volume on "The Nama and Damara in German Southwest Africa," in which he gives the following remarkable testimony to missionaries and the work they have accomplished: "What merchants, artisans, and men of science have done for the opening up and civilizing of this country is as nothing in the balance compared with the positive results of missionary work. And this work means so much the more, because all self-regarding motives, such as always inspire the trader or the discoverer and are to be found even in the soldier, are absent in the missionary. It must be an exalted impulse which leads the missionary to give up comfort, opportunities of advancement, honor and fame for the sake of realizing the idea of bringing humanity into the kingdom of God, into sonship to God, and to instil into the soul of a red or black man the mystery of the love of God. Self-interest is put aside and the missionary becomes a Nama or a Herero. He gives continually, not only from the inner treasure of his spiritual

life and knowledge; in order to be able to do that, he must unweariedly play now the artisan, now the farmer, now the architect; he must always *give* presents, teaching, improvements—never take; he must not even expect that his self-sacrifice will be understood. And to do this for years, decades even, that truly requires more than human power; and the average mind of the European adventurer, hardened in self-valuation and self-seeking, can not understand it. I used not to be able to understand it; you must have seen it to be able to understand and admire."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

ERZAEHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. 34. Baendchen. In der neuen Heimath. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cents.

An interesting and entertaining story of an immigrant family that passed through the troubles and sorrows of pioneer life and realized the comforting truth "that all things work together for good to them that love God." It will be read with profit and delight by both young and old.

Acknowledgment.

During the months of July, August, and a part of September, the undersigned received the following sums from the different congregations at New Orleans, La., from St. Paul: \$8.50, Mt. Zion: \$2.00, and Bethlehem: \$5.65. Total: \$16.15. I herewith again express my hearty thanks for the same. May the Lord bless the cheerful givers!

EM. BURTHLONG.

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.
J. W. F. KOSSMANN, 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.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

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

E. Just
July, 15, 16, 17, 18.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XVIII.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1896.

No. 12.

Good Tidings.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

"Good tidings!" Wake, O men, and hear
What blessing to the world draws near.
The message of love,
Sent from their home above,
A glimpse of heaven's glory bring,
While to their golden harps they sing—
"Good tidings!"

"Great joy!" The sorrowing sons of earth,
Who sat in darkness from their birth,
Shall see this radiant light
Pierce through their gloomy night,
And shall rejoice that angels bore
The heavenly message to earth's shore—
"Great joy!"

"To all!" To all of every land
This message brings the angel band.
Not the loved Jew alone,
But all—yes, every one
Shall hear this news, shall share this joy,
Shall have this gift without alloy—
"All! All!"

"A Saviour!" Yea, from all their sin
His people shall He save, and win
Peace for His servants true—
His peace, forever new.
Give us Thy peace, O Christ, our King,
That we for aye with angels sing—
"Our Saviour!"

Selected.

The Tidings of the Holy Christmas Night.

That was a wonderful night. Such as never had been, or ever could be again. All heaven was thrilling. All the blessed angels were filled with happy amazement. One of them came down to this sleeping, darkened earth, startling the shepherds who were watching their flocks by night. To those lowly ones he came and made known the glorious event which made that night such a wonderful night and filled the hearts of those in heaven with joy and amazement. And when he had spoken, there suddenly was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

What were the wonderful tidings, so important that heaven opened her gates, that the angelic messengers from the court of

heaven might pass through to announce "the glory, and the peace, and the good will?" The angel said, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Wonderful tidings of the holy Christmas night! How wonderful that "Christ the Lord," the Lord of heaven and earth became man! How wonderful that God's own Son, "God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, by whom all things were made," came into this dark, sinful world of ours as a child of poverty and of sorrows! Such a birth there never had been before, and such a birth can never again occur. Well may the angels be filled with amazement and sing their song of glory to God in the highest.

Joyful tidings of the holy Christmas night! "I bring you good tidings of great joy," said the angel. And which were these good tidings? "Unto you is born a Saviour." Better tidings, more joyful tidings could not be brought to sinners. We need a Saviour. We are sinners and have deserved God's wrath and everlasting punishment; for "the wages of sin is death." No creature in heaven or on earth could rescue us from our awful doom. But behold, God came to the rescue. His own Son became man and took our place, to do all that the law requires from us and to bear the punishment of all our transgressions. The birth of this Saviour is made known in the joyful tidings of the holy Christmas night. Good tidings of great joy! It is our Saviour that was born; it is to us that salvation now has come. These tidings are for us and for all people. They are for you, whoever you may be. To the chief of sinners the joyful tidings of the holy Christmas night bring the Saviour who "came into the world to save sinners"—even the chief of sinners. To the poor as well as to the rich the joyful tidings of the holy Christmas night bring the richest of all gifts—the Saviour, who for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty might be rich. To the sorrowing as well as to the happy the joyful tidings of the holy Christmas night bring true joy—joy in the Saviour,

who alone gives true happiness and who is the Comfort of all the sorrowing and the Consolation of all the weeping.

May we all welcome with glad and believing hearts the holy Christmas with its wonderful and joyful tidings of our Saviour's birth.

God's Love.

At the manger of Bethlehem you may behold God's love. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. Who is it that loved? The great God. What was it He did? He loved. Whom did He love? The world of sinners, the world that hated Him. How did He show His love? He gave His only begotten Son. What did He give? His only begotten Son, the best, the most precious gift. What moved Him to give His only begotten Son? He so loved the world. For what did He give Him? That whosoever believeth in Him. Is there any limit to *whosoever*? It includes the vilest sinner on earth. What is such a sinner to do? Only to believe in Him. If he does believe, can he die forever? He shall not perish. What will he get through believing? Everlasting life. Is it life for a day, for a year, for a few years? It is everlasting life, a life in bliss and glory, which shall endure while eternity endures.

May every one, whilst standing at the manger of Bethlehem, ponder these great words and argue thus: God loved me also in the dark, sinful world. He so loved me that He gave His only begotten Son to bear my sins; I believe His words to be true; I accept His Son as *my* Saviour and *my* Lord; and I shall not perish, but have even now, and shall have while Jehovah exists, everlasting life. The sinner who thus by faith accepts the Saviour brought to him in the Christmas gospel, and who thus relies upon the sure Word of God, may be as confident of salvation as he must be that He who sits upon the throne can not lie when He says: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Christmas Customs in the Northland.

The following sketch of Christmas customs among the Swedes, condensed from Thomas' "Sweden," we find in one of our exchanges:

All Sweden gives itself up to the enjoyment of Yule tide. First comes Christmas eve; next, Christmas itself; then, second day Christmas; then, third day Christmas; and on all four days are the Christmas festivities celebrated. Then the merry-making slackens a little, but does not cease.

It bursts forth again in family parties and dinners on the last day of the old year and on the first day of the new; and still again on the 6th day of January, a legal holiday—the thirteenth day Yule. This day and the evening before are celebrated with nearly the same brilliancy as Christmas eve and Christmas day themselves; and not until January 13—twentieth day Yule—do good, old-fashioned families in Sweden consider the celebration of Christmas as fairly over.

Early in November everybody is at work buying and preparing presents, and planning and deliberating—all carried on with the greatest secrecy and in a profoundly mysterious manner, for no one must know or even guess what is in store for him at Christmas.

As December draws on, the streets and squares of Stockholm are thronged with people making Christmas purchases. The shops are brilliantly lighted, as they needs must be, for now it is dark at three o'clock in the afternoon. Everything is cheap, very cheap in the markets for the people. Knick-knacks of every sort are exposed for sale—toys, confectionery, cheap cutlery, boxes with shell covers, warm winter caps, pocket-books, bandana handkerchiefs, accordions, drums, trumpets, and the indispensable ginger cakes, appropriate for the season.

For hundreds of years booths have been erected in the city's squares for the sale of Christmas goods. By the middle of December the green trees begin to arrive in them. These are brought in by every possible conveyance—carts, sleds, cars, and steamers. Some of them are fifteen feet high, and the market place looks like a dense forest of spruce.

Perhaps Yule is enjoyed most heartily in the country. There is so much to be done that dinner is eaten early on Christmas eve. As soon as it is over the Christmas tree is dressed by the older members of the family.

Presents are not hung upon it, as with us; but it is decorated with bon-bons, ribbons, and little bright glass globes. From the end of every branch and twig rise little wax tapers; and when they are all lighted you may well believe the tree grew in some fairy bower.

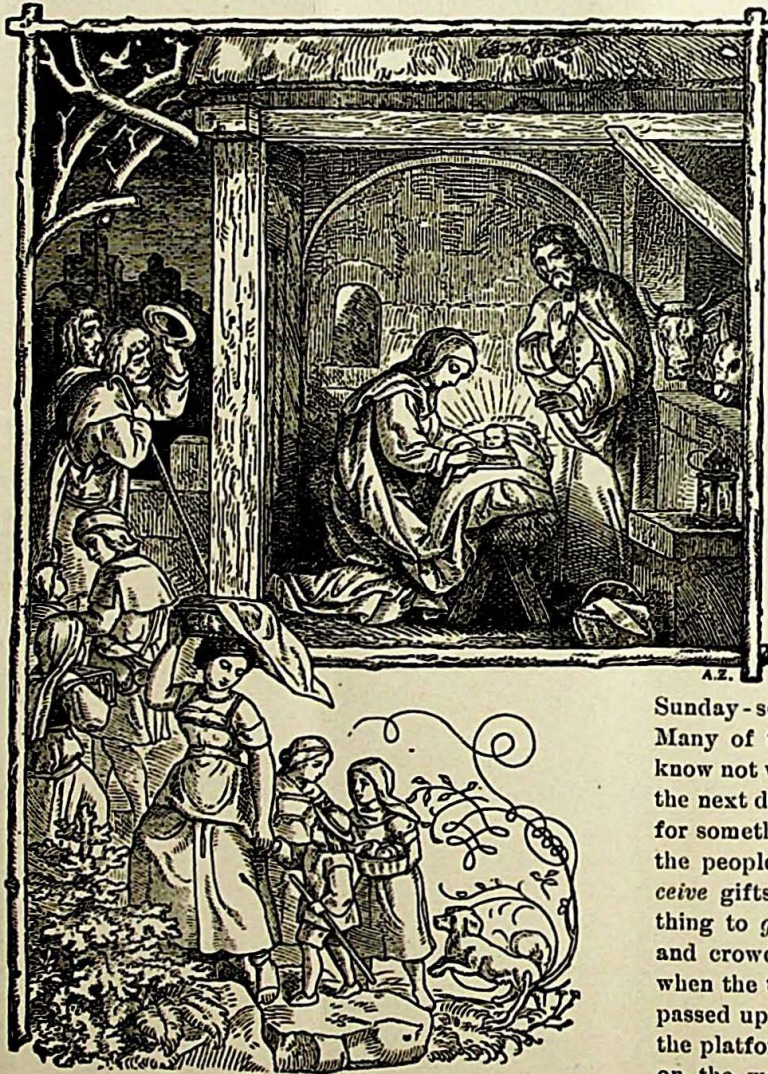
When it begins to grow dark, the tapers are lit, and the children first are admitted into the drawing-room. Joining hands they skip about the tree, full of mirth and motion; while the old folks sit at a distance and quietly

baskets, the father draws forth presents, one by one, and reads the name inscribed thereon. All the presents are done up in papers, and many are accompanied by verses. These rhymes always are read aloud, and excite much merriment. Whole hours are passed in distributing and opening the presents.

At six o'clock on Christmas morn are matins in the parish church. Out doors it is as dark as midnight, but the stars sparkle brightly as you drive swiftly along in your cutter. Every tree by the roadside is loaded down with a wealth of snow. In every peasant's cot along the way the Christmas tree blazes brightly. The great church is full of light, and the bells from the lofty tower chime a merry peal that vibrates far and wide through the clear frosty northern air. The people wish each other a happy Christmas as they enter the church. They joyously sing the glorious Lutheran Christmas hymns and attentively listen to the glad Christmas tidings of the Saviour's birth.

Christmas in China.

Miss Chapin, of Tung-cho, North China, reports a very pleasant Christmas exercise held at that station, the object of which was to show the poor people who came to church and Sunday-school the blessedness of giving. Many of these people are so poor that they know not where their food is coming from for the next day, and life is one constant struggle for something to eat. But instead of asking the people to come on Christmas day to receive gifts, they were asked to bring something to give to others. And so they came and crowded the chapel to the utmost, and when the time for giving came, men and boys passed up the aisle and left their parcels on the platform, while large baskets were passed on the women's side to receive their gifts. These gifts were of all sorts, and some of them were rather amusing. There were chopsticks and matches, bean curd and biscuits, little packages of flour and rice, cotton cloth, thread, and even salted turnips. And Miss Chapin says that "where the people were too poor to bring anything else they were not ashamed to bring a handful of salt or of corn meal done up in their handkerchiefs." And so at the end there was a goodly pile of food and clothing which the pastor and the Bible readers could distribute to the destitute. Was not this a good way of making gifts at Christmas? And do you wonder that Miss Chapin says that it was very gratifying to see the joy on the faces of the people, young and old, as they left the chapel, showing that they had begun to realize that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."



CHRISTMAS.

enjoy the brilliant light of the tapers, the woodsy freshness of the tree, and, most of all, the innocent joy of the children.

Soon the chandeliers and lamps are lit; and fruit, confections, nuts, and other "goodies" are passed around. Then the young folks join hands again, and forming a long line, go scampering one after another through parlor and library and hall. They catch the maid-servants and pull them along in the merry chain. Grandmother at the piano plays her liveliest old-time music, and through every room on the floor, round and round again, singing and shouting in glee, the children skip and run.

Then the family gather round a great table in the middle of the room, and, from capacious

Fear Not.

What was the first angelic word
That the startled shepherds heard?
"Fear not!" Beloved, it comes to you
As a Christmas message most sweet and true;
As true for you as it was for them
In the lonely fields of Bethlehem,
And as sweet to-day as it was that night,
When the glory dazzled their mortal sight.

Havergal.

Faithful unto Death.

A German missionary in Japan relates the following touching story of one of the pupils of the mission school, who proved faithful unto death:

She was the only, dearly loved child of her parents. Her father was a jurist of great distinction in the city of Osaka, Japan. The daughter was educated in the mission school; she was intelligent and industrious, and always stood at the head of her class. Being very amiable, she was beloved by all. She attended the services of our church and, at the age of fourteen, became a member of the congregation, having publicly confessed her faith in Christ.

Unfortunately her father determined to marry her to a man who was no Christian. She had no inclination to marry so young, least of all to marry a man who did not share her faith. However, not knowing how to oppose her father's wish, she at last consented. Thus her school life and her attendance at church came to a sudden end.

Her mother-in-law, who lived with her in her new home, was an ardent Buddhist, very superstitious and a declared enemy of the Christian religion. Her father commanded his daughter never to attend the church services; never to read Christian books, and never to let any one know that she had joined the Christians. For more than a year the poor girl was forced to stay away from church and from all intercourse with Christians. But, thank God, her faith in the Saviour could not be taken from her. Her heart clung to her Redeemer, whom she had learned to know in the mission school.

On Sunday before Christmas I was surprised by a knocking at my door at an unusual hour—it was near day break. I arose and found a man at the door who told me that this young woman was hopelessly sick and who requested me to visit her immediately at the Osaka hospital. I was told that the young woman, on learning that she could not live any longer, smiled with heavenly peace and summoned all her loved ones and friends around her to bid them farewell. She kindly greeted her mother-in-law and her husband, and then pleaded with her father to become a Christian and to serve the Saviour. Then she comforted them all and begged them not to weep, since she was going to a better world. Her fearlessness and her quiet peace in the

face of death made a deep impression on all that were present. Her father recognized the power of the Christian religion and regretted of having so foolishly prevented his daughter from attending the services. He now sent a servant to fetch me. I hurried to the hospital. When I entered the room, she greeted me with a smile, although suffering great pains. She said: "Last Sunday I took sick; to-day it is Sunday again. If I die to-day, I shall be happy. I am only seventeen years old. All my loved ones weep, but I have not shed any tears. My heavenly father is with me. I trust in Christ my Saviour."

I comforted her, read several passages from the Bible to her, and prayed with her. She thanked me for my visit and soon slumbered quietly. I left, promising soon to return; but I was not to see her again here on earth. Before Christmas came, she had departed to be with the Saviour whom she so dearly loved. It was a joyful Christmas to her.

Her father, deeply impressed, began to study the Bible and wishes to become a Christian. The young men who study law at her father's office now attend the services of our church. The infidel doctor, who treated the dying Christian at the hospital, now confesses the power and the value of the religion of Jesus Christ. On her dying bed she did a great work for the spread of the Gospel.

The Old and the New Faith.

The sainted Pastor Harms of Hermannsburg, while traveling in a railway coach, once met a rich man who had made a fortune in the manufacture of matches. The man, who did not know Harms, was telling, in a vain glorious manner, about the millions which he had made at his business. "Why, only look at me," he exclaimed, "I am now a rich man; I have become such through my untiring industry, merely by developing those powers that lie in me. Do you understand anything about the manufacture of matches, my dear sir?" "Not very much, sir. I am a minister of the Gospel," replied Harms in an indifferent manner. "Ah so! very good, a pastor, how fortunate! For a long time I have desired to speak to a pastor, that I might present to him an important theological query. Permit me. A great deal is being said nowadays about the old and about the new faith. I beg of you to tell me, what is to be understood by the old faith, and what by the new?"

Harms signified his willingness to answer this question, but he begged permission to do so by drawing a comparison. Permission was granted him, and Harms began: "See, my dear sir, here is a man whom God has blessed in his earthly calling. He gives him a good surplus each year, but, in spite of this fact, he remains modest and humble, and thinks to himself: 'I have not deserved this. How does it come that my God showers such bless-

ings upon me?' But God continues to bless this humble man, and at last makes him well-to-do and rich. And yet the man only grows smaller in his own estimation and more humble. He cries out: 'I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which God has showed unto me.' See, my good sir, that is the old faith.

"But as regards the new faith, it is this. Here is another man, whom God has blessed with riches. But he fails to see that this is intended to try his humility and the thankful love towards his Lord. Instead of growing smaller and more thankful day by day, he grows larger in his own estimation, and so far forgets his heavenly Benefactor, that at last he calls to all of his companions on every railroad journey: 'Look at me: This is I.' See, my dear sir, that is the new faith."

From the German.

The Wonderful Story.

Dr. Chamberlain of India says: "The people had arisen in a mob to drive us out because we tried to speak of another God than those they worshiped. They told me if I tried to utter another word I should be killed. I had seen them tear up the paving stones to throw at me. I got permission to tell them a story before they stoned me. I told them of the Love of God, of the birth in the stable, of the wonderful childhood of Jesus, of His miracles and His words, and of His being nailed to the cross for them, for me, for the world. I saw the men throw the stones away, and come back with tears in their eyes. I then said that they might stone me. But they did not want to stone me now. They wanted to know more about this wonderful Saviour. The Prince of Peace had touched their hearts."

How to Read the Bible.

"The way to find the hidden treasures that are in the Bible," says Luther, is "First, to read through one book carefully, then study chapter by chapter, and then verse by verse, and lastly word by word." He says, "It is like a person shaking a fruit tree. First, shaking the tree and gathering up the fruit which falls to the ground, and then shaking each branch, and afterwards each twig of the branch, and last of all looking carefully under each leaf to see that no fruit remains."

Little Lord Jesus.

When our Saviour was born, He wept like any other babe. Mary had to wait on Him, and feed Him, (as the Church sings, "A little milk was once His food,") to cherish, clothe, lift, and carry Him, lay Him to rest, as any other mother did her babe.

Luther.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE 8th of November was a day of joy for the Lutherans of New Orleans. On that day they dedicated their beautiful new Orphans' Home with appropriate services. Our missionary, the Rev. F. Lankenau, delivered the English sermon on this joyful occasion.

—THE Rev. N. Friedmann has been installed as successor to the lamented Rev. D. Landsmann, who for thirteen years labored faithfully as missionary among the Jews in New York city. May God continue to bless this important mission work among the children of Israel.

—A BIBLE agent in Southern Russia one day met a number of Jews in front of the village inn. One of these asked him to open the Bible at Isaiah 53. He then took the Bible and read the chapter aloud. Thereupon he asked his friends: "Who is he of whom it is here said that he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows?" When no one replied, he himself gave the correct answer: "The prophet speaks of none other than of Jesus." Then he confessed his faith, adding, "This Jesus has long already been my Saviour and my King."

—THE treasurer of our Colored Mission was recently agreeably surprised when one day a stranger came to his room and laid \$250 on his table, saying that the money was given for the building of a chapel for the colored people at Rockwell, N. C. The stranger refused to give his name or to tell from which city or state he came. He is known to God. May He bless the kind giver and awaken others to follow his noble example.

—DR. JOHANNES LEPSIUS gives in "Allgemeine Ev. Luth. Kirchenzeitung" statistical information concerning the persecution of Christians in Armenia. He claims that his figures are based on authentic information, and are, as far as they go, correct: Massacred, 65,000; villages destroyed, 2500; churches and monasteries destroyed, 568; converted to the Mohammedan faith by compulsion, 559 villages with such inhabitants as have survived the massacres. Two hundred and eighty-two churches have been changed into mosques. The number of suffering is estimated at 500,000. These figures do not cover everything, however. The facts are worse than here stated. Counting the thousands massacred in villages from which no report has been received, and furthermore all that have died of their wounds, all lost during their flight, all that have died of hunger or various diseases, and all buried under the snow in the mountains, we do not exaggerate when we say that 100,000 Armenians have found their death in consequence of persecutions.

—LUNATICS certainly have a hard time of it in the East. In Syria and Palestine they are regarded as possessed of the devil. In the neighborhood of Nablous, the ancient Shechem, lives an Arab sheik who has a rep-

utation as a demon expeller. To him are brought numbers of these unfortunates, who are subjected to most barbarous treatment. They are chained hand and foot in a most constrained position, half starved, and bled in different parts of the body. The sheik visits them from time to time, and reads passages from the Koran, with a view of exorcising the demons. This treatment naturally soon finishes them, whereon the sheik announces that the prophet Elijah has received them into Paradise, and pockets his fee. All over the East there is the same story of lunatic treatment. A society has just been organized at Beyrout by Herr Waldmeier, a devoted German missionary, having in view the amelioration of the condition of the mentally distressed in Syria and Palestine.

—AN old Chinese woman presented herself as a candidate for baptism, who seemed so hopelessly stupid that she was kindly advised to wait for further instruction before being received into the church. Some months later she returned to renew her application, accompanied by a nephew, a mature man, also desiring baptism, whose examination showed such clear comprehension of the truth that the missionaries were surprised, and yet he had received all his instruction from the "stupid" old aunt.

—THE number of lepers in India is estimated to be 500,000. The natives give them no care, but simply exclude them from their caste. The Christians have proved to be their friends as far as means permit. There are 18 asylums sheltering over 5000 of these unhappy patients.

—THE latest news from Uganda is eminently cheering, and seems to show that this latest of mission fields will prove to be one of the brightest. Rev. J. Roscoe, who has recently reached England, reports the establishment of a kind of parliament in the territory, modelled on the British House of Commons. The king is said to be decidedly friendly, and his attitude towards Christianity is more favorable. In Uganda, as elsewhere, the blood of its martyred witnesses of the early days has proved the fruitful seed of a strong Christian community.

—As we close our window, our little PIONEER comes to the front, and wishing all our readers a blessed Christmas, kindly asks them to remember him in the merry Christmas time by securing new subscribers for the new volume of the coming year.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLY. Published by the Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Subscription price: \$2.50 a year; to subscribers of "Lehre und Wehre," \$2.00.

Welcome the Theological Quarterly! Its first number, well printed and filled with varied, elaborate, and instructive articles on subjects referring to the different departments of Theology, comes to us full of promise for the future. How welcome will be the Theological Review, which makes the reader thoroughly acquainted with the contents of

the book that is reviewed, thus enabling him to pass judgment on the theological publications of our time. The Quarterly is a trumpet lifted for the Truth revealed in the infallible Word of God and professed in the Confessions of our Lutheran church. And it is a trumpet that gives no uncertain sound. May God richly bless its mission throughout our land!

A CHRISTMAS SERVICE FOR ENGLISH LUTHERAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By Prof. A. W. Meyer, St. John's College, Winfield, Kans. Price: 5 cts. per copy; per dozen, 25 cts; in larger amounts, 20 cts. per dozen.

We are very sorry this Christmas Service did not come in time for our November issue. It is an excellent liturgy for the Christmas service in Sunday schools. Try it!

ERZAEHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. 35. Baendchen: Aus Aengsten und Noethen. 36. Baendchen: Der Waisenknabe. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cts. each volume.

Sound, instructive, and entertaining reading matter for German boys and girls, and also for older people. Excellent gift books for the Christmas table.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1897. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cts.

This is a timely publication. Well, you say, an Almanac is always timely. Yes, we know. But this Almanac is timely also as to its reading matter. It brings an historical sketch of the Missouri Synod, thus preparing the readers for the Golden Jubilee of that Synod, which occurs in the coming year. It also brings a biography of Philipp Melancthon, one of the co-laborers of Luther, the 400th anniversary of whose birth occurs in the year 1897. The Almanac deserves a wide circulation.

Acknowledgment.

Received from Bethlehem Chapel the sum of \$6.30. God's blessings and sincere thanks are hereby extended to the kind givers. JOHN MCDAVID.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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Singing-school Tuesday evening.

TERMS:

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

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

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

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

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