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The Lutheran Pioneer 1897

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Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1897" (1897). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 19.
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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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1897.

No. 1.

The Name of Jesus.

There is a name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in my ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells of one whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in my sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

Jesus! the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

Selected.

Jesus.

This precious name greets us as we enter a new year. "His name was called Jesus," says the Gospel lesson of New Year's day. Why was the Babe of Bethlehem called Jesus? The angel said, "You shall call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Jesus means Saviour, and therefore that name is the sweetest, the most precious of all names. In that name we have salvation, and in none other. The apostle says, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Your good resolutions were not called Jesus; they can not save you. Your own righteousness and good works were not called Jesus; they can not save you. The Babe of Bethlehem was called Jesus; He is the Saviour. He was "made under the law" and in our stead fulfilled the law of God. Our sins were punished in Him, and in Him alone "we have re-

demption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace," Eph. 1, 7.

Unhappy are they that reject this Saviour. They reject their only salvation, and their life is but a journey to endless woe; for "he that believeth not shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," says the Bible. How can man be happy as long as he is under the wrath and curse of God? All the wealth and joys and pleasures of this world can not make him truly happy. They can not take away sin; they can not take away the wrath of God; they can not save man from hell; they can not, in the hour of death, give him the sure hope of everlasting life. True happiness can be found in Jesus only. Jesus! That name is a bottomless sea of love and mercy. Throw all your sins into it, and they will sink and disappear forever! What a happy new year you will then have!

Yes, happy is he that accepts this Saviour. In Him he has forgiveness of all his sins and strength to lead a godly life. He is made a child of God and an heir of heaven. His life in this world is a journey to endless bliss. He need not fear what another day or another year may bring forth. The name of Jesus will comfort him in the dark days of sorrow; it will lighten up the valley of the shadow of death, so that he need fear no evil. To him the dark portals of death have been changed into the shining gates of heaven.

Jesus! the life of all our joys! The comfort in all our sorrows! Our peace, our hope, our salvation!

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

What Is Your Life?

Life with many is but the flight of time. It is thought of as a waste of years or months and days. Not so the Christian's lifetime. The Christian knows that time is a gift with which he is to serve God and his fellow-men.

"What is your life?" asked a pastor of one of his church members, and then added:

"You must remember that you as a Christian live in this world for the purpose of helping bring others to Christ."

May all Christians remember this: They were ready for heaven the moment they believed in Christ, but God lets them live in this world that they should live not for themselves, but for God and their fellow-men. They are to be His witnesses and missionaries for the salvation of sinners.

Every new year reminds the Christian of this work which God wants him to do. As the years pass by, thousands are hastening to the grave and to eternity and have no hope, for they know not the Saviour. Christians must see to it that the Saviour is made known to these hopeless ones. For this very purpose Christians live in this world. If they will not do this work, who else will do it? The Christian knows that "he which converteth a soul from the error of his way shall save a soul from death." Therefore the Christian must delight in mission work.

The passing years tell the Christian that the time for doing this work is short. "The night cometh when no man can work." Therefore "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." Every new year is given to us by God that we might live under Him and serve Him in the winning of souls and in the spreading of His kingdom.

"Live, live for God,
And toil lost souls to save,
Bought by the blood,
One aim, one purpose have!
Point unto Christ the Way,
He died for all
Do well thy work to-day,
And wait His call."

Good Advice.

"Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can."

The Flight into Egypt.

In our picture we see the Holy Child Jesus, with Joseph and Mary, on the way to Egypt. Why was the Child taken to Egypt? The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, take the child and His mother, and flee into Egypt, and be there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the child to destroy it. So he took the child and His mother by night and departed into Egypt.

From the wise men of the East, who came to worship the Babe of Bethlehem, King Herod had heard of the birth of the new born King of the Jews, and foolishly fearing for his crown, he soon sent men and had all children in Bethlehem killed, from two years old and under. Thus he sought to destroy the new born King.

But Herod was only the instrument of Satan, who well knew that the set time of the redemption had come, and that the Babe of Bethlehem was the promised Saviour. Satan feared for his kingdom. Through Herod he sought to destroy the Child Jesus.

However, Satan's and Herod's raging against the new born Saviour was all in vain. God took care of Him, and brought Him to a place of safety until Herod was dead. Then the angel of the Lord again appeared to Joseph and told him to return with the Child and His mother to the land of Israel.

Satan and the world at all times rage against Christ and against those that by faith belong to Him. But we need not fear. They rage in vain. "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision." The Church is built upon a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. How comforting it is for the Christian to know that the God that guided the Christ Child is his guide also. He is his refuge and strength, and under His almighty protection the Christian is safe against all enemies.

Heavenly Treasure.

It is a grand thing to know that we have that which can never be taken from us. That was what Mary had. "One thing is needful," said our Lord, "and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." All things around us are so changing and perishing that they seem never to continue in one state. We are like people at sea—always at the mercy of wind and wave, and with but an inch or two, at the most, between

us and ruin. What we possess of the eternal, that alone is ours. The things which go may be very good in themselves—their goodness will not keep them for us. They may even be very useful to us, but their usefulness will not secure them. That which we have with God, far above storm and flood, is that which alone is ours.

A vessel was once wrecked some thirty miles to the north of Cape Town. The passengers and crew just escaped with their lives, and

wave. "They are gone," he wrote, "they are gone; and blessed be God, I can say 'gone' without a murmur." Thus perish all earthly things; the treasure that is laid up in heaven is alone unassailable.—*P. B. P.*

Are You Ready?

The average age of man is said to be thirty-three years. One fourth of all that are born die before their seventh year, and one half before their seventeenth year. Of one hundred persons only six live to be sixty years, and of five hundred only one lives to be eighty years old. Sixty persons die every minute, one every second.

Stop and think! Every second a soul passes into eternity, and there will come a second in which it will be your soul. 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 Governs the World.

When Whitelock was about to go to Sweden as Cromwell's messenger, in 1655, he was much disturbed in mind the night before he left, while he thought of the troubled state of the English nation. A servant slept in a bed near by, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said: "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think He will govern it quite well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust Him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, and, turning about, soon fell asleep.

DEATH, which is to men a penalty of sin, through the most tender and kind mercy of God becomes to Christian men an end of sin, and a beginning of life and righteousness. For to him who already has righteousness and life, death becomes a minister of life—a loom wherein life is woven; which surely we need not fear, since through no other passage can we reach that life. This is the might of faith. It mediates between death and life, transmuting death into life and immortality.—*Luther.*



The Flight into Egypt.

nothing more. Amongst the passengers was a missionary, who lost, amongst other goods, some eight hundred volumes of books, and, what was worse, a large number of manuscripts, amongst which were the notes of his reading for many years. The loss was irreparable. The printed books he could replace, but the manuscripts never. The loss was almost crushing; but it had a teaching. The good man felt that he had been leaning on these too much. They had been too much to him. But soon after one volume was washed on shore, undamaged. It was a large Bible, which had been wrapped in leather, and this seemed to speak to him and say that his better wealth was safe beyond the reach of wind and

Time.

Time's a hand-breath; 'tis a tale;
 'Tis a vessel under sail.
 'Tis an eagle on its way,
 Darting down upon its prey.
 'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Mocking the pursuing sight.
 'Tis a short-lived, fading flower;
 'Tis a rainbow in a shower.
 'Tis a momentary ray,
 Smiling in a winter's day.
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
 'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
 'Tis the ending watch of night,
 Dying in the dawning light.
 'Tis a bubble—but a sigh;
 Be prepared, o man, to die!

Selected.

The Crippled Boy of the Alps.

A widow lived in a little hut, near a mountain village of the Alps. Her only child was a poor cripple. He was a Christian boy and loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her to bear the burden of poverty, but he could not. At the age of fifteen he worried about the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

About this time an enemy tried to conquer the country. A secret arrangement existed among the people by which the coming of the enemy was to be made known by signal-fires from village to village, from one mountain height to another, and materials were laid ready to be lighted and to give an instant alarm.

The village in which Hans, the crippled boy, and his mother lived was in direct line of the route the enemy's army would take, and the people were full of fear. All were preparing for the struggle. The widow and her son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait. "Ah, Hans!" she said one evening, "it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you."

The boy looked sad, and tears rolled from his cheek. "Mother, I am useless," cried he in bitter grief. "Look round our village—all are busy, all ready to strive for home and fatherland. I am useless."

"My boy, my dear son, you are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you; I can not work for you, can not support you in old age. Oh, why was I born?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother; "you know such thoughts are wrong. It is a sin to murmur against God. And then, remember our old proverb:

'God hath His plan
 For every man.'

Hans looked ashamed and begged pardon. Little did he think that he would soon have some great work to do.

The festive season of Switzerland came. The people lost their fears of the enemy in

the sports of the holidays. All were busy in the merry making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

At the close of the festival day, after his usual evening prayer, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a dream which made him restless. He arose, dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he went on till he came to the signal pile. Hans walked around the pile; but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps they were busy in the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine tree, and in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans stopped by the old tree; and as he listened, a singular sound caught his ear. He heard a low tread, then the click of muskets, and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden by the old tree, they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal pile had been made known to the enemy; a party had been sent to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own danger, he took the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing brand into the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, awaiting the coming of their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw that there were no foes at hand, only a single youth going down the mountain path. They fired, and a bullet struck the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high, and the country was aroused from mountain top to mountain top. The plan of the enemy was defeated, and a hasty retreat followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people with their arms were coming in thick and fast. The question was everywhere heard: "Who lighted the pile?"

"It was I," said at last a faint voice.

Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, saying, "The enemy was there." He faltered and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he, "thank God, I have not been useless."

They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, "Weep not for me, dear mother. I am happy. Yes, mother, it is true,

'God hath a plan
 For every man.'

You see He had it for me, though we did not know exactly what it was."

Hans lived long enough to know that he had been of use; he lived to see thankful mothers embrace his mother—to hear that she would be honored by those whom her son had saved at the cost of his own life.

Such a work as Hans did is not given to every man to do. There is, however, a work

for every one, if he will but look out for it. None need stand useless and idle. And especially in the Church there is work for all. There can be no idlers in the Master's vineyard.

'God hath a plan
 For every man.'

Wishes.

It was near the New Year and a group of young people sat talking by an open fire one evening. There were two or three sets of cousins, and one or two neighbors. Aunt Maria, who had lately come to visit the relatives, sat in an easy-chair knitting, listening, and smiling on all around.

"What did you like best of your Christmas gifts?" "What would you like most to have the coming year bring you?" were some of the questions asked; and how the wishes flew about on the wings of words! One expressed a wish for this thing and another for that, and the wishes were as different as the persons.

When all who did not belong to one household were gone, Aunt Maria put away her knitting and looked around on the little group of nieces and nephews that remained.

"Thank you," she said pleasantly, "for telling me so much about yourselves as you have to-night, all of you."

"Why, auntie," exclaimed Phœbe, "we weren't talking about ourselves at all! We were telling what we would like to have, nearly all the time."

"Yes, I know. You were expressing your wishes. That was what told me so much. It is easy to judge people, in many ways, by their wishes. I know every one of you far better than I did this morning; and, my dears, if you would like to become acquainted with yourselves, just notice the character of your wishes, for they grow out of your own characters—be sure of that."

Safe in Jesus.

In a palace at Florence hangs a picture which represents a stormy sea, with wild waves, and black clouds, and fierce lightnings flashing across the sky. Wrecks float on the angry waters, and here and there a human face is to be seen. Out of the midst of the waves a rock rises, against which the waters dash in vain. It towers high above the crest of the waves. In a cleft of the rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with sweet flowers blooming, and amid these a dove is seen, sitting on her nest, quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm, or the mad dashing of the waves below her. The picture fitly represents the peace of the Christian amid the sorrows and trials of the world. He is hidden in the cleft of the Rock of Ages, and nestles securely in the bosom of his Saviour. He is safe in Jesus.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—IN the name of Jesus we begin a new volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER. May the good Lord, who is pleased to use also the weak things in His kingdom, continue to bless our little paper. At the beginning of a new volume we tender our thanks to all friends of our mission that have aided in the circulation of our paper, and earnestly ask their continued and hearty co-operation.

—IN one of the Southern States there was a colored woman above eighty years of age, who had such a desire to get an education that she worked for her board during the day and went to school in the evening. She had to commence with the alphabet, but so constant was her application that she learned the letters in a few days. As soon as she had mastered them she said to her teacher: "Now, I want to learn to spell the name of Jesus first, for 'pears like the rest will come easier if I learn to spell that blessed name first." And so it is, and so it ever will be. All things will come easier to those who learn the name of Jesus first.

—A most encouraging fact is to be found in the statement that in the year 1800 A. D., the Bible was accessible to only one-fifth of the world's population in their native tongue, whereas now so numerous are the translations that nine-tenths of earth's inhabitants can read the inspired volume in their own tongue.

—WITHIN the last few years not less than 15 Protestant churches were built in Rome. During the year 1895, 145,407 copies of the Bible and New Testament were issued in the kingdom of Italy.

—THE Chinese element has extended itself until now there are more than 10,000 Celestials in and around New York City, and we are told that two hundred of these are professed Christians. A prosperous Chinese mission is carried on under the supervision of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and five services are held every Sunday at the headquarters in the University Place church. Five hundred are enlisted in Sunday Schools, and the day school in New York has had during the past year an enrollment of fifty-one.

—POOR MADAGASCAR! In Madagascar anarchy reigns. Outside of the limits of French rule there has been a series of organized acts of robbery and violence. Three hundred or four hundred churches have been burned and many church officials put to death. A mixed multitude of lawless Malagasy, aboriginal savages, who blindly hate civilization, and maliciously hate foreigners and missionaries, have joined disbanded troops of the queen's army in these acts of nameless violence. They come suddenly upon a Christian village and compel the inhabitants to submit or die, and whichever way they decide, their property is at the mercy of these robbers. French occupation has broken up the native police force and

military control, but has not yet given the Malagasy any substitute for former fairly good government.

—THE new French Governor of Madagascar, Mr. La Roche, is a Protestant, who took pains to assure the English and Norwegian missionaries of his high regard and deep sympathy. Whether he will stay long in office remains to be seen, since the Jesuits are not his friends.

—MARTYRS have fallen under Moslem hatred in Turkey in the past two years. Here is the brief record of one at Marash: "One young man was given the alternative of death or becoming a Moslem. He chose death, and they struck his head off. His poor body was taken to his mother, who, taking his hand and kissing it, said: 'Rather so, my son, than living to deny our Lord and Saviour.'"

—ATTENTION has been called to the fact that brass images of many of the Hindu deities are manufactured in large quantities in Birmingham and exported to heathen lands, where they are bought and worshiped by multitudes. Miss Brittan, formerly superintendent of the Union Missionary Society's work in Calcutta, now of Yokohama, Japan, was in Birmingham a few years ago. She had a friend holding a responsible position in one of the brass foundries, and with him she visited the works. She says she saw thousands of brass images of Krishna, Ganesh, Vishna, Parvatti, and other Hindu idols, ready for shipment.

—THE details of the terrible catastrophe at Egin in Armenia have at last come from trustworthy sources. The massacre exceeds in horror all others, unless it may be that at Oorfa. Last year the city of Egin purchased exemption from massacre and plunder by paying about \$70,000 to the Koords. On Monday, September 14th, some Koords appeared in the vicinity and all the Armenians closed their shops. But the next morning the Turkish governor sent criers through the city, ordering the shops to be opened on penalty of fine and imprisonment, saying that the Koords had departed, and that protection would be given. But about noon of that day a gun was fired and the slaughter began, followed by plunder and burning of the Armenian houses. Five-sixths of all the male Armenians were killed, and five-sixths of the houses were burned. This killing and plundering continued three days, and every imaginable outrage was perpetrated. A greater proportion of women were killed than in most of the massacres; many were carried off, and others threw themselves into the Euphrates. There was absolutely no resistance on the part of the Armenians, and no Turks were injured except in quarrels over plunder. To crown all, the Armenian bishop was compelled to sign a telegram to Constantinople, affirming that the massacre originated with Armenians, and that they were only slaughtered by the Turks in self-defence. The city is in ruins,

and there are thousands of widows and orphans, homeless and hopeless. A tale of woe very similar to this from Egin comes from Arabkir, another city of Eastern Turkey.

Useful to the End.

John Eliot, on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside.

"Why not rest from your labors?" said a friend.

"Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to make me useful in my sphere, and He has heard my prayer; for, now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

Eighty years of age, and bed-ridden, yet still at work for others! And shall the young find nothing to do for those about them?

OUR BOOK TABLE.

COUNTRY SERMONS on Free Texts. Vol. II. Trinity Cycle, with thirteen Funeral Orations added. By Rev. F. Kuegele, Koerner's Store, Augusta Co., Va. Price, \$1.00. Address the author or Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

Those that have read the first volume of Country Sermons will be glad to hear that the second volume has already appeared. This volume also proclaims Christ, and Him crucified. Simple and plain in language, sound in doctrine, the "Lutheran Country Parson" so speaks that the sheep know the voice and gladly let him lead them into the green pastures of God's Word. We heartily commend the Country Sermons to all—in the country and in the city. There is good food for all.—The proceeds from the sale of the book will be given to the treasury of the English Synod of Missouri.

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EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

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

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Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.

Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.

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Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7½ o'clock Thursday evening.
Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

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.

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

Vol. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1897.

No. 2.

Glad Tidings.

Hark! the Gospel news is sounding.
Sinner, listen to the call!
Hear God's message, true and simple:
Jesus died to save us all!

Jesus left His home in glory,
And became a man below;
Trod the earth of sin and sorrow,
Meekly trod the path of woe.

Oh, the wondrous love of Jesus,
Thus to leave His home on high,
And to come to earth to suffer,
Us to raise to joys on high!

Come! oh, then, and fully trust Him;
For He died thy soul to save;
And He now is calling for thee:
Listen to His call of love!

God's Way of Salvation.

When God's way of salvation is set forth in the very language of holy Scripture, men often sneeringly say, "Is that all?" How little do those who ask such a question know about God's way of salvation. They do not consider that their question is an insult to God and His Christ.

"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. Here we have God's blessed way of salvation in all its heavenly simplicity. God gave His only begotten Son, His beloved Son, into sufferings and death for the redemption of a lost and ruined world of sinners. And yet the miserable sinner, on hearing of this way of salvation, can presume to ask, "Is that all?"

The eternal Son of God came down into this dark and sinful world; took upon Him the form of a servant; made Himself of no reputation; suffered the agony which made Him sweat great drops of blood; went to the cross, bearing the burden of the world's sin, and there endured the wrath of a sin-hating God,—the wrath which else should have consumed us in the flames of an everlasting hell! No man or angel can ever conceive what it cost God to hide His face from His only begotten and well beloved Son; or what it cost

that blessed Son to undergo the awful judgment of God,—to be made sin for us. And yet the one for whom all this was done can presume to ask, "Is that all?"

The sinner should give thanks to God for His way of salvation. No other way would have suited our case, which is one of utter ruin and helplessness. Having "all sinned and come short of the glory of God;" being "dead in trespasses and sin, children of wrath;" with "every mouth stopped and all the world become guilty before God;" what hope *could* there be for us, if a single effort on our part be necessary for salvation, since we are "sold under sin" and "all our righteousness are as filthy rags."

Everlasting praise be given to the God of love! It was when we were yet sinners Christ died for us (Rom. 5, 8); and His voice is heard calling us to life in the precious words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved," Isa. 45, 22. In God's way of salvation we see justice satisfied—all its righteous claims fully met, and mercy flowing out to the guilty sinners. If you cry from the depths of your need, "What must I do to be saved?" the voice of love and truth replies, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," Acts 16, 31. The sinner believes, and he *is* saved—he looks to Christ as his Saviour, and he *lives*.

How simple is the manner of taking God's great salvation prepared in Christ for all sinners! May the Lord help you to take that simple believing look at Christ as *your* Saviour, so that you may be now and for ever saved.

"There is life in the look at the Crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

"Oh, take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives."

He is not prepared for the conflict of life who takes not that Friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine around the darkest scenes.

Churning-Day.

They dearly loved the house-mother's churning-day—these three blue-eyed little children—because that was one of the few times that the busy mother could tell them stories; sometimes about the wonders of the Black Forest; sometimes fairy tales; sometimes stories of when she was a little girl; but the stories they loved best were of the old days when Spain did not allow any people in that country to have any Bibles, or to worship God in the simple Bible way. It made them thrill all over to hear of men and women, and even little children, that would die, burning at the stake, rather than kneel to the image of saint or virgin.

"I wish I had lived then," cried Hans, clenching his small fist; "I'd show the Spaniard a thing or two; I would have died shouting rather than to give up to him."

"Ah, Hans, Hans!" said the mother, resting on her dasher, "dost thou not know that God asks of thee something harder than that?"

"Harder than being burned, mother!" exclaimed timid Ernest; "how can that be possible?"

"Ay, does He! He means thee to *live* for Him, boys. Dying was over in a few minutes; but living for Him means hard trying every hour of every day—oh, so many hours, so many days!"

Then the dasher began its noisy journey again and Mother Gretchen's three little boys watched it with very sober faces.

From the German.

Equal Before God.

The Duke of Wellington went to receive the sacrament after one of his victories, and as he was kneeling in the church a poor man came and knelt beside him.

The church warden said: "Go away, this is the Duke of Wellington."

The great conqueror of Waterloo said: "Let him alone; we are all equal here."

A Mission in Namaqualand.

The early history of missions among the heathen is a subject of permanent interest and benefit to all who are in truth praying and laboring for the coming and extension of Christ's Kingdom. The self-denial, patient endurance, unswerving devotion and heroism of many of the early missionaries on pagan soil will ever remain a source of inspiration and stimulation to Christian workers in all spheres. Let me invite your attention to a bit of history touching the beginning and growth of a mission in South Africa.

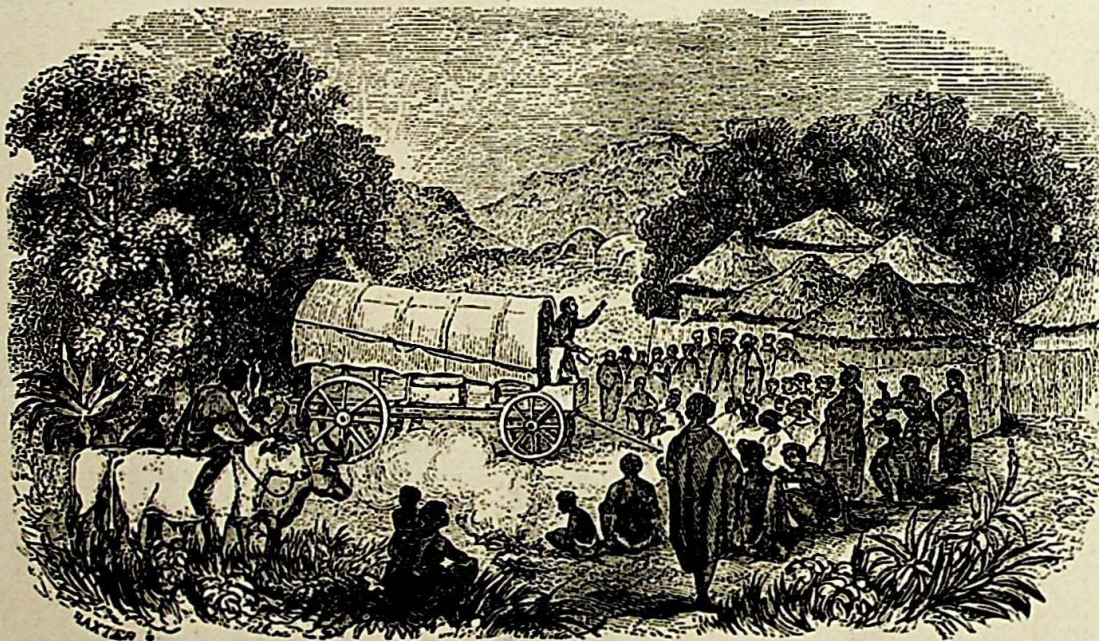
Early in the present century Rev. Barnabas Shaw was sent out by one of the missionary societies of England to begin mission work in Cape Colony. The governor of the province refused to grant the missionary permission to preach, and so the latter sought another field of labor further north. In the fall of 1815 Rev. Shaw, accompanied by another missionary by the name of Schmelen, with their families and supplies, set out on their long journey toward Great Namaqualand. On their way they were unexpectedly met by the chief of Little Namaqualand who, accompanied by four men, was going to Cape Town to seek for a Christian teacher, so that his tribe, like others,

might enjoy the advantages which he had seen follow the introduction of the Gospel. Rev. Shaw agreed to go with the chief to his mountain home and to remain with him and his people, while the other missionary continued his journey into Great Namaqualand. After traveling about three weeks the chief and his party reached Lily Fountain, the principal home of the chief of the tribe of Little Namaquas. As the wagon ascended the mountain, and long before it reached the "great place," they were met by a party of more than twenty natives mounted on oxen, and riding at full gallop, who had heard the good news and had thus come to welcome their teacher, and especially to have a good look at the missionary's wife, whom they surveyed with reverence and awe, never having seen a white woman before. On reaching the end of the journey a council was held by the chief and his head men, when they all entreated the missionary to remain with them and teach them, promising to assist him in every possible way in establishing a mission. Rev. Shaw,

therefore, began at once to lay the foundations of a mission which, from that day to this, has continued to exercise a most beneficial influence on all around. He preached in the open air, and taught both young and old the elements of religion and the use of letters, by which they might read for themselves the Word of God.

It was hard and trying work, and required much patience; but labor, prayer, faith and perseverance were at length crowned with success. A number of children and young people learned to read, and a little congregation was formed.

Let us here pause to take a look at one of the members of this young Namaqua congregation, one in whom was realized and exemplified the word of the psalmist: "I will declare Thy name unto my brethren; in the



The Missionary's Arrival.

midst of the congregation will I praise Thee." Andrew Orang was an evangelist of the true type, an humble, but faithful witness unto Christ. Though fifty years old and blind in one eye, he undertook the arduous task of learning to read. He made diligent use of the primer and advanced rapidly until he was able to read the New Testament. He came to the missionary one day and, by way of exhibiting a sample of his proficiency, read from 1 John 3, 1-8: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God;" until he came to the words: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil," when he looked up and asked the missionary: "Can I go out now and preach?" "What would you preach, Andrew?" inquired the missionary. He replied: "I meet many persons who have never heard such beautiful words as I have read. They don't know that Jesus Christ came into the world to destroy the works of the devil. May I not go to them

and explain to them that Jesus is come to save sinners?"

Of course, the missionary did not think of forbidding this loyal disciple to bear such faithful testimony to the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. And so, with the instruction and encouragement of the missionary, Andrew went forth, with the New Testament under his arm and love toward his ignorant and degraded fellow countrymen in his heart, and preached to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, Christ, and Him crucified. And in the course of events it appeared that he did not preach in vain.

Several years later Rev. Shaw had occasion to visit Cape Town. On his return trip an old slave approached his wagon and asked for a hymn book. In reply to the question as to whether he was able to read he took

from his leather wallet a school book and read: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The missionary asked him who had been his teacher, and the man then told the following story:

"Some time ago my master hired one of your Namaquas to serve as shepherd. When he came among us we knew nothing either about God or of prayer, but he began to sing

and pray with us every morning. Then he read to us out of the Book and told us about Jesus Christ. The words pleased me so much that I wanted to learn to read for myself. He taught me and gave me books; but now the hymn book is old and worn off, so that one can hardly read the words. I would like to have another one. Our teacher has left us and gone to another town, but we continue to sing and pray daily. Some others among the slaves have also begun to pray and desire to become Christians."

The teacher of whom this man spoke was none other than Andrew Orang. Ten years afterwards Rev. Shaw passed through this place again, and the same slave met him. This time he begged for a New Testament. "Andrew, my teacher, is dead," he said; "I am at present using his Bible, but his widow has refused to give it up and let me keep it." He received a Bible and continued, as a true disciple of Andrew Orang, to labor in the Word among his fellow servants.

As the civilizing influences of Christianity

were brought to bear upon the people from year to year, their temporal condition also greatly improved. Among the missionary's labor-saving inventions were a cross-cut saw and a plough, the latter made chiefly by himself. As the old chief stood upon a hill and watched the plough "tear up the ground with its iron mouth," he exclaimed, "If it goes on so all day, it will do more work than *ten* wives!" Thus was ushered in a new era in agricultural pursuits as well as in the moral condition of the people. The rapid growth of garden seeds amused them very much, but when they saw the use to which lettuce and other salads were put, they laughed heartily and said: "If the missionaries and their wives can eat grass, they need never starve."

This place became a radiating center about which, in the course of time, other missions were planted. In 1855 a beautiful stone chapel, accommodating six hundred people, the cost of which was \$5000, was erected by the united efforts and contributions of the people, without foreign aid, with the exception of the gift of a pulpit from a few friends in Cape Town. At its opening services the chapel was filled with an attractive and well-dressed congregation, and the collections amounted to \$80. There were at that time 184 communicants, and 300 children in the mission schools.

Story of a Kitten.

You may be pleased to read a story about a harmless kitten that caused much fright among the people of one of the islands of the South Sea.

The rats and mice were said to be so numerous on these islands that a missionary, for example, was obliged to engage three men, in order to keep away these uninvited guests from the dishes, chairs and table, while he was eating. As cats were unknown on the islands, the missionaries thought the best thing they could do would be to have a number of these useful animals brought in a ship from Europe. This was accordingly done, and when the cargo arrived the cats were distributed among the missionaries on different islands. In this way a kitten was brought to the island Rarotonga, but as the good animal did not feel at home with its new master, it ran away and got into the mountains. There stood the house of a heathen priest who, several days before, had accepted the Gospel and burned his idols. One night, while he was asleep on his mat, his wife, who was still awake, suddenly beheld in the doorway two fiery eye-balls and heard at the same time a mysterious voice. Trembling with fear, she waked her husband and severely reproached him for his folly in having burned his idols who, as she thought, had now returned to avenge themselves. "Get up and pray!" she cried, "get up and pray!" The man arose and, as he opened his eyes, he too beheld the

fiery eye-balls and heard the strange sound. Terribly affrighted, he began, in a loud voice, to say a prayer that he had learned a short time ago. As soon as the innocent kitten heard his voice, it ran away, being not less frightened than the priest, and the poor people congratulated themselves that through their prayer, as they imagined, they had driven the devil away.

The homeless kitten now wandered about and came to a dense idol-grove, where it found a kind of temple-hut, in which it made itself at home among the idols and enjoyed a rich feast upon the many mice. A day or two later, however, a heathen priest with a crowd of natives came to the grove to bring an offering to the idols. As he was about to enter the hut, the kitten greeted him respectfully with a "mew." Unaccustomed to such a voice, he ran back affrighted to his attendants and cried, "There is in here a monster out of the deep!" Hereupon they all hastened to their dwellings, called the people together, put on their weapons of war, and, armed with spears, clubs, and slings, several hundred marched in battle array upon the monster. Frightened by the tumult, the kitten jumped up; the warriors fell back in amazement and let the poor creature escape through their ranks. In the evening these warriors had a dance in the open air. The kitten came that way and thought it would look on. But hardly was it observed than the barbarians ran for their weapons and gave chase after the innocent creature. But it was soon out of sight and, tired out by the hardships of the day, it lay down to rest in the hut of a native under a mat, on which he was wont to sleep. As he came into the hut and was about to lie down, he was frightened to behold the monster, ran out and closed the door, and—now the poor, innocent kitten was lost. A number of the people came together and killed it with their clubs. They imagined they had performed a very heroic deed. Later they regretted their folly exceedingly.

Now you may laugh at the ignorance of these heathen people. But let us remember that even greater and more dreadful than this ignorance of earthly matters with which we are familiar, is their ignorance of spiritual and heavenly things. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. They need that above everything else.

He had Learned to Pray.

As illustrating the extraordinary impression which the character of Stonewall Jackson produced upon the men who served under him, the New York *Evangelist* some years ago reproduced an anecdote related by the president of a New York bank, who had returned from a visit to the Shenandoah Valley, where he had enjoyed the companionship of General Thomas Jordan, chief of staff to General Beauregard.

The two men found themselves at nightfall in a wild and lonely place, with no house near except a shanty occupied by the track-walker on the railroad. There, as a last resort, they took shelter.

The unprepossessing look of everything was completed when the track-walker came in and took his seat at the head of the table. A bear out of the woods could hardly have been rougher than he, with his unshaven beard and unkempt hair. He looked like a border ruffian, the bank president thought.

As he took his seat, however, he rapped on the table, bowed his head, and began to pray. "And such a prayer!" exclaims the narrator. "So simple, so reverent, so tender, so full of humility, penitence and thankfulness."

At the first opportunity the New Yorker whispered to General Jordan, "Who can he be?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but he must be one of Stonewall Jackson's old soldiers."

And so he was. As the three men walked out of doors after supper, the New Yorker, after a few questions about the country, said:

"Were you in the war?"

"Oh, yes," said the Virginian, with a smile; "I was out with old Stonewall."

Russian Babies.

As described by a recent traveler, Russian babies, as seen in the homes of the Russian peasants in Siberia, are very unattractive specimens of humanity. "I looked curiously at one little bundle," says the traveler, "which was laid upon a shelf. Another hung from the wall on a peg, while a third was slung over one of the supporting rafters, and was being swung to and fro by the mother, who had a cord loop over her foot."

"Why," cried I, in surprise, "that's a child!"

"Of course it is," replied the woman. "What else should it be?"

Having learned so much in so short a time, I had an irresistible desire to inspect the contents of the swinging bundle. I looked, but turned away in disgust, for the child was as dirty as a pig in a pen. I could not refrain from asking one question. It may have been impertinent.

"Washed!" shrieked the mother, apparently horrified. "Washed? What? Wash a baby? Why, you'd kill it!"

Not Alone.

If all my earthly friends remove,
My fondest wishes empty prove,
Still am I with my Saviour's love,
Alone—yet not alone.

Whate'er may now to me betide,
I have a place wherein to hide,
By faith 'tis e'en at His blest side,
Alone—yet not alone.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—ONE of our exchanges says: "Many a pitiful story is brought out in the police courts of a great city. Perhaps one of the saddest the newspapers in New York have ever reported came from Jefferson Market Court last week. A poor mother dropped dead at the feet of the son who had been a disgrace to her. This son was a young man of thirty or so. Instead of helping his aged mother, he spent what little he earned in drink. At last the poor woman determined to have him committed as an habitual drunkard, hoping that such a step would be for his good. She was called to the witness stand to swear to the complaint, but the effort was too much for her, and she died with the words on her lips, 'It's breaking my heart.' How many wicked children are breaking their parents' hearts!"

—IN the year 1843 there were six Christian converts in China. Now there are 500 organized churches with about 60,000 communicants, and the number of baptized persons is reckoned at from 90,000 to 100,000. These converts, who are mostly very poor, contribute \$40,000 yearly to church and school. Not a few of them, during the troubles and oppressions which befell the Church of Christ last year, endured with patience and steadfastness the spoiling of their goods and ill-treatment of every kind, some even witnessing a good confession by a martyr's death. During the last ten years the number of Christians in China has doubled itself every five years; and if the same rate of progress is maintained, the whole of China will be Christianized in less than 100 years. And yet what has been accomplished is only a drop in the ocean. Out of the 980 chief cities of China, only 80 are the seat of evangelical missions.

—THE Moravians report 150 mission stations, 400 missionaries, 234 day schools with 22,000 scholars, 110 Sunday schools and 98,000 converts in foreign lands. These remarkable statistics show the church abroad to be three times the size of the church at home.

—AN American missionary on the Congo in Africa gives a terrible account of the atrocities perpetrated by the Congo state officials. He says that while he was preaching recently to a crowd that had been collecting rubber all day for the State, some soldiers seized a man in the throng, announced that they intended to shoot him because he had brought in no rubber that day, bound him hand and foot and shot him through the head. At another village, a day later, Mr. Sjoblom says that several persons were murdered by the soldiers, because they had not been able to bring in the full amount of rubber required. He adds that more natives are ill-treated or murdered in the far interior than elsewhere, because there are no missionaries there to make these crimes known at home.

—JAPAN is the land without domestic animals. It is this lack which strikes the stranger so forcibly in looking upon Japanese landscapes. There are no cows; the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for the use of foreigners. The freight cars in the streets are pulled and pushed by coolies, and the carriages are drawn by men. There are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch dogs, beasts of burden, nor in hunting. There are no sheep, and wool is not used in clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs; pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. There are no goats or mules or donkeys.

—A MAN who boasted that he believed neither in a God, hell nor the devil, received a merited rebuke the other day from Judge Truax, in the Superior court of New York. The man was being examined as to his fitness to serve on a jury when he made his statement. When Judge Truax had heard the man proclaim himself an infidel he gave him a paper of dismissal with the endorsement, "Excused on the ground that he is not mentally qualified to act as juror."

—A NORWEGIAN Lutheran, writing about the Norwegian pioneers in Cass Co., Minn., pictures their condition in the following manner: "In these immense forests our countrymen have settled down in small and scattered parties. They live as did the old Norsemen centuries ago. The ax and the mattock are their chief instruments. Plows they do not use, because they have none. Many are without oxen and horses. Small patches of ground are prepared with spade and mattock and sown with rye or beans. The crop is threshed in the house with a flail. A primitive feed-mill is placed outside the house, and this also serves the purpose of a gristmill. Threshing, grinding, and baking can all be done almost simultaneously, as illustrated by the following occurrence: In the last part of October, '95, I came, late one evening, to one of our dear forest-dwellers. The good people did not expect me and were not well prepared to receive the pastor. The husband was busy at work threshing his rye, and the children enjoyed themselves immensely frolicking in the straw. Supper must be prepared, but not a morsel of bread was found in the house. This want, however, was easily remedied. The good housewife winnows a basin full of rye just threshed, brings it to the mill, grinds it, makes dough, places it in the oven, and in about 1½ hour supper is ready. Within this short time everything had been done: threshing, grinding, and baking. Practical people, these forest-dwellers!"

—JAPAN as an empire is as yet very far from being a Christian country, as some enthusiasts want to have it proclaimed. Buddha will get a new statue as a reward for his mighty protection in the war with China. It will be

erected at Kiyoto; it will be 120 feet high, all of brass provided by Chinese guns, and it will cost one million dollars.

—THE mission among the Lapps in northern Norway, is prospering. A new missionary, Rev. Tandberg, lately ordained in Tromsø, has just entered upon his work. The translation of the Bible, which has been prosecuted now for over a century, is just finished.

Old Alice.

Mrs. Gaskell tells of old Alice, who had become deaf and nearly blind, that this is the beautiful thing she said to Mary Barton: "You're mourning for me, my dear, and there's no need. I am happy as a child. I sometimes think I am a child whom the Lord is hush-a-by-ing to my long sleep. For when I was a nurse girl, my missus always told me to speak very low and soft, to darken the room, that her little one might go to sleep. Now to me all noises are hushed and still, and the bonnie earth seems dim and dark, and I know it is my Father lulling me to my long sleep." As the bird in the darkened cage sings merrily, so such souls are filled with "the peace of God that passeth understanding."—*Ex.*

Acknowledgment.

The undersigned herewith gratefully acknowledges the receipt of \$1.40 for the building-fund of Greensboro Chapel from Mrs. Mary A. Doswell, a member of our Colored Mission at Meherrin, Va. May God's richest blessings attend the joyful giver.
J. C. S.

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113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
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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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Cor. Franklin and Thalla Strs.
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Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
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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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1897.

No. 3.

Behold the Man.

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

For Us.

When we, in the season of Lent, go with Christ on His way of sorrows from Gethsemane to Calvary and behold His bitter sufferings, His great agony, His shameful death upon the cross, we must remember that He suffered and died, not for Himself, but for us.

There is no sin in Christ, and therefore the punishment He endured could not be His due. Pilate, the judge, said again and again, "I find no fault in Him." Christ was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," Hebr. 7, 26. He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," 1 Pet. 2, 22. Of Him the Father said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

And yet the Son of God, the Holy One, was punished and endured death, which is the wages of sin. He was nailed to the tree of the cross, and it is written, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." How is this? If Christ was without sin, why did He suffer the punishment of sin? He bore the punishment of *our* sins. He suffered and died for us. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

There were no sins *in* Christ, but there were sins *on* Christ. He took the sins of the world upon Himself, and the sin-hating God poured upon His sin-bearing Son the wrath which we sinners deserved. Thus Christ took our place

and suffered and died for us. This the Bible plainly teaches. St. Paul says, "Christ hath redeemed *us* from the curse of the law, being made a curse *for us*, Gal. 3, 13. Again he says, God "hath made Him to be sin *for us*, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," 2 Cor. 5, 21. Again he says, He "gave Himself *for our sins*," Gal. 1, 4. The apostle Peter says of Christ: "His own self bare *our sins* in His body on the tree," 1 Pet. 2, 24. The prophet Isaiah, speaking of the suffering Saviour, writes: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," Isa. 53, 6. From these and other passages of the Bible we learn that Christ suffered and died as our substitute, that is, in our stead, for us.

What a horrible thing sin is! Men often make light of sin, but sin is a horrible thing. It is a great offense against the just and holy God. When God saw His Son laden with the sins of the world, He did not spare His beloved Son, but punished Him for the sins He bore. What a horrible thing sin is! Our sins brought that great suffering of body and soul on the Holy One of God. Our sins made Him a man of sorrows, nailed Him to the cross, and put Him to death. What a horrible thing sin is!

Blessed are they who thus acknowledge and feel their sins. In the suffering and dying Saviour they can find salvation. By His sufferings and death He redeemed us from everlasting sufferings and death in hell. In His death we find life, and "by His wounds we are healed." His blood "cleanseth us from all sins," and though our "sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

The moment the sinner accepts by faith the redemption procured by the sufferings and death of Christ and offered to him in the Gospel, he has forgiveness of sins and is free from all punishment of sin. For since Christ suffered and died *for us*, there is "now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1.

The Service of the Redeemed.

By sin we have become the slaves of Satan, by faith in Christ we have forgiveness of sin and become the children of God. Being redeemed from the slavery of Satan, the Christian serves God, not as a slave, but as a child. His service is the service of a thankful heart. He serves God, not in order to be saved, but because he *is* saved. He confesses: "I believe that Jesus Christ, true God, begotten of the Father from eternity, and also true man, born of the Virgin Mary, is my Lord, who has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all sins, from death and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with His holy precious blood and with His innocent sufferings and death, that I may be His own, and live under Him in His kingdom, and serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence, and blessedness."

It is said that just before the civil war, a wealthy gentleman, who was walking the streets of a southern city, had his attention called to a group of colored slaves about to be sold. One of them was weeping bitterly, and when he asked her why she was crying, she replied that she did not know what kind of master was going to buy her, nor where she was going. He said nothing more, but when she was placed upon the block for sale, he bid a higher price for her than any other did, and she was given him as his property. She was still weeping, until he gently said: "I have not bought you to make a slave of you, I have bought you to set you free." She instantly turned to him with the glad cry: "Let me go with you, I will serve you all my life." But she served him, not in order to be redeemed; she served him with a glad and happy heart, because she *was* redeemed. Thus the service of the redeemed of Christ is a service of love. It is the blessed service of a thankful heart.

"Lord, I am Thine, for Thou hast purchased me;
The price—Thy precious blood.
A sinner, lost and ruined, found and saved
Am I; and I am Thine, O God.

My all is Thine, be this my one desire,
To serve Thee here below;
And, by Thy Spirit daily taught, Thy will
To love, and Thee Thyself to know."

The High Priest.

Our picture is very appropriate for the season of Lent. It shows us the High Priest of the people of Israel, who, with all the sacrifices and ceremonies of the Old Testament, was a type of Christ and His work for the redemption of sinners.

In our picture you will see that the High Priest wore a peculiar dress, or robe of office, ordered by God in all its details. He wore a breastplate, called also the breastplate of judgment. In it were set twelve precious stones, three in a row, set in four rows, corresponding to the twelve tribes of Israel. Each stone had the name of one of the tribes of the children of Israel engraven upon it. The High Priest also wore a headdress called the mitre. The chief garment was the ephod, consisting of two pieces of cloth falling over the breast to below the knees and over the back, and held in place upon the shoulders by clasps of large onyx stones, each of which had six names of Israel graven upon it. The ephod was further held round the waist by a girdle of gold, blue, scarlet, purple and fine twined linen. The skirt of the robe had a trimming of pomegranates in blue, red, and crimson, with a small gold bell between the pomegranates alternately.

The High Priest alone was permitted to enter the Holy of Holies, which he did once a year, on the great day of atonement, when he sprinkled the blood of the sin-offering on the mercy seat, and burnt incense within the veil. (Lev. 16.) The bells at the skirt of his dress were to give a sound when the High Priest went into and came out of the Holy Place. Our picture shows him with the censer in his hand.

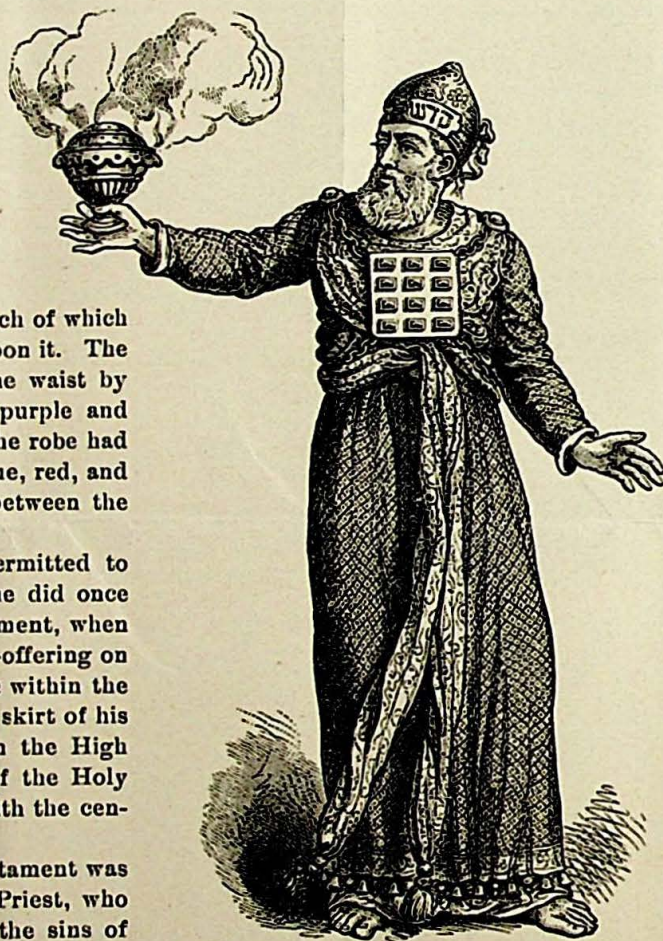
The High Priest of the Old Testament was a type of Christ, the true High Priest, who offered Himself as a sacrifice for the sins of the world, and who has entered the Holy of Holies by His own blood, and maketh intercession for His people before the throne of His Father, bearing the names of His believing children as the High Priest of the Old Testament bore the names of the children of Israel upon the breastplate.

Of Christ as our High Priest you may read in the epistle to the Hebrews. There it is said of Christ: "Such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens; who needeth not daily, as those high priests [of the Old Testament], to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's; for this He did once, when He offered up Himself," Hebr. 7, 26, 27. Again we read: "Christ being come a High Priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the

blood of goats, and calves, but by His own blood, He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us," Hebr. 9, 11, 12. And again we read: "Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." Hebr. 9, 24.

The Snow-Ball.

In the cold winter-time, some boys at play had made a snow-ball, and had rolled it over



The High Priest.

and over so long that at length it was too heavy for them to move. Here, said Gott-hold, as he passed by, is a true emblem of human cares. At first they are often light and trifling, as small as this snow-ball at its beginning; but in impatience and unbelief we roll them about, magnify them, and turn them over, till they oppress our hearts with an intolerable load, which we are no longer able to bear. These boys have labored hard, and all they have for their pains is that some who pass will say, "Boys have been at play here:" and so all we gain by turning over and magnifying our cares is a weary head and a desolate heart. We will not go to God, though He graciously invites us to cast our care on Him, the Omnipotent; but, as if, like Baal of old, He were dead or asleep, we determine to bear our burden alone. We care not to be-

sech Him to bring His perfect wisdom to help our folly, but we try to be wise for ourselves. Is this not a great sin against God, who mercifully condescends to desire us to trust all our cares and sorrows to His wisdom and mercy? Do we not offend Him when we will not trust Him?

O my God, hast Thou formed the eye and dost Thou not see?—hast Thou planted the ear, and dost Thou not hear?—hast Thou created the heart, and dost Thou not care for it? For my part I have resolved that I will roll my heavy burden of care no farther than to Thy feet; and, if I have not strength to bear it so far, then I will pray Thee to come into my heart,—that heart which Thou hast made; and then I will point to my heavy load of sin and care and suffering, which is too heavy for me to bear; and I will say to Thee, Thou knowest all things, and Thou canst do all things,—Thou hast invited me to come weary and heavy laden as I am, and Thou hast promised to give me rest. I pray Thee to remove the heavy burden, which I can not even lift; for though I am weak, Thou art almighty.

Love not the World.

"When visiting a gentleman in England," says a pastor, "I observed a fine canary. When I admired its beauty, the gentleman replied: 'Yes, he is beautiful, but he has lost his voice. He used to be a fine singer, but I was in the habit of hanging his cage out of the window; the sparrows came around with their incessant chirping; gradually he ceased to sing and learned their twitter, and now all he can do is to twitter, twitter.' How truly does this represent the case of many Christians! They used to delight in the songs of Zion, but they came into close contact with those whose notes never rise so high, until, at last, like the canary, they do nothing but twitter, twitter."

Our Father who art in Heaven.

Dr. Martin Luther once said: "O that we could but thoroughly understand the first words of the Lord's Prayer: 'Our Father who art in heaven.' For if I can understand and believe these few words, that God, who created heaven and earth, and all creatures, and holds them in His hand, is my Father, I can with all certainty conclude that I myself am also a lord of heaven and earth. Again, that Christ is my brother and all is mine, that Gabriel must be my servant, and Raphael my coachman, and all the angels my help in danger and need, as they are sent to me by my heavenly Father; that they should guide me on my way that I may not dash my foot against a stone."

Evening Hymn.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."
Be still, my soul, and rest this night
In quiet on my Father's breast;
'Tis He can make thy burdens light;
'Tis He can still thy heart's unrest.
He knows thy every care,
He hears thy faintest prayer.
Then, when things seem to go most ill,
Just trust in Him and be thou still.

From the German.

Mother Strickland's Silver.

What our story relates happened many years ago in Cincinnati. At that time there was a Bible House in that city, in which were also the offices of the Foreign Mission Board. For this house a woman was one day earnestly looking.

"Where do they keep Bibles?" she asked of a passer-by.

"I don't know," was the gruff answer.

"Well, you ought to know," said the woman.

Soon she stood at the door of the Bible House, repeating her question in another form: "Is this where Bibles are kept?"

The manner in which she asked it excited the curiosity of the three persons that were present.

The woman was of small stature and her face was wrinkled. She was poorly clad, and the manager of the Bible House did not know whether her errand was to buy a Bible or to ask for a gift.

"I should like to see some," she remarked. On being shown the kind usually given away to such as she was supposed to be, she asked for something larger and better.

The manager placed a Bible of large size and expensive style upon the counter. At last came the question:

"What is the price?"

"Five dollars," was the reply.

"I will take five of these," said she.

"Five Bibles at five dollars each! Twenty-five dollars!" thought each of the witnesses, only half believing their astonished ears. They soon saw that the woman was in earnest. She counted out pieces of silver, of various denominations, until the whole made a glittering pile.

While the three persons in the room gazed in wonder, she was seemingly unconscious of their presence. Her lips moved, but her prayer was silent. It was, no doubt, a prayer for those for whom she had bought the Bibles.

The manager then told her of the Bible Society and of its mission work in supplying the poor with the Word of God. This was new to her. Giving the Bible to the poor! Blessed opportunity! so she thought, and another pile of silver was beside the money with which she had bought her five Bibles.

"What is your name?" asked the manager.

"It is no matter," she replied.

"But," continued he, "I should report from whom I received this gift."

Her only answer was: "The Lord Jesus Christ knows my name, and that is enough."

When she asked whether other mission work was done, she was told that Christian men carried the Bible to heathen lands; preached in the languages of India, and China, and Africa; that these Gospel messengers were supported by Christians in our own land; that money and the necessaries of life were sent to missionaries from the spot where she then stood; and that all this was done through the Mission Board.

This was another opportunity for her, and upon the counter was placed another group of silver coins—this for Foreign Missions. Her purchase-money and gifts amounted to about sixty dollars, all in silver pieces.

Later on a clue was finally found to her name, and she was then known as Mother Strickland by a few who became acquainted with her history. She lived about twenty miles from the city, not far from the Ohio River, on a farm, products of which she brought to market three or four times a year. For these she had received the coin which she paid out at the Bible House, just as it had come into her hands.

For seven successive years Mother Strickland made her visits to the city, to sell the products of her farm and to give a portion of the proceeds to the Lord of the harvest for mission work.

One day Mother Strickland came on her usual errand to the spot which had become sacred to her. It must have been her twentieth visit. Hard work, bitter trials, and time had wrought a great change in her appearance. She entered the Bible House with a weary step, evidently bearing a burden from which she wished to be relieved. It was another silver offering—fifty dollars.

She felt that this visit was the last, and so bade good-by to the manager, who had become her friend, and also to his wife, who had so often welcomed and comforted her in her Christian home. It was her last visit. They saw her face no more. Before the time came around for her visit to the city, Mother Strickland had gone to her heavenly home, to "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

"Cling Close to the Rock, Johnny."

A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, was passing over the Allegheny Mountains, on the way eastward. They were crowded with passengers. As the iron horse snorted and rushed on, the passengers felt that they had begun to descend. Just as the passengers began to realize their situation, they came to a short curve cut out of the solid rock—a wall of rock lying on each side. Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony: "Put on the brakes! put on the

brakes!" Up pressed the brakes, but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the danger was, and every one rose up in his place, fearing destruction. What was the trouble?

Just as the engine began to turn into the curve the engineer saw a little girl and baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be on them. The shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and every eye looking over could see them. Close to the rail, in the upright rock, was a little niche out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister on the other side of the cars, ring out: "Cling close to the rock, Johnny! cling close to the rock!"

And the little creature snuggled in and put his head as close to the corner of the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirred past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed and many a silent thanksgiving went up to heaven.

In a few hours the cars stopped at the station, where an old man and his son got off. He had come so far to part with his child, who was going to an eastern city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All the dangers that would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of the father as he stood holding the hand of his boy—just now to part with him. He choked, and the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was: "Cling close to the Rock, my son!" He wrung the hand of his child, and the passengers saw him standing alone, doubtless praying that his unexperienced son might "cling to the Rock Christ Jesus."—S. V.

A Home Saved.

A mother was working hard to feed and clothe her two little children and pay for their little home. The man who owned the house sent a lawyer to turn them out, for they had not paid enough to suit him. The lawyer stood outside the door and heard the mother reading God's promises and telling Fred and Mary how God had promised a home to all who loved Him. "Then, mamma," said Fred, "if the Lord has promised a home to those who love Him, couldn't He let us keep our house?" "Yes, my dear, I am sure He could, if He thought best." "Then let us ask Him, mamma." They all knelt while the mother told God all their trouble, and the children said "Amen." When the lawyer heard all this he went and told the owner of the house that he could not turn out this pious mother and her children, for they had God's promise to take care of them. The owner let them stay until they could pay for the house. So, we see, God heard their prayer and answered it.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUT of Finland the only form of missionary work permitted in Russia is the spread of the Bible, and that is by no means little, for the British and Foreign Bible Society sends to Russia one-seventh of its total output. The Russian government provides free transport for the books and those engaged in selling them on all the railways, and in all other ways affords facilities unknown in England. For several years past the Siberian exiles and convicts have been especially cared for in this respect, and three years ago a special order was issued in St. Petersburg providing that every one of them receiving a Bible on demand, should have it entered on the list of articles for the production of which he and his warders are made responsible. Some two thousand Bibles are thus distributed yearly in Tiumen, which has hitherto been the great distributing center, the colporteurs keeping the recipients' names, that the preservation of the books may be controlled.

—LITTLE Jennie had the misfortune to fall on a needle which was sticking in the carpet. It went so far into her knee it could not be reached, and a surgeon was sent for. Her friends were striving to soothe her pain, and her little friend, Alice, was crying bitterly, when Jennie exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I wish I was Alice, but I'm real glad Alice isn't me."

—IN Madagascar, where Norway's Mission Society has done such noble work, there is at present a lull in regard to missionary activities. This is true especially of the inland missions, where the insurgents have compelled the missionaries to leave their stations and group themselves together in places of safety.

—THE spreading of the Bible in Roman Catholic Portugal is reported to be progressing in spite of the opposition and hindrances placed in the way. Prisons, hospitals and other public institutions offer many opportunities to disseminate the truth of the Word of God.

—DANISH LUTHERAN ministers were the first to bring the Gospel to the colored people in the West Indies. When Count Zinzendorf, in the year 1739, came to the island of St. Thomas, he held an evening service for the colored people of that place. He began his sermon with Luther's explanation of the second article of the Apostles' Creed. The colored people arose, and, to his great surprise, joined him in reciting that part of the Lutheran Catechism. Lutheran Danish ministers had taught them the Catechism many years before the arrival of the Moravian missionary.

—A FATHER gave his little boy some money. The boy had, in Sunday school, heard about the heathen, and had often said he wished he had some money to help send missionaries. Now that he had money, his father said, "Charlie, what are you going to do with your money? Will you buy candy with it or give it to the heathen?" After a pause the boy

replied, "Papa, I don't feel much acquainted with the heathen. I guess I'll buy some candy." Are you acquainted with the heathen?

—AT the anniversary of a missionary society, a boy of 15 years arose and said, that with God's help he would go and labor among the heathen. His father, who was present, but who knew nothing about the intentions of his son, said with joyful heart: "May God keep me from laying one stone in the way of my son. I shall be with him if he desires to give himself up to the Lord to His church."

—A NOVEL MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN AFRICA. Mr. Wilkes, of the Congo Balolo Mission, sends to the *Regions Beyond* an interesting account of a visit to Ngombe, a place not far from his station, Ikau. A messenger came from a Ngombe town, saying that the chief wanted to see Mr. Wilkes. The messenger begged him to remain where he was till he had called the chief. After about two hours a young man appeared, saying that his father was coming, and in a few minutes the chief and a number of his sons arrived. The chief asked Mr. Wilkes to come to his town and stay for two or three days. Mr. Wilkes replied, "You have too much water in your road; I can not walk through it to-night." But the chief was importunate. "You see my sons," he said, "you see their shoulders; they are strong and will carry you." "Oh, yes," said the sons, "we will carry you." So Mr. Wilkes agreed to go. What followed we give in his own words: "My few belongings were seized and shouldered, and away we went. After going a few paces we came to water, and I mounted the back of a big fellow, and for the next hour or two had one of the most novel if not one of the pleasantest rides that has ever fallen to my lot. There was no path; the Ngombes don't make any, lest strangers should find their towns. We just went winding in and out wherever there was a slight opening. Sometimes one of my legs would come in contact with a tree; then if I tried to look after my legs, my head got entangled among the creepers, or a branch would give me a cut across the face. 'How much farther is it?' I kept asking from time to time. The answer was always the same, 'Not far now.' I don't know how often I vowed never to take another such ride. At last we drew near the town, but before entering they called a halt and told me to put my coat on, so that I might look a bit smart. I was very hot, but did as I was bidden. Then the order of march was arranged, and we started off in single file." After arriving at the chief's quarters, the hut that had been prepared for Mr. Wilkes was shown him, and soon about 200 people were seated in a semicircle and the old chief delivered an address of welcome. Then Mr. Wilkes told the "old, old story," and the meeting adjourned that those who lived at a distance might go to their homes. The next morning early there were about 500 persons present to hear further preaching of the Gos-

pel. Presents were then made the missionary, and after being cordially invited to return again, he commenced his eight hours' tramp to reach the river, on which he embarked for home.

Faith.

Faith is the hand that lays hold on Christ, the eye that looks to Christ, the ear that hears the voice of Christ, the mouth that feeds on Christ, the finger that touches Christ.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

DAS GEHEIME GESELLSCHAFTSWESSEN UNSERER TAGE, dargelegt aus ihren eigenen Schriften, und unsere Stellung zu denselben nach Gottes Wort. Von W. Peters, luth. Pastor. Price: 25 cts.

This valuable treatise comes to us from Australia. In it the dangerous and anti-Christian spirit of secret societies is shown from their own writings, which are literally quoted. — The interesting and instructive pamphlet may be had from Rev. W. Peters, Murtoa, Victoria, Australia.

GESAENGE FUER MAENNERCHOERE. Zweltes Heft. 1. Am Abend; 2. Waldlied; 3. Mein Heimatland; 4. Schneeglockchen; 5. Des Saengers Welt; 6. Lebehoch. — Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price: 20 cts. per copy; \$1.50 per dozen.

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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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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 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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1897.

No. 4.

It is Finished.

"'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried:
And meekly bowed His head and died;
'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.

'Tis finished! all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled as was designed.
In Thee, the Saviour of mankind.

'Tis finished!—man is reconciled
To God, and powers of darkness spoll'd:
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finished!—Let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished!—Let the echo fly,
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

Selected.

It is Finished.

Our Saviour cried out upon the cross: "It is finished!" What is finished? Why, the work which He came to do is finished. He came on earth to redeem sinners by His perfect obedience to the law of God and by His sufferings and death. St. Paul says, "God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law," Gal. 4, 4, 5.

The Son of God became man and was put under the law, in order to fulfill in our stead all the demands of the law, which we could not fulfill, and to suffer the punishment which we had deserved by our transgressions. And when all was done that had to be done, and when all was suffered that had to be suffered for the redemption of the world, He cried out upon the cross: "It is finished!" Then commending His spirit into his Father's hands, He gave up the ghost. And then the work of our redemption was finished.

Satan and all our enemies indeed thought they had won the victory over Him who had come to redeem the world of sinners. Christ's body was laid into the grave, a large stone was placed over the tomb, the Roman seal was put upon the stone, and Roman soldiers watched the sepulchre. But, behold! in the early dawn of Easter morning Christ, our

substitute, rose triumphantly from the grave. He came forth as the mighty Conqueror over Satan, sin, death, and hell. And His victory is our victory, for He is our substitute. As He represented us in His life under the law and in His sufferings and death, so He represents us in His triumphant resurrection. His glorious resurrection is the proof that the work of our redemption is finished; for by raising Christ from the dead, God the Father declared Himself perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son.

Are you satisfied? Do you simply trust for salvation in that finished work of redemption, or are you trying to add something of your own? The work of redemption is finished, and nothing can be added to make that finished work more complete.

Suppose you have to do a piece of needle-work. You put in one stitch, and another stitch—a great many stitches; and then you put in the *last* stitch. Can you do anything more to it? No, *it is finished*.

You have to do a long sum. You put down a great many figures—you put down the *last* figure. Would it be right to put down any more? No, *it is finished*.

You have to write a copy. You write one line, and another line, and another line, and presently you write the *last* line. Is there any more to be written? No; *it is finished*.

The world was to be redeemed. God alone could do it. So God's own Son became man and, in man's place, fulfilled every commandment of the law and suffered every penalty of the law. And when He had taken the *last* drop from the cup of God's wrath, He cried out: "It is finished!" And when, on Easter morning, God the Father raised Christ from the dead, He declared, "Yes, it is finished." Now, can you do anything to redeem your soul? No. Why not? Because *Jesus has done everything*. You can not add anything to that work of redemption. *It is finished*.

Finished! Does not that mean that Jesus has done everything and you have only got to trust in what He has done, and you are saved? Suppose you owed some one a great deal of money—more than you could ever pay, and a friend came and paid it for you,

would there be anything for *you* to pay? Now, you do owe God a great debt. You have broken all His commandments many times. There's a debt! Try hard as you will, you can never pay God this great debt. But *Jesus has paid it for you*, for He has in your place obeyed perfectly all God's commandments and has borne all the punishment that you deserved. Your debt is *paid*. The work is *finished*.

Take, then, with the hand of faith that work of redemption which was finished more than eighteen hundred years ago, and which is offered to you in the Gospel. The moment you take it, you have forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. For Christ "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," Rom. 4, 25.

Jesus Lives.

"Does Jesus live?" This was the question put to a missionary by a poor widow. It is an important question. For if Jesus lives not, then is our preaching vain, and our faith is also vain; then we that preach Christ and believe in Christ are of all men most miserable. If Jesus live not, why should we then carry on mission work? A dead Saviour can do sinners no good. If Jesus live not, who would then bear all the hardships of the mission field?

Glory to God! Jesus lives and reigns forever! He that is risen from the grave and now sits at the right hand of God says: "Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death," Rev. 1, 17, 18.

Yes, Jesus is risen! He lives and reigns forever! The spread of His kingdom on earth is a proof of His resurrection. We preach, not a dead Christ, but a living Christ, who, through His Word and Spirit, works in the hearts of men and brings them to faith.

When the first two converts of Rev. Landsmann, our late missionary among the Jews of New York city, were baptized, he joyfully wrote: "Yes, two souls, two enemies

of Christ, who but recently cursed, scoffed, and despised Jesus, have now accepted this same Jesus as their Redeemer, their Saviour, and their only treasure. God be praised! 'This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.' And how glad, how joyful, yea, how happy were they! With joy they have forsaken father and mother, sisters and brothers, and also their earthly inheritance, and have taken upon themselves the reproach of Christ. This is not the work of human power and human wisdom; Jehovah Christ alone can do this, He that rose from the dead on the third day! Alas! the poor world doubts that Christ is risen from the dead. Why, here again is a proof of His resurrection. If He were not risen, if He did not sit at the right hand of God, if He did not work through His Word and Spirit in the hearts of men, how could these two souls have passed from death unto life? Though we of the circumcision who have come to Christ are not witnesses of His resurrection in the sense in which the apostles were, still we are witnesses by our conversion, since a special power of divine grace is necessary to break the deeply rooted enmity against Jesus in the heart of a Jew, to take away the fierce hatred against the Nazarene with which he is thoroughly filled, to bring him to faith in Christ as his Jehovah and God, and to make him forsake all for His sake. Jesus of Nazareth, who was once so despised and hated by us former Jews, be praised and loved in all eternity for all love and grace shown to us, His enemies!"

Yes, Jesus lives! Let us all be more zealous in mission work. The command to preach the Gospel to all creatures, and the promise of blessing for such work are the command and promise, not of a dead Christ, but of a living Christ, who will see to it that our obedience to His command and our trust in His promise are not in vain.

Jesus lives! Let missionaries take courage and joyfully bear all the hardships of the mission field. Their labor can not be in vain. The living Saviour is with them in the Gospel that they make known in the church and in the school. No matter whether they see much fruit, or little fruit, or no fruit at all. Jesus lives! He takes care of the fruit. He will see to it that His Word does not return to Him void, but that it accomplishes that which He pleases, and that it prospers in the thing whereto He sends it.

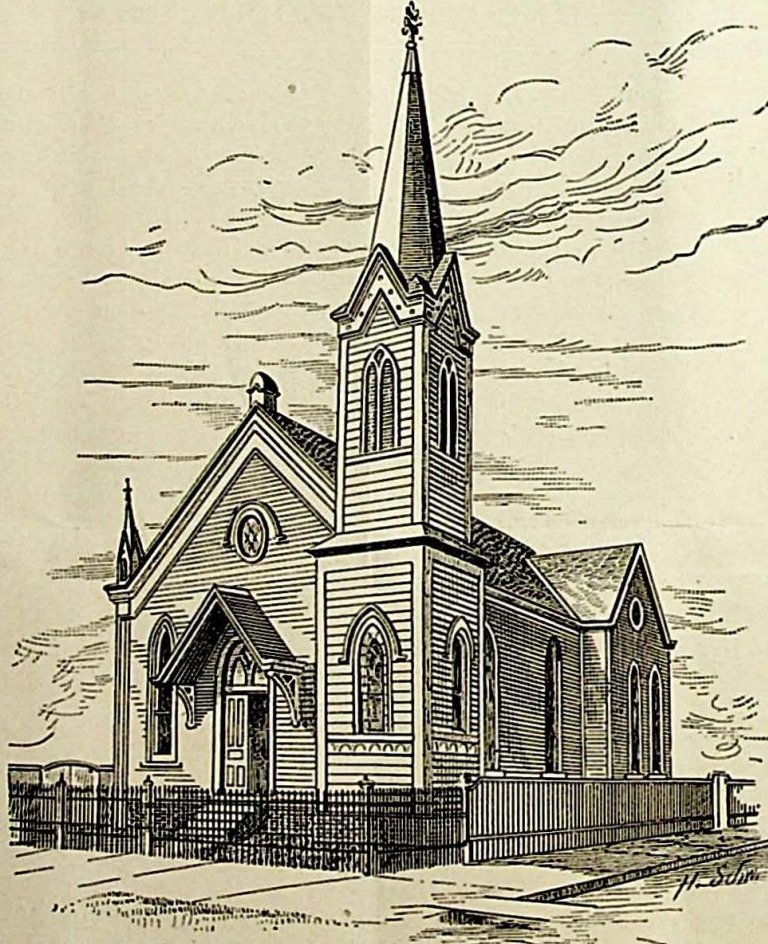
Jesus lives! Our prayers are heard, our labor is blessed, the heathen shall become His inheritance. For He says: "Fear not;

I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

Hallelujah! Jesus lives!

Mount Zion Colored Lutheran Church.

Sunday, Feb. 21, was a day of joy for our Colored Lutheran Mount Zion congregation at New Orleans. This is our oldest mission congregation in that city. It was organized more than fourteen years ago in the old and



Mount Zion Colored Lutheran Church, New Orleans, La.

dilapidated "Sailors' Home," and during the first years of its existence passed through many difficulties and adversities. But the Lord was with them and prospered His work among them. In 1884 the congregation removed to a better church building, cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts., where the mission greatly prospered. In the course of time, however, the building proved no longer suitable for church purposes, and so it was replaced by a new and handsome church building, which was dedicated with joy and thanksgiving on Sunday, Feb. 21.

The new church is a handsome edifice. A New Orleans paper says: "All who have seen the church pronounce it to be one of the finest for its size in the city. It was erected at a cost of \$2500, but experts say that it should have cost about \$3500 on account of

the first-class material put in it. The church is 57 feet in length, by 36 and 32 feet in width. The tower is 76 feet in height. The altar is in a recess, to one side of which is the vestry room, from which also a step leads into the pulpit. The interior of the church is already very beautiful, but will be still more so when all plans elaborated for its perfect completion are carried out. The church is a most beautiful little structure—in fact, it is a model of architecture and especially well adapted to this climate and city."

Dedication services were held in the afternoon and evening, the church, on both occasions, being crowded to its utmost capacity. The choirs of our Lutheran churches in New Orleans and also the colored school children rendered several beautiful hymns. In the afternoon services the Rev. Bakke of North Carolina, the former pastor of the congregation, delivered the principal sermon. Having efficiently served the congregation for many years, he could well point out to the members the many difficulties through which they had passed, the help of God that they at all times experienced, and the many blessings bestowed upon them and their children through the teaching of the Gospel in church and school. After having given an interesting history of the congregation, he spoke on Psalm 68, 31: "Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." In speaking of colored mission work, he said that it was gratifying and encouraging to the minister of the Gospel to know that, in the face of all the prejudices existing, his work is sanctioned by the Word of God. "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God," says the Psalmist, and to-day Ethiopia was

stretching forth her hands in prayer to the Almighty. He described the Church of God on earth. First, he said, it is immovable; secondly, it is a glorious edifice; thirdly, it is universal.

In the evening a second service was held in the new church to celebrate the dedication, the sermon being preached by Rev. J. C. Schmidt, of Greensboro, N. C.

At the afternoon services nearly every member of our Lutheran synod, which at the time was holding its sessions in New Orleans, was present, and all expressed themselves as being highly gratified at the progress of our mission.

May God continue to prosper His work in Mount Zion!

Love should give wings to the feet of service and strength to the arms of labor.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Cornerstone Laying of the Evang. Lutheran Grace School in Greensboro, N. C.

Just as a man feels when, after undergoing many trials and tribulations, he finally enjoys peace, rest, and happiness, just so felt the members of the Colored Lutheran Mission in Greensboro, N. C., when the news was broken to them that on March 7th the cornerstone of their school, their own home, was to be laid. Joy filled their hearts and made them ring out in songs and prayers of thanksgiving unto the Lord, who after hours of sorrow also let them enjoy hours of gladness. They indeed had to undergo many trials and tribulations. But they clung to the Word which has power to give them heavenly peace, rest, joy, and happiness. Until now they had to hold their services in the Free Masons' Hall, where they were often greatly disturbed. In fact, once the noise was so great that the teacher could not hear the song of about sixty healthy school children singing at the top of their voices. Many a fervent prayer was then sent to heaven that the heavenly Father, if so He willed, would deliver them from this evil. And their prayers were heard. For now they were to have their own home, where they could worship the true God unmolested and in peace. Can any one therefore wonder, that they were overjoyed on this occasion?

Long before the time set for the exercises, at 3.30 in the afternoon, old and young, white and colored flocked to the place. Hundreds of them came, notwithstanding the bad weather, and the rain descending upon them in torrents, and the many bad roads and streets covered with mud. The bad weather also caused us to celebrate the greater part of our service in the old habitation, the Free Masons' Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity. The service was opened by singing "Rock of Ages." Then followed a short liturgical service, prayer, reading of the 122d Psalm, and an explanatory introduction on the meaning of this great gathering of people. After another hymn the pastor read, "The History of the Mission among the Freedmen in North Carolina," especially delineating the History of the Evangelical Lutheran Grace Congregation in Greensboro. The pastor showed in an interesting manner how God led this small flock through mountains of difficulty unto the glorious time when they were to see the yearnings of their hearts fulfilled. The reading lasted a little over an hour, but was extremely interesting from beginning to end. Statistics regarding the congregation were then read, followed by a hymn, upon which four children, two boys and two girls, were baptized. May they forever remember that on this memorial day they were received by the grace of God into the fold of Jesus.

In absence of Prof. Romoser, of Conover, N. C., and Missionary Burgdorf, of Atlanta,

Ga., the pastor of the congregation delivered a sermon based on 1 Pet. 3, 15.

After the sermon the laying of the cornerstone took place. The size of the stone, which is a marble block, is 22x9 inches, bearing on the front the inscription in golden letters: "Evangelical Lutheran Grace School," and the Biblical passage, Matth. 17, 4: "Lord, it is good for us to be here," and on the side: March 7, 1897. Inclosed in the cornerstone were the following articles: a Bible and Luther's Catechism; a history of the Mission in North Carolina in general and especially of the work in Greensboro; statistics of the ministerial functions performed here; a list of those who were baptized and confirmed, also a list of the Sunday and parochial school children; names of the 66 souls belonging to the congregation; five copies of the "LUTHERAN PIONEER;" eight numbers of the "Missions-Taube," a German Missionary paper, containing news of the Mission; a Luther Medal; one copy of, "Half a Century of Sound Lutheranism," by Prof. A. L. Graebner; a copy of our Liturgy as used in church; a printed sermon on, "God bless our Parochial Schools," by Rev. Bakke, and a secular paper. Then the cornerstone was laid in the name of the Triune God. After a brief supplication, the people were dismissed with the benediction.

So then the prayer of the congregation has been heard. But a few weeks and they shall see the work completed. Then the congregation can exclaim with the Psalmist, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of host! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God," Ps. 84, 1-3. May God grant that the school prosper and thrive. May it indeed be a Grace School, wherein the children are instructed, not only in secular things, but also in the one thing needful, namely, the salvation of their souls. C. F. B.

"If I were Rich."

Katie and Jack stood at the window watching the people who passed. It had been a snowy day, but the sun coming out bright and clear in the afternoon made the streets wet and sloppy.

"See that poor little girl," exclaimed Katie; "how wet her feet must be! Her shoes are full of holes. If we were rich we might buy shoes for her."

"And for that boy just behind her; his shoes are worse than her's," added Jack.

"And if we were rich we might buy a shawl for that old peanut woman. See, she is trying to get those children to buy peanuts from her basket."

"How poor she looks! There comes a real old man; if I were a rich man I would just

call him in and say: 'Here, old man, here's some dinner for you, and take what's left for the children.'"

"Now, if I were rich," exclaimed Katie, "that is the one I would help, that poor sickly woman with a baby in her arms."

The children's mother had been listening to what they said. She sat sewing near the window. "I am glad," she said, "to hear my children express such kind wishes, but wishing is not giving. Just to say, 'Be ye warmed and be ye fed,' will not make these poor people any less cold or less hungry. You say that if you were rich you would help this one or that one. God does not ask you to give as if you were rich, but He does ask you to give according to your means. Now let us see what you have to give, and then we can tell how your good wishes will help these poor people."

All the money these children had to spend they kept in their little bank in the nursery. They ran upstairs and placed in mother's lap the contents of the banks. Katie had \$6.00; Jack had \$5.00. Jack had spent \$1.00 of his money in getting his skates mended.

"Now, Katie," said her mother, "how much of this will you give to carry out your good wishes?"

Katie thought a moment, and then replied, "Well, mother, I think I ought to give the half."

"I know that poor woman who passed just now with her baby in her arms, and I know that she is a very worthy woman. What would you like to give her?"

Remembering how poorly the woman was clad, Katie suggested a shawl.

"Now, Jack, what will you give to the poor boy who had on such a miserable pair of shoes?"

Jack thought he could send some money to keep the boy's feet dry, and he consented to give shoes.

The next day mother went out shopping with the two children, and as the result they brought home a warm shawl and a pair of stout shoes. Mother had added a little to the amount they had to give, so that the shoes were thick and stout and the shawl was good and warm; for mother knew both the poor woman and the poor boy, and was quite sure these articles were needed.

"You have given what you had to give," said mother, "and that is much better than wishing you were rich so that you might give more. Always remember that, while God does not ask for that which He has not given you, He does ask for that which He has given."—*Child's Paper.*

A Simple Test.

"Go to no place where you can not ask God to be with you. Engage in no business which you can not ask God to bless. Indulge in no pleasure for which you can not thank God."

† Emmanuel Burthlong. †

Such of our readers as read also the "Missions-Taube," will undoubtedly have been sadly affected by the following short notice, which appeared in the February issue of that missionary monthly: "We have to bring our dear readers some very sad news. Our dear colored student Burthlong, who has already proven himself a faithful and diligent worker in our Mission, a faithful and gifted young man, who would have completed his studies in our Seminary at Springfield next summer, is hopelessly ill with the consumption. Upon the request of his mother and the advice of the physicians, we have decided to send him home to New Orleans. Wonderful are the ways of God, but we humble ourselves under His mighty hand. He will do all things well." For such readers I now have the sad intelligence that our dear friend peacefully passed away on the 28th of February.

The deceased was born on the 22d of February, 1871, in Essequina County, Miss. At the age of seven, he removed with his parents to New Orleans. Up to the age of eleven he attended the public schools at intervals, but in general his educational facilities were exceedingly limited, owing to various reasons, till he entered our St. Paul Mission School, then presided over by the late lamented Charles Berg. Under the tutorship of this excellent teacher, Emmanuel made very rapid progress, particularly in the Catechism and Bible History. On the 20th of April 1884, he was baptized by Rev. Bakke, and on May 4th of the same year, he was confirmed.

After his confirmation Emmanuel yet continued in school for some time, but was then obliged to go to work to help his mother in the support of her large family. However, though he was now out of school, Emmanuel, unlike other boys, did not put his books aside to let the dust gather upon them. Nay, he devoted many of his leisure moments to private reading and study. And so it came that Rev. Bakke was enabled to appoint him, in the year 1889, to fill a vacancy which had occurred in the primary department of the Mount Zion Mission School. For two years he satisfactorily filled this position, showing great zeal in the prosecution of his work, and loved by all who came in contact with him. During these two years of teaching school, he diligently applied himself to the study of the German language, in order that he might enter our Seminary at Springfield, where German is the medium of instruction.

In the fall of 1891 he entered the seminary and soon gained the love and esteem of his professors and fellow-students by his application to study, and Christian conversation. Much of his leisure time he here devoted to mission-work among his colored brethren; visiting and inviting them to church, playing the organ, instructing in Sunday School, and preaching. The scholastic year 1894-'95 he

passed in North Carolina, assisting our missionaries there by teaching and preaching.

Upon his return to college he pursued his studies with the same zeal as before and would have completed his studies this year, had not God in His wise providence decided it to be otherwise.

It was in November of last year that his apparently so strong body suddenly broke down. Upon examination the attending physician declared that he had the consumption, that the right lobe of his lung was most seriously affected. Three other physicians who were called in could only substantiate the sad facts.

Upon the earnest request of his mother and the advice of the physicians, he was brought home to New Orleans. The hope was entertained that the milder climate of the South might somewhat check the rapid progress the dread disease was making upon his system. But our hopes were not to be fulfilled, for the end came in but a few weeks after his return home. He calmly went to sleep an hour before midnight on the 28th of February, having yet received the Holy Supper a short time before. His last words were: "We shall meet again in heaven."

Thus an earnest and exemplary young Christian and a promising missionary, has passed away from this world of sin and sorrow to the kingdom of glory beyond.

"His soul forever lives in God,
Whose grace his pardon hath bestowed,
Who through His Son redeemed him here
From bondage unto sin and fear.

"His trials and his griefs are past,
A blessed end is his at last;
He bore Christ's yoke and did His will,
And though he died he liveth still."

F. J. LANKENAU.

Love One Another.

On the eve of his departure for England, in 1874, Missionary Taylor conducted a communion service in one of the native churches of New Zealand. The church was filled with a congregation of attentive and devoted worshipers. Just as the first of the guests had taken their place before the altar, a man, who was kneeling among them, arose and returned to his seat in the rear of the church. But before the missionary had recovered from his surprise the man came back, took his former place and received the communion. At the conclusion of the service he asked the native for an explanation of his singular conduct, and received the following reply: "When I came forward I did not know at whose side I would find myself kneeling. Then suddenly I saw at my side a man who, a few years ago, murdered my father and drank his blood, and whom I had vowed to kill the moment my eyes should fall upon him. Can you realize how I felt when I saw him kneeling beside me? I was completely overwhelmed, I could not endure it, and so returned to my seat.

When I reached it, I seemed to behold the upper sanctuary and the Great Supper, and a voice within me said: 'Herein shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.' That overcame me; I sat down, and at the same time I seemed to behold another vision,—a cross and a Man nailed thereon, and I heard Him say: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;' and I returned to the altar without further hesitation."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

GEFFLUECKT AM WEGE. Lieder und Gedichte von J. W. Theiss. Mit zehn Illustrationen. St. Louis, Mo. Price, 75 cts.; postage free.

This well printed, tastefully bound, and beautifully illustrated volume of poems will be enjoyed by all lovers of true poetry. They will be delighted with these charming blossoms and flowers gathered by the wayside, in the home garden, in the forests, on the mountains and in the valleys of Oregon and California, and in the green pastures and along the still waters to which the Shepherd leads His flock.

ERZAEHLUNGEN FUER DIE JUGEND. 38. Baendchen: Friedrich Conrad Dietrich Wyneken. Mit Bildniss. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cts.

This volume of Narratives for the young will be especially welcome at this time when preparations are made for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Lutheran Missouri Synod. The sainted Rev. Wyneken, whose biography is so charmingly told in this little volume, was one of the fathers of that Synod and has well been called the pioneer of Lutheran missions in the West. This entertaining and instructive story of his life should find its way into all our German Lutheran homes. It will be enjoyed by both young and old.

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 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ o'clock.
Sunday evening at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.
Wednesday evening at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.
Singing School at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Monday evening.
F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

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

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

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

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1897.

No. 5.

The Ascension.

BY P. NICOLAI, 1899.

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

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

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

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

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

Our Lord's Ascension.

The Bible tells us after our Lord's resurrection from the dead He sojourned yet forty days on earth, then ascended into heaven. His work of redemption was done, His days of humiliation and suffering were ended, and He went to the Father and entered into His glory. "So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven and sat at the right hand of God," Mark 16, 19.

We do not look upon this as a subject of sorrow. On the contrary, Ascension day is a day of joy. He that goes up to heaven is the same that came down from heaven to redeem the world of sinners. From His ascension we learn that His work is finished. Therefore the psalmist cries out rejoicingly: "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also,"

Psalm 68, 18. The captivity which Christ has led captive is the captivity of sin, death, devil, and hell. In this captivity all men are held by nature. They all are captives and slaves, for they all have sinned and become the slaves and captives of Satan and have deserved to pass eternity in the prison of hell. Christ in His great love came as our Deliverer to snap our bonds and to set us free. By His life, sufferings, and death He redeemed us from our captivity. In His glorious resurrection we see Him as the Conqueror over all our enemies, and in His triumphant ascension we see Him leading our captivity captive. He has made our enemies captives and slaves. He is crowned as the mighty Hero and as the Lord over all things: our enemies are put under His feet. Through Him deliverance, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting are procured for all sinners. These are the gifts which He received, not for Himself, but for men, for all men, yea, for the rebellious also. These gifts are brought to every sinner in the Gospel. Therefore Christ, before His ascension, told His disciples to go into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. The Gospel brings to every sinner the glad tidings: Your captivity is led captive, your enemies are conquered, your prison is destroyed, you are free, heaven is opened to you.

Blessed are they who by faith accept this Gospel. They enjoy the gifts which the ascended Saviour received for all men and which He in the Gospel offers to all. They are no longer captives and slaves, but the free children of God. They may pass through many sorrows and tribulations in this world, still they rejoice in the presence of their Saviour, who makes all things work together for good to them that love Him. He that ascended into heaven and thus withdrew His visible presence, is at all times present with His children, though they see Him not. He has not left us orphans. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." These are His own words. His ascension into heaven is not a separation from us, but rather the entrance of our Brother into His glory, that He may be with us at all places and at

all times, and bless us, and keep us, and guide us to the place which He has gone to prepare for us. "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Yes, there is a good time coming for God's weary pilgrims. When the disciples stood gazing up into heaven after their Lord had left them, two angels appeared to them and said, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." He will come and take His children home. They shall see Him in whom they have believed. They shall behold His glory and enjoy forever the fruits of His labor and suffering and victory on earth.

"A little while, our Lord shall come,
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where He for us has gone before—
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His grace."

Read the Word.

Never has the world had so many Bibles as now. Never have so many Bibles been printed in so short a time as now. They drop from the press of the American Bible Society like leaves from the frost-nipped stem of the forest tree. Never have so many Bibles been owned as now. They are as cheap as novels, and the family without one is often reckoned as a heathen family. And yet, with all this granted, how little is God's word read!

All people ought to read the Bible. We ought to go to it as a thirsty man goes to the fountain, as the hungry man goes to the table, as the sick man goes to his physician, as the sea-faring man goes to his compass and chart, as the traveler goes to his guide-book.

The great old Bishop Ambrose says truly: "Many streams meet in the Scriptures,—rivers of sweet and clear waters, and snowy fountains which spring up to eternal life."

—Ex.

On Preaching the Gospel.

On the ninth day of May the Lutheran Missouri Synod, which, together with the other Lutheran Synods of the Synodical Conference, carries on mission work among the colored people, celebrated its golden jubilee. In the year 1847 this Synod was organized at Chicago, Ill., by a small number of congregations and has by the grace of God during the past fifty years grown to be the largest Lutheran Synod in America. "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes." The Lord did it all through the preaching of the pure Gospel truth. This Gospel united the hearts of the fathers and founders of the Synod; this Gospel enabled them to suffer and to labor for the salvation of souls. For the purity of the Gospel as confessed by the Lutheran church they bravely fought and cheerfully took upon themselves the reproach of Christ. The pure Gospel doctrines were made known by the Synod in its publications, in its churches, in its schools, and on the mission field.

The Lord has mercifully blessed the labors of the Synod during the past fifty years. Thousands have been won for the truth as it is in Jesus. Even such as were not of the Lutheran household of faith and did not come to the full knowledge of the truth in all doctrines, were influenced by the testimony borne by the Lutheran Missouri Synod. In the following we present an example. The Rev. Dr. James H. Brookes, who, on the 19th of April, departed this life as pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian congregations in Saint Louis, and who by his eloquent voice and powerful pen influenced a large circle of hearers and readers, told the writer at different times that he had learned of the Missouri Synod how to preach the Gospel. Ten years ago he himself related the story in a paper edited by him, and from his article we adapt the following. The young pastor of whom the article speaks is the Doctor himself, and the writer of the letter is a "Missourian," who had heard the Doctor preach in St. Louis. The Doctor says: More than twenty-five years ago, a young Pastor was entirely disabled by a throat disease. He started for Europe. While waiting in New York for the sailing of his vessel, a number of letters came to him, forwarded from St. Louis. Opening one of them, he

found six pages of cap paper covered with close writing. Glancing at the bottom, he saw a German name, and he threw the letter into his trunk with a sigh, saying, "Oh, here is a German who perhaps wants money to build a church; and I have no money to give him. There will be time enough to read his letter on the sea."

But constant and terrible sea-sickness all the way across the Atlantic banished the letter from the thoughts. A long stay in Paris under medical treatment did not bring it to

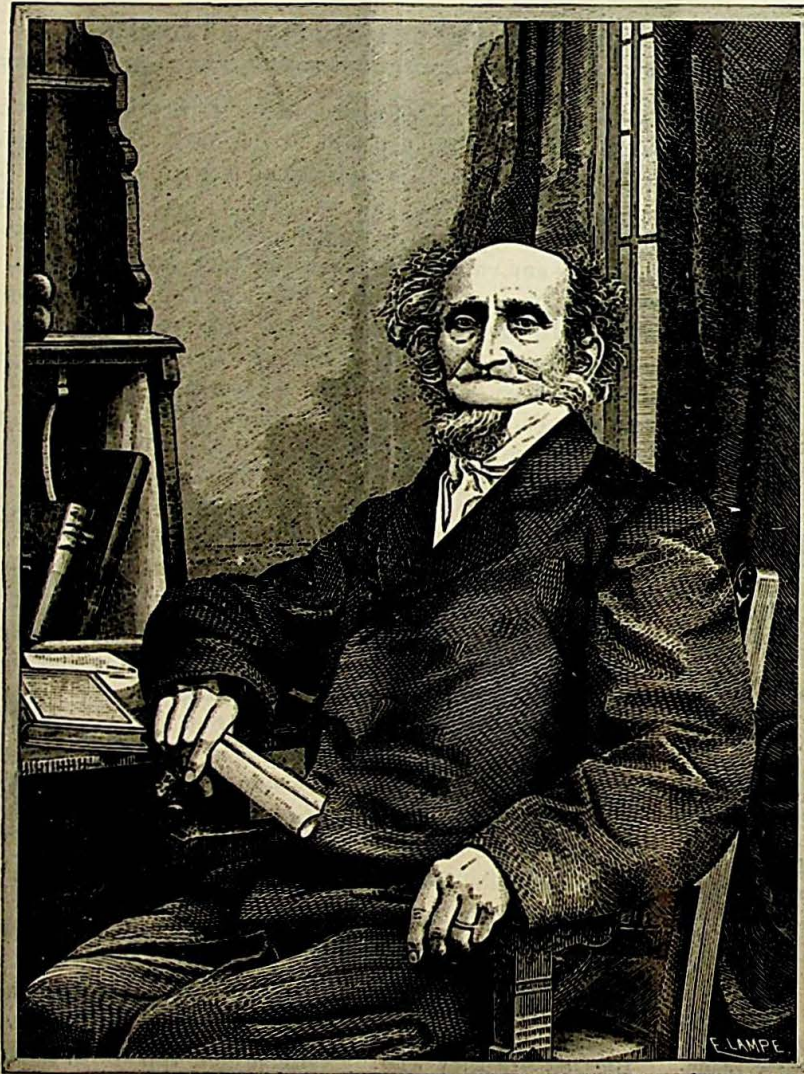
The letter is still in existence and in it the writer in substance says: "No doubt you are sincere; but you are evidently afraid to proclaim the gospel without any 'ifs' or 'ands' or 'buts.' You tell people, it is true, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and they shall be saved; but you add some conditions, or consequences, that must lead them to trust partly in Christ, and partly in themselves for salvation. You speak as if you would shrink from our Lord's own words, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me HATH everlasting life.' You evidently dare not leave a soul hanging on that alone in the confidence of a calm and unfaltering assurance that all is well."

The writer rebuked the Pastor for directing sinners "to keep on praying until God is merciful." He challenged him to point out one place in the Bible that gives any such direction; and he asked how the Minister could know that these sinners would not be in hell before they could reach home to pray. He cited Scripture after Scripture to show that the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost by the apostles, teach an immediate, certain, and everlasting salvation to every one that believeth; and he so swept the scene of all feelings, all efforts, that Christ was left alone on the field of His conflict and victory, the only object that fixed the astonished and admiring gaze of the young Minister, in the infinite sufficiency of His atoning death, a present, almighty, and unchangeable Saviour. Christ had been trusted before, but not apart from every other ground of confidence.

The letter closed with the words, "Please to preach the gospel without any human additions to it." Very often has that voice sounded in the ear and heart of the instructed serv-

ant of Christ, "Preach the gospel without any human additions to it." It has helped him to preach, not about Christ, but Christ as a personal Saviour; not Christ and something else to deliver us from the curse and dominion of sin, but a living Christ who is able and willing to save, upon the instant of believing, the very chief of sinners.

So much we adapt from the Doctor's article. From a member of his congregation we learned that after his return from Europe he burned all his manuscripts, and that the congregation soon noticed a great change in his preaching. He pointed his hearers to the Word of God as the means of grace in which Christ with a



Rev. C. F. W. Walther, D. D.,

First President of the Ev. Luth. Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States.

mind. But one day in Switzerland when the weather did not permit outdoor exercise, and while emptying the trunk for some purpose, the neglected letter was soon discovered. The writer began with an apology for his intrusion, and then launched out into the bold statement that the Pastor to whom he wrote did not preach the Gospel. At this the reader paused a moment, and said to his wife with a laugh, "Here is a Dutchman who says I do not preach the gospel; I wonder if he can teach me." Thank God, he did teach him, and before the reading was finished, the Minister was on his face before the Lord in confession and humiliation.

full and complete salvation is brought to the sinner, and by which faith is wrought in the heart of the sinner, a faith that trusts not in feeling or in any human efforts, but in the Word alone. We also know that in his missionary labors he would tell Germans whom he met and with whom he spoke about their souls' salvation, to go to one of the pastors of our Lutheran churches at St. Louis. "Those people," he said, "have the pure Gospel." We also remember that when we one day examined the books of his large library, he said he thanked God that through the testimony of the Lutheran Missouri Synod he had learned to appreciate Luther's Works, and that he was very sorry he could not read German. He then pointed out a book, which he said was dearest to him, next to the Bible. It was a translation of Luther's Commentary of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. "That is my favorite book among all the books written by men," the Doctor said, "I read it daily. Luther so excellently teaches the Bible doctrine of Justification. Other commentaries which you see there, are as clear as mud; but Luther's Commentary is as clear as sunlight. And then I gladly read Luther, because he never handles any one with kid gloves."

We know that the Doctor differed with us in not a few points of doctrine. In his sermons and writings there was not only "gold, silver, and precious stones," but also "wood, hay, and stubble." We have written the foregoing simply to point out an instance in which the testimony of the Lutheran Missouri Synod bore some fruit unknown to many.

God has graciously given us the knowledge of His truth in all the doctrines of the Bible. May he make us more thankful for this precious gift, and may he also make us more zealous in the work of making known the pure Gospel to those that know it not.

The Kingdom and Blessing of the Ascended Saviour.

The ascension of Christ, His going upwards, indicates beyond all doubt, that He will have nothing to do with this world and its kingdom; else He would have remained here, wielding the power of earthly kings and potentates. But He leaves all this below, and ascends into heaven, where we see Him not. By this He teaches us what His kingdom is and how we should regard it; that it is not of this world, as the disciples at first imagined that it would yield them wealth and power and honor, but a spiritual, eternal kingdom, in which He distributes spiritual blessings to all who are His subjects. He blesses us with heavenly gifts, with the forgiveness of sins,

with righteousness and everlasting life. Such are the blessings in store for us through Christ, who would not remain on earth, but ascended on high to establish a spiritual, invisible, eternal kingdom. He ascended on high to promote His kingdom, that through the Word and the Sacraments His Church might be established and preserved.

The benediction of our Lord Jesus Christ bestowed upon His disciples at His parting from them still continues, and is efficacious wherever the Gospel is preached in its purity, so that this preaching is not in vain. This blessing is full of consolation for us. He



Our Lord's Ascension.

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 towards 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.

DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

THE liar wears the devil's livery.

Counting Every Hair.

In the early years of my ministry there was a most interesting woman, eighty-seven years of age, blind and bed-ridden for fifteen years, whom it was a great privilege to know. She was so bright and cheerful, so quaint in her sayings, and her mind and heart had become so stored with the knowledge of God's word, upon which she had fed daily by her own reading, and then by the reading of others in her blindness, that it was a blessing to visit her, not to impart, but to receive, comfort and strength in the disheartening battle of life.

On one occasion she said to me, "I have been in a horrible darkness since you were here last." "You in horrible darkness?" was my reply. "Why, I can not imagine that you are ever in darkness; while I know, alas! too well that my steps often walk in darkness through unbelief. It discourages me to learn that an old saint like you, just on the borders of everlasting light, gets into darkness."

She then stated that a young married lady, an earnest and useful Christian, who lived near her, had been summoned out of the world. Some one had told her of the death, and she began to wonder why she, an old, and blind, and bed-ridden woman was suffered to remain. All of a sudden it occurred to her mind that God had forgotten her, that He has so many people to look after, He had ceased to remember her in her worthlessness; "and," she added, "you can not know the dreadful darkness that overwhelmed my soul at the thought."

"But you are out of the darkness now; how did you get out?" "There is but one way to get out of darkness," she answered; "and that is by going to the Word." "What particular part of the Word led you into the light?" "I remembered that the Lord Jesus said, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.' A long time ago I had children of my own, and I loved them as much as most mothers love their children, I suppose. I washed their faces many a time, and brushed their hair many a time; but I never thought enough of one of my children to count every hair on its head. Since my Father thinks enough of me to count every hair on my old gray head, I told the devil to go away; and he troubled me no more."

So the tempted saint rested her soul on the Word of our Lord Jesus Christ, and found peace.

JAMES H. BROOKES.

THE beggar on the street and the king on his throne will alike perish, if out of Christ.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—IN our Colored Lutheran St. Paul's Congregation at New Orleans seven adults and six children were recently confirmed; in Mount Zion's church, eight children.

—THE Rev. A. Burgdorf, one of our missionaries in North Carolina, sends us the following welcome item: Sunday, March 28th, another Lutheran mission, the thirteenth in North Carolina, was opened in Wilmington. A good-sized, highly respectable, and appreciative audience greeted the missionary. Rev. Dr. Bernheim, the venerable pastor of St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran Church, —who invited the attention of our Missionary Board to Wilmington, and to whom as well as Rev. K. Boldt of St. Paul's the missionary is under obligations for courtesies extended— was among those present; also several members of St. Paul's Church. The opening sermon was based on 1 Tim. 1, 15. Mrs. J. H. Whiteman had the kindness to act as organist on this occasion. Misses L. Mears and Sarah Drye and Messrs. A. L. Manly, F. G. Manly, and B. Cutler led in the singing. Mr. Wm. Niestlie of St. Paul's Lutheran Church had a large number of circulars distributed at his expense, all of which is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

—THE Japanese Christians, themselves the product of mission work, have raised \$3000 for their mission in the large island of Formosa.

—MR. JAMES MURRAY, a Glasgow gentleman who has for eight years been in the service of the National Bible Society of Scotland as one of its superintendents of colportage in China, left Scotland recently to return to his work. Mr. Murray has traveled over 30,000 miles of Chinese territory, having been sometimes for weeks without seeing a single European. At a valedictory meeting in Sandyford Parish Church, Glasgow, Dr. Elder Cumming said: "I want you to realize just in a word what it is to have a Glasgow merchant, in the vigor of youth, with the love of Christ in his heart, saying, 'I will devote my life to China, to circulate the Word of God there, and commend it to the people.' And lest any in this audience should be led to say, 'Yes, but of course he would be well paid for it,' I would add again and emphasize the fact that during these eight years this Glasgow merchant has taken no salary whatever, thinking it worth while to spend his life and his means for the Lord. I do not know what you think, but I feel it to be an object lesson for every Christian man and woman here to-night, a thought worth thinking, a memory worth cherishing, and a suggestion of the question, 'Did I ever do one-tenth of that for Christ?'"

—"EVANGELISCHE MISSIONEN" tells, from an eye witness, the story of cruelties practiced by the Turks on the Armenians. Among them is the following: A Turk called to an

Armenian, "Will you become a Mohammedan?" The question was answered only by a confession of faith in Christ the Crucified. Then the Turk unsheathed his great knife, cut a piece of flesh from the arm of the Christian and cast it to the dogs. "Will you now become Mohammedan?" was the next question. Though tormented with pain, the Armenian remained steadfast. Then the monster cut a large piece of flesh from the other arm, and cast it to the dogs. Despite this, the Armenian remained steadfast.

—IN Peking, China, one never sees a child's funeral. A large covered vehicle is driven through the city early in the day and the dead children are thrown into it, like garbage, taken to a pit outside the city wall, into which they are dumped and covered with quicklime.

—THE Chinese are proverbially dull when first reached by the story of the Gospel. It seems difficult for them to take it in. Yet we read of one woman in Shansu who, though a cripple, came a long distance for a second visit to the missionary, and when asked what she remembered from the previous Sunday's talk, replied: "I am old, and my heart is thick, and I have no memory. I only remember two things: that God is my Father in heaven, and that His Son Jesus died on the cross for my sins." Would that all who hear the Gospel preached might remember as much!

—THE Fiji Islands contributed last year to foreign missions nearly \$25,000.

—ALTHOUGH missionaries worked in New Zealand without any converts for eleven years, there are now 95,000 Christians in its population.

—WHEN missions were begun among the stupid Greenlanders, it seemed as hard to change them as it would be to melt the ice around the Northpole. They made fun of the missionaries, one stole a Bible and sewed the precious leaves together to make himself a coat; during preaching they would pretend to sleep and snore, or drown the singing by beating drums. They stole the food and papers of the missionaries, stoned them, and when their food was gone refused to sell them any. The Eskimos were dirty and low in their ways, the mothers licked their children instead of washing them, just as cats do kittens. At last the gospel story touched the heart of one Eskimo named Kayarnak. He drew near to the missionary, saying: "Tell it to me once more, for I too want to be saved." From that day Kayarnak's heart and life were changed. Daily he came to the missionary's hut and sat with tears rolling down his cheeks listening to the stories of Jesus. The other Eskimos seeing his changed life and actions began to listen too. It must be a wonderful Book which had so changed him. They too, wanted to be changed. Cruelty gave place to kindness, sins were confessed and forgiveness sought, they began to love and even to

help others. Kayarnak became their teacher, and even taught the missionaries their language and helped them to translate the Bible.

A Precious Garment.

There is a garment which cannot be bought, yet can be had by rich and poor alike. It can be gotten in childhood, yet one never outgrows it. It never changes with styles or seasons. Have you one? It is the robe of Christ's righteousness.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

LANGUAGE LESSONS FOR COMMON SCHOOLS. Part II. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 15 cts.

Eminently practical! Teachers who have used Part I, have written us that they find these Language Lessons a great help in the teaching of English. They make the study of that language easy and delightful to both teacher and pupil. We, therefore, doubt not that also Part II will be welcomed.

"ICH GLAUBE, DARUM REDE ICH." Eine kurze Darlegung der Lehrstellung der Missouri-Synode. Von F. Pieper. Im Jubilaeumsjahr 1897. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 3 cts. per copy; 30 cts. per dozen; \$1.50 per hundred.

We rejoice that so brief and clear a presentation of the doctrines taught by the "Missouri Synod" has been put forth in a form so popular, and hope it may be blessed to many in helping them to see that "Missouri" does not speak "above that which is written" in the infallible Word of God.

SCHREIBLESEFIBEL fuer den Unterricht der Elementarklassen. Neue Serie. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 20 cts.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

1625 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Derbigny.

Divine services: Sunday morning at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Sunday evening at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Wednesday evening at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Sunday School: Sunday morning at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Adult catechumen class meets at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Tuesday evening.

Singing School meets at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Monday evening.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Sunday evening at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Thursday evening at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Adult catechumen class meets at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Friday evening.

Young Peoples' Concordia Circle meets at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock evening.

F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

Divine services at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock Thursday evening.

Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1897.

No. 6.

Prayer to the Holy Spirit.

"Oh, come, Eternal Spirit
Of truth, diffuse Thou light!
Shine in our soul and banish
All blindness from our sight.
Thy holy fire pour o'er us,
Touch heart and lip, that we
With faithful, good confession
Acknowledge Christ and Thee.

"Pour, Spirit, o'er all nations
A Pentecostal Shower,
The Word of testimony
Accompany with power,
That hearts and lips may open—
The nations' and our own—
And, we through joy and sadness,
Make Christ's salvation known."

The Holy Spirit.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Some people speak of the Holy Spirit, as if He were a mere power or influence. But that is not Bible doctrine. The Bible speaks of the Holy Spirit as of a person. In the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John Christ says to His disciples: "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever. Even the Spirit of truth, whom the world can not receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." Here the Holy Spirit is spoken of, not as a power or an influence, but as a person; for Christ uses the words "He," "Him," and "whom." Again, in many passages of the Bible men are said to vex, to blaspheme, to grieve the Spirit, which they could not do unless He is a person. Again, it is often affirmed in the Bible that the Spirit "spake" and "said," proving conclusively that He is a person. Again, Christ said to His disciples: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. From this we learn that the Holy Spirit is a person as truly as the Father and the Son, and that He is a person distinct from the Father and the Son.

The Holy Spirit is a *divine* person. He is called God. Let us look only at one passage of the Bible. In the fifth chapter of the Acts we read: "Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart *to lie to the Holy Ghost*, and to keep back part of the price of the land? . . . Thou hast not lied unto men, but *unto God*." In lying unto the Holy Ghost, Ananias had lied unto God; for the Holy Spirit is God. Again, in the Bible the attributes and works of God, and the honors due to God are ascribed to the Holy Spirit, the same as to God the Father and to God the Son. From this it is quite plain that the Holy Spirit is a *divine* person. To the question, Who is the Holy Spirit? our catechism therefore gives us the correct answer: "He is the third person in the Godhead, who from eternity proceeds from the Father and the Son, and regenerates and sanctifies us through the Word and the Sacraments." This leads us to consider

HIS WORK.

The Holy Spirit "regenerates and sanctifies us." This comprises all that is done to man, in order to make him partaker of the salvation of Christ. By His life, sufferings, and death Christ procured salvation for all sinners. But this salvation must be brought to man, and he must accept it as his own. Man can not do this by his own strength; for he is "dead in trespasses and sin," and there is not the least particle of strength in him by which he could bring himself to spiritual life. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned," 1 Cor. 2, 14. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost," 1 Cor. 12, 3. Such are the plain statements of God's Word. We therefore confess in our Catechism: "I believe that I can not by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ, my Lord, or come to Him; but the Holy Spirit hath called me through the Gospel, enlightened me by His gifts, and sanctified and preserved me in the true faith." It is all the Holy Spirit's work. Man can resist Him, but he can not assist Him.

The Holy Spirit does His work through certain means, which God Himself has ordained; namely, the Word and the Sacraments. By these means of grace the Spirit brings to us the salvation which Christ procured for all sinners, and works in our hearts true faith by which we take that salvation as our own.

How important is this work of the Holy Spirit! Only they that believe shall be saved. Only by the work of the Holy Spirit through the Word and the Sacraments we are brought to faith and kept in faith unto the end. Therefore do not neglect or despise the means of grace through which the Holy Spirit works. And if you enjoy the great blessings of the Holy Spirit's work, then see to it that the means of grace are brought to those that are still sitting in the darkness and misery of sin, without Christ and without hope in this world. The treasure which you enjoy is theirs as well as yours. But if they are to enjoy it, we must bring them the Gospel, by which the Spirit reveals the treasure unto them and works in their hearts true faith, with which they accept it as their own.

The Two Men Inside.

An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful which he carelessly took from his pocket.

The next day he came back and asked for the white man. "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast; "and the good man say, 'It is not mine; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No, no; you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good." (Rom. 2, 15.)

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Dedication at Greensboro, N. C.

The 2d of May was a day of rejoicing to the Colored Lutherans of Greensboro. Their prayers and appeals had been heard, their fondest hopes realized. The Chapel for which they have looked and waited so long stood complete before their eyes in its simple beauty.

The Colored Odd Fellows' Hall, in which the school and divine services have been conducted, has undoubtedly been a drawback to the progress of our mission work. This field as others has had its pioneer days and has tasted something of the difficulties with which pioneer mission work among the Colored people has to contend. The time has not yet come to hang up the sword; there is no millennial dawn in sight for the co-workers of Christ, but under God's protecting care we bespeak for the Grace Church and School at Greensboro a brighter future on the new premises.

The building, divided into two apartments for church and for school, is a frame structure, resting on brick piers, 6 feet high, measuring

80×28×12 with a tower 67 feet high from the ground to the gilded cross. It is entered by a front and a side entrance. The windows are gothic and glazed with cathedral glass. Inside the walls are plastered and the wood-work finished in hard oil. With altar, pulpit, chairs and carpets to match, it presents to the worshiper a bright, inviting appearance. The oftener he goes there to worship the more will he realize the truthfulness of the words engraved on the corner-stone: "Here it is good for us to dwell." The building is substantial and commodious, and forms a beautiful, striking contrast to all the houses in the neighborhood.

The dedicatory services were held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Schmidt, assisted by Rev. Prof. Romoser of Conover. The writer played the organ and preached the dedicatory sermon on Ps. 26, 8: "Lord, I have loved the habitation

of Thy house, and the place where Thine honor dwelleth." At this service a number of little children, among them the pastor's infant son, Victor Walther, were baptized.

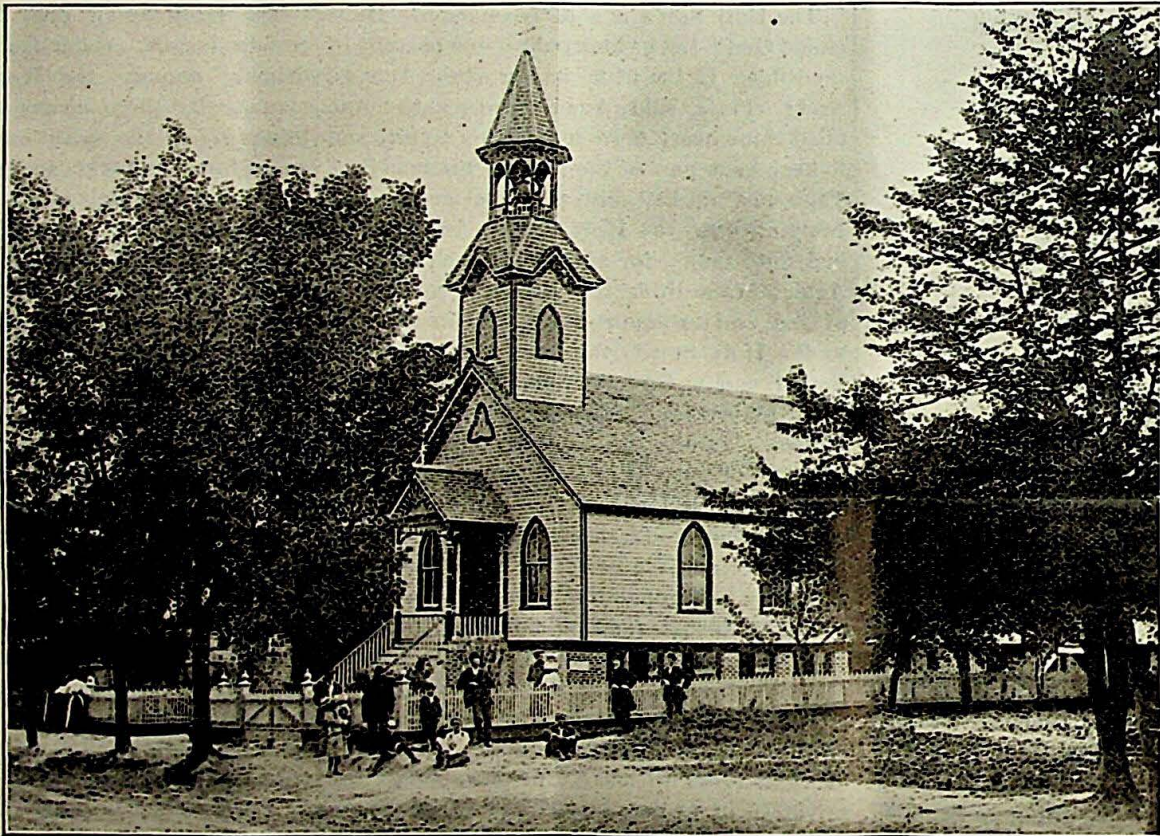
At 8 o'clock the little church-bell, which the sexton in the course of the day rang in season and out of season, called the worshipers once more to the new sanctuary. Prof. Romoser in a clear manner gave a synopsis of the principal doctrines of the Ev. Luth. Church according to the three Articles of the Christian Faith. The Chapel at both services was filled to its utmost capacity with intelligent and attentive audiences.

May then the Ev. Luth. Grace Church forever be one of those sanctuaries where God's

ushered into a dark room, just how dark I can not say. The father beckons me to follow him to another room. I notice he has some books. After we sit down I find that there is a Bible, a hymn book, and some evangelical tracts. He hands me a fragment of a book I had not seen. It proves to be a few leaves from Matthew, John, and Revelation. He tells a simple story. First let me say that through some providence of Him who doeth all things well this man could read; about ninety per cent. of the people can not. Here is the story: "I found these leaves on the street; picked them up, carried them home, and placed them in a drawer. The first opportunity I had I examined them. I began to

read; something fixed my attention; I could not leave off. I found that this fragment was a portion of a book that I must have. As soon as I could make enough money, and learned where I could get it, I bought this Bible," showing me a very cheap one, but more precious possibly to him than many that lie on center tables are to the owners.

You may easily guess the nature of our conversation. I told him the story of the death of David's child, and



Mission Chapel in Greensboro, N. C.

honor dwells, and where pastor and people with burning hearts and fiery tongues publish with the voice of thanksgiving the wondrous works of God.

N. J. B.

A Few Leaves.

Rev. C. R. Womeldorf describes in *The Missionary* a visit which he made in response to a summons from a house of mourning in Brazil:

The messenger and I are soon on our way to the home of the dying child. I never was there before. We pass through narrow streets; in some places the dust is deep, in others the street is paved with stone. My companion suddenly stops. "It is here," she says. The father meets us. He smiles through tears as he tells us he is glad to see us, and invites us to enter. We go in the home. I can not describe it now. It has a dirt floor. We are

showed him the words. To my surprise he then referred to the submission and faith of Job. After we had continued our conversation for some time, he said he thought there was, in some part of the Bible, something about laying up treasures in heaven. How thankful I was for this thought. It was so appropriate, so fitting, so full. I hastily turned to it, telling him that these were the words of our Saviour Himself. I saw that he had begun to lay up his treasures there. The thought was a comforting one; he had so little here, and was so soon to have less. I can not put on paper what I saw and realized. I wish you might have seen the light on his countenance as it shone through tears that often chased each other down his cheeks.

THE devil readily suffers it, that Christ should be upon the tongue, if only he is permitted to lie beneath in the heart. — *Luther.*

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Mount Zion Colored Lutheran Church at Meyersville, near Charlotte, N. C.

Sunday, March 21, was a day of great joy for our people at Meyersville, near Charlotte, N. C. Mission work commenced at this point just fourteen months ago. The people have tried for some twenty years to get a church, but failed for some reasons. We are glad to say to the readers of our dear PIONEER that God has now given the people a spiritual home and they appreciate it very much.

We started at the above named place with Sunday School and short sermon each Sunday morning, and now we have a very promising mission. Services are well attended, and the people are very thankful for what the Lord has done for them through our Mission Board. I am convinced that they will prove their interest by giving their presence and little mites, to help on the good cause.

The chapel is very fine. It was erected at the cost of three hundred and eighty-five dollars, including lot and extra work. The people bought the lot for fifty dollars. The board gave two hundred and sixty-five dollars, and the rest was raised by the people. So your readers can see that we are willing to help ourselves.

The chapel is 34 feet in length by 24 feet in width, tower 14 feet high. The inside of the chapel is ceiled and plastered and oiled; the outside is painted white with gray trimmings. The building is beautifully located and can be seen for several miles around.

Dedication services were held in the morning and in the evening and were well attended. Rev. N. J. Bakke, of Concord, N. C., delivered the dedicatory sermon on Psalm 87, 1—5. Sermon in the afternoon was delivered by the writer, he speaking on self-consecration and taking as his text Exodus 32, 29.

W. P. PHIFER, Missionary.

Trust in Jesus Only.

One day there came to my study a young man who had been convinced of his sinfulness, and who tried hard to save himself. He had formed good resolutions and taken solemn vows, but found no peace.

"Your trouble," said I, "is due wholly to the fact that your thoughts are occupied about yourself. You do not trust in the finished work of the Saviour offered to you in the Gospel; you do not believe in Christ."

"Oh, I do not reject Christ; but I want to feel that I believe in Him."

"Ah! just so; you want to trust in Him partly to save you, and partly to trust in your feelings. But the word *feeling* occurs only twice in the entire Bible, and in neither case in the sense in which you use it."

"Why, I thought I had to feel that I was saved before I could be saved."

"Not at all. The work of salvation was finished by Christ more than eighteen hundred years ago. This salvation is brought to you in the Gospel. You are to take it, not with your feelings, but with the hand of faith. If a

and everlasting life. 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOEVER believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John 3, 16); 'He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, HATH everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but IS PASSED from death unto life' (John 5, 24); 'For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him' (2 Cor. 5, 21); 'And by Him all that believe ARE justified from ALL things' (Acts 13, 39)."

"I believe that, but—"

"Do not say *but*. There are no *buts* in God's offer of salvation; and do you not see that the devil is trying to turn your thoughts from Christ, and His finished work, and His precious word, to your own feelings? Fix your trust upon Jesus alone as He is offered to you in the Gospel.

He is the Rock of Ages. However your feelings may change, the rock never moves."

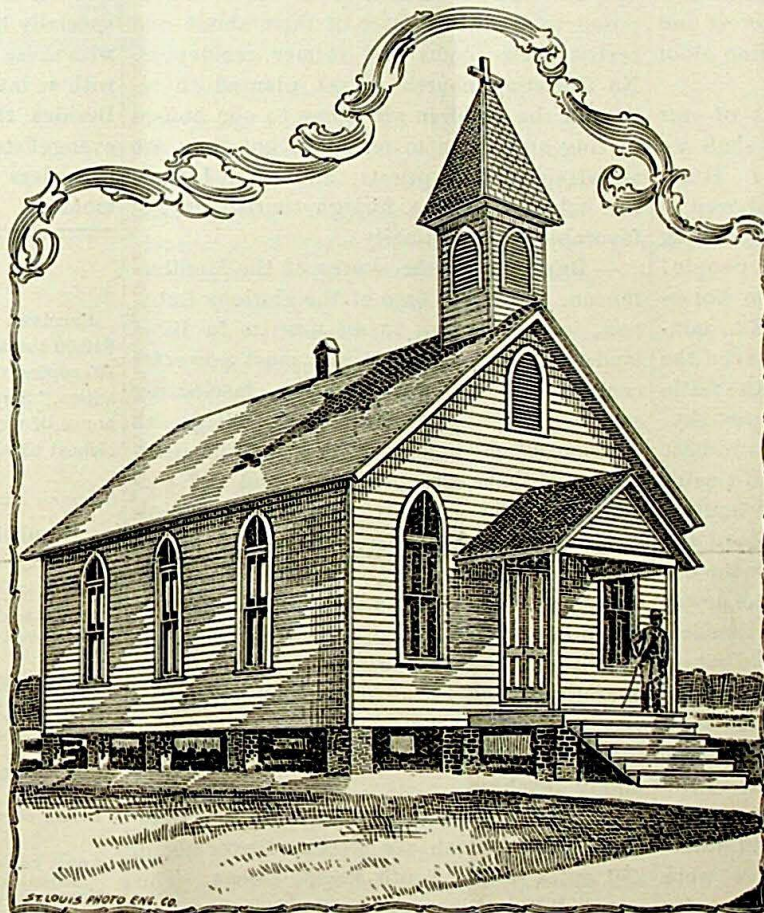
"Oh! you don't know what a sinner I have been."

"No, I do not, but I know what a Saviour you have; and He who knows all about you, and the worst about you, just because you are a great sinner, wants you to shout in the face of Satan, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief' (1 Tim. 1, 15). Ever since Christ suffered and died a sacrifice for sin, God has been perfectly satisfied about the dreadful question of sin; and it is written, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son [not that and something else] cleanseth us from all sin' (1 John 1, 7)."

The young man listened attentively to the Gospel message and by the grace of God soon trusted in Jesus only. — J. H. Brookes.

Poor Women!

Miserable is the lot of married women in China; they are practically the slaves of their husbands. The common designation of a wife by her owner is, "My mean thorn-bush." He never fails to scold and to slap her in the presence of other people. A Chinese who would be silly enough to treat his wife lovingly would at once become the laughing-stock of the town. Contempt for women is so much fixed in the Chinese mind, that the word-sign for "wife," written once, means a disreputable character; written twice, fight; and written thrice, intrigue!



Mission Chapel at Meyersville, N. C.

friend tells you good news, you do not first feel glad and then believe him; but first believe him, and then feel glad."

"Have I nothing then to do with feeling?"

"Nothing whatever. You are asked to believe the written record of God's word; and this is the record, that God hath GIVEN to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life' (1 John 5, 11, 12). All your feeling and struggling, therefore, is not of the least value, for you are actually 'dead in trespasses and sins;' and until you have the Son you do not have life, although you may try, and weep, and vow for a thousand years. Life, eternal life, is what you need, and this life, the *gift* of God, is in His Son."

"Well, but how am I to have the Son?"

"He comes to you in the Gospel. The moment you believe the Gospel you have Christ

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—AT CONCORD, on Palm Sunday, the catechumen class, ten in number, were received into the church by the solemn rite of confirmation, and on Easter Sunday four were added to the church by holy baptism. The church on both Sundays was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens by the young ladies. An adult class is being prepared for confirmation at Pentecost. The congregation is steadily growing.

—THE two Chapels at Rockwell and Gold Hill are nearly completed. The progress of these buildings is being watched by the colored people with a great deal of interest and joy, and many that have been standing aloof are applying for membership.

—SPEAKING of the pioneer days of our church, a writer says: "And what shall we say of our Church in our own land? Here, too, others sacrificed, suffered and labored to transmit to us what we enjoy. How touching the story of the pioneer pastors and people! Those apostolic ministers traveled on horseback and on foot over whole counties to minister to the scattered sheep. They braved the dangers of forest and flood, they met the faithful bands in barns and under the open sky. The people walked ten to twenty miles to hear a sermon. When they could get no pastor they met in private and rude school houses, to hear one of their number read one of the old sermons, and together they sang the old hymns. And this is still going on in the newer settlements of the great West. The writer has met and talked with men who have lain out on the prairie all night, lost in a blizzard, on their way to catechize the children and preach to their parents. How we should like to speak of Lutheran martyrs on American soil; of the colony butchered in Florida, 'not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans;' of the early Lutherans of New York, whose ministers were exiled, who were fined and imprisoned for being Lutherans. Truly other men labored and we are entered into their labors. Do we appreciate our heritage? Do we live our faith? What have we sacrificed for it?"

—A LITTLE marble slab as common as any in the country burying ground of the Lutheran church at Richmond, N. C., has on it this inscription: "Rev. Philip Henkel, born September 23, 1779; died October 9, 1833, aged 54. He was a member and founder of the Evangelical Lutheran Tennessee Synod. He preached 4350 sermons; baptized 4115 infants, 325 adults; confirmed 1650 to the church." What a ministry!

—A LITTLE BOY, living near Bula, Wales, planted a potato in a garden belonging to his aunt, and promised that whatever this potato produced in four years should be given to the mission society. The first year's product was 13 potatoes. These produced the following summer half a bushel. The next summer this supply was planted and brought in 8 bushels.

The fourth summer the crop amounted to 80 bushels which were sold for 27 dollars.

—NIKLO in Japan, writes a missionary, always reminds me of Paul's description of Athens, a place wholly given to idolatry. Temples are everywhere. There are three, two Shinto and one Buddhist, just opposite my window. One day they had a festival in honor of the God of Health, and the road right up to our open front windows was crowded. It was a capital chance to distribute tracts, and out of hundreds only one was found lying in the road afterwards. A fortnight later came the Feast of the Spirits, when for three days the dead are supposed to leave the place of their abode and revisit their tombs and former residences. No Christian church is yet planted there, though the children will come to our houses to sing and listen to teaching, but they are all afraid of the priests, and also, I fear, the influence of the foreign tourists is not favorable to Christianity.

—BEYROUT, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and at the base of the glorious Lebanon, is well known to all tourists in Bible lands. It is the greatest and most powerful centre of Gospel work in these fascinating regions. The Syrian Protestant College, an outcome of mission work, is a notable institution, with twenty professors and 292 students in its three departments—medical, collegiate, and preparatory. The press of the American Mission exerts a powerful Christian influence by its books in the Arabic language, which in 1895 amounted to 24,986,516 pages. Ten different agencies of evangelical work are operating in this beautiful city. It has thirty-two Protestant schools, with 700 boys and their fifty teachers; 2390 girls with their ninety teachers.

—THERE are thirty islands in the New Hebrides group, which are stretched over about 350 miles in the South Pacific Ocean. The people living there 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 more of the like. The Gospel of Jesus Christ has driven all this from the South Sea Islands.

—SOME idea of a missionary's isolation may be gained from the fact, stated in the *Missionary Herald*, that Dr. Atwood, in Shansi, China, had not seen a European face in fifteen years, excepting those of his fellow-missionaries.

—WHEN the first missionaries among the Kols in India wrote to Superintendent Gossner in Berlin, "The Kols are not being converted; what shall we do?" he answered: "Whether the Kols are being converted, or

not, let that be immaterial to you. You continue where you are, and pray and work on. We, here, will also pray." Shortly before his death Gossner was able to write, that showers of blessing were falling upon the Kols.

—IN the Ching-chow-fu district of Shantung, China, there is now a churchmembership of over 1500 and a large and growing work. In the Chou-ping district there are now 180 stations, scattered over 15 counties, with a membership of 1524. Last year 329 were added by baptism, and there is every reason to believe that this year's additions will not be less. The native church supports 6 elders; and in 5 places small chapels have been specially built by the people. In connection with these stations there are 55 village schools with as many schoolmasters with 495 scholars. Besides the foreigners there are 20 native evangelists giving all their time, and 10 aided preachers giving time during the winter months.

Acknowledgment.

Received from Mrs. H. E. Monroe, Philadelphia, \$10.00 towards defraying expenses of a pulpit, and 100 copies of her tract, entitled: "Historical Lutheranism," for free distribution at the dedication of our house of worship at Greensboro, N. C. May God's richest blessings attend the generous donor!

JOHN C. SCHMIDT.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

1625 Annette Str., between Chalborne and Derbigny.
Divine services: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Tuesday evening.
Singing School meets at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Strs.
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle meets at 7½ o'clock evening.

F. J. LANKENAU, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.
Divine services at 7½ o'clock Sunday evening and at 7 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. BISHOPP, 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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1897.

No. 7.

Thy Will Be Done.

Whate'er Thy will,
Lord, keep me still,
Thy will is best,
So let me rest.

Cometh to me,
To-day from Thee,
Sunshine or rain,
Pleasure or pain,

Gladness or grief,
Distress, relief,
Sickness or health,
Poverty, wealth—

May I believe
All I receive
Is sent in love
From Thee above.

So let me rest,
Thou knowest best,
Whate'er Thy will,
Lord, make me still.

Selected.

Salvation.

NEED OF SALVATION.

Man needs some one to save him from his sins. He may say, "I do not feel the need of a Saviour." But whether he feels it to be true or not, it is nevertheless a fact—man needs salvation from sin. The Bible thus describes man's condition as God sees him: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment" (Isa. 1, 5, 6).

No man as he is by nature can say, "That may be true of other people, but it is not true of me." The Bible says, "There is *no difference*; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3, 22, 23); "There is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not" (Eccl. 7, 20); "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). Education, and culture, and what

the world calls morality may gain for man the praise and honor of the world, but these things do not recommend him to God. All men stand before Him as miserable, lost, helpless sinners. Yes, helpless sinners. So helpless, that they can find no help whatever in themselves, or in any other creature in heaven or on earth. So helpless, that God only can help them. He did help them. There is salvation for every sinner, but

SALVATION IS ONLY IN CHRIST.

Jesus says, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." Again He says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father *but by me* (John 14, 6). Notice, our Saviour does not say *a way*, as if there were other ways, but "*the way, the truth, the life.*" Therefore the apostle says of Jesus: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4, 12). Salvation is in Christ alone, because He alone is "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;" He "who did no sin bare *our* sins in His own body on the tree." Thus He procured that full salvation offered to every sinner in the Gospel. He that believes the Gospel takes the salvation which is in Christ only, and he has everlasting life. He that does not believe the Gospel, no matter who he is and no matter what else he believes, he that does not believe the Gospel rejects the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, and since there is no other salvation, he is lost forever. Therefore, "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Do not say that you are too great a sinner. You may be a great sinner, but you have a great Saviour. The salvation which is in Christ is greater than all your sins, yea, greater than all the sins of the world. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1, 18); "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief" (1 Tim. 1, 15). Precious

truth! Christ Jesus came to save even the chief of sinners. Come to Him, that is, believe in Him, and you have that salvation which is in Christ alone. "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life" (1 John 5, 12).

The Christian and Good Works.

Luther says, and says truly, because so the Scriptures unquestionably teach: "Good Works do not make a Christian, but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit the tree. No one is made a Christian by works, but by Christ; and being in Christ he brings forth fruit for Him." It is folly to imagine that one is a Christian because he does a work that people are pleased to call good. Heathens can do that too. That which constitutes a Christian is his embracing the righteousness of Christ by faith. But one that does this will by an inward necessity do good works. If you are a Christian, your fruits will not be wanting.

Insured Forever.

I was traveling lately with a friend, writes a pastor, from London to the north of England, and we had taken our seats and the train was about to start, when a gentleman got into the carriage. A friend who accompanied him, after bidding him farewell, came back and said, "By the way, have you got an insurance ticket?" "Oh, yes," said the gentleman. "I am insured." My friend turned to him, and said very quietly, "Are you insured forever?" The gentleman looked up, seemingly surprised, but answered (not at all understanding what was really meant), "No, I only insure for a year at a time." "But I," said my friend, "am insured forever." Still misunderstanding, the gentleman replied, "Oh, yes, I know you can do it by one payment; but it costs a great deal." My friend answered, "Yes, mine was done by *one payment*, and cost a great deal indeed. It cost me nothing, but *it cost God His Son.*"

Nazareth.

Our picture shows us houses in Nazareth as they are still seen by the travelers in Palestine. One of these travelers, speaking of the Nazareth of to-day, says:

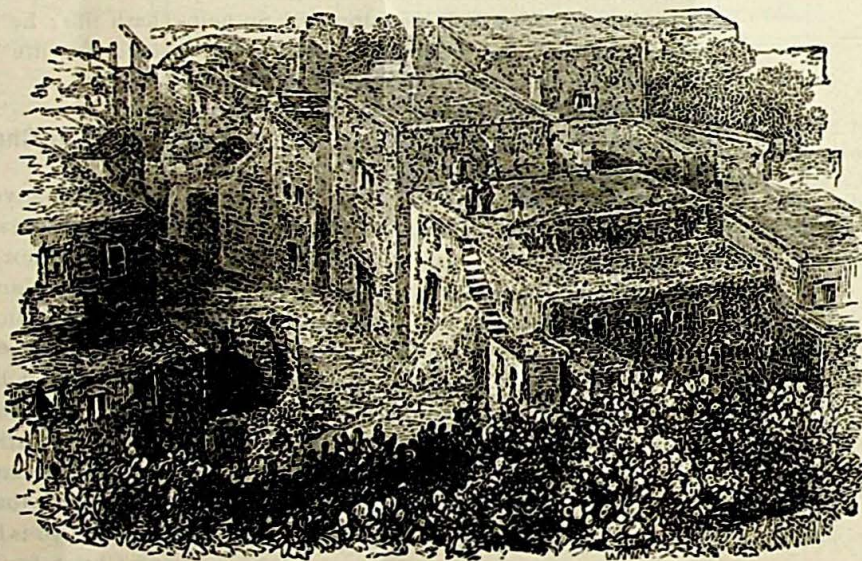
"One of the best views of the city is to be had from the campanile of the Church of the Annunciation. In the distance is the brow of the hill to which Jesus was led by the enraged multitude who attempted to throw Him from it. A modern house in the foreground brings to mind the time when they uncovered a roof and let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. This must be very much the same kind of a house as that historical one of Capernaum. There is the peculiar roof, and there are the outside stairs leading to the roof. The eastern householder makes his roof serve for more than a protection from the weather. It is the piazza, the quiet place of the dweller, and sometimes it becomes his summer residence. As a rule it is not very heavy or strong. Rafters are thrown across from wall to wall, say a yard apart, then the whole space is covered with twigs, such as we saw the women selling in the market-place. On these the slender limbs of trees are thrown and thickly coated with mortar. Lastly, a thick spread of earth is thrown on, rolled to a level, and oftentimes sown with grass seed.

"Thus by care many of the roofs become as smooth and soft as a machine-mown lawn. They may be easily broken up and anything lowered inside from above. By some such process the four bearers of the poor palsied man managed to enlist the attention of the Great Physician in behalf of their friend. It is not hard to understand it all when viewing such a house as this one at Nazareth. It would not be difficult for four men to carry a lame friend in a hammock by the outer stairway up to the roof, and breaking through, let him down to the apartment or court below. Not far from this same house, in a narrow street, is a little chapel erected upon the site of Joseph's carpenter shop. Over the altar is a picture representing Mary and Joseph instructing Jesus. Another painting represents the lad Jesus assisting his father at work. It contains no accessories of the carpenter's shop, but there are enough of them in the shops close by. The web-saw, the glue-pot, the plane and the hammer are the principal tools used in such shops, all without the modern improvements. Yet whatever the Palestine carpenter produces is from the fragrant cedars of Lebanon, or from the eccentrically knotted and gnarled olive-wood. The operation of bargaining and waiting for any article of

wood to come from a Palestine carpenter's shop is a lengthy one. Articles of wood are a luxury there, and when the carpenter receives an order for one, he usually employs the next three days of his life in soliciting the congratulations of his friends upon his wonderful good fortune in receiving 'an order for something made of wood.'"

And another traveler says:

"The climb to Nazareth is long and tedious, especially on horses already tired, but the view is glorious, including both the Mediterranean and the Sea of Galilee, and a wide outlook in every direction. Nazareth is a beautifully situated town, nestled in the midst of hills, is clean when compared with the other towns, and has a street arrangement peculiar to itself, the water running through the middle and leaving a narrow path on the sides for



Houses in Nazareth.

pedestrians, who must take good heed to their steps or suffer from wet feet.

"It is a Christian town, the most Christian to appearance of any in the land, for it has not only a Greek church, and a Roman Catholic church and school, but also a Protestant church, under the care of an English missionary society, and an orphan asylum, also in English hands, and a very attractive home for the little ones.

"Many places are pointed out in connection with the early life of Christ—the carpenter's shop of Joseph; the well where Mary was accustomed to draw water, and to-day some of the far-famed beautiful women of Nazareth may usually be found; the church over the site where the holy family lived, and where the pillar of the annunciation, and even the kitchen of Mary, are shown; the precipice over which the angry crowd tried to throw Him—but how little is left to tell in certain tones of those thirty years of His life here!"

THANKSGIVING makes our prayers bold and strong and sweet; feeds and enkindles them as with coals of fire. — *Luther.*

Worshipping Idols.

The Lord God tells us to worship Him and Him only. But the heathen do not know God, and they have no Bible. They worship idols instead of God. One of the many idols worshipped in India is called Juggernaut. It is a large carved block of wood. Its arms are mere stumps, without hands, and made of gold. It has a large, flat face, with a mouth colored blood-red. It has two shining stones in the place of eyes, and a slit in the wood answers for a nose. It is very ugly looking. It is kept in a large stone temple. There are twelve feasts to its honor every year. The one held in July is the chief. At this time the idol is brought out, put on a car sixty feet high, and shaped like a tower, and covered with flags and silks. There are two other idols put on the car. They are said to be the brother and sister of the one called Juggernaut. The priests crowd on the car, and then the foolish people draw it through the city. There are multitudes of people along the way. Some blow horns, others beat drums, and others shout and dance. Some creep under the car and cling to the axle-trees, while others throw themselves in front and are crushed to death.

The people travel many miles to worship Juggernaut. They often travel in a most painful and tiresome way. Besides it is very hot in that country. Many persons die on their way to or from this idol-temple. A young man

traveled nearly 800 miles by dragging himself along the ground, beating his head on the ground three times every time he went the length of himself. It took him over eight months. He was nearly dead before he finished his task. All this he did in the hope of gaining forgiveness of his sins.

And do these poor people know nothing of our Lord Jesus? There are missionaries at work in India. May God bless the work of these noble missionaries to the salvation of many souls!—*Little Missionary.*

Only Two Classes.

The Bible everywhere divides men into two classes, the sheep and the goats, the tares and the wheat, the wise and the foolish, those who believe and those who believe not. The fact that there are only two classes greatly simplifies the duty of self-examination. If there was a score of classes, we would become bewildered in determining to which one we belonged. No question can be more sharply defined than this: Am I a believer or an unbeliever?

The Drunkard Saved.

One day, says the Rev. Dr. Brookes, two gentlemen entered the study, one of whom was the president of a Temperance Society, and the other a stranger who had recently arrived in the city. The former said, "This morning the gentleman whom I have just introduced came into my office to sign the pledge; and as there are some peculiar circumstances in the case, I have taken the liberty of advising him to consult with you." So saying he withdrew, leaving the stranger who was soon seen to be a man of education.

He had lived in magnificent style with his wife and two children, to whom he seemed greatly attached, and had enjoyed the respect and admiration of the social circle that gathered about him. But he was led into the daily habit of drinking brandy and whiskey, until the habit held him as with the grasp of a giant.

When intoxicated he was a fool, and by bad speculations soon lost his property. He had to send his wife to her father's house for shelter, while he drifted to a distant city in the hope of starting life anew. His craving for strong drink was terrible, and he had resolved that if he fell again under its power, he would end his wretched life. He had that morning fled to a Temperance Society and had signed the pledge.

When he had told his story, it was said to him, "Your pledge that you seem to lean upon for strength is not worth a broken straw. Have you not promised your wife that you would abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors?"

"Yes," he answered with a sob, "God knows how often I have pressed her to my heart, and assured her with tears that she should be grieved no more by my conduct."

"And do you think that there will be a stronger power in the mere fact of writing your name on a piece of paper than you found in your love for wife and children?"

The miserable man only groaned, "I fear I am as helpless as before."

"You are indeed altogether helpless, for let me say to you kindly but plainly, that if you were to fall upon your knees and, placing your hand upon my Bible, take the most awful vow the human mind can frame never again to touch strong drink, I would not trust you out of my sight. From frequent observation in such cases, and from the teachings of God's word as to the depravity of human nature, I fully believe that you would be drunk again, perhaps in a day."

"It is too true, too true," he said, as his frame shook, "and I am lost."

"Yes, my friend, you are lost, and so utterly lost, there is but One who can save you, or do you any good."

"Who is that?" he eagerly asked.

"The Lord Jesus Christ," was the reply; "and mark, you must go to Him with the

deep conviction that you are lost not only as a drunkard, but lost as a sinner by nature, taking Him as your Saviour, not only from the sin of drunkenness, but from every sin, taking Him as your all in all and believing in Him as your complete Saviour. I tell you, many an ardent temperance man has been as much a child of the devil as the worst drunkard."

The gospel was preached to him in its fullness and simplicity, and at the close of the interview he rejoiced in the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. Messages from him received later on gave evidence that he was clinging to the Saviour, in whom he found forgiveness of sin and strength to battle against sin.

Blessed be God, there is hope for the poor drunkard, but that hope is not found in telling him to join Christ, as he would join a Temperance Society. He must be taught from the law of God that drunkenness is but a symptom of a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and rotten to the core. He must learn that nothing will do him any good until he is born again. He must be pointed to Jesus, who comes to him in the Gospel with a full salvation from all sin. He must be pressed to receive that Saviour "who of God is made unto wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

The Hen and the Egg.

A little questioning often reveals a vast amount of ignorance in those who think themselves very wise. A French writer tells the following story:

A young man from the Provinces, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, "There is no God; God is only a word." After staying several years at the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure, and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen, were seated in a bay window, reading together. The young man approached them and asked,

"What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?"

"We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people."

"You believe, then, that there is a God?"

Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"And you, sir, do you not believe it?"

"Once I believed it; but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics, and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, sir, was never in Paris; I have never studied philosophy, nor any of those things

which you know; I only know my catechism; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?"

"A funny question, truly. The egg comes from the hen."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg?"

"Beg your pardon, miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is, then, an egg that did not come from a hen?"

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen, or the hen before the egg."

"Well, then, I say the hen."

"Very well, there is a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me now who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come?"

"With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer."

"By no means, sir; I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs came?"

"But for what object?"

"Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or as you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world; and this being we call God. You, who can not explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still maintain the existence of this world without God."

The young philosopher was silent; he quietly took his hat, and full of shame, departed, if not convinced of his folly, at least confounded by the simple questioning of a child. How many there are who, like him, professing to be wise, are very foolish, speaking evil of things they know not of, and denying things they have never investigated.

Poor Girls!

In China the girls are treated with contempt by the family, the clan, and in fact by the whole nation. A Chinese proverb says: "A foolish son is much better than a wise daughter," and another one asserts: "A beautiful daughter is of much less account than a bowlegged son." Popular opinion concerning girls is so powerful that it deadens the natural feelings of mothers. What the law thinks of girls, is shown by sign-boards, put up at the banks of rivers and ponds, bearing the following inscription: "Girls dare not be drowned here!" Female infants are killed in such numbers, that the authorities deemed it proper to have those sign-boards put up.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR colored congregations in New Orleans also celebrated with appropriate services, the fiftieth anniversary of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States.

—THE 10th of July brings the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Lutheran Synodical Conference. Our German mission paper calls upon all congregations to take up a collection for our Colored Mission Treasury on the Sunday nearest to that date. What a blessing such a collection would be for our Mission Treasury, which is in great need of money.

—A ROMISH missionary on the island of Nonouti in Mikronesia, reports home: "If any one of these natives wants to become a Catholic, he simply says, 'I love Mary,' and he is accepted. The blind Protestant missionaries had created a prejudice against Mary among them; but we shall see to it, that Mary will reign alone in Mikronesia!" So there is no room for Christ in the Romish mission. The virgin Mary is put in the place of Christ, who alone is "the Lord of lords and the King of kings," and in whom alone salvation can be found. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," says the Bible.

—THIS reminds us of a story. When some years ago visited the late Rev. Dr. Brookes in St. Louis, he told us that a few minutes before we had entered his study "Father Ryan" had been there to see him. "What did you tell him?" we asked. "I told him," said the Doctor, "that Christ and He crucified is not preached in the Romish church. Ryan said that he preaches Christ. I told him that he did not preach Christ as the only Saviour, but that he put many things in the place of Christ. Do you not preach the virgin Mary as the refuge of sinners? I asked. Then he replied, 'Only three times a year.' Ah, said I, that is three times too often."

—MISS MARY KINGSLEY, in her book of travels in Africa, says: "The belief in witchcraft is the cause of more African deaths than anything else. It has killed, and still kills, more men and women than the slave trade. Its only rival is, perhaps, the small-pox, the grand kraw-kraw, as the Krumen graphically call it. At almost every death a suspicion of witchcraft arises. The witch-doctor is called in and proceeds to find out the guilty person. Then woe to the unpopular men, weak women and slaves.

—An officer under examination by a superior was asked, "Suppose you with your company were confronted with a large force on your front; suddenly attacked on both flanks, and when you attempted to retreat, found a large force on your rear, what command would you give?" "To prayer!" was his answer.

—A LONG sermon, says an exchange, might be preached on boys and girls as givers. 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. "Oh," she replied, "I can't get a thing for myself while I have that church on my shoulders!" How many of us take such a personal interest in our mission work as to feel, "It is on my shoulders?" Some of the colored people in Augusta, Ga., were taking monthly collections to build a church edifice. 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!*"

—IN India alone there are more than half a million lepers, a still larger number in China, two hundred thousand in Japan, while great numbers are found in all other oriental countries. These figures are startling, but they can not of themselves give us, in this favored land, any conception of the misery they represent. No missionary work is more urgent or more fruitful in its results than this, which carries the light of the Gospel among these wretched sufferers, who dwell literally in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

—SPEAKING of the darkness of heathenism, a missionary writes: Chinese parents love their children, especially their boys. Their horrible superstition, however, tells them that children dying of any disease are not real human beings, but demons! An evil spirit which managed to escape from hell, found its resting-place in the soul of a newly born child. The death of a child is in fact the demon's punishment. No child under ten years is buried in the family plot. The corpse is wrapped in a mat or placed in a basket and handed to a beggar, who carries it away. Twice a week a wagon is driven through the streets of Peking. It is called "Su-ti-toz-hang," i. e., the "land-ship of mercy." It is drawn by oxen with bells on their necks. It has the right of way. The children's corpses, laid on the street, are thrown on the wagon. When filled with this sad freight, it drives to the "children's ditch," outside of the gate, and dumps it in. No parent or friend will ever accompany the corpse of the demon, which, before its death, was a dear child.

—THAT was a queer impression which a little four-year-old boy received of a revival preacher. The boy went with his aunt to a revival meeting. The preacher was very fiery in his delivery, and the child seemed much

interested. "Mother," said he when he got home, "I have heard such a great minister; he stamped and pounded and made such a noise, and by and by he got so mad he came out of the pulpit and shook his fists at the folks, and there wasn't anybody who dared to get up and fight him."—We close our window.

Massa's Journey.

A certain gentleman who lived in one of the Southern States of America before the war with the North, had a pious slave, and when the master died they told the slave that the master had gone to heaven. The old man shook his head, "I'se 'fraid massa no gone there," he said. "But why, Ben?" he was asked. "Cos, when massa go North, or go a journey to the springs, he talk about it a long time, and get ready. I never hear him talk about going to heaven; never see him get ready to go there."

Read the Bible Daily.

Frederick the Wise of Saxony used to say: "The letter of your king or prince read twice, for it is apt to be of importance; but the Bible, which is the letter of the divine Majesty to you, you must read daily. It speaks of God's grace to you."

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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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1897.

No. 8.

Come.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam!

Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

Coming to Jesus.

HOW TO COME TO JESUS.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," says Jesus. He invites all that labor under the burden of their sin and feel themselves heavy-laden with sin to come to Him for rest. But how can such sinners come to Jesus? He is no longer on earth in such manner that we can see Him. How can we come to Him? He is present in the Gospel which is preached to us. There He, the "friend of sinners,"—and that makes Him *your* friend—offers Himself to the sinner as his Saviour and gives him rest; for He gives him forgiveness of sin and life everlasting. Accept Him and rejoice. This is coming to Jesus. Therefore it is written, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God," John 1, 12. We receive Him and thus come to Him by believing in Him. Coming to Jesus is the same as believing or trusting in Jesus. This is seen from the following passage: "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst," John 6, 35. The moment the sinner believes or trusts in Jesus as his Saviour, he has come to Him and found rest.

COME, THOUGH UNWORTHY.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," says Jesus. "Him that cometh"—let him be who he may; high or low, colored or white, rich or poor, a young sinner or an old sinner, yea, the greatest of all sinners, the chief of sinners: all who shall come shall be welcome. "I will in no wise cast out"—though he may deserve it; though he may dread it; let him take my word for it, I will take him in my loving arms, I will in no wise cast him out.

The woman that came to the Pharisee's house and washed the Saviour's feet with her tears was a great sinner, known all over the city as a great sinner. She came to Jesus with a trusting heart, believing that in Him there was rest and salvation for her. And He did not cast her out, but said kindly to her: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Thus He gave the laboring and heavy-laden sinner rest.

The thief that was crucified by the Saviour's side was a very great sinner, but he came to Jesus just as he was, trusting in Him as his Saviour and his King. And Jesus did not cast him out. "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," He said. Thus He gave the laboring and heavy-laden sinner rest, everlasting rest.

Come, then, though unworthy. Let no sense of unworthiness keep you back. Jesus looks for nothing in you. He asks nothing of you. He simply invites you to come unto Him, that He may give you rest. His heart is set upon giving rest to all that labor and are heavy-laden. The most unworthy sinner is most welcome to Jesus. He says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." The very heavens will fall before that word fails. Jesus says, "I will in no wise cast out." How this ought to put to flight all your fears!

"Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come, oh! come."

HE that sincerely gives his heart will not deny his money.

Taught by an Ox.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider," Isa. 1, 3.

A farmer who had recently listened to a sermon on this text was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his bare arm. Instantly, with this simple incident, the text of the sermon was recalled to the farmer's mind. He burst into tears and exclaimed, "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's word! This poor, dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to Him for every thing. What a sinner I am!" The lesson had found way to his heart and led him to Christ.

Curse not.

In a busy seaport town in the North of England two women emerged from a low-looking public-house near the docks. Both had been drinking, and now they had reached the quarreling point; foul language and bitter oaths were hurled at each other, accompanied with much shaking of fists and threats. At last the younger woman dealt her companion a blow in the face, which silenced her for a few moments. When she recovered herself enough to speak, she saw her enemy watching her, and raising her voice to its highest pitch, she shrieked out these fearful words, with oaths too vile to mention: "May God strike your arm from your body!"

She who uttered this curse gave birth to a child some months later, and who shall paint that mother's remorse when told that her infant girl had but one arm! She repeated over and over again, "The curse has fallen home. Oh! my baby, my poor baby!" It was painful to listen to her, and none could comfort her. Before many days were passed that mother received the "call" and was taken to her grave; a bad life and drink had done its work rapidly and surely.

Esquimau Dogs.

Our picture is a good picture to look at in the hot summer time. It might cool you off. It takes you to a far northern country where the Esquimaux live amid ice and snow. Two of them you see drawn on a sledge by Esquimau dogs.

The Esquimau dog spends almost its entire life in drawing sledges and carrying heavy loads, being the only beast of burden in the northern parts of America and the neighboring islands. Some, indeed, are turned loose at the beginning of the summer to get their living as best as they can until winter summons them back again to scanty meals and neverending toil. But many of the Esquimau dogs are made to work the entire year, and these are the happy ones, for the work in the summer is not nearly so heavy as in the winter, and the food is much better.

There is a wolfish look about the dog, owing to its oblique eyes, bushy tail, and long nose. In its full face the Esquimau dog presents a ludicrously exact likeness of its master's countenance. The color is generally a deep dun, marked with dark bars and patches.

When harnessed to the sledge, the dogs obey the movements of their leader, who is always a faithful and experienced old dog. There are no means of guiding the animals in their way, for each dog is simply tied to the sledge by a leather strap, and directed by the voice and whip of the driver. The whip is of very great importance to the driver, for by the sounds which he brings from the lash, and by the ably directed strokes aimed at refractory dogs, he guides the team without the aid of bit or bridle. The old and experienced animal which leads them knows the master's voice, and will dash forward, slacken speed, halt, or turn to right or left at command.

The actual stroke of the whip is used as little as possible, for when a dog feels the sting of the biting lash, he turns and attacks the dog nearest him. The others immediately join in the fight, and the whole team is thrown into admirable confusion, the traces getting entangled with each other, and the sledge in all likelihood upset. When such a rupture occurs the driver is generally forced to dismount and to harness the dogs afresh. Usually the leading dog is allowed to run his own course, for he is able to follow the right path with marvelous accuracy, and to scent it out even when the thickly falling snowflakes have covered the ground with a white carpet on whose surface no trace of the path is to be seen.

These dogs are able to travel very great distances over the snowclad regions of the north,

and have been known to make daily journeys of sixty miles for several days in succession.

Captain Parry, in his well-known "Journal," remarks, that "neither the dog nor his master is half civilized or subdued." The Esquimau bears no love toward his dogs, and looks upon them as mere animated machines, formed for the purpose of conveying him and his property from one place to another. He is a most exacting and cruel master, feeding his dogs on the scantiest fare, and then inflicting severest torture upon them if they break down in their work from want of nourishment, or if, incited by the pangs of hunger, they obey their natural instincts, and make a meal on the provisions which had been laid aside for his own use. The poor beasts have been known, when suffering from long continued hunger, to devour their tough leather harness, and as if excited



Esquimau Dogs.

by this imperfect meal, to fly upon the weaker members of the team and tear them to pieces. In this fit of unrestrained fury they would make their masters the first victims, were they not driven back by swords and clubs.

Go Ye.

After His resurrection Christ met His disciples and said unto them: "Go ye and teach all nations." And again He said: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This is the Master's simple command: "Go ye." He did not say, "If you think it will be a successful thing, go. If you think there will be such results as will justify your going, go. If it seems safe to you, go." Yet He understood all these matters better than we understand them. He simply said, "Go ye." The results are in His hands, our duty is simply to obey the command, "Go ye."

Who were to go? Evidently not the eleven only. Evidently not the five hundred only that

were present. This is clearly seen from the promise added to the command. Christ said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The command is to be carried out unto the end of the world. As long as the world stands the command stands. It is given not only to those who first heard it, but to all in that age and in after ages who should believe through their word. The "ye" of the risen Saviour means every Christian. The duty to preach the Gospel to every creature rests upon the Church, upon each and all its members. Whenever a man, a woman, or a child enters the army of the Lord he is enrolled for a campaign that is worldwide and lifelong. Never, as long as the world stands, will the great Captain of our salvation recall the order, "Go ye into all the world," or release any Christian from his personal obligation to obey it.

The early Christians understood this. They "went everywhere, preaching the Gospel."

"Go ye," is the Master's command to-day. It is the command to each and to all. Every Christian should make known the Gospel to those that know it not. He will find opportunity in his family, among his relatives, among his acquaintances. Not every Christian can become a called missionary in the mission field, but every Christian must know that those who go to the front in this great campaign are our representatives. If we can not go, we are to support those who go and devote their lives to mission work. They are doing our work as well as their own. They are toiling and suffering in obeying a command which is given, not only to them, but

the whole Church, to each of us, who belong to the Church. But alas! how feeble is the sympathy of those whose work they are doing! How meager the contributions to sustain them and to carry on the work which the Master commanded the Church to do! Is not greater liberality in regard to mission work one of the needs of the hour? May the great mercy of God which we enjoy through the Gospel of Christ move us to greater zeal in our mission work.

His Only Comfort.

"I have taken much pains," says a very learned man, "to know every thing that was worth knowing among men; but with all my readings, nothing now remains with me to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul: 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' to this I cleave and, herein I find rest."

Thou Shalt Not Take the Name of the Lord thy God in Vain.

When Oberlin, the blessed preacher of Steinthal, was married, his wife's mother, a beloved, faithful child of God, moved with them into the parsonage. Here on earth, however, God's children have their frailties and infirmities, and the Father in heaven must have a great deal of patience with His children, and with much long-suffering and great mercy bear them.

Oberlin's mother-in-law had an infirmity with which many of God's children are afflicted. She well knew the second commandment, yet in spite of this she, on every occasion when she heard news, or was frightened or surprised, would cry out: "O God!" or, "O Lord Jesus!"

Upon hearing this Oberlin kindly talked with the mother, reminding her that she was thereby violating the second commandment, using the Lord's name in vain. She, however, would excuse herself by saying that she meant no evil by it, that it was only a habit, the Lord would not impute this to her, for He knew that she loved Him, etc. Oberlin often talked with her, and entreated her to overcome this bad habit. Yet all to no purpose; she would always excuse herself by saying that she meant no evil by it. This was for Oberlin very hard to bear, especially on account of the domestics and children, who would have the bad example before them every day. He sought ways and means by which to free the mother from this habit.

Back of the house was the garden with an elder arbor. This was the mother's favorite spot. Oberlin had green cabbage in the garden that was much infested with worms. A happy thought occurred to him. After dinner the mother had again resorted to her place under the elder arbor, when Oberlin appeared and began to look after the worms on the cabbage. On finding the first worm he called out: "Mother, I found a worm." The mother said, "Kill it!" When he found the second worm, he called: "Mother, already another worm," and tramped on it. So he called every time he found a worm. Here the mother said: "But, dear Oberlin, just kill the worms, and do not call me every time you find one." Oberlin kindly replied: "Dear mother, I mean no evil by it; you nevertheless know that I love you. Mother, already another one." On this the mother, being provoked, said: "Oberlin, I beg you to desist. What do the worms concern me?" Oberlin kindly answered: "Dear mother, I certainly mean no evil by it; you nevertheless know that I love you. Mother, already another worm!" But here the mother, being greatly provoked, got up, took her foot-stool and went into the house. Oberlin, following her, kindly asked her what was the matter, and why she appeared vexed and dissatisfied. Giving vent to her sadness, she now said that

she was an old woman, and would not allow herself to be trifled with. Oberlin, as a pastor and son, should be ashamed to allow himself such jests with his mother, that she could not at all understand his manner of action, since he otherwise treated her with respect and kindness; but she could not bear that he should make her an object of his scoffing, and call her name every time he found a worm: this he could see himself, and it was but just in her to get provoked, etc. Oberlin permitted her to finish speaking, then grasping her by the hand, he said, that it was not his intention to grieve her, yet if she, a poor, sinful creature, could not bear to have her name used in vain, how then could the King of heaven and earth submit to it, that she should daily, from the beginning to the end of the year, times innumerable, utter and vainly use His name. Here she gratefully offered him her hand, and promised henceforth to strive against that sin. And she actually strove valiantly and with success, and if now and then she uttered the name of the Lord in a thoughtless manner, Oberlin only said: "O mother!" and it was sufficient; until finally she overcame that vicious enemy.

Dear reader, if you have to contend with this sin, think of Oberlin's mother-in-law.

From the German.

That Settled Him.

A conceited student, fresh from a Seminary, tried to convince an old farmer that many things in the Bible must give way before the advance of modern science. He assured him that astronomy, geology, and higher criticism had completely routed the ideas that prevailed in the dark ages, and that no intelligent person now believes in the literal truth of the Old Testament stories.

Finding the old farmer unmoved, he at last said with some impatience, "You will admit that it was at least strange for an ass to open his mouth and speak like a man, as we read in one of the Old Testament stories."

"No," replied the old Christian farmer, "I don't think it was very strange; for it was not a bit stranger than for a man to open his mouth, and speak like an ass, as you are doing now."

That settled the silly student.

Another silly wiseacre was silenced by the simple answer of a plain Christian. "We know nothing of a personal God among the facts of consciousness and nature," he said to a quiet old Christian grand-mother.

"Don't you?" she replied, as she looked at him a long time in compassion through her large spectacles. "I'm sorry for you," she then added, "but I hope you'll not put your ignorance in the place of other people's knowledge. Bless the Lord, there are some other people who do know something of a personal God."

That settled him.

Another boasting infidel, was silenced in the following way. He said to a large company at a watering place, "I have done with all the ministers; I have not been inside a church for the last ten years." Then he straightened himself and looked proudly in his wine-glass.

An elderly gentleman who, seated apart, had silently listened to the conversation, stepped up to the group, saying, "Oh, sir, only for ten years not in church?—that amounts to nothing at all. There is a man in my neighborhood who is forty-six years old, and he has been in church only once in his life, and that was when he was baptized."

All looked astonished. "What is the reason?" asked the boaster.

"The reason is," replied the stranger, tapping his forehead significantly, "the poor fellow is not right here."

That settled the boasting infidel.

A Lesson for Habitual Complainers.

Rev. Max Frommel, a noted German divine, relates the following instructive incident from his pastoral experience: I once asked a woman in my first charge: "How are you getting along?" She forthwith began to pour forth a volley of complaints about all her difficulties and trials. I allowed her to finish, and then said to her: "Well, my dear woman, I guess we will have to repeat the catechism together. I'll ask, and you answer."

"Do you believe that you are a sinner?"

"Yes, I believe it, I am a sinner."

"How do you know this?"

"From the ten commandments; these I have not kept."

"What have you deserved of God by your sins?"

"His wrath and displeasure, temporal death, and eternal damnation."

"Is what you have just said true?"

"Why certainly it is true, pastor!"

"And still I see that you have daily bread, have clothing and shoes, house and home, have a kind husband and healthy children, have Jesus for your comfort and the Holy Spirit for your light, have baptism and the Lord's Supper, forgiveness of sin and the hope of eternal life. Let me tell you something: Your lot is much better than you deserve."

With these words I departed. After a few weeks I passed the house again. "Well, how are you getting along now?" With a beaming face she replied: "Oh, much better than I deserve, pastor."

The Catechism.

"I wish," says Dr. Luther, "the people to be well taught in the Catechism. I found myself upon it in all my sermons, and I preach as simply as possible. I want the common people, and children, and servants to understand me."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A LUTHERAN missionary in South Africa relates that he had a blind girl in his catechetical class who was about 20 years old. If she could not see, she could at least hear, and so earnestly and eagerly did she take in every word that she knew as much of God's Word as the rest, and even more. This blind girl had a heathen mother who was persuaded in her old age to join a class of catechumens. On asking questions, the missionary was surprised to learn that she knew the Ten Commandments by heart. He knew she could neither read nor write, and he asked her how she had learned them. He was told that her blind daughter had taught her the catechism.

—An aged clergyman once met a man loudly declaiming against foreign missions. "Why," said the objector, "doesn't the church look after the heathens at home?" "We do," said the clergyman quietly, and gave the man a tract.

—A CORRESPONDENT of a London paper, describing his visit to the island of Rugen in the Baltic Sea, says: "The entire population of Rugen is Lutheran. All is still primitive here, and service continues to be held out of doors. We went on Sunday evening, and found the congregation awaiting the pastor in a semi-circular space cut out of the forest. Planks were laid on the mossy turf, and, like the early Christians in the time of persecution, here we sat till the pastor should arrive. His gown and bands were hanging in readiness on a bush hard by; and when at last he appeared, he made his toilet for the pulpit behind a tree; then, standing in the midst of us, preached a sermon and gave forth the hymns, the congregation forming the choir—a pretty, touching service."

—UNDER the heading, "Old Fashioned", an exchange relates the following: "A gentleman recently stated to us that, when a boy, he was one day in the office of his grandfather, who held a position under the Federal government, and wishing to write, he was about taking a sheet of letter-paper from the desk. 'What are you about there?' said the old gentleman. 'Getting a sheet of paper only,' said he. 'Put it back, sir, put it back,' exclaimed the strictly honest official, 'that paper belongs to the government of the United States!'" — "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much," Luke 16, 10.

—A LUTHERAN missionary, laboring in the Bechuana mission in Africa, closes his last report with the words: "It is almost incredible how wonderfully our faithful Lord has helped us. About eighteen years ago there was not a single soul in this whole section of country that knew anything about God and His Word; now heathen songs have almost ceased, and the children in the streets sing hymns and spiritual songs. Should not the missionary church at home rejoice in view of this and become still more zealous in the work of the Lord? When I go to church on Sunday

and observe some of the old people who had grown up and become gray in heathenism and now sit as worshipers at the feet of Jesus, I can not help exclaiming, Praise thou the Lord, the omnipotent Monarch of glory!"

—A HOTTENTOT in Africa who was dying was asked by the present President of Transvaal, Paul Krueger, "Do you know where you will go when you die?" The native answered: "How can I know? You never told me. When I reach the other world and fare badly, how will you answer for yourself?" "From that time," says Krueger, "I became a friend of missions."

—THE British and Foreign Bible Society has published an edition of the Scriptures of unusual importance. It is a translation into the Uganda language. The book is, in shape, very long, but is only three inches wide and about three inches thick. A peculiar reason occasioned the adoption of this form. In Central Africa the white ants and other insects rapidly destroy a book unless it is well protected. The representative of the Church Missionary Society accordingly recommended to the Bible Society that they should issue this edition in a form that would fit into the tin biscuit boxes of a certain firm, which are almost universally used in Uganda families. This has been done and the box is just large enough to hold this Bible, together with a small prayer book and hymnal, and a small Biblical history. The missionaries feel confident that this little religious library in a tin box will be exceedingly popular in Uganda.

—THE American Bible Society has just issued the Book of Psalms, translated into the Muskokee language by Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson for the Creeks and Seminoles of the Indian Territory, and the New Testament in the Tonga language for the people in Southeastern Africa, translated by the Rev. E. H. Richards.

—THE inhabitants of the island of Aniwa in the New Hebrides group, Melanesia, were Christianized by the efforts of the well-known Scotch missionary, Dr. Paton. His wife, who was to him a very efficient helpmate in his work, was repeatedly compelled by the moist climate of Melanesia to seek recreation in the dry air of Australia. On one occasion she took a comely young girl along as child's nurse. Yawasi had come to Mrs. Paton a few years ago as an untamed savage, wearing no other clothing but a small apron. But now she was a Christian, and dressed accordingly in decent apparel. Mrs. Paton, her kind mistress, wrote in her diary: "Yawasi blushed deeply (I always notice it when a black person blushes, by a soft glow spreading over the dark skin), when she saw the classic statues in Melbourne Park. She asked me whether they had been put there in order to show the people what black hearts their ancestors must have had before they became Christians. She did not like to go to the park again."

—THE United States Consul at Zanzibar, East Africa, writing home about the recent

emancipation of the slaves in that country under British protectorate, says: "It was thought by many persons that the effect of freeing slaves would be to throw many thousand negroes on their own resources, and that great suffering and privation would ensue for three or four years; but from what I can see not one person will suffer in the slightest degree. In my opinion, not ten per cent. of the present generation of slaves will leave their masters."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

GOTTHOLD. Eine Erzaehlung aus dem Seelsorgerleben, von der Pastorin Anna selbst erzahlt. Den Amtsbruedern und Amtsbruederinnen sammt allen christlichen Lesern gewidmet von Alfred Ira. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 40 cents.

An entertaining and instructive story from the life of a city pastor, most charmingly told by "Anna, the pastor's wife."

BIBLE HISTORY for Parochial and Sunday Schools. Illustrated. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, bound in cloth, 30 cents.

This Bible History will surely be welcomed by the teachers and pupils of Parochial and Sunday Schools. It contains 35 Bible Stories from the Old Testament and 44 from the New Testament. The stories are well selected and are given in the words of the Bible. The book is beautifully illustrated, and the paper, binding, and printing are excellent.

Acknowledgment.

The undersigned received from Mrs. H. E. Monroe, Philadelphia, and from Mrs. H. Jaulki, Erie, Pa., each \$5.00 for the building-fund at Greensboro Mission. May the Lord reward the kind givers according to His great mercy. JOHN C. SCHMIDT.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., September, 1897.

No. 9.

Mission Prayer.

Use me, O God, in Thy great harvest-field,
Which stretcheth far and wide, like a wide sea;
The gatherers are so few I fear the precious yield
Will suffer loss—oh, find a place for me—

A place where best the strength I have will tell,
It may be one the other tollers shun;
Be it a wide or narrow place—'tis well—
So that the work it holds be only done.

Selected.

Faith in the Word.

He that believes in Jesus knows that he has forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. He knows that he is a child of God and an heir of heaven. He does not doubtfully hope that he is saved. No. He knows it. How does he know it? He knows it by believing what God says. His assurance is based, not on his feelings or on anything he finds in his own self, but on the infallible, never changing Word of God.

A Christian merchant, having lost his way while traveling in the country, looked about him for some house, where he might get food and rest, and also be shown the right road. On he went till he came in sight of a farmhouse, toward which he at once bent his steps. Upon asking the kindly-looking folks to allow him to rest, and give him some bread and milk, he was at once invited inside and made to sit down.

While the refreshment was being prepared, he looked around and noticed an old woman sitting in a corner, with a large Bible before her, and a big pair of spectacles on her nose. The milk and bread were soon before the traveler; upon which he bent his head to ask a blessing upon the food. The old woman thought he was examining the milk and was doubting its sweetness. She therefore said, "The milk is good, man; it's just as God sent it; drink it up, man!"

The traveler assured her he did not for a moment doubt the sweetness of the milk and would gladly "drink it up," and, in return, asked her whether she did the same with the "sincere milk" of God's Word which she

then had before her. Did she simply believe it, and thus drink it up as her own to live upon and grow thereby?

"Yes, I hope I do," said the old lady.

"Well, then you know, of course, that all your sins are forgiven, that you have eternal life, have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and are just waiting for God's Son from heaven?"

"No, no," said the old lady, "I can not say all that; I wish I could. Indeed, man, I think no one can go as far as all that."

Our friend asked her to turn to the third chapter of John's gospel, and lovingly pressed her "to drink up just as God sent it," the 16th verse: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Then other Scriptures were looked at, such as "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." "Christ died for the ungodly." "God commendeth His love, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." And again, "He that believeth hath everlasting life." And, "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

The Christian merchant earnestly begged the old lady to take these truths as from God himself, whose words they were. They were brought home to her soul, and she began to be glad and at the same time to wonder she should have read her Bible so many years, and not have seen such sweet and glorious truths before.

A happy time these two had together over that old Bible—our friend delighted to be thus used of God; and the dear old woman, with tears of joy, thanking God that she by simple faith in His Word had gained the assurance of the forgiveness of all her sins, and of life everlasting.

Dear reader, have you "drunk it up, just as God sent it"? I mean His loving simple Word as you find it in the Bible. It is no broken cistern which holds no water. It is the deep, deep well of God's love to you. It is the "sincere, pure, unadulterated milk." Oh, drink it up, just as God sent it! Have

faith in that Word which tells you that "God so loved the world"—that means you, for you surely belong to the world—"that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever"—mark well that word *whosoever*—"believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

A Noble Choice.

Julitta, a noble lady in the third century, known to be a Christian, was despoiled of her property by one of the Roman Emperor's officers. In seeking redress before the judges her right was denied, and even protection and life, unless she would worship idols and renounce her Christian faith. Hearing the decision of the judge, she said, "Farewell, life; welcome, death; farewell, riches; welcome, poverty. All that I have, were it a thousand times more, I would rather lose than speak one wicked and blasphemous word against God, my Creator. I yield the most hearty thanks, O my God, for this gift of Thy free grace, that I can contemn and despise this frail and transitory world, esteeming Christian profession above all treasures." Her friends urged her to change her mind, but in vain. She was condemned and led to execution. Addressing the spectators from the place of suffering, among other things, she said, "O sisters, labor after true piety and godliness. Be weary, my sisters, of a life led in darkness, and honor Christ, my God, my Redeemer, my Comforter, who is the true light of the world. Persuade yourselves—or rather, may the Spirit of the living God persuade you—that there is a world to come, wherein the worshipers and servants of the most high God shall be crowned eternally."

Love One Another.

A little child of four years was asked by an older sister what the text meant, "Love one another." "Why," said the little one, "I must love you, and you must love me; and I'm one and you're another."

What Others Say.

In a letter to the *Lutheran Observer*, Mrs. Monroe, who recently visited our mission field in North Carolina, speaks of our work among the colored people. Since it may interest our readers to hear what others say of our mission work, we adapt the following from Mrs. Monroe's letter:

"It is hard work to organize a Lutheran church in a town where the people are ignorant of the history and character of that evangelical body. When a Lutheran missionary goes to such a place to start a mission, and especially to start a mission among the colored people in America, he finds it hard work. Livingstone is honored over the Christian world for his missionary work in Africa, and Dr. Day is honored all over the Lutheran church for his missionary work in that same country; yet, when a Lutheran missionary, in free and enlightened America, tries to enlighten and lead the colored people to a higher and truer religious life, he often meets with contempt and scorn.

"When the Rev. N. J. Bakke went to Concord, N. C., to start a Lutheran mission among the colored people there, he rented a house for his family; but when the owner of the house learned that the missionary (though he was an educated white man) was laboring for the welfare of the colored people of the town, he refused to let him have the house, and it then took him a month to secure even an humble shelter for his family. Then followed isolation, contempt, scorn, from the citizens of the town.

"Rev. Bakke is a Norwegian. He has been at Concord long enough to conquer opposition. People strive to obtain servants educated in his school. I heard two women say: 'When I have a servant trained in Pastor Bakke's school, I have honest help; when I am forced to take others, I run much risk.'

"It is with the greatest pleasure we record the fact that by faithful work and God's blessing he has succeeded in gathering a fine congregation and a good parochial school, and has overcome a large amount of unreasonable prejudice.

"Rev. J. C. Schmidt, at Greensboro, with a highly accomplished wife, has a lonely time. Greensboro has no white Lutheran church, and Rev. Schmidt was looked upon as starting a new religion. Pastors of other colored churches incited their people to commit indignities on the Lutheran place of worship, on the person of the preacher, on the few colored people who ventured to hear him—indignities which would disgrace heathen.

"If Rev. Schmidt were sent to Africa, he would be followed by the love, prayers, and sympathy of the entire Lutheran church. Letters in the papers would herald his movements; he would be remembered at Christmas; but he and these other devoted men seem to have closed the doors of good society behind them, in laboring for these poor African

people in the South; and amid an isolation which most of us would consider paralyzing, they are doing your work and mine for Jesus Christ.

"Rev. Schmidt has ninety-six scholars in his parochial school. No one is admitted to church membership until he knows the catechism from lid to lid. He told me of one poor black woman who could neither read nor write, who had her children read the catechism to her so often that she can repeat every question, answer, and explanation in the book. Think of that kind of training for the undisciplined African mind!

"When we remember what a jelly-fish theology is offered by the clergy of some other denominations, we are glad that Missouri offers the colored people a vertebrated kind!"

At the close of her letter Mrs. Monroe calls upon the friends of mission to remember the missionaries with their gifts, especially to send missionary boxes and barrels for the Christmas season. "The hearts of the colored children and people will be made happy, the hands of our missionaries will be strengthened, and the tears of their exile will be wiped away."

(FOR THE LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Confirmation at Greensboro, N. C.

On the 10th Sunday after Trinity Rev. Schmidt of Greensboro, N. C., had the joy of adding seven new members to his flock by confirmation. Of these seven four were adults and three children. The undersigned listened with genuine delight to the thorough examination by the pastor and the spirited and prompt answers of the catechumens. Although the questions that were asked by the pastor often touched upon very minute details, yet only very few of them failed to receive an immediate and correct answer from the catechumens. This goes to show that also the colored people can be brought to a good knowledge of our doctrine by patient and thorough instruction. No doubt, it takes hard, persevering, patient work to do this, but it has been demonstrated to the writer's mind that it can be done.

The address for the occasion was delivered by the undersigned. It was based upon John 8, 31, 32: "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The theme was: "Be and remain true disciples of Christ. 1) How you can be true disciples of Christ, 2) What blessed privileges you shall enjoy as such." It was shown under the first part that, in order to be true disciples of Christ, they must adhere to the church that teaches the pure doctrine of Christ's Word, that they must accept this Word in true faith, and lead a godly life according to it. As privileges that true dis-

ciples of Christ enjoy, were pointed out: Knowledge of the saving truth, and by this knowledge freedom from the bondage and power and penalty of sin, and from the fear of death. The address was listened to very attentively by all that were present. May God bless the feeble words that were spoken.

The rite of confirmation was immediately followed by the celebration of the Lord's Supper, of which the newly received catechumens and the whole congregation partook. The whole services were of a most edifying character, and will, no doubt, leave a deep impression upon the hearts and minds of all that were present. It should also be mentioned that Mr. Persson, the newly called teacher of the mission school, presided at the organ and greatly enhanced the beauty of the services by his tasteful music.

The chapel was well filled, every seat being occupied, and the attendance, it was thought, would have been still greater, if it had not been for the fact that the attention of Greensboro's colored population was attracted by the "preaching" of a twelve year old negro girl, who was that evening delivering her last "sermon," to go to New York City, where, it was stated by the local papers, she had accepted the pastorate of a colored congregation! Looking at things like the one just described and at the general character of the "religion" of the negroes, which seems to consist for the greater part of disorderly shouting (here at Conover they are having a camp-meeting at present, where a person can hear them shouting all over town almost till morning, and only a few months ago it happened that a man was killed during one of their noisy gatherings!), one can not help seeing how great is the need for the patient, self-sacrificing work of our Lutheran missionaries among this sadly neglected race. May God bless our colored mission, and may He help us to persevere in the work, though our success may not be as great as we should like to see it. G. LUECKE.

Conover, N. C., Aug. 26th, 1897.

Trust in the Lord.

Rev. H. Bleicken, of the Leipzig Society, on his long journey from the coast of East Africa to the region of snow-capped Kilima Njaro, had special occasion to emphasize the passage in Luther's Morning Prayer, "Into Thy hands I commend my body and soul, and all that is mine. Let Thy holy angel have charge concerning me, that the wicked one have no power over me." While sleeping in his tent on the banks of the Pangani river he was suddenly awakened by the furious barking of his dog. Rising quickly, he saw a huge body turn away from the tent and plunge into the river. A crocodile had intended to make his acquaintance. The evening before, while resting in the door of his tent, he was watched by a leopard hiding in the grass near by. The beast was suddenly roused and slunk away.

Baby Days in Siam.

"Let me tell you," writes a missionary, "how the Siamese kiss their babies. You would never guess. They kiss with the nose instead of lips. Placing the nose close to baby's cheek they snuff hard many times, saying, '*Chupe luk,*' meaning 'kiss baby.' Many of them love their babies, but others do not, or they could not do as I have seen them.

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

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

"The babies do not have very sweet names; the most common are, *Oang* (red), *Noò* (rat), *It* (brick), *Ma* (dog). The mothers, instead of saying sweet, loving things to them, will say, 'How ugly,' or *Na Kliet* (hateful). Should they give pretty names, or express love or admiration, then the evil spirits would be so jealous that they would bring great evil to the babies.

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

"In former years the parents sold their little ones to get money with which to gamble. I am glad to tell you that the present king has forbidden this. Once, a Siamese doctor came to visit us. I asked if he had any children.

He replied, 'Only one, and that was given to me by a poor family unable to pay their doctor's bill.' He took the baby as pay for doctoring the family.

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

"Now let us visit a home in Siam not far from the little Christian chapel. It seems to be a happy home; all are glad to see you. Not long ago their baby, dressed in white,

Scotch parson. The parson was proceeding from the manse to the church to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with a peculiar kind of wig known in that district, bright, smooth and reddish brown, accosted him:

"Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you."

"Well, Duncan," said the venerable doctor, "can ye not wait until after worship?"

"No, doctor, I must speak to you now; it is a matter of my conscience."

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, for time presses."

"The matter is this, doctor. You see the clock yonder on the face of the new church? Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of the clock. There is no truth in it but once in twelve hours. Now, it is in my mind and against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

"Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!"

"Eh, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had my hair."

"O, Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?"

The doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

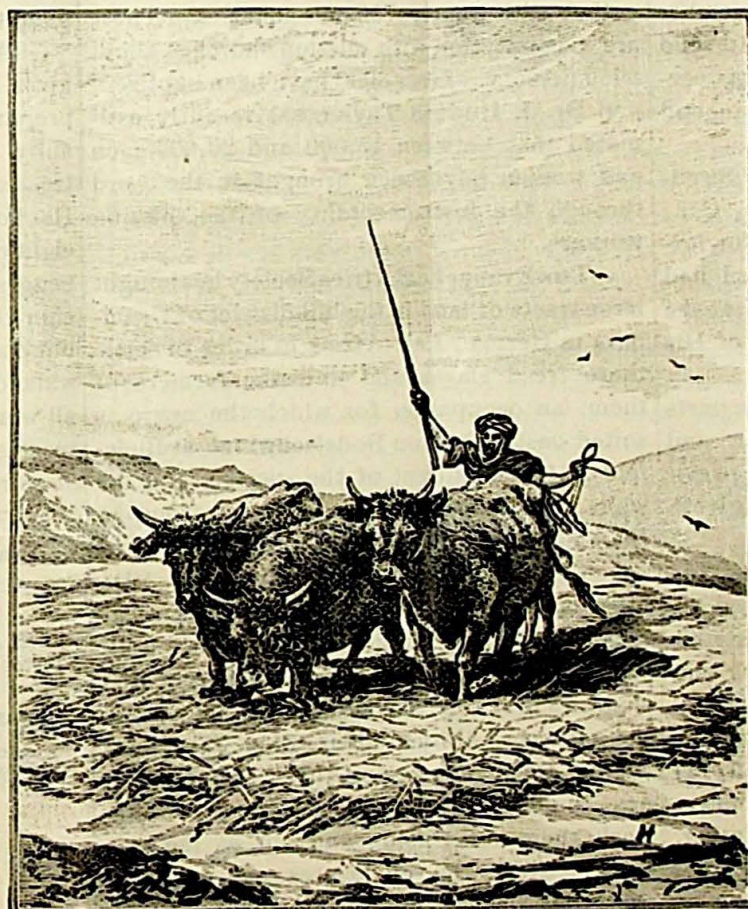
The Greater Folly.

Were a house to be in flames to-morrow, and were a mother to seize her gold, and her jewels, and her rings, and rush from the flames

with them, and forget her infant slumbering in its cradle, she would neither be so inhuman nor so inconsistent as that man who cares for the toys of a day, and thinks nothing and cares nothing about a soul that stands in eternal jeopardy every hour if not justified and pardoned. — *Selected.*

Do Not Quarrel.

If two goats meet each other on a narrow path above a river, what will they do? They can not turn back; they can not pass each other; if they were to butt at each other, both would fall into the water and be drowned. What, then, will they do? Nature has taught them—one to lie down, and the other pass over it. Thus both are unhurt. So should one man do to another—let himself be trodden under foot, rather than quarrel and contend. — *Martin Luther.*



Treading out Corn in Palestine.

was carried to the chapel and baptized. You now see it fast asleep in a nice swinging cradle, something like your hammock. The mother is seated beside the cradle with sewing in hand, and she pushes the cradle to keep it swinging that baby may sleep on. She is singing in her own language one of the sweet hymns you love to sing.

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

The Grumbler Silenced.

There are people that like to grumble and to find fault where there is no fault. Such a grumbler was once prettily silenced by an old

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM the annual report of our Ev. Luth. Orphans' Home at Addison, Ill., we learn that 101 children were taken care of during the past year. The Home will this year celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. May God continue to bless its labor of love.

—A LONDON preacher, whose custom it is to receive the offerings from the deacons and, placing them upon the altar, ask the Lord's acceptance and blessing, once received a letter containing five shillings. The writer stated that when the preacher prayed for a blessing upon the two pence (four cents) he had dropped into the box, he felt so ashamed that he now sent five shillings instead. If every member who has cause to feel ashamed were to send such conscience letters to the pastor, his correspondence would increase enormously—and our benevolent contributions likewise.

—A SERVANT-GIRL belonging to the Swedish Lutheran church at San Francisco, Cal., came recently to the pastor with \$20 for foreign missions. She said that the Lord had blessed her spiritually so that she felt that she must give that sum for the spreading of His kingdom. What she could she did.

—634,025 BIBLES were sent to foreign parts by the American Bible Society last year, and more copies sent to China than in any previous year. The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.

—WHEN the great missionary among the heathen, Christian Schwartz, had finished his studies at Halle, he resolved to consecrate his life to the service of God. On learning that Prof. Francke wished to obtain new missionaries for India, he at once longed to be one of them, and to go to work in that far-off, benighted country. He set out for his native village to obtain the consent of his father. His father had shortly before this time buried a son and given his oldest daughter in marriage. It must have been a hard question for his father to decide when young Schwartz asked if he might go to India and spend his life there as a missionary. But that father was a godfearing man. He repaired to his chamber to pray over the matter. At length he came down, gave the son his blessing, and bade him depart in God's name. He charged him to forget his native country and his father's house, and to go and win souls for Christ.

—THERE are about 1100 American missionaries in China representing the Protestant churches of the United States.

—THE people of Uganda in Africa now spend hundreds of pounds yearly in the purchase of New Testaments, Gospels, and Christian literature.

—A MISSIONARY, in his report as to the field of his labor, says: "Methinks one reading this report says, 'Well, I will give five dollars to the cause of domestic missions. I can give this amount and not feel it.' Suppose, my

Christian brother, you give twenty, and feel it. Your Saviour felt what He did for you. A remark of this kind once heard from the pulpit, thrilled through my whole soul, and made me do more than empty my purse, I borrowed from a friend."

—THE China Inland Mission has now been operating thirty-two years in China. From a summary of its work published by the *Missionary Review of the World*, it appears that when the work first began, only two of the inland provinces were open to Christian workers. Now, largely through its service, only two are in any sense closed. About 260 stations and out-stations have been established, and there are 342 native helpers, working together with nearly 700 missionaries. There are in connection with mission churches about 5000 persons. Over 8000 have been baptized, and Dr. J. Hudson Taylor has recently estimated that between 15,000 and 20,000 men and women have been brought to the Lord through the instrumentality of the mission workers.

—THE Evangelical Africa Society has bought large tracts of land in the hill district of Usambara in German East Africa in order to settle there freed slaves and to make farmers of them, an occupation for which the negro is suited best. Dr. von Bodelschwingh at Bielefeld is the president of the society, and the white men acting as colonizers are from the Bielefeld Inner Mission Institutions.

—THE question is frequently asked, "Do Missions pay?" Yes. Aside from the religious character of missions, let us take a utilitarian view. When the Hermannsburger Missionaries first went to Natal, Africa, they found the natives as filthy as their swine. They persuaded them into seeing that "cleanliness is next to godliness." They got them to whitewash their huts inside and out as the first thing. Next the enclosures and pig-sties were whitewashed, and the effect was so pleasing to the natives that finally the pigs themselves had to undergo the whitewashing process. This one instance goes to show that Christianity as a moral force is one of the principal factors in producing what we commonly and correctly call Christian civilization.

—It is hard to believe that at this time "Fifty Millions of Slaves are still groaning under the lash of brutal slave-masters, and that half a million lives are annually sacrificed to Africa's Internal Slave Trade." But we are told that this is the astounding fact, from a thorough and careful study of the subject made by intelligent explorers and men of science, well known to the world. This infamous trade is carried on by Arabs, Mohammedans and pagan natives. It so oppressed the mind of Livingstone that, among his last words, he wrote: "All I can add in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessings come down on everyone—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal this Open Sore of the World." These words of his are carved

on his monument in Westminster Abbey. To the overthrow of this traffic Mr. Heli Chate-lain, of Switzerland, but a naturalized citizen of the United States, has consecrated his life, and, with a small band of equally devoted comrades, left this country for Africa. They have gone out under the auspices of the Philafrican League, which will avail itself of the Brussels act of 1892, obligating the European powers to repress the slave trade and rum traffic and aid all scientific, philanthropic and missionary enterprises. The plan is to establish permanent stations here and there as cities of refuge for the victims of the barbaric slave trade to become centers of civilization and thus helpful toward the permanent redemption of the dark continent.

—A PATHETIC STORY that comes from China gives an illustration of how medical missions prepare the way for the advance of Christianity. A military graduate was successfully treated for cataract at the mission hospital in Hankow. As he returned to his home, forty-eight other blind men gathered about him and begged him to lead them to the wonderful foreign doctor. So this strange procession of blind men, each holding on to the others' rope, walked for 250 miles to Hankow, and nearly all were cured. One who could not be cured, received while in the hospital the better gifts of spiritual healing.

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Vol. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1897.

No. 10.

The Children's Song.

God of heaven, hear our singing;
Only little ones are we,
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed!

Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Savior's wondrous love
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

Selected.

Hold fast what thou hast.

The last day of this month is Reformation Day. This festival reminds us of the blessing which God bestowed upon His Church through His servant Dr. Martin Luther, and admonishes us to hold fast what we have. Which is this blessing? It is the pure Gospel truth restored to the Church through the work of the Reformation.

What a great blessing it is! Human reason could never discover it. Nature knows nothing of it. The Gospel is the truth that God gave us by revelation from heaven. It is the truth unto salvation, through faith in the Savior whom it sets forth. It brings Christ to us, and is therefore the power of God unto salvation to all them that believe. It sets the Savior before us as our Savior and gives the faith with which we embrace Him. It is this that makes it so precious.

This Gospel had for centuries been hidden from the people during the dark and cruel reign of the pope. People were not allowed to read the Bible, in which the Gospel is revealed. Sinners were not pointed to Jesus, in whom alone salvation is found. They were told to trust in their own works and in the works of the saints. Human saviors that can do the sinner no good were put in the place of the divine Savior of whom it is written: "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Thus sinners were led in a way in which they could find no peace. Luther went this way. Anxious to find salvation, he entered the cloister. He fasted, he prayed to the saints, he heard mass, he became a priest, and read mass. He did all the Romish church told him to do. But there is no peace to be found in the way pointed out in the pope's church. Luther found no rest, no peace until he found the Gospel.

When Luther was near despair, God opened to him the Bible, and there he found the Gospel. He learned that the sinner is saved by grace through faith in the Savior who has redeemed us from all sins. In this Gospel Luther found rest, and peace, and salvation. Paradise was opened to him, and he rejoiced. The Gospel that filled his soul with joy he made known for the salvation of sinners. He believed, and therefore he spoke. Thus he became the Reformer of the Church. God led him out of the darkness of the Romish church into the pure Gospel light and made him a witness of this light "unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

We still have the Gospel restored to His Church through His servant Dr. Martin Luther. The Lutheran Church has it in all its purity, without any human additions. Let us hold fast what we have. Let us heartily embrace the Gospel truth as well as boldly confess it before men. If we believe, we shall also speak. He who knows the sweetness of the Gospel will confess the Lord Jesus that others too may be drawn to Him. He will also earnestly labor and pray and contribute for the spread and preservation of the Gospel. We keep what we have by preserving it in the world, as well as in our hearts. We must therefore not only continue in the true faith ourselves, but also do what lies in our power that others may know the truth and by it be saved. We must not only confess Christ before men, but also contribute to the mission treasury that others may preach the pure Gospel truth where our voice is not heard. Reformation Day admonishes us to hold fast what God has graciously given and to do our utmost that all men may enjoy the treasure.

Better Poor than Unfaithful.

When Duke George of Saxony, the great enemy of the Lutheran doctrine, was on his death-bed, he desired to make his brother Henry heir of his land, on condition that Duke Henry, who was a Lutheran, would not permit the Gospel to be preached in the land. If he were not willing to agree to this, the Emperor was to receive the country. The nobility undertook to speak to Duke Henry about it, and put forth every effort to induce him to agree to the condition. Among other things they told him, that besides the beautiful country, there was also on hand much money and silver, which would be his if he agreed to his brother's wish. But the honest Lutheran Prince replied: "You remind me of Christ's temptation in the wilderness, when the devil approached Him and said, *All these things will I give Thee if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.* If my brother can, with a good conscience, disinherit me, he may do so. But do not think that for the sake of money and property I will hinder God's Word in its course. I would rather remain poor, than to give up God and His Word."

But, what occurred? Duke George died before his testament was completed, and Duke Henry was the lawful heir. He assumed the government, and at once permitted the preaching of the Gospel in his country.

God's Storehouses.

"Each step in the life of faith is toward richer blessing. Are you God's child? There is nothing before you in the unopened future but goodness. Every new experience, whether of joy or sorrow, will be a new storehouse of goodness unfolded. Even your disappointments will disclose truer, richer blessings than if your own hopes had been realized. Here is a lens through which every true Christian may see his own path clear to the end—from goodness to richer goodness, from glory to glory, the last step through the opening door of heaven into the presence of the King."

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Installation at Greensboro, N. C.

On the evening of the 29th of August the chapel of our beloved "Grace Congregation" at Greensboro, N. C., was tastefully decorated with flowers of various kinds—an indication of some important event to take place in the congregation. Mr. Henry Persson, a candidate of our Normal College at Addison, Ill., was to be solemnly installed as teacher of the Mission school at this place. After the liturgical introduction and the rendering of appropriate hymns, the pastor read the text, on which he based the sermon for the occasion, from John 10, 11—16.

In his introduction he showed to a very large and appreciative audience, why we Lutherans organize Christian schools, namely, not in opposition to the public schools of our land; not in self-conceit, thinking to have better methods of teaching children the various branches of secular knowledge, etc., etc., but because, by such schools, in which the breath of godly fear and faithful prayer governs all branches of instruction, and in which the study of God's word forms part and parcel of the programme, we serve God, unto whom in our Christian schools we direct our dearest treasures, our children, the work of His hands; because therein we lead our darling little ones to an early knowledge of their great sin and their greater Saviour; again, because in our parochial schools, as in the gardens or nurseries of the Church, children are being born unto Christ as dew of the morning; furthermore, because through such schools the homes, the cradle of the Church and state, become christianized and filled with the Spirit of Jesus, the Lover of our

souls; and lastly, because in these schools we serve our country by rearing law-abiding citizens, who are subject to the "higher powers." After describing what a glorious but at the same time responsible office the newly called tutor had in drilling the little recruits of the great Captain Jesus Christ in the armory of the school to become soldiers of the Cross, "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," enabling them to put on the whole armor of God, to use the breastplate of righteousness, to have their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, to take the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, so as to "be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked,"—the question naturally arose, who was to be the guide

or model of the teacher in his arduous task? and the pastor endeavored to answer this by preaching on the theme: "Jesus Christ, the good Shepherd, an ensample for a Christian teacher," for He

- I. gives Himself for His sheep,
- II. provides for His sheep,
- III. seeks also to bring to the fold strange and lost sheep.

After the sermon and rendition of another hymn, the installation of Mr. H. Persson took



Dr. Martin Luther.

place, whereby he promised most solemnly, by word and by joining of hands before the omnipresent God and in the presence of the assembled congregation, that he was firmly and earnestly resolved to fulfill all the duties of his high and holy office with conscientious fidelity, and order all his instructions according to the word of God in Holy Scripture and the confessions of our Ev. Luth. Church, and by his whole life and conversation show himself a true servant of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then the "Ev. Luth. Grace School" of Greensboro was committed to the charge of Mr. Persson according to the impressive Lutheran custom. A prayer, in which God's Holy Spirit with all His blessings was invited upon our school and teacher, and the singing of the doxology closed the edifying service.

May Jesus Christ, the great, good and faithful Shepherd, grant unto this, His under-shepherd, divine wisdom in the discharge of his high and responsible duties, in order that he may be able to lead many tender lambs of Christ to the green pastures of God's Word and beside the still waters of His mercy, and to make many who are not yet of Christ's fold to hear His voice and know Him, and follow Him through the valley of the shadow of death here below to the celestial fold on high; and that, when the Chief-shepherd shall appear, he may be numbered among those blessed teachers "that turn many to righteousness, and who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12, 3. S.

Luther's Faith.

In the trying times in which Luther lived men of little faith were in constant fear. Even Melancthon was often quite unhappy because of a want of faith. At the Diet of Augsburg, which was a meeting held to discuss the doctrines and welfare of the church, this man was so uneasy and fearful that he was to be pitied. He wrote to Luther, who was not permitted to be present, as follows: "All my time here is spent in tears and mourning. My dwelling is in perpetual tears. My consternation is indescribable. O my father, I do not wish my words to exaggerate my sorrow; but without your consolations it is impossible for me to enjoy here the least peace."

Luther replied to him thus: "Grace and peace in Christ—in Christ, I say, and not in the world. Amen. I hate with exceeding hatred those extreme cares which consume you. If the cause be unjust, abandon it. Why should

you belie the promise of Him who commands us to sleep without fear. Can the devil do more than kill us? Christ will not be wanting to the work of justice and truth. He lives. He reigns. What fear, then, can we have. . . . If Christ be not with us, where is He in the whole universe? If we are not in the church, where, I pray, is the church? If we have not the Word, who is it that possesses it? If we fall, Christ falls with us; that is to say, the Master of the world. I would rather fall with Christ, than remain standing with Caesar."

Luther's faith gave him comfort in the most trying times. While at Coburg, during the convention at Augsburg, he was of good cheer despite the fact that the cause of truth was assailed by the combined powers of the great

and mighty of the world, and the fact that his own life was in great danger. The secret of his faith was his constant dwelling in the atmosphere of God's Word. He was confined there for about six months. He had his room written over with Bible promises. On the walls, over the door, above the windows, everywhere his eyes chanced to light they fell upon words of Scripture. Even on his bed he had written the words, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep, for Thou only, O Lord, makest me to dwell in safety." Hundreds of men were thirsting for his blood, and the cause he had at heart, to human judgment, was bound to fail, yet Luther was hopeful and confident. He believed what he sung:

"A tower of strength our God is still!
A mighty Shield and Weapon;
He is our help from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken."

Little Missionary.

Don Carlos de Seso.

October 8, 1556.

De Seso was a nobleman of an ancient family in Spain. He rendered excellent services as a statesman under the Emperor Charles V. The Emperor, feeling under obligations to him, furthered his marriage with Donna Isabella, of Castile, of the royal family of Castile and Leon. The reading of the Bible and of Luther's writings brought him to the conviction that Luther's doctrine is the true doctrine. With great zeal, by oral instruction and by the circulation of Lutheran writings, he spread this doctrine in Valladolid, Valencia, Zamora, and surrounding places. When in the year 1555 the small Lutheran congregation at Valladolid was discovered by the Romish Inquisition, he, his wife, and their niece Donna Catelina, were also cast into the prison of the Inquisition. The latter two yielded in a few points of doctrine, and were sentenced to imprisonment for life, instead of being burned alive. But not for one moment would Don Carlos de Seso deny his Lutheran faith. On the 25th of June he was examined for the first time by the Inquisition. At this, and at all subsequent examinations, he remained faithful to the pure doctrine of the Gospel. For over a year he had to suffer in that terrible prison, because the Inquisitors still hoped that he would give up his Lutheran faith—an event which would especially have pleased them, because he was a man of such eminence. But by the help of Almighty God, he did not waver. Finally on the 7th of October, 1556, it was announced to him, that on the following day he should be publicly burned at the stake. All that night efforts were continued to induce him to recant and thus to save his life. All in vain. He insisted that he had found the truth. No threats terrified him. Calmly he asked for pen, ink, and paper, wrote down his confession of faith

and handed it to the priests, saying: "This is the true doctrine of the Gospel, in opposition to that held in the Romish Church. In this doctrine I will die and in the remembrance of, and in living faith in, the sufferings of Jesus Christ I will deliver my now emaciated body to God." De Seso was held in the Father's hand and no one could pluck him from it.

When led out to the market-place they gagged his mouth, so that his joyful confession might not move others to the same Lutheran faith. When he was tied to the stake, the gag was removed. Thereupon the monks again began tormenting him with their efforts to "convert" him. But he replied with a loud, firm voice: "I could prove to you that you are bringing yourselves into destruction, because you do not follow my example, but time is wanting. Hangman, set fire to the wood pile which is to consume me."

De Seso died in the flames without a sigh or murmur in the 43d year of his life. As in his life he led many to Christ, so even in death he gained souls for the great Shepherd. Reader, would you thus remain faithful to your Lutheran faith?

An Incident in Luther's Life.

It is stated that Catherine (wife of Martin Luther) was much dejected on one occasion, by the intelligence that a dear friend had died. She wept and was much distressed; Luther consoled her by telling her that God was not dead, and for his part he would never be dejected as long as God lived. Not long afterward everything looked dark and gloomy in the Church, and Luther came home very much cast down. Catherine said nothing, but clothed herself in mourning and went into his study. Luther looked at her in amazement. "Why, Katie! who's dead?" She replied, "God!"

"What! God dead?—What do you mean, are you beside yourself?"

"Why, dear husband, did you not tell me that you would never be cast down as long as God lived?"

"Yes."

"Well, to-day I saw you were very much dejected, and I took it for granted that God was dead."

"God bless you, my dear Katie, you have taught me a lesson, I will never be discouraged again."

A Girl's Song.

At the time of the terrible accident a year or two ago at the coal mines near Scranton, Pa., several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful. A spectator wrote:

The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and chil-

dren of the buried men and despair at their own balked efforts.

A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine, on the evening of the third day, in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig farther, that the men were dead, and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine-owners, who were in no way responsible for the accident.

A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper, which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet, childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn:

"A mighty Fortress is our God."

There was a silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and presently another and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn cry:

"With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Vallant One,
Whom God Himself elected.
Ask ye, Who is this?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,
He holds the field forever."

A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found—alive.—Y. C.

Speak the Truth.

An old minister liked his visits to members of his flock to be as informal and homely as possible. Once, when calling unexpectedly, he surprised a member in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind the clothes-horse, and told her little boy to say that she was out.

"Well, Jamie," the pastor said, "and where's your mother?"

"My mother is not in," said the boy, "she's down the street on a message."

"Indeed," replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen, "well, tell her I called; and say, that the next time she goes down to the village, she should not forget to take her feet with her."

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?—The Bible.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—TWO NEW LABORERS recently entered our mission field. Rev. Schuetz, a graduate of our Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis, has been ordained as missionary at Salisbury, N. C., and Mr. H. Persson has been installed as teacher of the parochial school at Greensboro, N. C. May God richly bless the work of His servants.

—FROM the *Lutheran Witness* we clip the following: On the 29th of August the colored mission of Pastor N. J. Bakke celebrated their harvest home and mission festival. The chapel had been beautifully decorated for the occasion with the various fruits and grains of the season. Three services were held, one in the morning, afternoon, and evening respectively. In the morning service Rev. R. W. Huebsch of Iredell Co., N. C., preached the sermon from Luke 15, 1—10 on "Jesus the friend of sinners." In the afternoon the writer delivered the harvest home sermon on Jer. 5, 23—25. In the evening Pastor Schuetz, lately called as missionary to Salisbury, N. C., preached the mission sermon on John 10, 16. The house was crowded in every service, especially in the afternoon, the attendance in that service being estimated at about three hundred. A number of these had come from the other mission stations of Pastor Bakke, a distance of twenty miles and more. These guests from a distance were entertained by the members of the local congregation, a lunch being served by the ladies for dinner in the school house. A collection was taken up in every service. At the close of the evening services "five and ten minute speeches" were made by all the pastors present, and words of encouragement and appreciation were spoken to the congregation. May God continue to bless the arduous and faithful labors of our brethren in the colored mission work of North Carolina.

—AN exchange, speaking of our mission work, says: "It is by all odds the most successful mission work among the colored population of the South that has been done by any Lutheran body in America."

—RECENT letters from Peru received by the American Bible Society say that four of the men who have been most prominent in obstructing the circulation of Bibles and evangelical work in that country have died within twelve months. They are the Bishop of Arequipa, who, in 1889, observed Mr. Penzotti selling a New Testament in the street and ordered a gendarme to arrest him and his colporteurs; La Jana, who stopped the entry of Bibles at the custom house in Callao, on the ground that he needed to consult the government respecting the legality of clearing such publications; Quinones, who ordered the mission schools to be closed, and Padre Veza, the parish priest of Santa Rosa, who had been conspicuous in throwing obstructions in the way of evangelical work.

—THE Lutheran missionary of Manuane in Africa writes: "Among those recently baptized is Sethanye, uncle of King Gopane, who reigns during Gopane's absence and has the chief voice in the court of justice. On a certain occasion in 1893 when I was threatened and assaulted by the heathen, Sethanye came to my assistance and clubbed those who came too near me so vigorously that they retreated and I could go home unmolested. He always came to divine service on time and was an attentive hearer. And when I visited him at his home he was hospitable and listened gladly to the Word of God. But there was little indication of real conversion. Sethanye's cattle-ranch was about a day's journey distant from here. He went there one day and came back again sick. The next day he sent for me through Gopane. I hastened to him. When I arrived he said: 'Moruti, I am very ill and will not recover. I want to be baptized and go to the Savior of sinners, of whom you so often spoke in church.' He continued to speak in this way and then requested to be baptized. From his protestations I could not but conclude that he was in earnest and sincere. I conversed a long time with him in regard to the one thing needful and finally said: 'In case you are baptized and the Lord restores you to health, then you must dismiss your wives and live with only one wife.' He answered: 'I will not recover; but if I should, then will I live as becomes a Christian in the congregation of Christians with only one wife.' After this confession I could no longer withhold baptism. I requested Gopane, who was also present, to make known his uncle's intention and to call together the chiefs of the people on the afternoon of Sethanye's baptism, that they might be present. There were many heathen and Christians present. The sick man was fully conscious and firmly answered the questions, renouncing the devil and the world, and with a loud voice confessed his faith in the Triune God. Then I baptized him, giving him the name of Abraham which he himself had chosen. On Easter morning when I visited him I found him very sick, but joyful in the Lord. The next day, when I went to him, he was dead. Amid a large gathering of Christians and heathens we laid away his mortal remains in our church-yard, where he awaits the second coming of Christ and the great resurrection."

—A story is told of an old native chief and an English Earl—an infidel—who visited the Fijian Islands. The Englishman said to the chief, "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who only want to get rich among you. No one nowadays would believe any more in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men listen to that story about Jesus Christ; people know better now, and I am only sorry for you, that you are so foolish." When he said that, the old chief's eyes flashed, and he said: "Do you

see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, you! you! if it had not been for these good missionaries, for that old Book and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you! you would never leave this spot! You have to thank God for the Gospel, as otherwise you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on your body in no time!"

—THE lot of blind girls is a sad one in China. Girls born blind are killed without delay. If a girl becomes blind in later years, she is sold for a trifle to houses of ill fame. Here they are taught to sing to the guests obscene songs. If they refuse to do it they are horribly maltreated. German missionaries are about establishing homes for blind girls at Hong Kong and at Kanton.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

FRAGEN UND ANTWORTEN fuer einen Kindergottesdienst am Reformationsfeste. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price: per copy, 5 cents; per dozen, 40 cents; per hundred, \$2.50 and postage.

Pastors and teachers will find this pamphlet very helpful in arranging a children's service for the Reformation festival. The leading points of the history of the Reformation are given in sixty-one questions and answers, together with hymns appropriate for the occasion.

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Sunday School: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.
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Singing School meets at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.

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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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1897.

No. 11.

Hymn of Trust.

I have, in hours of gladness,
Found life all free from sadness
And full of richest joy:
Let me not now in sorrow,
In trouble for the morrow,
With foolish thoughts my soul annoy.

My soul, though wrath deserving,
O Lord, Thou art preserving,
And softly chidest me:
Shall I, for comfort sighing,
Be cowardly, still trying
Thy gentle punishments to flee?

To Thee, Thy Spirit moving,
I give my powers of loving,
To Thee, my Lord and King:
God can deceive me never,
His word stands sure forever—
My trusting heart to Him I bring.

I will, when doubt comes o'er me,
And clouds are thick before me,
Keep closer to Thy side:
And though Thy face be hidden,
I shall not be forbidden
Within my Father's arms to hide.

When I this earth am leaving
To Christ, my soul receiving,
I'll yield my latest breath:
I am an heir of heaven,
My sins are all forgiven,
Why fear I either grave or death?

From the German.

"Not of Works."

"I do the best I can," or, "I hope to do better," are words which we often hear when speaking to persons about their souls' salvation. Many are so ignorant that they think though some of their works are bad others are good, and that God will put the bad works in one scale and the good ones into the other scale, and if there are more good works, they will be saved, and if there are more bad works, they will be lost. Of course, such persons always flatter themselves that they have more good works, and are thus deceived.

Others compare themselves with their neighbors, and think they stand as good a chance as most, and a better chance than some; therefore they find no cause to fear.

Again there are some that trust in their religious exercises. They go to church, they go to communion, they pray, they contribute money to the treasuries of the church. But they do all this, not out of love to God, but in order to earn heaven. They think the mere doing of these things will insure to them everlasting salvation.

All such false trusts and refuges are swept away by this one sentence of Scripture: "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast," Eph. 2, 9.

It is clear that if a person could be saved by his own doings, he might reasonably boast. But the apostle Paul asks, "Where is boasting? It is excluded." And then he adds, "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law."

It is a delusion, then, to trust to works of any kind for salvation; and it is utterly condemned by the Word of God. Besides, it is clear that if man could save himself, Christ need not have come into the world to save. Therefore we find the apostle saying that "if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain," Gal. 2, 21.

Alas! what a fatal mistake those make that proudly trust in their own works. They deceive themselves. Whilst they think they are on the road to heaven, they are on the road to hell. What a terrible mistake!

The fact is, that "a corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit." Man is corrupt, and all the fruit he brings forth of himself is but fruit *unto death*. The Bible says, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." Again it says, "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." You surely can not expect to buy heaven with a lot of dirty rags.

Thank God, salvation is God's free gift to the sinner. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. The Son of God became man to take away the sin of the world. In His sufferings and death He bore the punishment which is our due, and procured salvation for all sinners. This salvation

is brought to every sinner in the Gospel, in which we hear the loving voice of the Saviour, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Freely! What does that word mean? It means for nothing. We can not buy salvation with our works. It has been procured for us by Christ and is given to us in the Gospel for nothing. We are simply to take it with the hand of faith. Therefore it is written, "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life."

Dear reader, you will never find peace and salvation by trusting in your own works or by trusting in anything you find in your own sinful self. It is what Jesus is, not what we are; it is what Jesus has done for us, not what we do, that gives peace and rest and salvation to the soul. Trust in Jesus only and be saved. Trust in Him every day of your life, and find in Him forgiveness of all sin and comfort in all sorrows. Trust in Him in the hour of death, and your faith shall then be changed into sight. You shall then see Him face to face in everlasting joy and bliss, and with all the saints in heaven you shall in all eternity sing the glories of His grace.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

"I once experienced a great bereavement, which tested my trust in God's providence beyond any previous trial of my life. One night I was seated with my little boy on my knee, mourning over my loss, when my eyes rested on a favorite text over the mantel-piece. The eye of the child also turned in the same direction, and without any request on my part he read the text aloud: 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.' As I heard the words from my dear boy's lips, they seemed to sink into my heart with a power they had never done before. To my surprise the child asked the question, 'Papa, what does "perfect" mean?' My heart was too full to make any reply for a few moments, and before I could break the silence, my little one supplied the answer by saying, 'Papa, doesn't it mean that *God makes no mistakes?*'"

Selected.

The Ark of the Covenant.

Our picture represents the Ark of the Covenant together with the Mercy Seat. The Ark of the Covenant was an oblong chest of acacia wood, gilded. It was made by Moses according to the directions given to him by God, as you will find in Exod. 25.

The contents of the Ark were the two tables of the law, the pot of manna, and Aaron's rod that budded.

On the lid of the Ark was the Mercy Seat, overshadowed by the wings of the two cherubim. This was the place where God revealed Himself, made His presence felt among the people of Israel; consequently the Holy of holies, in which was the Ark with the Mercy Seat, was the dwelling of God. The Ark was covered and kept behind curtains, first in the tabernacle and afterwards in the temple of Solomon. The high priest alone saw it, and could see it only when it was surrounded by clouds of incense.

The Mercy Seat, where God revealed Himself to Israel, was an emblem of Christ, in whom God has revealed Himself to man, and "whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins," Rom. 3, 25. In Christ

we find the grace and mercy of God, and every sinner can boldly come to this Mercy Seat. Therefore the apostle says, "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need," Hebr. 4, 16.

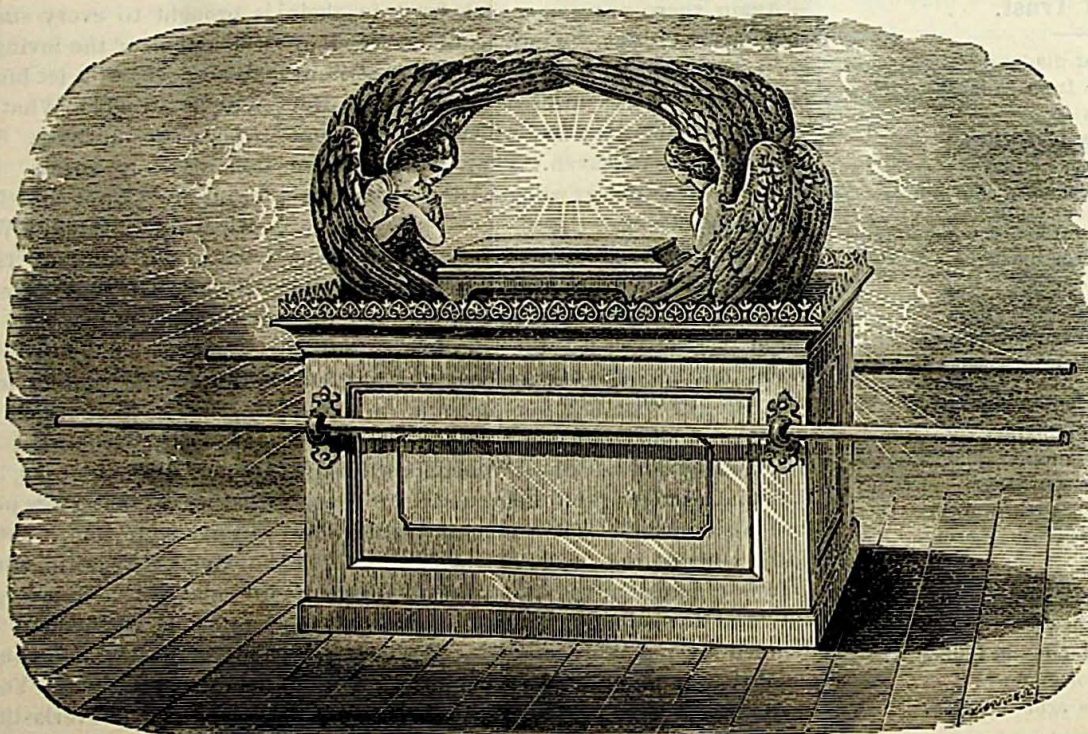
Tramps in Africa.

A missionary in Liberia, Africa, writes:

In our journey we passed a bit of a deserted hut, scarcely more than five feet high and six feet square, with only one opening, though whether door or window we could not tell. How a man could live in it we could not understand; but when we recall that these people live a strictly "outdoor life," it does not surprise one to find such huts of boughs, branches, leaves and thatch. From our standpoint, however, it has one redeeming feature: when built among trees or vines or bushes, it looks quite romantic. The natives, when not

living closely together in villages, build their homes back from the roads or pathways, so that they are not easily discovered, and are thus afforded considerable protection from marauding bands, tramps, etc.

Have we "tramps" in Africa? Oh, yes, plenty of them. Should one member of a tribe become a little more successful in any undertaking, the others harass him with taunts and accusations of becoming proud "like white man." Not far from here lives a poor widow, with several children. Her little rice crop ripened before those of her neighbors, and in a short time they came, smiling and saying, "How do, heah! How do, heah; goin' to help you pick rice, heah! Gwine to help you, just now, heah?" The poor woman did



The Ark and the Mercy Seat.

"heah" with dismay, for it meant that they would eat and carry off about seven-eighths of what they would pick; so she delayed the gathering of the rice, and stole out at nights to pick some for her small family, fearing that there would be none left if her friendly (?) neighbors once got into her field. Oh, yes, we have tramps here.

The missionaries say there is little use planting any fruit about the grounds; for all such are regarded as public property, and whoever came along would "help himself." Mr. Hubler planted a big field of pineapples—but not a pineapple did he get. The pawpaw trees, the banana, orange and other trees, are rifled of their fruit long before it is ripe. It is not much better with the vegetables, cossado, eddo and sweet potatoes; they all disappear with singular regularity; but as there are always plenty of them, no one cares. The thing we do object to having stolen, though, is coffee, either from off the trees or out of the driers, for that is the "money" in this country.

Do Missions Pay?

This question, says an exchange, needs to be answered from time to time with cold facts and figures, which are accessible in large abundance, in order to quiet the fears of the doubtful and silence the sneers of scoffers who belittle the work of missions and have no understanding for any but a mathematical demonstration.

One of the missionary journals of England reports that, among the recent contributions to the London Mansion House Fund for famine relief in India, is one of over \$4000 from the Fiji Islands. In this connection it is well to call attention to the fact that, when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, sixty years ago,

the Fiji Islands were inhabited by pagan cannibals, to whom not a single ray of light from the Christian world had come. These people were peculiarly ferocious. The missionary society, which in 1838 planned to commence work within the group, declared in its report of that year that the missionary must prosecute his work "before the sailor and the merchant will dare to frequent those now inhospitable shores." And now we have another illustration of what the missionary with the Word of the cross has accomplished.

The ferocious natives of these islands have been christianized. Out of a population of 125,000 about 100,000 are reported in the government statistics as Christians. The whole face of society has changed. In place of brutal orgies there is an orderly and thriving community, and now the grand-children of the cannibals, among whom it was not safe to dwell, and whom the first missionaries approached in the Lord's name in the face of the peril of being slain and eaten by those to whom they were bringing the light and power of a new life, have sent a contribution of over \$4000 to feed the poor of India. These Fijian Christians have the missionary spirit, and they not only answer the question, "Do missions pay?" but, in their liberality, they put to shame the niggardliness of many in older Christian communities that have enjoyed the light of the Gospel for many generations.

LET not thy tongue say what thy heart denies.

"Except Joe Whitbread."

A lady went to the home of a sick man, whose name was Joe Whitbread. She found him very ill.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When the lady came to the last of these verses, Joe cried out in distress, "Oh, stop, stop, ma'am!"

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

Only a few more words passed, and the lady left.

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

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

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

A Story of a Bell.

A very pretty story is told of the way in which a church bell was paid for. The bell hangs in the church tower of the little town of Grosslasnitz, in the north of Germany. On it is engraved its history, a bas-relief representing a six-eared stalk of wheat, and the date, October 15, 1729.

The bell was wanted in the village, because the one already there was so low of tone that it could not be heard at the end of the town. But the people were poor, and where was the money to come from? Every one offered to give what he could, but the united offerings did not amount to nearly enough.

One Sunday, when the school-master, Gottfried Hahn, was going to church, he noticed growing out of the church-yard wall a flourishing green stalk of wheat, the seed of which must have been dropped by some passing bird. The idea struck him that perhaps this one stalk of wheat could be made the means of producing the second bell they wanted so much.

He waited till the wheat was ripe and then plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it again and again, till at last he had not enough room to do so longer. Then he divided the seed among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing it until, in the eighth year, the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold, they found that they had money enough to buy a beautiful bell.

And there it hangs, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it, and above the legend a cast of the wheat stalk to which the bell owes its existence.

The Password.

In the late war between the North and the South a young doctor, by the name of Stuart, entered the Federal army as volunteer. One evening he was to perform an errand outside of the camp, and asking for the password at headquarters, received the answer "Chicago."

Riding past the first sentinel he answered the question, "Who's there?" with "Chicago." The sentinel stopped him and said in a subdued tone of voice: "Mr. Stuart, you have not told me the password and I might shoot you. Return immediately and ask for the password of to-day."

In no little agitation of mind the physician turned his horse and rode back to the colonel, who with horror discovered that by mistake he had told him the password for the preceding day. Stuart now returned and answered

the sentinel's question: "Who's there?" with "Massachusetts," and then added: "My friend, to-day you have asked me the password a second time; there is a day coming, when all shall appear before the judgment seat of God, and there every one will be asked the password only once. Do you know the password for heaven?"

"Yes, Mr. Stuart," answered the young soldier, "and if I have warned you a little while ago and permitted you to return unharmed, it was done because I recognized your voice and because I once learned the password for heaven out of your own mouth in Sunday-school. It is as follows: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanses us from all sins.'" (Tr.)

A Rich Man.

A tax collector one day came to a poor minister in order to assess the value of his property and to determine the amount of taxes. The minister asked the man to be seated, which he did. Then the latter took out his book and asked, "How much property do you possess?"

"I am a rich man," answered the minister. The official quickly sharpened his pencil and asked intently, "Well, what do you own?"

The pastor replied, "I am the possessor of a Saviour who earned for me life everlasting, and who has prepared a place for us in the Eternal City."

"What else?"

"I have a brave, pious wife. And Solomon says, Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

"What else?"

"Healthy and obedient children."

"What else?"

"A merry heart, which enables me to pass through life joyfully."

"What else?"

"That is all," replied the minister.

The official closed his book, arose, took his hat, and said:

"You are indeed a rich man, sir, but your property is not subject to taxation."

Be kind to the Living.

A dear mother lay dying, and her oldest son, as he knelt by her bedside, cried, "You have been a good mother to us." The dying woman opened her eyes, and with a feeble smile whispered, "You never said so before, John," and she was gone. If we have kind words to speak, let us speak them now, while our loved ones are yet with us. If we have loving deeds to do, let them be done to-day. Flowers on coffin lids and epitaphs on tombstones, bring no cheer to the living. And how often they but contrast the more strongly with the absence of the gifts and the kind words while our dear ones lived. — N. Y. E.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—SPEAKING of early Lutheranism in the West, a writer in *The Lutheran* says of the Missouri Lutheran Synod: "This body was so strict in its adherence to the confessions of the Church, as to be constantly abused for its exclusiveness and bigotry. There were perpetual, and continued strictures, criticisms and condemnation of Prof. Walther and his theology, in our English Church papers, until we younger men began to think that if we should ever see Walther, or a real live Missouri Synod man, we should see a man with a little horn on his head, about the size of the one described by the prophet Daniel. But, behold, the 'little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation'! Out of the fires and the ashes of persecution has arisen the largest body of Lutherans in the United States. Their progress is the wonder of the world!"

—THE United Synods of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan are carrying on mission work among the Apache Indians. Rev. Plocher is stationed at San Carlos, Arizona, where a residence for the missionary and a school-house were built. His Sunday-school numbers 110 and the parochial school 20 pupils. Missionary Mayerhoff is located at Ft. Apache, 90 miles from San Carlos; at present he gives religious instruction to the children of the Government school. A very friendly relation exists between the missionary and the Apaches. Synod has recently appropriated \$1150 for a residence for the missionary.

—A TRAVELER in Italy writes: "Everybody in Italy knows the Pope is a miser. He lives for gold. He has made gold his god. Never a generous impulse stirs his breast. As all but the clerical Italian papers say, he has never been known to do a philanthropic action in his native land. Not one 'could lay his finger on a spot' of Rome or Italy, and say, 'Here Signor Pecci has done good.' Then he is not a king; he is only a straw king—only a mock sovereign—only a pretender to a throne. He has no authority even. He is, as the world knows, a slave. He is kept in chains by the Jesuits. He is their tool and instrument. He is a mere catspaw of these unscrupulous men of cunning. Yet, that old man, enslaved to bad men, and to yellow gold (they should ship him off to Klondike), is the head of the Papal Church."

—THE American Bible Society issued last year more than one and a half million of copies of the Scriptures. And this was not a remarkable year. The distribution was about equal to the average of the last twenty years. Its entire circulation since 1816 exceeds sixty-three million volumes.

—THE "Bible basket" is an indispensable requisite in the Hervey group of the South Sea Islands. It is neatly plaited the exact size to contain a thick octavo Bible, a hymn-book, a lead-pencil, and a pair of spectacles.

Every churchgoer, man or woman, is equipped with one of these baskets, suspended from the shoulder. It is the custom to take notes of the sermon, as the head of the household invariably catechises each member on his return.

—A LADY in Scotland has given to a Mission in New York a large sum of money, to open a mission among the dwarfs of Africa. These dwarf tribes of Africa are among the most singular and interesting features of that strange continent. They were met by Henry M. Stanley in several of his journeys into the interior, and have more recently been encountered by the Presbyterian missionaries in the interior from Gabun. This is apparently their nearest approach to the sea-coast, but they are supposed to be widely scattered throughout the dense forests of the Upper Congo Valley. These dwarfs average about four feet in height, and are well-proportioned and athletic. They appear to have no territory exclusively to themselves, but are distributed among other peoples, obtaining their living chiefly from hunting, the products of the chase and the forests, which they sell to the people about them. In disposition they are exceedingly timid and retiring, although fighting fiercely when attacked, and it has been difficult to obtain accurate information as to their numbers, manner of life, or religious condition.

—IN spite of the troublesome times in Madagascar, the Norwegian Missionary Society is able to report progress from its West Coast Mission. "We have had a fruitful year and great peace," writes missionary Fagereng from Tulleur. "The people have been more well-disposed. Many new places have been occupied during the year and supplied with schools. The church attendance has been good, and the church at the station has often been too small. It is true, we still meet with opposition. The heir to the chieftaincy came one day into one of our schools, and said, with an arrogant and spiteful look, 'I hate to see these Christians teaching anything.' This is natural, for this fine young prince cares for nothing but brandy and evil ways. Yet God's Pentecost will come to this region some day, and I see signs of it already."

—A POOR Japanese woman came to a Christian teacher and begged her to care for a ragged, forlorn child, saying, "Please do take the little baby. Your God is the only god that teaches us to be good to little children."

—A LARGE folio Bible in the English language has been especially prepared as a gift to the Emperor of Japan, and sent to Yokohama. It will be formally presented at the first fitting opportunity after the Emperor's return to Tokio in the autumn. The gift will be made in the name of the American Bible Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the National Bible Society of Scotland, which are jointly concerned in the publication and distribution of the Japanese Scriptures. The two agents, Rev. Henry Loomis and Mr. George Braithwaite, of Yokohama, are

to make all the necessary arrangements, including the preparation of a suitable letter to accompany the book. The preparation of this volume was suggested by the favorable reception which the Dowager Empress of China gave in 1894, when a beautiful Chinese New Testament was given to her in the name of 10,000 Protestant Christian women of China.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1898. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cents.

This welcome yearly visitor comes to us with a beautiful colored picture representing the Wartburg and with other illustrations from Luther's life. Besides the usual almanac matter and the statistics of the Synodical Conference there are a number of pages of interesting and practical reading. The almanac will be welcomed in all German Lutheran homes.

CHRISTFEST-LITURGIE No. 2. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 5 cents; per dozen, 40 cts.; per hundred, \$2.50 and postage.

This is an excellent new Christmas liturgy of sixteen pages. Pastors and teachers will find it very valuable for a children's service at Christmas time.

LETTER BOX.

Mrs. D., Meherrin, Va. — Though we can not print your entire letter in the PIONEER, still we read it with great interest. May God bless you for your kind words of encouragement.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, New Orleans, La.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
1625 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Derbigny.
Divine services: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Tuesday evening.
Singing School meets at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.
Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle meets at 7½ o'clock evening.
F. J. LANKENAU, 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. XIX.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1897.

No. 12.

The Christmas Story.

"See, we are not sleepy, mother;
Look how wide awake we seem;
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream.

"Tell the very sweetest story
That you ever heard or read,
And you'll see that we remember
Every single word you've said."

Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago
When the sky was full of angels,
And from every shining row,

In a voice of heavenly music
Came a loving message, given
For the sake of one sweet baby
That had come that night from heaven;

That was born so poor, so lowly
In a stable far away,
And was laid into a manger
On a bed of straw and hay;

That had come to be the Saviour
Of all sinners here below,
To redeem from sin and Satan
And from hell's eternal woe.

Four blue eyes and two sweet voices
Waited till my tale was done —
Then they cried, "Why, that was Jesus!
Christmas, Christmas time is come!"

The Christ Child.

It is a wonderful Child whose birth is made known by an angel in that joyful Christmas message: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Of this Child the prophet says, "His name shall be called Wonderful."

Wonderful indeed! For who is this child? The angel says it is Christ. So this Child is the Messiah, promised to our first parents as the woman's seed that should bruise the head of the serpent. Wonderful Child! foretold again and again, from generation to generation, so that men might be prepared for His coming, and know that He was to be the son of Abraham, and the son of David, a virgin's son, to be born in Bethlehem. Wonderful Child! Promised for four thousand years, and longed for by a multitude of believing hearts!

Wonderful indeed! Who is this Child? The angel says it is the Lord. So this Child is the great Jehovah. He is God and man in one Person. Wonderful Child! "True God, begotten of the Father from eternity, and also true man, born of the virgin Mary." God's own Son took upon Him our human nature and became like unto us, only without sin. The Child for whom there was no room in the inn, and who was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger was the Lord, God over all blessed forever. The Child that was sheltered in a stable and cradled in a crib was the Maker of all, the Creator of heaven and earth. "The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." Wonderful Child!

Wonderful indeed! Who is this Child? The angel says it is the Saviour. So this Child is the Saviour of the world. Wonderful Child! He brings joy and light and salvation and life into this world of sorrow and darkness and sin and death. He takes the sinners' place, and bears the sin of the world and the punishment which sinners deserved. He is "made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." Wonderful Child! Through Him sinners are made the sons and daughters of God, and joint-heirs with Himself. Wonderful Child! Precious Child!

Wonderful indeed! Precious indeed! That Child is our Prince of Peace—take it away, and we are plunged into a gulf of woe! That Child is our Salvation—take it away, and we are at once exposed to all the wrath of a just and holy God! That Child is our Sun of Righteousness—take it away, and we are left in the midnight darkness of despair! That Child is our Treasure—take it away, and we are beggars forever!

Rejoice, then, dear reader! "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." Welcome to your heart the wonderful and precious Christ Child as your only Saviour. You will then enjoy a happy Christmas.

"O dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee."

True Christmas Joy.

True Christmas joy is not the vain, carnal joy of the world. No. It is joy in the newborn Saviour. The sinner feeling the burden of his sin and trembling at the wrath of a just and holy God, hears the glad Christmas tidings: "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." This he believes. In that Saviour he trusts for salvation. In Him he finds forgiveness of all his sin and life everlasting. Thus his heart is filled with the true Christmas joy. It is joy in the Saviour.

Let us, then, go to Bethlehem and find the true Christmas joy. No sooner did the shepherds hear of the Saviour's birth, than they ran to see him. Let us also say, "We would see Jesus." And where shall we see Him but in the Gospel which is preached in the Church of God? If we go there to see Him, we shall find that the Church of God is still a Bethlehem, "a house of bread." God will feed our souls with the "bread which came down from heaven, and which endureth to eternal life." Then we shall experience true Christmas joy, and the Christmas season will be a season of true gladness and happiness to our souls.

Unto You is Born a Saviour.

"These words," says Luther, "should melt heaven and earth, and change for us death into sugar, and all misfortunes, of which there are here more than can be told, into pure, sweet wine. For what man is there who can properly conceive of this, that the Son of God is born man, a Saviour for us? Such treasure the angel gives not only to His mother, the virgin Mary, but to all of us men. 'Unto you,' he says, 'is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'"

HERE is good advice: "Be a light that burns and shines, and reveals good works; not a painted fire, beside which one may freeze to death."

Christmas in North Celebes.

Celebes is an island of the Malay Archipelago, under the control of the Dutch since 1677. Mission work is carried on by a Missionary Society of Holland, through whose labors the northern part of the island has become a Christian country. In one of our exchanges we find the following description of the celebration of Christmas Eve in North Celebes:

Let us visit one of the towns where a missionary resides. The house is easily found. The way is pointed out by a stream of boys and girls who in childish glee are hastening in that direction. A dense throng is gathered in front of the illuminated veranda, for, besides the sixty to eighty children, some of the parents have put in their appearance. Through the open windows we get a glimpse of the missionary and his wife, busily engaged with the final preparations. Observing the visitors, he invites us to ascend the stairway and receives us most cordially.

The Christmas tree was not missing. Why, it is a German pine, we had almost said; but no, it is a casuarina, a magnificent native tree, reaching to the ceiling, twelve feet high. The missionary explains in passing: "My boys got it, roots and all, out of the woods and planted it in a large wash-tub, as you see. You are probably aware of the fact that the German custom was introduced here by Father Riedel. None of the principal stations is without its Christmas tree." The many tapers which adorn the tree consist in part of such as are made here by running the melted wax of wild bees into slender bamboo reeds, while others are of European manufacture. The numerous presents that are tied to the branches show that the mission friends in Holland continue to generously remember the mission in Celebes.

The children are now called in. What a cheerful throng as they form in large circles around the glittering tree! Here and there

is heard a half-suppressed exclamation of wonder. We can also overhear one or another of the beautiful things mentioned in a whisper. Upon a sign from the missionary all is quiet, and the school teacher starts the hymn: "O thou joyful, O thou blessed, glad and gracious Christmastide!" The children all join in the beautiful song. The words are in the Malaysian language, but the melody

Gift of our God that is not forgotten amid the earthly gifts.

After the singing of another hymn the Christmas story is told. A little chap in a bright colored calico waist and white pants, with sparkling eyes and a frank, smiling and yet bashful face, is called forward for this purpose. He tells the old, old story in child-like simplicity, with clear voice and quite

correctly. As a reward of merit the little fellow is allowed to go to the tree and take down from its branches one of the candy ornaments. Then begins the distribution of presents, each one of which is marked with the name of the child who is to receive it. How expectantly the children wait until they hear their name! Then they come forward so joyfully and yet somewhat shyly, to receive the gift and politely to return thanks. Their joy finds varied expression as the little packages are opened. A little girl yonder, standing and quietly examining her gift, is a picture of happiness, while another, beaming and laughing, runs to her mother to show her treasure. The boys are louder and more demonstrative, some of them leaping and prancing with delight and even swinging their presents in the air amid loud hurrahs. And the joy of the children is reflected upon the faces of the parents.

A song which is now announced is effective in restoring order among the little ones. Then some time is spent in social converse and in

eating confections and sweetmeats, interspersed with the singing of Christmas hymns. Finally all depart with renewed expressions of thankfulness to the good missionary and his wife.

But to-morrow is the "great day." "Blessed great day!"—this is their usual form of greeting at Christmas. Everybody goes to church, and some fail to get in, for the church is too small on this day. Of course there are present on this occasion some who are not regular and diligent attendants at the Lord's house; but should we not feel glad that they are at least



THE CHRIST CHILD.

and the Christmas emotions which find expression in it go out far beyond the limits of any national tongue. It is indeed a touching and inspiring scene.

What would be the lot and condition of these dusky children of heathendom, if they had never heard of the great Friend of children who Himself became a child to save us from our sins? Of Him the missionary speaks in his address, and it seems to us that in many an up-turned, attentive face in that group we can discover a yearning interest in the great and gracious Christmas

drawn thither by the joyous festival? Possibly the Word may sink into their hearts to-day and like a fruitful seed, take root in their souls.

Uncle Robert's Christmas Present.

On a cold December afternoon an old-fashioned carriage was moving heavily along towards a village near Baden, Germany. The driver often turned about to ask the tall lady and her little girl within if they were suffering much from the cold. He feared the lady was too thinly clad for such weather. He had been engaged to convey the mother and child to Baden, but said: "We can not reach Baden to-night. I will leave you at the village until morning and return for you to-morrow, when we will proceed to your destination."

Little Mary insisted that she was not cold, and chatted merrily of her uncle and cousins with whom she was to spend the approaching Christmas.

On arriving at the village the lady and child were assisted to alight, and conducted to the inn. The hostess, Martha, seeing how pale and sickly the lady looked, proposed that the guests go at once to their room, and that she would bring them supper shortly.

Feebly the mother followed the hostess and child through the narrow hall and up the steep stair-way. Supper was soon served, and, with a few kind words and best wishes for a good night's rest, Martha left her guests alone.

Anton, the inn-keeper, soon returned, and desired to know who the guests were to whom his wife had been giving so much attention. Martha said:

"The lady is evidently very poor, for she is plainly clad. However, she is refined in appearance and manners, and her child is a real angel."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the landlord. "They brought no luggage, and as like as not will have no money with which to pay their bill. You had no business to show them to a room until I saw them."

The good-hearted landlady did not reply, but in her own mind she decided that her guests should be well cared for if they had money or not. She pitied them, and before retiring, slipped to their door, but hearing no noise, and supposing them to be asleep, went to her bed.

In the morning Martha did not arouse her guests at the rising hour. But later she went to their door, and hearing no noise, she quietly entered and was horrified to find the mother cold in death. Little Mary was soon awakened and cried bitterly because she could not arouse her mamma. Martha took her down stairs, gave her a bowl of milk and some bread, and, not knowing how to comfort her, said: "Your mamma will soon be back."

Mary was hungry and enjoyed her breakfast. While she was eating Martha stepped out to tell her husband of the sad occurrence.

The worldly-minded man had no thought of sympathy for the child, but feared that the occurrence might put them to some trouble, and perhaps cost some money.

Having eaten her milk and bread Mary donned her hat and cloak and wandered out the door, hoping that she might find her mamma. On she wandered, out of the village and into the snowy woods, which the bright sunlight had turned into what seemed to the child like a beautiful fairyland.

In a fine mansion near Baden a lady was trying to induce her husband to send a box of clothing and provision to his sister as a Christmas surprise. Robert, for that was the man's name, would not consent. His sister had married against his wishes, and although he knew that her husband had died and that she was in want, he would not think of trying to give her some Christmas joy.

Leaving his wife he called his servant to bring the sleigh and horses, and soon he was off to the woods with his boys, Carl and William, in search of evergreen for Christmas. The drive through the woods on that bright morning was a rich treat to the children. They laughed and made sport and never thought of the cold. Presently Carl cried: "See there, papa, lies an angel on the snow." To his amazement Robert saw a sweet little girl lying on the snow. He leaped from the sleigh and picked her up. She was so nearly frozen that she had grown unconscious. They wrapped her in a robe and hastened home. The mother and sister, Carl and William all agreed that she was surely a sweet child, and no effort was spared to save the little one's life. No one was more interested than Robert. He thought he had never looked upon such a beautiful child, and he declared that if no owner was found for the lost one she should be adopted into the family.

Not long after the child had recovered, a messenger arrived from the village, informing Robert that a lady had died there the night before, and handing him a letter that had been found on her person. The lady was Robert's sister who was coming to him to entrust to his keeping her little Mary before she died. And so Robert learned that the little one he desired to adopt, was his sister's child. His heart melted as he read her sad letter so full of Christian faith, and he felt heartily ashamed that he had been so unforgiving. He resolved to do what he could to amend for his hard-heartedness by treating little Mary as one of his own children.

Christmas Kindness.

In his private room sat a banker, with a sad and troubled look on his face. A panic had set in, and many business houses and banks were failing. A rumor had been started that Thompson's bank was about to close its doors. There was an uneasiness created, and the de-

positors were crowding in to lift their money. Thousands of dollars were being paid out, and Mr. Thompson, while he thought that the bank could stand the run, felt very bitter at seeing the hurry and rush with which people came to demand their hoardings.

A stranger was admitted to the banker's private room who said: "You will pardon me, sir, for asking rather a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come to the point."

"Well, sir," impatiently interrupted the other.

"I hear that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your question. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out," and Mr. Thompson arose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a penny in your bank."

"Then may I ask you, what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because if it would, I would gladly pay in a small deposit."

The banker started.

"You seem surprised. I will explain my motive. Do you recollect when you lived in M—— some years ago?"

"Very well."

"My father kept a turnpike toll-gate. One Christmas morning my father was sick and I took the toll. On that day you passed through. As I opened the gate for you I said, 'Happy Christmas!' You replied, 'Thank you, my lad, thank you; the same to you,' and at the same time tossed me a dollar, saying, 'Here is a trifle to make it so.' That was the first money I ever owned. I long treasured it. As I grew up I added a little to it. With God's grace I have been successful in my business. I never forgot your kindness, and on learning of the run on your bank I drew my deposits and have brought them to lodge with you, in case they will be of any help to you. Here they are, and in a few days I will call again."

He handed a bundle to the banker, and laying his card on the desk, took his hat and walked out of the room.

Mr. Thompson opened the roll and found \$150,000. The stern-hearted banker burst into tears. The bank did not need any help, but the noble motive of the young man was sufficient to affect his heart. Kind words and kind deeds are not soon forgotten.

The hearer of the Gospel is bound to be a repeater of the Gospel. We are called upon, as we know the Lord, to tell to others what the Lord has told to us.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—It is the custom of William II, Emperor of Germany, on the afternoon before Christmas, to saunter forth in civilian dress, entirely unattended and well provided with new gold and silver pieces. Last Christmas eve he left the palace at Potsdam at about two o'clock, first visiting the park of Sans Souci, to give each workman from two to ten marks. He then walked into the city of Potsdam to distribute money, but only among working people. He knows well how to distinguish the classes, for a seeming workman, who, however, was a professional guide, approached with hat in hand but received nothing. On his way to a neighboring village his majesty encountered a woman drawing a cart assisted by a dog. He endeavored to detain the establishment and was roundly abused by the peasant woman. The Emperor quietly said, "What is the matter, don't you want a Christmas present? at the same time handing her five marks. When presently some officers informed her of the identity of her benefactor, she ran after him to implore his pardon and properly to thank him. Many pretty little stories are told of the Emperor's benefactions to poorer people. On one occasion he was walking behind two seafaring men and overheard how one of them lamented that he could not buy some necessary winter apparel for the girl who was soon to become his wife. The Emperor, who was unknown to the sailor lad, invited him into a store, where he purchased the much-desired articles, saying, "When your bride wears these, let her think of her Emperor."

—THE missionary ship, "John Williams," on leaving Sydney, carried out 50 tons of building materials for a chapel to be erected at Malua, in Samoa, at a cost of \$5000, all subscribed by the Samoan native Christians. This is an evidence of liberality and the missionary spirit on the part of Christian converts among the heathen. It is one example of many showing that those raised up from heathenism within a single generation may be led not only to support their own pastors and churches, but also to send forth the Gospel for the enlightenment of other heathen people. The shipment included also 40 cases of Bibles for Savage Island and a large consignment of books for New Guinea in the Motu language, printed in Sydney.

—THE Greenlanders are stupid, and missionary work among them was most trying. At first they would disturb the missionaries when holding service, and steal their food and papers. They were filthy. The Eskimo mother licked her child instead of washing it. At last one named Kayarnak was won for Christ. His life underwent a great change when he became a Christian, and this led others to listen to the missionaries; for they, too, wanted to be changed. Kayarnak became a teacher, and even taught the mis-

sionaries their language, and helped them to translate the Bible.

—In the early and cruelest days of West Indian slavery Moravian missionaries found it impossible to reach the slaves, so separated were they in sympathy from the ruling classes. At length two consecrated men said: "We will go to the plantations, and work and toil under the lash, so as to get close in feeling to those we would instruct." So they left their homes, sold themselves as slaves, and lived in a company of slaves, to get close to the hearts of slaves. Gladly the slaves heard them, because they had thus humbled themselves to their condition.

—Do you remember how missions began in Japan? A pocket English New Testament was dropped from the side of an English ship in the harbor of Tokyo. It was picked up, and it came into the possession of a high official of Japan. He had the curiosity to get a Chinese translation, and he was converted and baptized. That was in days in which it was almost certain death to be a Christian. And now we read that the commander-in-chief of the Japanese army, after years of obstruction, has given orders that there may be a free circulation of the Bible, and 180,000 copies were circulated in three months among soldiers and sailors alone.

—A MISSIONARY, during his vacation at home, was requested by a former classmate to do some missionary work among the latter's parishioners. Some had become backsliders, and others lukewarm; his pastoral visits seemed to be fruitless. He wanted him to go and see a married couple, who in former years had been very attentive and liberal, but since the death of their only child, had become indifferent and stingy, although (or because) they were growing richer every year. The missionary preached in his friend's church on the next Sunday morning. His illustrations were taken from his experience in heathen lands. The couple referred to before were also present, and seemed to be greatly interested. After the service, they asked the missionary and their pastor to dinner. The former continued at table to speak of his work abroad and of the duty of the Christians at home to support the work liberally. Neither the host nor the hostess tried to turn off the conversation to some other subject. After dinner, the host left the room in order to look after his horses. As soon as the door closed, his wife got up hurriedly and put a gold-piece in the guest's hand, saying, "Put it away quickly before my husband returns. It is for Foreign Missions. Don't tell him, for he is very stingy." The missionary felt embarrassed, but found no time to argue with her, as the host was coming across the yard. The visitors soon took their leave; the host accompanied them beyond the gate. On parting, he too put a gold-piece into the missionary's hand. "It is for Foreign Missions; don't tell my wife, for she is a very

stingy woman," he said, and left them in haste. It is not known whether this couple since the missionary's visit took a new start in liberality.

Be Content!

Think who you are! Is it not true that you are a poor sinner, and worthy of nothing better than that you should lie upon thorns? Yet, whilst your Lord lay on hard straw, in a manger, you lie on a soft bed; and still you are discontented and complain of great sufferings.

Luther.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

WAS IST NOETHIG VON SEITEN DER ELTERN UND KINDER, DAMIT DIE HERANWACHSENDE GETAUFTTE JUGEND BEI JESU UND SEINER KIRCHE BLEIBE? Sermon on Mark 10, 13—16. By C. L. Janzow, pastor of Bethlehem congregation, St. Louis, Mo. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 5 cts.; per dozen, 30 cts.; per hundred, \$2.00, and postage.

The Bethlehem congregation at St. Louis did well to have this sermon printed. It is an earnest and affectionate appeal to Christian parents and children, reminding the former of their duties toward their children and beseeching the latter not to neglect the means of grace, so that they may escape the many dangers that surround them and remain faithful to Christ and His Church. Thus it is a valuable Home Mission tract, and pastors would do well to give it a wide circulation. Much is gained when people are gathered into the congregation, but "he that endureth to the end shall be saved." If we would save souls we must not only bring them under the power of the Word and Sacraments, but keep them under that power until the journey ends and the victory is won.

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1625 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Derbigny.
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Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Tuesday evening.
Singing School meets at 7½ o'clock Monday evening.

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Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.
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Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.
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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.