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The Lutheran Pioneer 1898

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Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1898" (1898). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 20.
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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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1898.

No. 1.

A Happy New Year.

All men wish to enjoy a happy new year, but not all know what true happiness is. Many seek happiness in the riches and in the joys and pleasures of this sinful world. They deceive themselves. In the time of need, in the gloomy days of sickness and sorrow their treasures will fail them. The new year which they enter so merrily may be their last year upon earth, and if they die in their sins, they will enter an eternity of woe. What an unhappy year that will be!

True happiness is found in Jesus only; for in Him only "we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins." Of Him the angel said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." Without salvation from sin, without forgiveness of sins there can be no true happiness; for sin is the source of all unhappiness. When sin entered the world, sickness and sorrow and troubles and death came by sin. That is misery. We need a Saviour from sin, if we are to be made happy. This Saviour with His redemption from sin is brought to us in the Gospel, which calls to all burdened sinners, "Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee!" Sin and death, and all the woe that is the result of sin have lost their mastery over them that believe in this Jesus, who came to save His people from their sins. Believers are happy; for though they live in a world of sin and suffer for a season, they are heirs of heaven and rejoice in the hope of glory. With good cheer they enter another year of their earthly pilgrimage. They may have heavy crosses to bear and many sorrows by the way. They may be poor and sick, and suffer pains of mind and body like other men. Yet they are not unhappy like those that know not Jesus. The faith with which they trust in the Saviour for forgiveness of sin and deliverance from death, enables them to trust in their heavenly Father for protection, and guidance, and for the supply of all their earthly wants during their journey to the better land. They enjoy true happiness and are on the way to everlasting bliss.

A pastor was one day called to see a young woman, who lay dying. He found her in a dark corner of a poor garret room, on a miserable bed. Cold sweat was upon her brow, and her eyes and mouth were closed. The pastor saw that death was very near. He asked her, "Do you suffer much pain?" She did not answer, although he repeated the question in a louder voice. He, as well as the mother, who stood near by, thought she had already become unconscious.

The pastor, leaning over the bed, spoke very close to her ear, saying: "Do you know Jesus?"

The sick woman opened her eyes and with a sweet smile whispered, "Yes, He is my Saviour."

"How long have you known Him as your Saviour?"

With tears in her eyes she replied, "Not very long. Only since I became sick. Oh, I have been a great sinner, and I was so unhappy. But Jesus loved me and took me up out of my misery. He has redeemed me from all sins by His precious blood—from all sins."

"Are you happy then?" asked the pastor.

With heavenly joy beaming in her face, she looked up and whispered, "Very happy."

A few hours later she fell asleep in Jesus, in whom she had found true happiness.

Very happy! Would you not like to be very happy? Believe in Jesus, who came to save us from our sins and to lead us into the land of everlasting happiness. We wish you a happy new year.

Trust in God.

The Bible tells us to cast all our cares upon God, who careth for us. It tells us to commit our way unto the Lord. The unbeliever can not do this. The man who thinks he can manage his affairs without God will not cast his cares upon God; he will not commit his way unto the Lord. The Christian, however, trusts in God, his heavenly Father. He enters the new year without fear, knowing that God is able to protect him in all dangers.

Years ago a train was rushing along on one of our railroads at great speed. The passen-

gers were anxious, because it was the time of the war, and they were afraid that the enemy might tear up the tracks or some other accident happen.

A bright little girl came towards a passenger and said, "Good morning," in a clear, sweet voice.

The gentleman asked her if she was not afraid to ride on the cars.

She said, "Sometimes, but I am not afraid this time."

"Why are you not afraid this time? Everybody else seems to be afraid. Besides, we are running very rapidly."

"Oh, there is no danger at all; papa is running the engine."

Her father was the engineer, and she had such confidence in his ability to protect her, that she felt perfectly secure and happy. When we have God to guide us, we have nothing to fear. He is much better able to protect us than the engineer on the train was to take care of his little daughter.

The Christian also knows that God is willing to take care of him. He has God's promises, which can not fail. And should not He who cares even for the grass in the field take care of His children?

A Christian traveler was once lost in a desert and suffered many hardships. He felt desolate and forsaken. His eye fell upon a tiny piece of moss growing in the sand, and he said, "If God cares for such a little bit of moss as to keep it alive in this desert place, surely He cares for me;" and from it he gathered courage to go on till help came to him. "If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Look at the little bird as it goes to rest, letting God care for it. What a lesson it teaches us of our Father's care. Martin Luther said of one which he saw preparing to go to sleep, "That little bird has folded its little wings; gone trustfully to rest there as in its home."

Oh, let us never forget that we have a Father in heaven who cares for us, and guides us in our way, and shelters us under His wings.

The Presentation of the Child Jesu .

In the second chapter of St. Luke we read that Joseph and Mary brought the child Jesus to the temple at Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord, and to offer a sacrifice according to the law: A pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. And there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon, waiting for the consolation of Israel; and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the Spirit into the temple, and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, he took Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel."

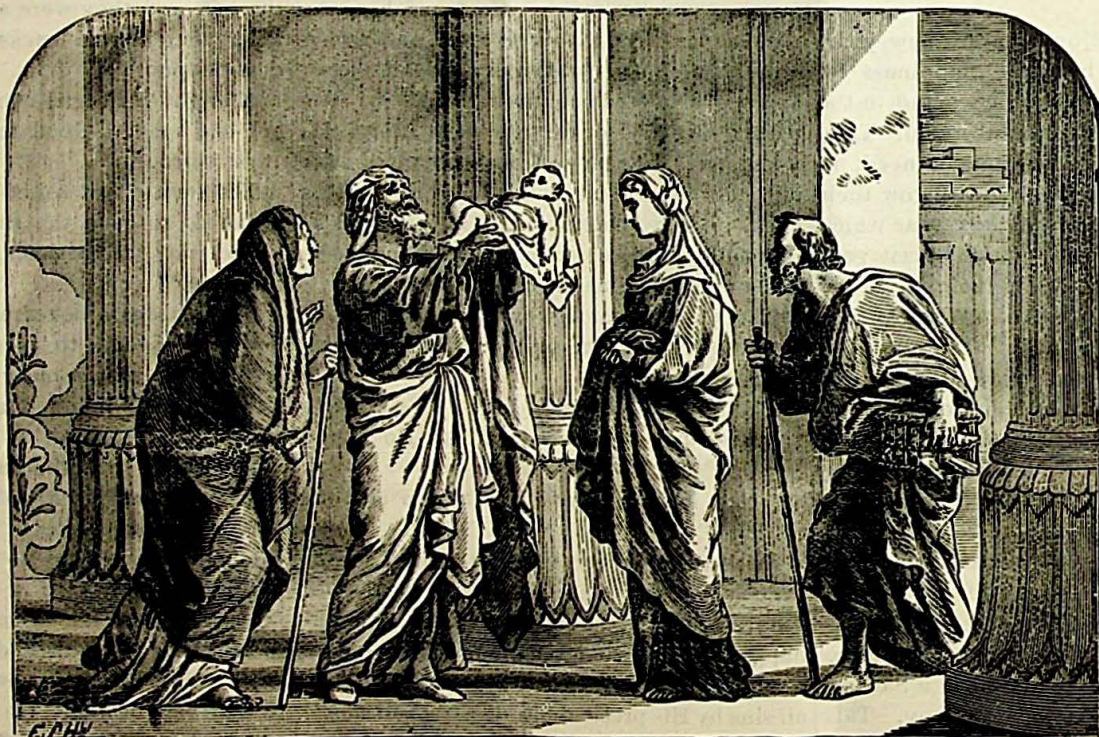
On these beautiful words of the aged Simeon Dr. Luther writes: "Simeon means exactly what he says: 'My eyes have seen Thy salvation,' the salvation which God in heaven has ordained. The world will persist in the creation of other fancied saviours from sin and death.

The Jew expects to obtain mercy from God if he refrains from eating pork, if he keeps the Sabbath and is circumcised, etc. The monk regards his monastic life as a guarantee of heaven for him. There is no end to the absurd penances and idolatrous ceremonies in the pope's church. Faithful Simeon wished to warn all against such grievous mistakes and to teach us to accept the only true Saviour of whom we stand in need, and whom God Himself ordained to be our Helper. If we have Him, we are safe; for God, the Father in heaven, did send this Child Jesus to be a Saviour and to bring us salvation.

"It is, therefore, necessary that we look to this Child, that we take Him upon our arms, as Simeon did; and this we will do if we make Him the only joy, comfort, and consolation of our heart. If our hearts are once firm in the conviction that this Child is the salvation of God for us, it must follow that we become contented and fearless in the presence of

death; for against these very foes we have this Helper. Whoever wishes to escape death and to be freed from sin must trust in this Saviour, whom God Himself has appointed to carry our sins and to purchase our redemption by His blood. He who has this confidence can under all circumstances, even amid dangers and death exclaim with Simeon: 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,' while he who places his hope on something else will ever be without peace and full of fear; he has no Saviour and remains in death and condemnation.

"Simeon also says of this Saviour: 'Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people.' He says: Not for me alone did God do this; there are many others that be-



The Presentation of the Child Jesus.

long to the happy number thus blessed of God. This Saviour is prepared before the face of all people, and for the entire world.

"Simeon, Mary, Peter, and Paul were not the only ones to have a Saviour, but all the nations of the earth shall own Him. To make the meaning of the words perfectly plain, Simeon adds: 'A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel.' Here we have the reason why God gave this Saviour, namely, that He should be a Redeemer for all nations, for Jews and for Gentiles."

May God, in the new year, make us more zealous in our mission work, by which we make known this salvation, which He has prepared for all people.

CARE is God's business, not ours. Ours is to work and pray and trust. We are never nearer peace and rest than when we allow Him to care for us. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

A New Year's Prayer.

The fishermen of Brittany utter this simple prayer when they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God; my boat is small and the ocean is wide." How beautiful the words, the thought. At the beginning of a new year the prayer might be uttered by God's children, journeying on the Sea of Life. My boat is small, I am so weak, so helpless. Tossed to and fro I perish, unless Thou dost help me. Keep me, my God; "Thy ocean is so wide"—the voyage so long—the days and the years so many. "In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."

Only One Day at a Time.

God gives His children strength to bear the troubles of the day. They are not to borrow the troubles of tomorrow. They are not to try to bear all the load of tomorrow's anxieties. When the morrow comes, grace and strength will come sufficient for its tasks and for its troubles. "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

A Christian lady had met with a very serious accident, which made necessary a painful operation and many months of confinement to her bed. When the doctor had finished his work and was taking his leave, the lady asked, "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?"

"Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was comforted as she thought that God had promised strength sufficient for the day.

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

A New Year's Wish.

"May God, our Father, ever be your guide;
Jesus, our Saviour, be close by your side;
The Holy Spirit in your heart abide—
Then peace will be your guest whate'er betide."

Rules for Daily Life.

Begin the day with God;

Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God

And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,

Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad—
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God;

Thy spirit heavenward raise,
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God:

Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,

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

Selected.

Just in Time.

Farmer Jones attended the church service on the last evening of the year. He had not been in church for some time, but he would not miss the last service.

The pastor preached a very earnest sermon. He called his hearers to repentance; he told them to bury all grudge and hatred, since they might not live to see the first hour of the new year.

Farmer Jones listened attentively. The word of God touched his heart. He became restless. He felt uneasy on his way home. How he hurried on! He did not know whether he would live to see the first hour of the new year. And he had a grudge to bury. There was peace to be made between him and his brother.

On the other side of the village lived his brother William. With him he had quarreled for the last ten months. This brother lay very sick. People said he would not recover, and on Christmas day he had sent to Farmer Jones and had asked him to come and see him, but Farmer Jones would not come. And now Jones trembled at the thought that the last hour might come to him or to his brother before the end of the year. He hurried on through the deep snow, sighing, "God, be merciful to me for Thy dear Son's sake! Let me get there in time!"

He hurried on, past his own farm and dwelling, where wife and child were waiting for his coming. He hurried on, until he saw his brother's house at a distance.

He soon stood at the door and heard the sobbing within. Without knocking he entered. "God be praised," he said, as he saw his brother lying on the bed.

The sick brother's face beamed with joy.

He was too weak to stretch forth his hands, but his lips whispered thanks to God.

"Just in time," said an aged woman, "he is dying."

In time! Farmer Jones trembled as he approached his brother's bed and said, "Peace be between you and me, William, peace! Forgive me all the wrong that I have done!"

"Yes, peace!" whispered the dying brother. "Be kind to my wife and children."

With tears in her eyes his wife said to Farmer Jones, "He has always listened; he thought he heard your step; and I had sent a messenger to your house, but your folks said you were not at home; and he thought he could not die without having seen you and without having made peace."

"I was at church," said Farmer Jones, "and I came here, because I had become uneasy and restless. God be praised that I came in time."

A half an hour later he would have been too late. The brothers were reconciled! And now Farmer Jones asked God's forgiveness for Jesus' sake. He began a happy new year.

Even in Affliction.

The new year may bring to the believer hours and days of affliction, but even then he can praise his heavenly Father.

A young lady went to call upon a cripple, taking some sweet flowers to the invalid. After a little conversation the visitor asked:

"Don't you get tired of being tied to that bed day and night, week after week?"

"Yes, I think I do sometimes; that is, I grow bodily tired," was the answer. "But I try not to think of that. I want to remember only that God is good and merciful. In His love He spared me, even though I am a cripple, to live that I might learn to love Him here. You see, before I was hurt, I did not think about Him as being a real Friend and Helper. But since I have been compelled to lie here quiet and helpless, I can find joy and thankfulness even in my affliction; I live to serve Him who redeemed me, and that crowds out almost every other thought."

And the one who had come to minister went away, feeling that she had received more than she had given during that brief visit to one who could thank God even in affliction.

A gentleman met an old blind woman, who was trying to find her way along the road with a stick. He compassionately said to her, "Grandmother, a great misfortune has indeed befallen you."

"What misfortune?" said the old woman. "Only since I became blind, I have learned to see, I see my sin and my Lord's mercy. He has opened the eyes of the blind. I thank Him every day for His merciful visitation. I am not unhappy, but am blessed in the Lord and in His mercy." Having received a great blessing, she could thank God even in affliction.

A pastor, who had instructed a deaf and dumb boy, wrote the following question on a slate: "Who created heaven and earth?"

The boy wrote the answer, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The pastor then asked, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?"

The boy answered, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all exception, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

The pastor then asked, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, whilst I can hear and speak?"

The boy again wrote as an answer a Bible verse: "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." In quiet submission to God's will he could praise Him even in affliction.

A poor Christian on his bed of suffering, pointing to an orange lying near him, said to his visitor, "See, I am a poor man, but I have an orange to refresh me, while my Saviour had only vinegar and gall to quench His thirst." Thinking of God's mercies he could thank Him even in affliction.

When the Rev. Dr. Bengel, the great Lutheran divine, had buried one of his children, he wrote to a friend: "If we were but able to catch a glimpse of the blessedness of those who have preceded us to the realms of bliss, we should never more know a sorrow on their account; our sorrow would be reserved for those who are left behind. We should, therefore, permit this breath of heaven which has reached us through the door that was opened to admit our darling, to arouse us anew, not to wish them back, but to follow after them. Nobody would regard those fortunate who have been at rest for ten, a hundred, or a thousand years, if they should be called back to the struggles and dangers of this earthly life; why, then, do we regard it as such a calamity when one of our number has been called thither? Has a gap been made in the family circle? Then a new seat in heaven is occupied. The nearer the end of all things approaches, the less there ought to be to hold us here, the more there ought to be to cause us to long to go hence; for the nearer the end, the more of God's children shall we meet there, the shorter time will we have to wait for those who are left behind, and then we shall all be united and be forever with the Lord."

And when another child of Bengel's had died during his wife's absence, and she, on returning to the house, inquired after the child's welfare, he answered in a voice which betrayed only heavenly emotion: "The babe lives and praises God."

It is, indeed, a great sorrow that floods the soul, when the hand of death snatches away some one that has been very dear to us. But looking to the unspeakable and everlasting bliss which the loved one enjoys in heaven, the child of God can praise His heavenly Father even in that great affliction.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—WITH this number we begin the twentieth volume of our paper. For nineteen years our little PIONEER has spoken his simple words for Jesus. May He who blesses also the work done in weakness continue to bless the testimony borne by our little monthly.

—FROM the reports of our missionaries at New Orleans we learn that God has graciously protected the members of our colored churches and the pupils of our schools during the yellow fever epidemic.

—THE Rev. Siebelitz has accepted the call of our Mission Board and has entered upon his work in our Mission field in New Orleans. May God's richest blessing rest upon his labors.

—A VISIBLE result of Protestant missions in India is the observance of the Lord's Day in the larger towns. The Christians, of course, are seen in their clean white garments going to church, with their hymn books and Bibles in their hands, nobody molesting them. Many heathen close their stores and shops on Sunday, and sit quietly together. The missionaries make good use of this opportunity of meeting the trade people at leisure, and preach the Gospel in the markets and on the streets.

—ONE of the glorious fruits of Gospel work among the heathen is the convert's great love for the Word of God, which puts to shame many a lukewarm Christian "in good standing." One of the Rhenish missionaries working among the Herero in Southwest Africa, found a poor woman lying at the road-side, whose feet had been cut off by robbers coveting her iron anklets. He took her home and not only saved her poor body but also her soul from death. The crippled woman never missed church on week-days and Sundays, although she had to crawl along on her knees. She did not mind the painful motion, her heart was fixed on hearing the Gospel.

—ACCORDING to the Jewish Year Book published in London by Joseph Jacobs, the total number of Jews in the world is given as 11,000,000. The London Spectator has figured out that if all the Jews were transported to Palestine, there would be nearly 2000 to the square mile. The population would be so dense as to make it impossible to live.

—THE Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji, of Aurangabad, in Western India, writes thus of the acts of the Hindus while suffering from famine: "The Hindus had hired Brahman priests to keep up their noisy worship before the village idols, and fully expected abundant rain as the result of their worship. But after waiting for days and weeks, they resolved to punish the gods who had received costly offerings without giving them the looked-for blessing in return. In some places they indignantly besmeared their idols all over with mud, and closed up the entrance of the temples with thorns. In others they filled up the

temples with water and blocked up the doors, so that the idols may shiver in wet as a punishment for keeping their fields dry." On the other hand, he says of the Christians: "That their trust in God is not shaken, and they continue to offer their prayers to the Lord."

—TWO GIRLS were recently convicted of stealing coats and hats at a church ball given in Pittsburg. Judge White, as he looked into their faces, could not refrain from exclaiming, "Oh, these balls! these balls! Do you not know that they are the broad way that leads to destruction? They are no proper place for girls." Here Officer Suttan interposed, "But this was a church ball." "I care not whether it was a church ball or not," said the judge. "Girls should not be seen at a church ball, for these are the very worst kind of balls." The Christian public at large will agree with the judge.

—THE Island of Cuba, which has now for two years been devastated by war, has been for many years a sphere of missionary work. The native Cuban preacher, Diaz, who was formerly an insurrectionary leader, and was converted during his first exile in America, has been very successful in founding a "Free Church." Diaz himself writes thus: "Our members in Cuba have much oppression and persecution to endure. But we do not think much of that, for we know too well that our evangelical church grows both outwardly and inwardly in the fire of tribulation. It does not merely grow outwardly in numbers, it is purified and preserved, and its members cleave the more closely to the Lord. Therefore, we do not cease to pray, 'Lord, send us persecution and disgrace, as it may please Thee, so that we may ever become more faithful in following Thee!'"

—THE *Missionary Review* says that "in 1850 you could buy a man in the Fiji Islands for seven dollars, butcher him and eat him without even public remonstrance. To-day the Bible is in nearly every house, and on Sunday nine-tenths of the people may be found assembled in the church for public worship."

—REPORTS of the American Bible Society show an increased circulation of Bibles in South Africa and an increased demand in Bohemia, while the circulation in South America is not falling off.

—AS we with this number begin a new volume of our monthly, we would ask our readers to assist us in increasing the circulation of our paper, the profit from which all goes into our missionary treasury. We hope they will not try to find an excuse for not complying with our humble request. You know, when a man does not want to do a thing, it is very easy for him to find an excuse for not doing it. An Oriental story tells us of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbor. His reply was that he was in need of the rope just then "to tie up some

sand with." "To tie up some sand," exclaimed the would-be borrower; "I do not see how you can tie up sand with a rope." "Oh, you can do almost anything with a rope when you do not want to lend it," was the witty response. — We close our window.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

A SHORT EXPOSITION OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER'S SMALL CATECHISM. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 20 cts.

An excellent translation from the pen of Prof. Graebner. The Catechism was prepared by the Rev. Dr. Schwan and adopted by the Missouri Synod at its last session. The valuable little book, tastefully bound, gives us "our fathers' faith in our children's language." May it be welcomed by the children, and may God bless its mission work in our homes and schools.

ANHANG ZU DEN LIEDER-PERLEN. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 15 cts.

Those that use the "Lieder-Perlen" in the family circle or in school will surely welcome this addition of 80 hymns and songs. The "Lieder-Perlen" deserve the welcome they have received.

LUTHERAN FOREIGN MISSIONS. By G. W. Lose. Lutheran Book Concern, Columbus, O. Price, 30 cts. per copy, postpaid; per dozen, \$2.50; per hundred, \$ 8.00.

A well written, instructive, and interesting little book, which gives an excellent summary of the foreign mission work of our church from the time of Luther to the present day. It will be welcomed for the missionary information it gives and the missionary interest it excites.

Acknowledgment.

Received of the Ev. Lutheran Grace Congregation at Greensboro, N. C., the sum of \$4.42, from its Thanksgiving collection. Herewith we express our hearty thanks for the same. May the Lord bless the cheerful donors. THALLEY & DOSWELL.

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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 Strs.

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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.

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Springfield, Ill.

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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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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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1898.

No. 2.

Safety and Rest.

Psalm 23, 1; Canticles 5, 16; Psalm 121, 5.

The Lord "my Shepherd" is,
He gave His life for me;
He took my place upon the cross,
And bore my penalty.
To Him alone the praise,
For all that He has wrought;
And soon, throughout eternal days,
I'll praise Him as I ought.

The Lord, He is "my Friend,"
On Him I cast my cares;
However great, however small,
He every burden bears.
For love like His can know
No change—no weariness;
Oh, may this heart with joy o'erflow,
These lips His praise express!

The Lord "my Keeper" is,
He guards me, hour by hour,
And keeps me safe from every harm,
E'en safe from Satan's power.
I trust my all to Him,
He'll never let me stray;
My hand in His, this, this enough,
However dark the way!

I can not keep myself,
But I am safe with Thee;
My life is "hid with Christ in God;"
Oh, sweet security!
My faithful *Shepherd-Friend*,
To Thee my voice I raise;
For Thou wilt *keep* me "to the end,"
Thine, Thine alone the praise!

Selected.

How to Enter Heaven.

Christ has opened heaven for all men, but not all men enter that happy place. Why not? Many do not believe that there is a heaven of everlasting bliss. They seek their heaven here on earth. They walk in the way of sin, which leads to everlasting damnation.

There are others who do not deny that there is a heaven, and who hope to enter that happy place. But they deceive themselves. There is only one way that leads to heaven, and they reject that one way, choosing for themselves some other way, which will never take them there. Some think they have a "good heart"

and hope to enter heaven on account of their having such a good heart. Now, what does the Bible say of man's heart? It says, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies," Matt. 15, 19. That is a description of every man's heart. Such a heart is certainly no good heart. The fact is, that man's heart is totally corrupt, there is nothing good in it. It is a very cess-pool of sin. He that trusts in his "good heart" deceives himself. "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth," says the Holy Spirit, who knows our hearts better than we do.

Again, there are many that hope to enter heaven by their so-called good works. If a man could keep the law of God perfectly, he could hope to enter heaven by his own works. But this man can never do. He is a sinner by nature. He is "dead in trespasses and sin." Good fruits can never grow on a dead tree. Man has broken every commandment of God, and can never keep God's law perfectly. The Bible says, "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, *neither indeed can be.*" Again it says, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Those that trust in their own righteousness and their own works, put their trust in a lot of dirty rags. They are not on the way to heaven; for salvation is "not of works," says the apostle.

How can we, then, enter heaven? Which is the way that leads to the happy place? "I am the way," says Christ, "no one cometh to the Father but by me." There is only one way to heaven, and that is Christ. Why? Because He alone is our Saviour, who redeemed us from sin and hell's eternal woe. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Christ is the way to heaven, the only way; every other way leads to hell. How, then, can we enter heaven? Simply by walking in that one and only way that leads to the happy place, that is, by believing, by trusting in Christ as our Saviour. All that believe in Him, are on the way to heaven and are saved; all that believe not in Him, are not on the way

to heaven and are condemned. No matter in what else a man puts his trust, if he trusts not in Christ, he will not enter heaven. It is plainly written: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," John 3, 36.

Happy are they that believe in Christ. They are on the way that can lead to no other place than heaven. It is the way by which they will surely enter the happy place. They need not doubt whether they will get there. No. By walking in this way they are sure of getting there. The way leads to no other place. Christ is the way, and He could never lead us to any other place than heaven. Believe in Him, and you will surely enter the home of everlasting joy and bliss. This happy assurance will make you zealous in all mission work, by which Christ is made known to them that know Him not, and sinners are brought into the only way by which they can enter heaven.

Speak for Jesus!

A Christian, who understood his calling here, was working in the same shop with a constant swearer. He bore it patiently, and then, grieved at his heart, he took him apart and said to him, "Suppose you had a friend especially dear to you, would you like to hear his name constantly made a by-word?"

"No, I wouldn't," was the honest reply.

"Then," said the Christian, "let me tell you, in the uprightness of my heart, that there is none so dear to me as Jesus, whose name you so constantly ill use. He died for my many sins, and I love Him; so each time you use His name in such a way, you hurt me."

The words were so real that the swearer's face twitched with emotion under them, and he never again was heard using the name of Jesus in vain.

Oh, for more of that genuine love to Him who "died for our many sins"—that it might make us more real sufferers with and for Him here, destroy our Pharisaism, and win sinners to His adorable name.

A Pagoda.

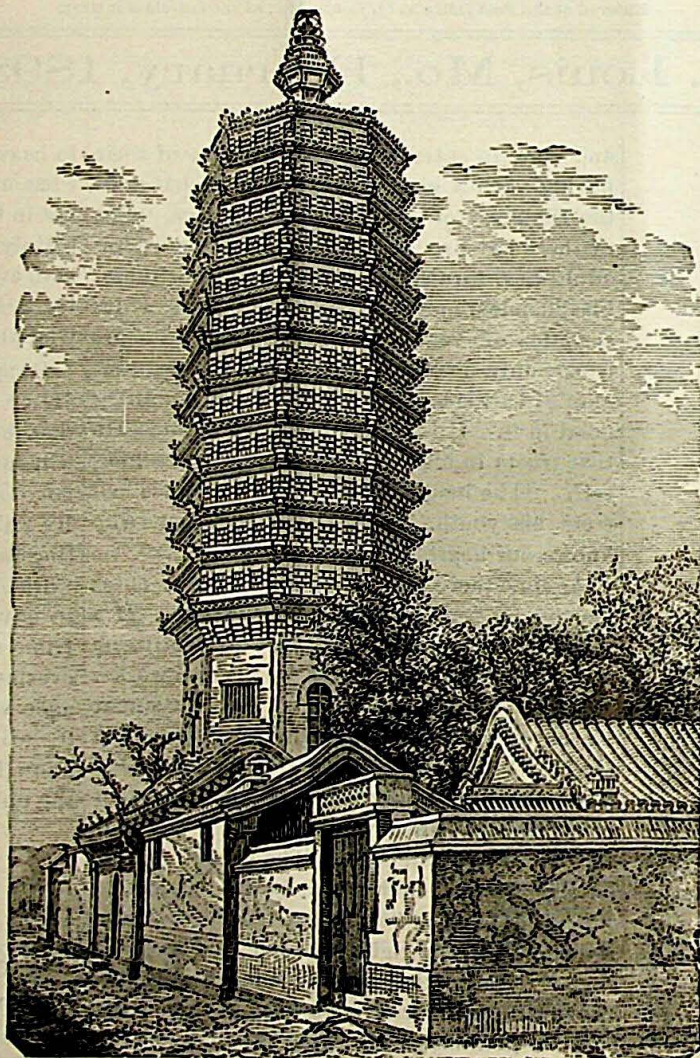
Our picture represents a pagoda. Pagodas are found in the far East, as India, China, Burma, etc. They are sacred towers, richly carved, painted, or otherwise adorned, and of several stories, connected or not with a temple. Such towers were originally raised over relics of the heathen god Buddha, the bones of a "saint," etc. They are now built chiefly as a work of merit on the part of some "pious person," or for the purpose of improving the luck of the neighborhood. In China almost every city has one or more pagodas. In that country they are from three to thirteen stories high (always an odd number). So our picture represents a pagoda as found in China.

Mission Work among the Colored People.

Again and again we find the work of our missionaries among the colored people appreciated by men not of the Synodical Conference. This should move us to greater zeal in this important work. A Southern writer in the *Lutheran* of Philadelphia says: "Every possible encouragement should be given by the friends of the work. After enduring untold self-denial, etc., the Rev. N. J. Bakke, a Norwegian, of the Missouri Synod, aided by Rev. J. C. Schmidt and others, fitted by especial training for the field, has succeeded in organizing quite a number of colored congregations, parochial and other schools in different parts of the South, into which hundreds and thousands of colored youths have been gathered and are being instructed in the history, doctrines and practices of the Lutheran Church with a painstaking patience that is most refreshing. The blessed results attending these efforts give pleasure to every beholder. The idea that once obtained with not a few that because of the ignorance and excessive development of the motions in the colored race, that a church as staid and as conservative in its teachings and methods of work as ours, would not be effective in its efforts, has been proven fallacious. It is a matter of fact, to which thousands can bear witness, that these long-neglected sons of the dark continent, under their faithful Lutheran pastors and teachers in the South, have not only become conversant with the history, teachings and cultus of our Church, but have imbibed the love and the devout conservative spirit of our Church to an extent that is really wonderful.

"We give it as our opinion, that the perplexing and important question, whence and

how shall we obtain suitable laborers to conduct our work in the interests of the colored people, has been now answered. The large number of youths under long and patient training in these Lutheran churches and schools have made such progress in the development of moral and Christian character, and have been so completely brought into the spirit of the teachings and life of the Church as to make it wise and safe to give all needed encouragement to aid young men now in a course of preparation to fully equip



Thirteen Storied Pagoda.

themselves for the work of the ministry. Though late to enter and slow to push her work, still with earnest efforts now put forth, it is possible that our Church in America, as in Africa, may yet be first in service to the colored race. God has wonderfully honored and blessed her in other fields, and why not in this?

"Revs. N. J. Bakke, J. C. Schmidt and others, in their slow and difficult fields, have proved themselves worthy of all respect and confidence, and they are entitled to all possible help and sympathy. For God's glory and to the praise of our dear Christ, these brave men have laid well and deeply the foundation for the massive building that time will see erected on it. It must not be overlooked that these splendid results have been accomplished among the poorer classes, in commu-

nities where other communions are at work, richly furnished with money and supplies of food and clothing."

We copy these remarks not to sing our own praises in the words of others, but to animate our readers toward renewed zeal in behalf of the work so richly blessed from on high.

Early Lutheran Missions in India.

Already in 1699 our Lutheran Church began missionary work in India. In that year King Frederick IV of Denmark applied to August Herman Francke of Halle for men, and the services of Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plütschau were offered. These young Germans were ordained in Copenhagen in 1705 and started for India. They said: "We will go in the name of the Lord, and if God will give us but one soul out of heathendom our journey will not be in vain." They arrived at Tranquebar in 1706. The good work did not flourish as was hoped. There was not the co-operation among the Germans and Scandinavians in supporting it that should have been. The Danes thought it was not necessary for their Dr. Lütken to send to Germany for missionaries.

Then the Romanists had been missionating in East India for years, and judging from appearance the Lutherans were doing but little compared with the dupes of the pope. The Romanists did superficial work. They baptized converts by the hundreds, and without much preliminary instruction.

However, Ziegenbalg and Plütschau were not discouraged. They set out to bring the gospel of Jesus Christ in all its fulness and sweetness to the natives. First they proceeded to learn the language, Ziegenbalg applying himself to the Tamil, and Plütschau to the Portuguese, as

both of these languages were used in that part of India. They prayerfully labored on, and ere long had a class of catechumens, and by and by were attempting to preach.

In 1706 they began the erection of a church. In 1707 they baptized their first converts, five slaves of European settlers. By the end of 1707 they had a congregation of 35 souls. They realized the necessity of instructing the children in the blessed truths of the gospel, and soon had three schools in operation.

Other men were sent from time to time to assist the two pioneers. In 1715 Ziegenbalg returned to Europe, and his account of India and the missionary work created profound interest. Crowds thronged to hear him. All were favorably impressed, and he returned to India greatly encouraged.

In 1716 he organized a seminary with eight boys. Then a public school which was well patronized. The English government followed his example, and began to establish more schools. New mission stations were also established from time to time, and the work grew upon their hands.

Then the work was discouraged by a number of pastors in Denmark, who found fault with it and withdrew their support. Ziegenbalg labored on amid great privation. He was a self-denying man, and cared but little for life's luxuries and pleasures. However, the last year of his life was embittered by those who should have held up his hands. On his death-bed he was happy. He said: "Christ says: 'Father, I will that where I am there shall my servant be.'" Then suddenly opening wide his eyes he exclaimed: "Why is it so bright before my eyes; it is even as though the sun shone in them." Then he began to sing, "Jesus, my Redeemer, lives," and in a few moments his soul had taken its departure. He died at the early age of 36 years. He labored in India thirteen years. At the time of his death 450 heathen had been brought to confess Christ.

Shortly afterwards Grundler, another faithful workman in India, was called to his eternal reward. However, a number of new men arrived, among them being Benjamin Schultze. This man was an untiring laborer, and a very successful one. Among those who joined him in his work were Christian Pressier and Christopher Walther, both of whom proved to be of untold value in the India field.

In 1740 Fabricius left the Orphan's Home at Halle and sailed for India. He was a pious and capable man, and, although he labored in trying times in India, he ever remained faithful to his Lord and to the mission. He died at the age of eighty years, highly honored and well beloved. In the time of these men the mission in India prospered, and thousands of heathen were brought to know their Lord and Saviour. — *Little Missionary.*

A Missionary Whistle.

There was nothing peculiar, says a pastor, about this whistle, which we call a missionary whistle, and which I am going to tell you about. It was only a round bit of tin, looking very much like a button, except that it had a large hole in the centre, instead of several small ones.

The whistle belonged to Jamie Reed, and had been a source of annoyance to the older members of the family for some time. On this particular day it had been unusually annoying. It had filled Jamie's mouth until his cheeks bulged out; and not only this, but it had emitted shrill cries until mama had declared that, if it was not more quiet, she would certainly have a nervous headache.

Mama was packing a missionary box this afternoon, and this was how Jamie chanced

to think of making his whistle a missionary whistle. And, just as mama reminded him again that his whistle was certainly making a noise, whether he knew it or not, he slipped around to the farthest corner of the box, and quietly dropped it in, saying, as he did so, "I wonder what a little Chinaman would do if he had a whistle!"

Nobody noticed Jamie's donation. There were so many necessary things to be thought of and put in, that there was no time to be given to a tin whistle; and so it slipped down and down the corner until it reached the very bottom of the box, where it rolled round and round, in the tiny space it found, all the way to China.

It took a long time for the box to get to China, and if a box could feel, I am sure it was glad a part of the time that it was a box, for it felt no sea-sickness. At length it landed in the queerest sea-port town, where the roofs of the houses were made of cane, and the floors were of soft earth.

If the box could have seen inside one of these houses, it would have stood still with amazement, for suspended in the air were huge fans, that, by some ingenious process, were kept constantly swinging. But the box only knew that it was being carried on and on.

The people of this town were very much disappointed that the box was not for them. They had received missionary boxes, and knew the many useful and curious things they contained; but the black markings on the outside told that it belonged, not to them, but to a mission farther inland.

The box was not put into a huge wagon, such as little boys of our country are used to seeing, but into the smallest two-wheeled cart that ever carried so great a load; for the cart was completely filled with the box. When at last the cart was ready to start, how do you think it was moved? Not by horses nor mules nor oxen, but by men. Several men held fast to a strong rope attached to the front of the cart, and pulled, while others walked in the rear and took "turns" at pushing. In this way the box was carried over hills and across plains, safe to the little missionary school for which it was intended.

When the missionary box landed, what a jumping and clapping of hands there was! Little brown feet flew about almost too quickly to be seen, while happy little voices chattered English and Chinese in a way capable of puzzling even a Chinese laundryman.

After everything else had been taken out of the box, a little boy about the size of Jamie saw the whistle.

At first he did not know what it was, but, after sundry attempts, he found that it made a noise. And now, to what possible use do you think they put Jamie's whistle?

For a long time this school had been in want of a bell. The teacher had used several substitutes of her own invention, but none of them were far-sounding, and ultimately failed, often

putting herself and the school to great inconvenience. So they used the whistle for a bell.

Therefore it came about that Jamie's whistle was duly installed as a missionary whistle; and when the teachers of our towns would be heard ringing a bell to call their pupils together, or otherwise attract their attention, this teacher blew Jamie's whistle.

At last, one of the teachers wrote a letter to the kind lady who sent the box, telling her of the good it had done, and in the letter she mentioned the whistle.

Burying People Alive.

A missionary in Africa writes: Human sacrifices are offered at the grave of every free person who dies. In a circle of four or five miles from our station on the Congo, in Africa, such sacrifices are of daily occurrence. A neighbor of ours, a good well-meaning man, was accused of sorcery and killed. After his death the accuser confessed he had been mistaken. But the poor man's life was gone.

On another occasion the wife of one of our neighbors died. The day she died a man and woman were put to death by her side in order that she might not enter the spirit land alone. Piece after piece of the person slain was wound around the corpse till it was half as broad as long. I heard that it was intended to kill two more persons at her burial, and I resolved to protest against it. I found another missionary to go with me, and we reached the place just as the executioner carried the woman's body to the grave.

At the end of the grave was the young man who was to be slain, sitting with the corpse upon his knee. He was to be buried alive along with the dead. It was a sorrowful sight! Both the persons to be killed were young, strong, healthy, of good appearance, and they wept bitterly at the prospect of such a death.

I took my place at the grave opposite the executioner and tried to prevent the murders. The headsman soon became restless and withdrew, to the wonder of all. When I finished my talk in one tongue, I used another and tried to tell them how utterly wicked it all was and that God who alone can give life would bring punishment to every one who thus tramples upon His commandments.

To these things one of the ruler's friends made answer: "Are those who are to be killed your friends? Haven't they been bought and more than paid for!" I repeated God's command and warned them that they must protect both strangers and friends, white and black, alike. Again we appealed to the headsman and again to the people, warning them that we should hold them responsible.

Scarcely, however, had we turned our backs when the ceremony went on, and the beating of the tomtom a few moments later told us that the grave had closed over living and dead together. Since then seven others have been sacrificed on that grave.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE Rev. Dr. Day, the self-denying General Synod missionary in Africa, departed his life December 17, 1897. Suffering from a severe attack of African fever, he was on his way home. While the ship was nearing the harbor of New York, his soul entered into the haven of eternal rest. He is said to have braved the climate of Africa longer than any other missionary in that field.

—EARLY in the history of Madagascar missions, after a number of converts had been gathered into the church, the captain of a vessel who was a Christian, asked a converted chief what had persuaded him to become a Christian. "Was it a special sermon or a particular book that became an occasion for your conversion?" "Not that, my friend," replied the chief, "it was something entirely different. I observed that one was a thief, another a drunkard, and still another a wife-beater; but now they are no longer a thief, or a drunkard, or a wife-beater, but decent and upright people. Every convert seemed to have received something within him that made an entirely different person of him. I noticed this and determined, if possible, to get this mysterious power within myself." The old chief was a close observer and an earnest thinker. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

—LAST year Missionaries Escande and Minault, sent out by a French Protestant missionary society, were murdered in Madagascar while they were eagerly pressing forward to their field of labor. A day of fasting and prayer was fittingly observed by the Protestant churches of France. A general awakening in mission interest has followed. Quite a number of pastors and students have offered themselves to the missionary committee to go to the field in Madagascar, and a friend of the cause has given \$5000 for the enlargement of the mission institute. Some of the Protestant mission property seized by the Jesuits has been restored to its owners.

—THREE things must be beaten, says a Hindu proverb: a drum, an ass and a woman! Contempt and abuse of woman are first features of heathenism. Christianity teaches quite otherwise.

—THE great Bakundu tribe, in West Africa, practises cannibalism. There exist cannibal clubs among them which are composed of "society people" and insist upon good manners. Once a year they have a "reception" and a banquet, at which they partake of a composite stew of beef, dog and man. They claim that this combination produces an exquisite aroma. One of the rules of these fashionable clubs is that the members are not buried but eaten by their fellow-members. Horrible heathenism!

—A CHRISTIAN chapel has been discovered at a place southwest of Kaironan in Africa. It is preceded by a hall and ends in a semi-

circular apse at the side of which are two sarcophagi containing a number of tombs. It is surrounded by several halls on whose walls were terra-cotta panels representing subjects taken from the Old and New Testaments.

—ANOTHER discovery has been made near Carthage, Africa. It consists of a crypt reached by a flight of steps and a corridor; the walls of the corridor are covered with Christian monograms and crosses. In the center is the figure of a young and beardless man supposed to represent Christ.

—NEAR the same place a baptistry with an octagonal dome and a hall with mosaic pavement has been found. On the latter are represented a series of crosses. Chalices without handles, and colored red inside, possibly to represent the blood of Christ, have been discovered.

—SOUTH AMERICA, says the *Lutheran*, comes into prominence as an important mission field. It is a continent of 7,000,000 square miles with about 34,000,000 inhabitants, of which number 30,000,000 are strangers to the Gospel. The country is twice as large as Europe, and contains about one-eighth of the whole surface of the earth. In Peru there is only one Protestant pastor and a few agents of the American Bible Society. Bolivia, with its 2,300,000 inhabitants, has no evangelical missionary, and receives only occasional visits from Bible colporteurs. Chili has about twenty missionaries with 1,500,000 people. Of the 14,000,000 people in Brazil only 2,000,000 have been evangelized. The whole number of evangelical missionaries in South America is 426.

—THE ancient and State religion of the Japanese is Shintoism; the popular religion of the country is Buddhism. A man may be both a Shintoist and a Buddhist at the same time. Shintoism in 1887 had 192,359 temples, and Buddhism 71,991.

—ARCHDEACON PHAIR, writing of work amongst the Sioux Indians of Canada, says: "I know of no better object lesson on the value of missions than that to be learned by a visit to these people. One is struck, first of all, with the stalwart and manly forms of these primitive people, so keen and sensitive in their ways, yet so difficult to arouse or excite. Sitting in the little hut beside a man of four-score years, one can easily see what missions have accomplished. The sanguinary warrior has exchanged his paint, and feathers, and thirst for blood, for a European costume and a large Bible in his own tongue. Listen to his estimate of this newly-found treasure, 'It gave me the light; it has true words, from one side to the other. It has strength in it, too, for what it says it is able to do. It has changed men that nothing else could change; I like it for this.'"

—"I TELL you," said a rabid Free-thinker, "the idea that there is a God never comes in my head." "Ah, precisely like my dog," was the reply. "But there is this difference—he does not go around howling about it."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

LEBENSBILO des welland ehrwürdigen Pastor Ernst August Brauer, in kindlicher Dankbarkeit gezeichnet von seinem Sohne Albert, Pastor in Beecher, Ill. Price, 75 cts. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

The mail that brought us this book brought us also a letter from a member of one of the Eastern Synods, in which the writer says: "The pioneer work of your men in the West was easy work; times were so different, and the people were different." Well, we opened this biography of one of the pioneers of our church and read of his labors in Addison, Ill., and saw nothing of that easy work. The fact is, those pioneers were men of great self-denial and prayer, and therefore men of power. They were thoroughly loyal to the truth of God's word and of our Confessions, and therefore God's blessing was with them in their hard labors. This and many other lessons may be learned from the interesting and highly instructive life story, so charmingly told. The biographer has given us a picture painted by the loving hand of a son, yet bearing no evidence of exaggeration. The late Rev. Brauer's Christian character, his pulpit power, his abundant humor, his great zeal for all the works of the Church are set forth with great skill.

Acknowledgments.

Received of Rev. F. J. Lanckenau, from the St. Paul Colored Mission Church and School of New Orleans, La., a contribution of \$30.00 for our colored missions.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 23, 1897.

A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Received of Rev. F. J. Lanckenau, New Orleans, La., from his St. Paul congregation \$20.00, and of Rev. J. Kossmann, New Orleans, La., from his Mount Zion congregation \$25.00.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 21, 1898.

A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Received of Mrs. H. E. Monroe of Philadelphia \$15.00 for our mission at Meyersville.

May the Lord bless the kind donor.

W. P. PHIFER, Missionary.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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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.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts.

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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.

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Springfield, Ill.

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Sunday School at 3 o'clock P. M.

Catechumen class meets Monday and Friday evenings.

Singing-school Tuesday evening.

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.

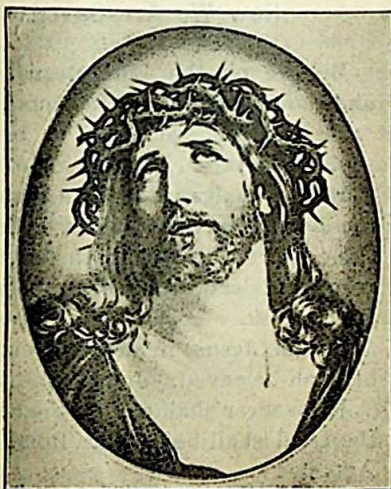
R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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

Vol. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1898.

No. 3.



I Did It.

I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "crucify" appal,
With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude,
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.

I see the scourges tear His back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock,
I feel that I am one.

Around yon cross the throng I see
Mocking the Sufferer's groan;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed Him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

Yet not the less that blood avails,
To cleanse away my sin;
And not the less that cross prevails,
To give me peace within.

Selected.

We Did It.

In the season of Lent we call to mind the sufferings and death of Christ. We go with Him on His way of sorrows from Gethsemane to Calvary. We see Him in His agony in the garden sweating great drops of blood. We

see Him forsaken by His disciples, mocked by His enemies, and dragged like a criminal from one tribunal to another. We see His body scourged and torn by the whips of cruel soldiers. We see the crown of thorns pressed upon His head, whilst the blood rushes down His cheeks. We see Him hurried through the streets to Calvary, nailed to the cross, hoisted in the air. We see Him enduring the sufferings of the body and the agony of the soul which pressed from His lips that cry of woe, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" We see Him bowing His head and dying the most shameful death upon the accursed tree.

Who did all this to the Holy One, in whom there was no sin and no guile! You say, the Jews and the Gentiles. But all the malice of the Jews and all the power of Rome could not make Him suffer the least against His will. The answer to our question is: We did it. He suffered and died willingly in our place and in our stead. He Himself says through the mouth of the prophet: "Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thine iniquities. I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions," Is. 43, 24. "He hath borne our grief," says the prophet, "and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" says St. John. "His own self bore our sins in His body on the tree," says St. Peter. He "gave Himself for our sins," says St. Paul.

Yes, we did it. Our sins brought that bitter suffering of body and great agony of soul on the Holy One of God. Our sins lay like a heavy mountain upon Him and made His soul "exceeding sorrowful unto death." Our sins scourged that holy body, and platted that crown of thorns, and pressed it on that holy head. Our sins nailed that Man of sorrows to the cross, made Him forsaken of God, and put Him to death. It was the punishment due to us which He thus bore in His sufferings and death.

Blessed are those that in true sorrow over their sins cry out: Yes, we did it! what a horrible thing is our sin! what a great offence

against God! Such can find comfort and salvation in that which Christ did. He bore the burden, He endured the shame, the cross, the wrath of the Father, that we might escape. By His sufferings and death He paid the debt of sin and extinguished the fire of God's righteous wrath. "By His wounds we are healed," says the prophet. "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world," says St. John. "Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ," says St. Peter. In Christ "we have redemption through His blood, namely the forgiveness of sins," says St. Paul. "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood," sing the saints in heaven before the throne of the Lamb.

Yes, happy are they who, in sorrow over that which they did by their sins, trust in that which Christ did for them by His sufferings and death. They have forgiveness of sin and are free from all condemnation. For since Christ was condemned for us, "there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

Footprints.

A farmer went out in the deep winter, when the snow was thick on the ground, and he took his little boy with him. By and by they came to a very steep hill, and it was dangerous climbing, for the snow concealed a great many ugly gaps into which they might fall, so the father went ahead, and his little boy climbed after him. When they had gone this way some distance, the little fellow called out:

"Father, be sure you take the right road, for I am stepping in your footprints!"

"My son stepping in my footprints!" thought the father, and the thought troubled him, and made him think, and at last made him pray and become a Christian: for he thought, "If my son is following me, surely I should be following Christ!"

THERE can be no failure in anything that is undertaken in the name of the Lord.

Christian Frederick Schwartz.

With the work of the Lutheran Church in India the name of Christian Frederick Schwartz is inseparably connected. He arrived at Tranquebar July 30, 1750. Having studied the Tamil language for three months under Missionary Schultze while in Germany for his health, Rev. Schwartz was able to preach to the natives four months after his arrival. He gave special attention to the young. In a little less than a year after his arrival he had the joy of baptizing his first convert. In less than two years he had baptized 400 converts. He began to make excursions here and there, preaching the Gospel with fervor. New congregations were thus organized. He also visited Ceylon in 1760 and encouraged the Christians of that island.

In 1766 Schwartz left Tranquebar and took up his quarters at Trichinopoly, an important city of India. He studied the Persian language so that he might preach to the higher class of people. He prepared native helpers who assisted him in many ways.

In 1776 Schwartz removed to Tanjore, where he founded a new mission post. He won the high esteem of the English government, and was employed in important political transactions with the native princes. He was liberally rewarded for his services, but spent his income in the service of the Lord. Having received a sum of money for his efforts in behalf of Cuddalore, a city of India, he gave it to the English government with the request that it be used in establishing an orphan asylum. When famine prevailed, he collected money and distributed provisions to 800 starving people daily. He also continued to visit various localities and cities in India, and was in labors in season and out of season. It is estimated that his converts in India numbered between six and seven thousand.

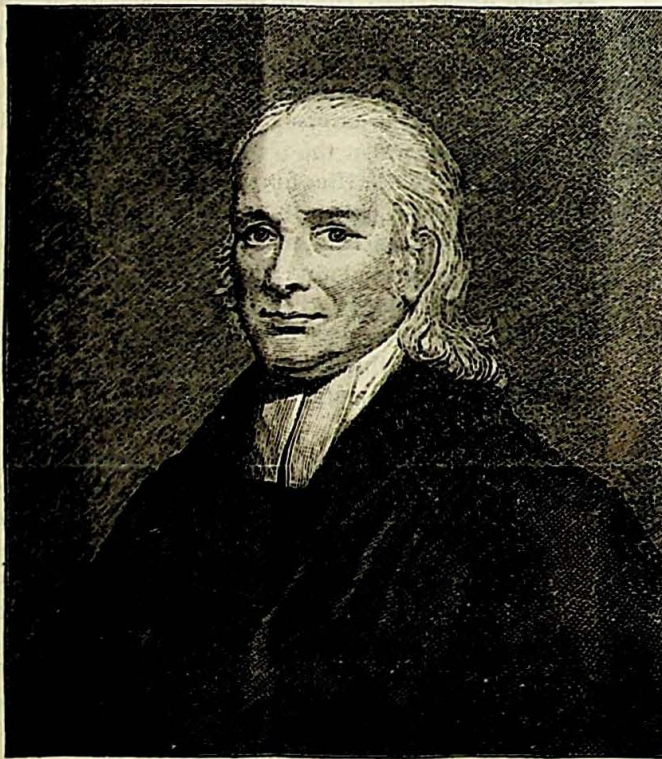
This good man was called to his reward on February 13, 1798. At his funeral the effort to sing a hymn was suppressed by the wailing of the heathen who thronged the premises, showing the high esteem in which he was held by the natives. — *Little Missionary.*

Redemption.

Do you know what redemption means? Let me tell you a story. A man once met a little boy who had caught a bird. The poor little thing was trembling in his hand. The gentleman begged the boy to let it go, as the bird would not do him any good; but the boy said he would not, for he had chased it three hours before he could catch it. The gentleman then bought the bird for a certain price and taking the poor little thing, he placed it on his hand.

The boy had been holding it very fast, for he was stronger than the bird, just as Satan is stronger than we, and there it sat for a time on the gentleman's hand, scarcely able to realize the fact that it had got liberty; but, in a little, it flew away chirping, as if to say to the gentleman, "Thank you! thank you! you have redeemed me."

That is what redemption is—buying back and setting free. Christ came to break the fetters of sin, to open the prison doors and set sinners free. He has redeemed us from sin, Satan, death, and hell. The price He paid was His own precious blood. This is the good news, this is the Gospel of Christ—"Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."



C. F. SCHWARTZ.

"They Don't Want the Church."

When we talk of the millions of men, without any Gospel privileges, and urge, that we, as a church, ought to bestir ourselves to provide them with the means of grace, we are frequently met with the reply, "They don't want the church and her ordinances." As though, if that were true, we'd be excused from obeying the Master's command, "Preach the Gospel to every creature!"

Did the world want the Redeemer when, in the fulness of time, He appeared in the flesh? Did it want the labors of the apostles? Was Paul wanted by the people when he preached in the synagogues of Damascus? Or when he went to Derbe and Lystra, cities of Lycaonia, and was stoned and left at the gates for dead? Or when he went to Thessalonica and had to flee between two days to escape the snares set for him by the enmity of the people? Are

the savages of America, of Asia, of Africa, or of the islands of the sea wanting missionaries and Gospel ordinances? Were we to wait until the world wants to become Christian, when would the work begin? Does the Devil gradually grow less devilish, and will he at last want to be ordained to preach the Gospel?

We are amazed that men offer any such plea to excuse any from vigorous exertion in behalf of Mission work. The command was not, "Preach the Gospel where men want it," but, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark 16, 15.) Nothing less than this meets the necessities of the case.

How We Are Saved.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Acts 16, 31.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. Mark 16, 16.

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. Rom. 10, 9.

By me (Jesus) if any man enter in, he shall be saved. John 10, 9.

Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved. Rom. 10, 13. Acts 2, 21.

We believe that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved. Acts 15, 11.

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3, 16.

He that believeth on the son hath everlasting life. John 3, 36.

He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life. John 5, 24.

This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life. John 6, 40.

Whosoever believeth in me shall never die. John 11, 26.

Whosoever believeth in Him (Jesus), shall receive remission of sins. Acts 10, 43.

(God) is the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Rom. 3, 24—26.

For by grace are ye saved, through faith, not of works. Eph. 2, 8. 9. 2 Tim. 1, 9.

By grace are ye saved. Eph. 2, 5.

There is but one way of salvation, and that is through faith in Jesus Christ. This is the way the Bible teaches.

"The longer I live," said Bengel, "the more firmly do I ground myself upon the written and unmistakable Word of God, and in my last hour, should it come to-day, I know I shall not regret it."

Christ, the Rock.

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than *Jesus' blood* and *righteousness*;
Midst all the hell I feel within,
On *His completed work* I lean;
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Vartan the Armenian.

Fifteen hundred years ago, when Armenia was a province of Persia, the Persian king wished to convert the people to his own religion, and sent an embassy bidding them abandon Christianity and become fire-worshippers. To this delegation Vartan, the Armenian leader, boldly said: "All our goods and possessions are in your hands, and our bodies are before you. If you leave us our faith, we will not accept any other lord in place of you; but we will accept no God in place of Jesus Christ. We are not better than our fathers, who gave for this testimony their goods, their chattels, and their lives."

The king of Persia was amazed and enraged at the temerity of the reply, for Persia was invincible, and Armenia was as a spot upon the map. He sent an army of two hundred thousand against the stubborn mountaineers, and Vartan, with a handful of patriots, met this force in battle under Mount Ararat. The resistance was obstinate. Vartan was killed, while old men and women and children fought with the strong for their freedom. An old historian quaintly put it thus: "The swords of the slayers grew dull, but the necks of the conquered were not weary."

The Persians, seeing that although the battle had been won, the people had not been conquered, said to the king: "These men have put on Christianity not like robes, but like their flesh and blood. Men who do not dread fetters, nor fear torments, nor care for their property, and, what is worst of all, who choose death rather than life—who can stand against them?"

The people proved then, as they did again a few months ago, that while they were ready to give up their lives, they would never give up their faith. And to this day, although the celebration has been forbidden by the Turkish government as seditious, the mountaineers of the Caucasus solemnly drink at their festivals to the health of the dead Vartan.—*Selected.*

"All Things Work Together for Good to them that Love God." Rom. 8, 28.

Mary, the Catholic queen of England, tried every means to suppress the Evangelical faith. During her reign fire and the sword were called into requisition in the endeavor to extirpate the Evangelical doctrine. Many faithful witnesses of the Lord chose death in preference to the favor of the court.

One day also the pious preacher Bernard Gilpin was informed, that he was accused of heresy before the Bishop of London. He knew full well what that meant, and answered: "May God forgive them their wickedness, and grant me strength to endure the trial!" When the officers came to seize him, he received them with the words: "All things work together for good to them that love God." On his way to London he broke one of his legs, for they handled him very roughly. This gave one of the officers an occasion to ask: "Does this also work for your good?" "Why should I doubt it?" rejoined Gilpin.—And what happened? The sick man could not appear in court; and put him to death without a trial, they could not, if they would preserve the appearance of justice. He was therefore brought to an inn. While he was confined there, Queen Mary died; and one of the first official acts of Elizabeth, her successor to the throne, was, to set free all those who had been imprisoned on account of their faith.—*Adapted.*

A Modest Good Deed.

Oberlin, the well-known philanthropist of Steinthal, while yet a candidate for the ministry, was traveling on one occasion from Strasbourg. It was in the winter time. The ground was deeply covered with snow, and the roads almost impassable. He had reached the middle of his journey and was among the mountains, but by that time was so exhausted that he could stand up no longer.

He was rapidly freezing to death. Sleep began to overcome him; all power to resist it left him. He commended himself to God, and yielded to what he felt to be the sleep of death.

He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly became conscious of some one rousing him and waking him up. Before him stood a wagon driver in his blue blouse, and the wagon not far away. He gave a little nourishment and the spirit of life returned. He then helped him on the wagon and brought him to the next village. The rescued man was profuse in his thanks, and offered money, which his benefactor refused.

"It is only a duty to help one another," said the wagoner, "and it is the next to an insult to offer a reward for such a service."

"Then," replied Oberlin, "at least tell me your name, that I may have you in thankful remembrance before God."

"I see," said the wagoner, "that you are a minister of the Gospel; please tell me the name of the Good Samaritan."

"That," said Oberlin, "I cannot do, for it was never put on record."

"Then," replied the wagoner, "until you can tell me his name permit me to withhold mine."

Soon he had driven out of sight and Oberlin never saw him again.—*Ex.*

Bad Company.

A young lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present. Her father objected to her going.

"I know, papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus; but you can be quite sure they will do me no harm. I can't help that, but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least."

"My child," said her father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted: I have need of a coal. Will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal, papa?"

"No, one that is dead—burned out."

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you, my child," asked the father.

"Why, no, papa. How could it? It's dead."

"Of course it couldn't; but look at your hand, Florence."

"O papa, how black my fingers are! I must go and wash them."

"Wait a moment, Flossie; here is a lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: 'Companionship with the wicked and the world will certainly soil you.' Remember all your lifetime what the apostle says, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

How a Little Girl Worked.

"A little child shall lead them." A modern illustration is recounted in the *London Christian*. There are ninety villages belonging to the city of Tyre, in Syria, and not a Bible was to be found in any of them not so very long ago.

But a little girl who had been taught about Jesus in the British Syrian schools, Beyrout, went to Tyre to spend her summer holidays. She took her Arabic Testament with her and read verses from it to the people. They began to get quite interested, and used to look forward to her coming to them day by day. But at last her holiday was over, and they had to say good-bye to the Book and its little teacher.

But they often thought and talked about her and about the beautiful words she used to read, until after two years they felt they must get a teacher of their own. So they wrote to Beyrout and asked for one to come, and who do you think was sent? Why, this same little girl, who had by this time left school and was old enough to go as the teacher herself, and worked up quite a flourishing school.

Now there are twenty-nine schools in different places, in which 3000 children are being taught about Jesus.—

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE largest missionary society in America is the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." The almanac of this society furnishes the following figures for 1897. On the very spot where now stands a massive monument, five students of Williams College met 90 years ago in a hay-shed, for protection against the weather. They had assembled for the purpose of discussing and praying for the work of heathen missions. Their missionary zeal resulted in the founding of the above-named society in 1810. Two years after this the first two missionaries were sent to the heathen. These have been followed in the course of time by 2232 others. Besides these 2951 native helpers have been engaged by the society. Work has been carried on at 1300 different stations and sub-stations. The number of congregations is 471, with a membership of 43,043, 3051 of whom were received last year. The schools have 52,000 pupils. \$743,104.59 were expended during the year.

—AN exchange tells us that a gentleman once called upon another for a subscription to a benevolent object, and received a liberal contribution. Before leaving he inquired how much he might expect to get from an individual of their acquaintance. The reply was, "I don't know, but could you hear him pray you would think he would give all he is worth." When, however, he was called upon, he refused to give a single cent. Grieved at his refusal, the solicitor ventured to remark, as he was departing from his presence: "As I came to your house, I asked an individual what he thought you would probably give. 'I don't know,' was the answer, 'but if you heard him pray you would think he would give all he is worth.'" This had the desired effect. The man dropped his head, tears came to his eyes, and taking out his pocket-book, he gave seventy dollars.

—A NEW ZEALAND Chief visited England a few years ago. One day he was taken to see a beautiful mansion near London. The gentleman who took him expected to find him greatly charmed; but it seemed to excite little admiration in his mind. He then began to point out to him its grandeur, the beauty of the furniture, etc. Tamahana, looking round upon the wall, replied, "Ah! my Father's house finer than this." The gentleman knew that his father's house was but a poor mud cottage. But Tamahana went on, "My Father's house finer than this," and began to speak of the house above—the house of "many mansions," the eternal home of the redeemed.

—FROM the recent annual report of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East it appears that more than 200 of the inmates of the different leper asylums have professed their faith in Jesus Christ and have been baptized. There are now over 1000 professing Christians in the various asylums. There are about 900 adults and children in the homes and about

1700 in institutions which the mission aids. The field of its operations embraces India, Burmah, Ceylon, China and Japan. The work is steadily increasing, and an annual income of \$30,000 is needed to carry it on.

—AFRICA comprises nearly 11,520,000 square miles. It contains over 190,000,000 people. Its people use 438 languages and 153 dialects. About one-fourth of its inhabitants are Mohammedans, and nearly three-fourths Pagans. There are perhaps 100,000 communicant Protestant Christians in Africa. There are about 1000 mission stations and perhaps 1200 American and European missionaries at work there.

—THE REV. C. D. CAMPBELL, of Zitacuaro, tells of a man seventy-five years old, whom he baptized last spring, who, without ever seeing a Protestant minister, was led to the rejection of his Roman Catholic belief through the study of the Bible. He had been called to make a new image of the Virgin from a block of stone, to replace one which had been struck by lightning. While doubting in his mind the efficacy of images which could not protect themselves from a lightning bolt, some one directed his attention to the Bible. He at last found one in a college library, which, failing to buy, he obtained permission to read every Sunday. He kept at it until he had read the whole of it. Finding in it nothing of the worship of the saints, nor of Mary, his eyes were opened to the truth. The Bible is a dear book to him now, and few can quote as much from it as he. Sharp persecution has not been able to drive the old man from his simple faith in Christ.

—OF the late French senator Renaud, a German paper tells the following anecdote: When Renaud first came as senator to Paris he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent—one hundred and fifty francs—in advance. The proprietor asked if he would have a receipt.

"It is not necessary," replied Renaud, "God has witnessed the payment."

"Do you believe in God?" sneered the host. "Most assuredly," replied Renaud, "don't you?"

"Not I, monsieur."

"Ah," said the senator, "I will take a receipt, if you please."

—THE China Inland Mission statistics show their number of European missionaries to be 646; native helpers, 624; chapels, 271; schools, 84; communicants, 6113.

—THE Hindu belief that a departed soul passes into the body of some living creature is one reason why the houses in India are infested with vermin. They will not allow one of these creatures to be killed lest the soul of some dear friend should be in it. As a missionary was visiting a high caste woman who mourned the recent loss of a dear child, a hideous cockroach crawled towards her. As she brushed it away the mother cried: "Oh, don't; I beg you not to harm it. My little baby's soul is in that cockroach."

—A PERSIAN woman who had suffered much persecution for Christ's sake, was baptized. She was only seventeen years old, but had been pleading for some time for baptism, "for," she said, "I believe that I shall be put to death for my faith in Christ, and I want to be baptized before I am killed."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

PRACTICAL GEOGRAPHY for Common Schools. Illustrated with Diagrams, Colored Maps, and Engravings. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 85 cents.

This a capital school book. Its well printed text, adapted to the minds of children and containing nothing anti-scriptural; its clear, fine maps, not overcrowded with useless matter, but presenting everything that is essential; its large number of beautiful, instructive pictures, which both illustrate and supplement the text, will make the book welcome to teachers and pupils. We doubt not that it will soon be used in all our schools. For introduction and for exchange price apply to Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

Acknowledgments.

The members of *St. Paul and Mount Zion Colored Congregations*, New Orleans, La., desire that I express their sincere gratitude to their many kind Christian friends who have so liberally donated money and clothing to relieve the destitution in their midst.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 19, 1898.

F. J. LANKENAU.

Received for our colored missions of Rev. F. J. Lankenau, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from his *St. Paul's* congregation \$20.00, and of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from his *Bethlehem* congregation \$25.00.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 21, 1898.

A. C. BURGDORF, *Treas.*

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.

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Sunday School at 9 o'clock.

J. W. F. KOSSMANN, Missionary.

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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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1898.

No. 4.

"It Is Finished."

Sinner, why that look of sadness?
Why thus weep, and sigh, and groan?
All thy unbelief is madness,
All thy griefs could not atone.
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Jesus saves, and He alone.

Why such doubting of salvation?
Why not take Him at His word?
There is now no condemnation
To the soul that trusts the Lord.
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Oh, what joy it doth afford!

See! for sin, what bitter anguish
Jesus bore upon the tree;
See Him left by God to languish
In atoning agony!
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Jesus died from wrath to free!

He did free us! Hallelujah!
Easter tidings we now hear.
Christ is risen! Hallelujah!
Sweetest song that greets our ear.
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Christ is risen! Cast out fear!

"He Did It."

A sick woman was visited by a neighbor, who came to comfort her. But she was a bad comforter. Speaking of the good deeds done by her friend, she said, "You may rest easy; for you have always done the best you could. How often have we all wished that we were as good as you!"

The sick woman feebly shook her head, and then pointing to a picture which hung on the wall, and which represented the resurrection of Christ, she said, "He did it."

"Did what, dear?" asked her neighbor.

"He redeemed me," was the happy answer.

Happy woman! She trusted not in what she did, but in what Christ did for her. Looking away from her own self, she with the eye of faith looked simply to the risen Saviour. In His finished work alone she trusted, and thus she found peace. Well could she point to the rising Saviour with the words: "He did it." His resurrection is the proof that He did the work which He came to do. He

did not merely *try* to do the work of redemption. No; He *did* it. For this work He was sent into the world. "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law," Gal. 4, 4. He "gave Himself for our sins" into sufferings and death. He took our place under the law, and as our substitute and representative He lived, and suffered, and died, in order to set us free from the curse of the law, from sin, death, devil, and hell. When He was laid into the grave, it seemed as if these our enemies had won the victory; and if He had remained in the tomb, they would have triumphed. St. Paul says, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." But Christ *is* raised, and our faith is *not* vain, and we who believe in Him are *not* in our sins. The Lord is risen! He is risen indeed! He came forth from the grave as the mighty conqueror, and since He is our representative, His victory is our victory, His triumph is our triumph. In Him we suffered and died, in Him we are set free. Christ's resurrection is the crowning proof that God accepted the price which our Saviour paid for our redemption. The work which He came to do is done. He did it. The sinner is simply to trust in that finished work of Jesus, who "was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification." The moment he does this, he enjoys the benefits of Christ's resurrection and is saved. For Christ is risen! And "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1.

Do you Believe in the Risen Saviour?

This is an important question. St. Paul says, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved," Rom. 10, 9. Mark well the words: "*in thine heart.*" Ah, there is so much believing with the *head*. That is the reason why so many are not filled with joy at the glad Easter tidings. They do not deny the fact of Christ's resurrection. They take

it to be true just as they take it to be true that Columbus discovered America. But this believing with the head only will not save a man, will not fill his heart with joy. St. Paul says, "If thou shalt believe *in thine heart* that God raised Christ from the dead, thou shalt be saved." As a poor, lost, and condemned sinner you must with your heart trust in the risen Saviour. In His resurrection you must see the proof that *your* enemies were conquered, that *your* sins were left in the grave, that *you* were set free and absolved from *all* your sins. Thus the Easter tidings will fill your heart with joy. Why should you not rejoice? Being planted in Christ by the faith of your heart, you need fear no curse of the law, no wrath of God, no death, no devil, no hell. Looking into the empty grave of your risen Saviour, you can cry out triumphantly:

"Since Christ is free, now I am free
From *all* unrighteousness,
Since He is just, now I am just,
He is my righteousness."

Overcome by the Truth.

The learned and celebrated Lord Lyttleton was an infidel, denying the divinity of Christ. He not only despised Jesus, but he also tried to persuade others that Christ must be rejected. Convinced that the truth of the Christian religion must stand as long as the story of Christ's resurrection is not thoroughly refuted, he undertook to refute the writings of those that defended the fact which he denied. But in the midst of his labors he was overcome by the power of divine truth. He not only desisted from his undertaking, but he confessed publicly that he believed in Christ, the Son of God, the crucified and risen Saviour. He had been a persecuting Saul and now became a zealous Paul, defending the truth of the Gospel in his writings. In defence of the Christian religion he wrote a long argument based on the story of the conversion of St. Paul, an argument of which so distinguished a literary man as Dr. Johnson has declared that it is one "to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer."

Do not Neglect the Means of Grace.

Confirmation day is a day of joy. On that day those that have been instructed in the Bible truths of the Catechism confess their faith before God and His church, and promise to remain faithful unto death. This is indeed good reason for rejoicing. But with this joy sadness is mingled whenever we think of the many that have made the same confession and the same promise, and have proved unfaithful. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world," says St. Paul. And every pastor must join in this sad saying, when thinking of many that once promised faithfulness to the Saviour and that are now on the broad way that leads to everlasting damnation. What was the cause of their falling away? They neglected the means of grace. They seldom attended the preaching of God's Word and at last stayed away entirely. Their first communion was their last communion, or they were not regular guests, and soon were no longer seen at the Lord's table. Some went perhaps once a year, some once in two years, some so rarely that the rule was not to go to the sacrament. They neglected the means of grace, and that causes spiritual death. Do not tell me that they perhaps were diligent in the private study of the Scriptures and in closet meditation and prayer. Those that neglect the rich supplies offered them in the public worship of the congregation are not hungry for the bread of life and do not embrace private opportunities to eat and be filled. No. They neglect the means of grace publicly and privately, and for lack of spiritual nourishment they die. As the body can not live without food, so faith in the soul can not live without spiritual food. This food is given to us in God's appointed means of grace, which are His Word and Sacraments. The same means of grace by which faith is wrought in our hearts, must preserve it unto salvation. By God's power we are brought to faith, and by that same power we are kept in faith. But that power of God works through the means of grace. The preaching of the Gospel, which is a power of God unto salvation to all that believe, nourishes and strengthens our faith. That same Gospel we have in the Lord's Supper, in which forgiveness of sins, sealed with the Body and Blood of Christ, is offered to us. What a strong nourishment of faith is this!

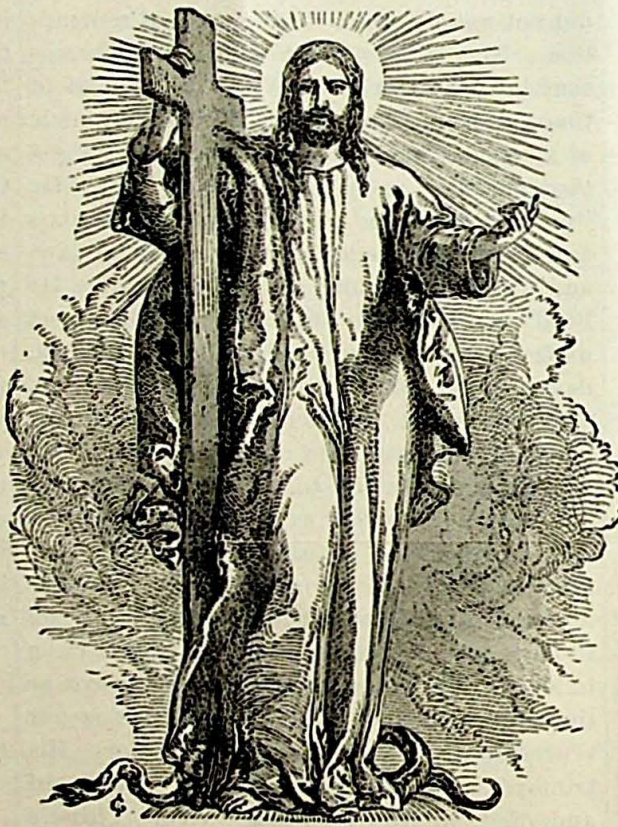
Therefore, do not neglect the means of grace. As soon as you begin to neglect these means of grace, your spiritual life is endangered; and persistence in such neglect must bring death. Remember, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Remain under the power of God's Word and Sacrament, until the journey ends and the victory is won. Do not neglect the means of grace!

The Use of Feet and Hands.

In the native quarters of the towns of India the strange spectacle may be seen of the Hindoo using his toes with the dexterity of his fingers. For example:

A butcher, seizing a piece of meat in his hands will cut it in two with a stroke of his knife, held between the first and second toes of his foot.

The shoemaker uses no last, but turns his unfinished shoe with his feet, while his hands are busy in shaping it. So the carpenter holds with his great toe the board he is cutting, and the woodturner handles his tools as well with his toes as with his fingers.



"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel."

Gen. 3, 15.

This use of the feet to assist the hands in their labor is not, however, the mere result of practice, but is in part due to the fact that the Hindoo foot is different from ours in its anatomical conformation.

The ankle of the Hindoo, and the articulation of the back of the foot, permit considerable lateral motion; and the toes possess a surprising mobility.

The great toe can be moved freely in all directions, and the first and second toes are separated by a wide space, sometimes as much as five-eighths of an inch across at the base of the toes and two inches at their extremities.

The articulation of the hip is also peculiar, and this renders it easier to use the toes in handling the objects by enabling the Hindoo to sit in a squatting posture much more comfortably than we can. — *Ex.*

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Early on Easter morning, in the year 1548, King Sigismund I, aged 81 years, went into his beautiful chapel, attended by several of his courtiers. Having entered the chapel, he thoughtfully looked at the marble grave which he had prepared for himself during his lifetime. Feeling that the hour was near in which he would have to exchange the throne for the coffin, his royal mantle for the shroud, he sighed deeply. At last he said: "Well, I know that my Redeemer liveth. He will raise me from this bed chamber. These mine eyes shall behold my Saviour, who to-day is risen from the dead." He then knelt down, and whilst he was praying, his soul passed away to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

"I Am Satisfied."

Bengel, the great Lutheran divine, during his sickness longed very much to have some one to speak to him of spiritual things. As no one else was to be had, he sent for one of his pupils. When the student learned Bengel's desire, he was abashed and said, "How can I, a mere youth, speak to my professor?"

Bengel answered: "That would indeed fill me with regret if one of my pupils was unable to speak a word of consolation to one who needed it."

Full of anxiety the student repeated the verse: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"That is right," said the sick man, "I am satisfied." With hearty thanks he dismissed the student.

Korean Customs.

All things in Korea are strange to foreigners. Thimbles are of cloth, beautifully embroidered. There are no buttons nor pins, and garments are tied on with ribbons. Soap is sold in the form of a powder, and the only matches are shavings tipped with sulphur. These have to be put into the fire to light them. The market scenes are interesting. You see pompous men in long gowns and high hats, poor women with green cloaks over their heads, and scores of boys carrying vegetables. The people are early risers, and the best time to market is between five and six in the morning. Two hours later the stands are all cleared away and you have to rely on the retail stores or little shops.

Eggs in Korea are bought by the stick and are stacked up like kindling wood. Ten eggs are laid end to end, and they are then wrapped about with straw, so that they stand out straight and stiff, and look more like clubs than eggs. In the stores these sticks of eggs are piled up crosswise, and the price is about three cents a stick.

"Afraid of a Shadow."

From the resurrection of Christ we know that death is swallowed up in victory. They that believe in the Saviour need not fear death. Still some of God's children shrink from the thought of death, though their faith assures them that it is but the gateway to everlasting life and happiness. So it was with an old Christian shepherd. He lay on his dying bed, and when his minister came, he said to his wife, "Jane, give the minister a chair and leave us for a bit, for I would see the minister alone."

As soon as the door was closed, he turned his sad eyes upon the pastor and said in a voice shaken with emotion: "Minister, I'm dying, and — and — I'm afraid."

Knowing him to be a child of God, the pastor began at once to repeat the strongest promises of God's word, but in the midst of them the old shepherd stopped him, saying mournfully, "I know them all, I know them all."

"Do you believe them?" asked the pastor.

"With all my heart," the shepherd replied earnestly.

"Where, then, is there any room for fear with such a saving faith?"

"For all that, minister, I'm afraid."

The pastor took up the well-worn Bible which lay on the bed and turned to the 23d Psalm. "You remember the 23d Psalm," he began.

"Remember it!" the shepherd said vehemently; "I knew it long before you were born; you need not read it; I've conned it a thousand times on the hillside."

"But there is one verse which you have not taken in," said the pastor.

The shepherd turned upon him a half-reproachful look.

The pastor slowly repeated the verse: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Then he added: "You have been a shepherd all your life, and you have watched the heavy shadows pass over the valleys and over the hills, hiding for a little while all the light of the sun. Did these shadows ever frighten you?"

"Frighten me?" the shepherd said quickly. "No, no! A shadow could not well frighten me."

"But did those shadows ever make you believe that you would not see the sun again, that it was gone forever?"

"No, no; I could not be such a simpleton as that."

"Nevertheless," said the pastor, "that is just what you are doing now." The shepherd looked at him with incredulous eyes.

"Yes," the pastor continued, "the shadow of death is over you, and it hides for a little the Sun of righteousness, who shines all the same behind it; but it's only a shadow. Remember, that's what the Psalmist calls it—

a shadow that will pass; and when it has passed, you will see the everlasting hills in their unclouded glory. Rest assured that Christ is with you in the valley of the shadow of death, and do not fear the shadow."

The old shepherd covered his face with his trembling hands and for a few minutes was silent, then letting them fall straight on the coverlet, he said, as if musing to himself, "Well, well, I have conned that verse a thousand times among the heather on the hillside, and I never understood it so before — afraid of a shadow, afraid of a shadow!" Then, turning upon his pastor a face bright with joy, he exclaimed, lifting his hands reverently to heaven, "Yes, yes, I see it all now. Death is only a shadow with Christ behind it, a shadow that will pass. No, no! I'm afraid no more." Then he added slowly with folded hands: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou, dearest Saviour, art with me."

He Was Silenced.

A French infidel, after much intense study, formulated a new religion. Finding that his new idea was not readily approved and adopted, he complained to Talleyrand, the statesman, of the difficulty he had in introducing it.

"I'm not surprised," said Talleyrand; "it is not an easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then perhaps you might succeed."

"What is it? What is it?" asked the other with eagerness.

"It is this," said Talleyrand; "go and be crucified, then be buried, and then rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases, and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end!" And the philosopher, crest-fallen and confounded, went away silent.

"Whiter Than Snow."

A little girl went out one day to play in the fresh snow, and when she came in she said, "Mamma, I could not help praying, when I was out at play."

"What did you pray, dear?"

"I prayed the snow prayer, mamma, that I learned once in school: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'" Psalm 51, 7.

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a precious promise to go with it: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," Isaiah 1, 18.

And what can wash away sin? The Bible answers:

"They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," Rev. 8, 14.

How a Heathen Put a Christian to Shame.

The captain of an English war vessel once invited the Queen of Tahiti, and her train, on board the ship, and gave a feast in their honor. The most sumptuous repast had been prepared and the captain without any further ceremony invited his guests to partake of it. But to his surprise none responded. He then turned to Missionary Pritchard, who had also been invited, and said: "Dear friend, I see that I have failed to suit the tastes of my guests, notwithstanding my earnest efforts, for the Queen looks about as if the chief thing were missing."

The missionary smiled and said: "You are right, captain. The chief thing is missing. Your table is indeed loaded with the choicest food, but you forgot to give thanks, and without this my spiritual children, as you see them here, will touch nothing. They hold fast to the apostle's word, 'Whether ye eat or drink or whatever ye do, do it all to the glory of God.'" With considerable embarrassment the captain asked the missionary to offer thanks, and as he spoke the words, "All eyes wait upon Thee and Thou givest them their meat in due season," etc., the guests joined in, and when the "amen" was spoken, they partook of the bounteous repast.

The Just for the Unjust.

A poor old colored woman was once spoken to by a skeptic in the following way: "Well, Betty, and so you are one of the saints, are you? Pray, what sort of folks are they, and what do you know about religion, eh?"

"Well, well," replied the dear old creature, "you know, sir, I'm no scholar, so can't say much for the meaning of it; I only know I am 'saved by grace,' and that's enough to make me happy here, and I expect to go to heaven by and by."

"But surely you can tell us something nearer than that? What does being saved feel like?"

"Why, it feels to me," said Betty, "just as if the Lord stood in my shoes, and I stood in His'n!"

Happy old Betty! She was right. "Christ suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God," 1 Pet. 3, 18.

God Speaks in the Bible.

Luther says: "When Moses writes that in six days God made heaven and earth and all that is in them, let it stand that it is six days and make no gloss that would represent six days to be one day. If you can not understand how it could be six days, give the Holy Spirit the honor to believe that He is more learned than you, for you must in dealing with the Scriptures always keep in mind that it is God who speaks."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM the last number of our German mission paper we learn that the Rev. A. Burgdorf, who for several years labored faithfully and successfully in our mission among the colored people of the South, has left the mission field on account of bad health and has accepted the call of a German Lutheran congregation in Illinois. May God richly bless him in his new field of labor.

—A FRIEND of our paper kindly sends us the following clipping: Bishop Whipple, according to *The Church News*, loved to tell this story: A devout colored preacher, whose heart was aglow with missionary zeal, gave notice to his congregation that in the evening an offertory would be taken for missions and asked for liberal gifts. A selfish, well-to-do man in his congregation said to him before the service: "Yer gwine to kill dis church ef yer goes on saying give, give. No church can stan it. Yer gwine to kill it." After the sermon the colored minister said to the people: "Brother Jones told me I was gwine to kill dis here church ef I kep' a-askin' yer to give, but, my brethren, churches doesn't die dat way. Ef anybody knows of a church dat died 'cause it's been givin' too much to de Lord, I'll be very much obliged ef my brother will tell me whar dat church is, for I'ze gwine to visit it, and I'll climb on de walls of dat church, under de light of de moon, and cry, 'Blessed am de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

—THERE are now upwards of one thousand schools of various descriptions for natives in China under foreigners. They range from the village day school up to high-schools and colleges. In that great empire there are no schools for girls except those founded by the missionaries.

—A BEAUTIFUL little story was told not long ago by a young missionary, who is just leaving this country, as to how he was influenced to become a missionary. When a child he used constantly to walk through a certain churchyard; and one of the gravestones which he passed close by, erected to the memory of a little boy eight years of age, bore the following strange inscription: "Mother, when I grow to be a man I should like to be a missionary. But if I should die when I am still a little boy, will you put it on my tomb, so that some one passing by may read it, and go instead of me?" Through reading this inscription so often there grew up in his mind this thought, "I must go in place of that little boy." And so he has been trained for the work, and will soon commence it. It was only a little boy's wish that influenced him and led him to become a missionary.

—THAT great memories are not the product of civilization is proved by an instance recorded by Dr. Moffatt, the great African missionary. Dr. Moffatt once preached a sermon to a group of negroes, and was shortly afterwards attracted by the gesticulations of a

young savage addressing a number of blacks. On going up to the group, he was amazed to hear the savage reproducing his own sermon, word for word.

—A BEQUEST of \$2,500,000 to Foreign Missions has been made recently by a wealthy manufacturer of Aberdeen, Scotland, to be used in Africa, China, and Moravia. The income from such a bequest, at the lowest calculation, will send out one hundred missionaries.

—IN illustration of the rapidity with which the Bible is translated at the present day, a German paper states that from 1890 to 1896 parts of the Bible were translated into 60 new languages and dialects, making the total number of languages and dialects about 400. The whole Bible has been translated into 107 and the New Testament into 101 languages. Six millions of Bibles and portions of the Bible have been distributed by all the Bible societies during 1896; the total number in Germany was 730,000 copies.

—WHEN Petherick, the traveler, came upon the Mehr tribe of the Nile country, Africa, he was given a great reception by the natives. Finally the head chief of the Mehers entered Petherick's tent. The latter extended his hand to welcome the visitor, upon which the latter deliberately spat into the open palm. Petherick was so enraged by the seeming indignity that he was about to knock the chief-tain down. On second thought he resolved to return the compliment, which he did, with more emphasis than elegance. This seemed to delight the chief, and later Petherick learned that spitting into the visitor's hand was the mode of salutation in that country. A queer salutation, indeed!

—THE "poor prisoner in the Vatican," Pope Leo XIII, at the 60th anniversary of his priesthood, received presents valued at \$1,200,000. The English Duke of Norfolk sent him a check for \$40,000, the Czar and the Czarina filled his palm with jewels, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart made his old heart glad with an immense rosary on which instead of beads gold pieces were strung. The American bishops gave him a substantial proof of their loyalty, etc. Peter of old had neither silver nor gold, but what he had and gave, is never found in the possession of his so-called successors.

—HERE is a suggestive note from the *Foreign Missionary Journal*. "I don't believe in foreign missions, I believe in home missions," say many. Such a man was asked to help a church in Minnesota, in great distress, and needing immediate help for its rescue. "It's a home case," they pleaded, on his own ground. "Oh," said he, "I don't know anything about Minnesota. Too far away from home." The graveyard fence was falling down and must be repaired. "Now we have something our brother can not deny—right before his eyes." Hopefully they went to him with their plea. He looked at the paper dolefully,

and then said, "I don't see any use in that; they that are in there can't get out, and they that are out don't want to get in. What do you want a subscription to that for?" Such people have no concern for home or foreign missions.

—KRAFF, the first missionary in East Africa, who landed in 1844, said that he "took possession of the Pagan land for the militant Church of Christ." Now it is calculated that there are in Africa 1,000,000 Protestant native adherents, of whom over 100,000 are communicants; more than 1200 American and European missionaries, and some 1000 mission stations.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

GESAEENGE FUER MAENNERCHOERE. Viertes Heft. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 20 cts.; per dozen, \$1.50.

STATISTISCHES JAHRBUCH der deutschen ev.-luth. Synode von Missouri, Ohio und andern Staaten fuer das Jahr 1897. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25 cts.

Acknowledgments.

The undersigned has received through Pastor F. J. Lankenau from Mount Zion Congregation \$1.90, and from St. Paul Congregation \$4.65, for the support of a colored Lutheran student. Greensboro, N. C., March 20, 1898.

JOHN C. SCHMIDT.

Received of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from his Bethlehem congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankenau, Missionary, from his St. Paul's congregation in New Orleans, La., \$20.00, and of Rev. N. J. Bakke from his Grace congregation in Concord, N. C., \$10.00. St. Louis, Mo., March 21, 1898.

A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

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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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and at 8 o'clock Sunday evening.

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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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1898.

No. 5.

Jesus' Love.

Chief of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me;
Died, that I might live on high;
Lives, that I might never die.

O the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity.

Jesus only can impart
Balm to heal the smitten heart;
Peace that flows from sin forgiven,
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven.

Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own.

Selected.

The Holy Spirit's Work.

"Christianity," said Luther, "consists of possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is a Saviour;" it is quite another thing to say, "He is *my* Saviour and *my* Lord." The latter can be truly said by him only in whose heart faith has been wrought by the Holy Spirit. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost," says the apostle.

Man by nature is "dead in trespasses and sin." Not merely injured by sin. No; he is "dead in trespasses and sin," says the Bible. There is no life in a dead man, and there is no strength in a dead man to bring himself to life. So there is no spiritual life in man as he is by nature, and there is no strength whatever in him to bring himself to spiritual life or to assist in any wise in this work. It is wholly the work of the Holy Spirit. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned," 1 Cor. 2, 14. Therefore we 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."

The Holy Spirit does His work through the Word of God. By the preaching of the Law He brings the sinner to the knowledge of his sins and to the sense of the punishment he deserved by sin. In the Gospel He presents the Saviour with forgiveness of sin and everlasting life and works in man's heart faith in the finished work of Christ, so that the sinner can joyfully say, "Jesus is *my* Saviour and *my* Lord; I was blind, but now I see; I was dead in sin, but now I live in Christ; I was wretched and miserable, poor and naked, but my sins are all forgiven and I am clothed with the perfect righteousness of Jesus; I was a child of wrath, but now I am a child of grace; I was without hope in this world, but now I know that my Redeemer liveth and that my everlasting home is with Him in heaven; I once feared death and eternity, but now I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ who loved me and gave Himself for me."

Happy is he in whose heart the Spirit has done His work and who in true faith can say, "Jesus is mine." He has been made rich in Christ and His possessions are far greater than all the wealth of this world. A gentleman once took a friend to the roof of his house to show him the extent of his possessions. Waving his hand about, he said, "There is my estate." Pointing to a great distance on one side, he said, "Do you see that farm? Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side, he said, "Do you see that house? That also belongs to me." In turn, his friend asked, "Do you see that little village out yonder? Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this." "Ah! what can she say?" asked the rich gentleman. "Why," replied the friend, "she can say, 'Jesus is mine.'"

Jesus Comes to Bless.

A pastor's attention was called to a woman who was in great distress, being unable to pay her rent. So he went to her for the purpose of giving her assistance. He rapped at the door, listened, and thought he heard

some one in the house. He rapped again, but the door was not opened. The third time he rapped very hard, listened, but again heard nothing. After waiting a little while, he made a great noise, and finally went away. A few days afterwards he met the woman on the street and said, "I was at your house the other day; I had heard that you could not pay your rent, and I came to assist you." "Oh, was that you?" the woman replied. "I was in the house the whole time, but I thought the proprietor of the house had come to demand the rent, and as I had not the money, I left the door locked."

This woman is a picture of a sinner who thinks Jesus comes in the Gospel as a second Moses to demand something of him, while in reality Jesus always comes to give and to bless. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me," Rev. 3, 20.

Christian Humility.

Dr. Bengel, the great Lutheran divine, was an humble Christian. When praised by men for his great learning, he prayed God to make him and keep him truly humble. "I commit myself," said he, "to my faithful Creator, my well-known Redeemer, my unailing Comforter; I know not to whom to go save to my Saviour. I do not want to be made anything of by man, neither in life nor in death. After death it is my wish to be forgotten by men, even, as in life, I have lived apart from the world. The judgments of men neither help nor harm me. In that great day all things will appear in a different light. Do not judge before the time. It will be much better to have it said in the future kingdom, Are you here too? than to have it said, Where is such and such a noted man? I hope nothing will ever be made of my poor productions. In Christ, His Apostles, and martyrs we have enough light. I am nothing."

The Christian is well armed, whose faith says, "God is my strength."

On the Lord's Ascension.

A friend sends us the following summary of a sermon preached in German on the Gospel Lesson of Ascension day by the Rev. F. Sievers of Minneapolis, Minn. The instructive summary was published in the *Minneapolis Times*, and is as follows:

Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, and forty days thereafter ascended into heaven, is none other than Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness. Even his ascension belongs to those things which must be judged spiritually, and therefore can not be received by the natural man. It belongs to those mysteries of the gospel which have not entered into any man's heart. Once Jesus said to the Pharisees: "Whither I go, ye can not come," then said the Jews: "Will he kill himself because he saith: 'Whither I go, ye can not come?'" So little did they understand of Christ's ascension, which can not be understood at all, except in the light of the gospel. The gospel, however, reveals unto us that the ascension of Christ was a glorious triumph over all our spiritual enemies, as sin, devil, world, death and hell; that Christ by His ascension has prepared the place for us and opened the heavenly paradise, which He had regained for us by His sufferings and death; that Christ since His ascension is sitting at the right hand of God the Father, as our mediator and intercessor. O, how brilliant does the ascension of our dear Lord Jesus Christ appear in the light of His holy gospel! Indeed, we have no reason for lamentations or sorrow, but rather for great rejoicing, if we look at Christ's ascension in the light of His holy gospel.

But, my friends, we may also exclaim: O, how glorious does the gospel of Christ appear in the light of His ascension! The subject of our present devotion and consideration is:

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST IN THE LIGHT OF HIS ASCENSION.

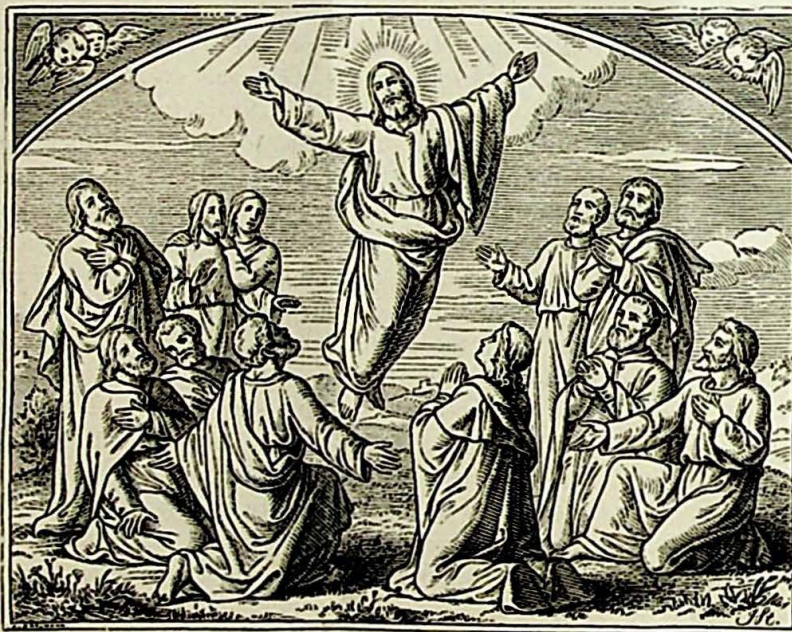
By Christ's ascension

- I. His gospel is gloriously confirmed,
- II. the world is opened for the spreading of His gospel,
- III. the victory of His gospel is guaranteed forever.

Confirming the Gospel.

Our text tells us in the fourteenth verse that Christ scolded His disciples on account of their unbelief, because they had not believed those women who had been first witnesses of His resurrection. But would it not

have been easier for Him to cure them of their unbelief if he had not ascended into heaven, but allowed them to continually enjoy His visible presence? Never! "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." For this reason the faith of His disciples might have easily gone astray from that which is called the true living and saving faith, if Christ had not ascended into heaven. Furthermore, His ascension had previously been announced, and that frequently, by Himself as well as by His holy servants in the Old Testament. How, then, could His disciples have continued to believe His word, if He Himself had not kept it, if He had not ascended into heaven? And if, in a point of such importance, concerning the only Saviour of men, the prophecies would not have come together with the fulfillment — how, then,



The Lord's Ascension.

could we acknowledge and believe the gospel of Christ as the eternal truth of God? Furthermore, all those precious promises of the gospel, that Christ should be our predecessor into the heavenly mansions, and send His Holy Spirit, and protect His church, until He shall call all believers up to His glory, how could all these and other sweet promises of the gospel be true, how could the word and the work of Christ be true, if he had not ascended into heaven to sit at the right hand of God, the Father? How gloriously, then, is the gospel of Christ confirmed as being the everlasting rock of His church, by His ascension into heaven?

Given to the World.

But we must even say: Without the ascension of Jesus Christ into heaven we should have no gospel at all. Our text tells us that Jesus said to His disciples: "Go ye into the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Why was it that Christ gave such grand command for the first time just before His ascension? Is there any connection be-

tween this command and His ascension? Most certainly. We must remember that by His sufferings and death Christ redeemed, bought, won and gained the whole world; that is, the entire multitude of sinners. Now was the time, when Christ could say that majestic word: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." After He has bought and gained all sinners, should He not have authority enough to let them know it? This was manifested by His ascension into heaven. It was a grand thing, when a decree went out from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. All the world, that meant as far as it was then known and subjected to the Roman empire. But when and wherever could any worldly potentate issue a proclamation like this: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"? And Christ who triumphantly ascended into heaven, evidently had power enough to have His last will performed. For His disciples went forth and preached everywhere as our text says. Yea, St. Paul could write to the Colossians that the gospel was come in all the world, and was preached to every creature which is under heaven. O, how should we rejoice over the ascension of our Lord, because we know that from this most glorious event we must derive that wonderful blessing, that in spite of all hostility of the devil and the wicked world, we have received and do still enjoy the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the heavenly message that Jesus Christ came into the world to seek and save sinners, the gospel which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth!

The Gospel Victorious.

But how is it possible, that sinners, who in their nature are entirely depraved and unable to do the pleasure of God may believe the gospel of Jesus Christ? The gospel does not promise anything which affords pleasure, honor, riches of this world; the gospel is contrary to all inclinations of our sinful hearts; the gospel does away with all wisdom and merits of our own, the gospel invites us simply to trust in the merits and righteousness of our only Saviour, Jesus Christ, then to renounce the sinful world and to follow our redeemer on the narrow way, to deny ourselves and to take up our cross daily and habitually to look forward to our Lord's final coming, when at last the times of our refreshing shall be at hand. Who in the world is fond of such a gospel? How could those few poor disciples of Christ at that time have any hopes of gaining any success whatever, by preaching such

a gospel, as now described, in a wicked world, whither their master had sent them forth as sheep in the midst of wolves? How can we account for that wonderful report, after that first sermon of the apostle Peter: "Then they that gladly received His word were baptized, and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls"? (Acts 2, 41.) How could a church of Jesus Christ be built up and spread all over the world and continually grow and flourish up to this present day by the mere preaching of the gospel? Here, my friends, here we have the key of explanation, "the Lord working with them," as our text says. The Lord, who ascended into heaven, and in whose hands is all power of grace for the conversion, sanctification and salvation of sinners; the Lord worked with the apostles, the Lord worked with all subsequent preachers of His holy gospel. He accompanied the word with His powerful grace, and He will continue to do so, also with us, until we are saved forever. Blessed be His holy gospel and praised be the blessed name of Jesus Christ, who ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father, world without end. Amen.

A Prodigal Son's Return.

General Superintendent Büchsel tells the story of an aged widow's faith in his congregation after the following manner. As she was lying on her death-bed, he was called upon for pastoral ministration. "I asked her," he goes on to say, "whether any special burden lay upon her heart." She answered, "No, what rests upon my heart, I have committed to my Saviour and all I yet desire is to partake of His body and blood for the remission of sins."

Upon the further question as to whether she lived in enmity with any one, she replied, "No, I have forgiven everything." Thereupon the children, who were standing at her bedside, began to weep bitterly, and on further inquiry I learned that the widow had a son by the name of Christian who had caused her many a heart-pang. I asked whether she had also forgiven Christian, and her reply was, "How else can a mother do but forgive; and I know that God also will forgive him." She spoke this with great confidence and I asked her how she knew this. "Oh, the child of so many tears and prayers can not possibly be lost."

She then received communion and went to her eternal home. The day of the funeral approached. The coffin stood in the main room and the house was filled with friends and mourners. Around the corpse stood her six children; also Christian, but not a tear glistened in his eye. Pale and unmoved, he looked into the peaceful face of his mother. The funeral train was set in motion. Christian moved with it, hymn-book in hand, but not a word fell from his lips. But when the coffin was lowered and the hollow thud, together with

the creaking of the ropes, had died away, Christian flung himself prostrate into the grave and cried out pitifully: "My mother! Oh, my mother has brought charges against me before God!"

When he was lifted out of the grave, he was raised a new man, whose only comfort was that he might still trust in the forgiveness of his sins because of the prayers of his mother, so richly watered by her tears. This touching incident was a sermon on the fourth commandment to the young in that whole neighborhood, whose lesson could not lightly go unheeded.

Alas, how many thoughtless sons and daughters are laying up heart-pangs for themselves because of the heart-pangs that they caused devoted mothers!

The Rich Man's Death.

Some years ago there lived a very rich man. He was very wise in worldly matters, as well as rich. He managed his business so that at last he had enough money to enable him to quit work. He spent his time in feasting and revelry. He invited his jolly friends to come to see him and they spent the evenings in seeking pleasure and gratification. He told his wife and children that he was not going to trouble himself about death and eternity—about God and salvation. He believed that death was the end of a person. He said: "It is all nonsense for you to read your Bible, and teach the children the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and go to church. Let everybody enjoy himself while he has the chance, and give himself no thought about dying and meeting God."

One day this rich man took sick. A painful disease took hold of him. He lingered a long while. His jolly friends no longer came to see him. They loved his wine and his money, and the so-called pleasure he gave them, but they did not love him.

The doctor told the poor man that he could not get well. His wife wept bitterly and tried to comfort her husband as best she could. But he was so very unhappy. He told his wife that it was not the pain that distressed him, but the thought of what would follow after death.

The wife replied: "What do you mean, dear husband? You always told us that death was the end of a man."

"Oh, yes," cried the sick man, "I have often said so, but there is certainly a heaven and a hell. I know it now. I am filled with a horrid dread and fear. I must go into the presence of God. I see my mistake, but it is now too late. Oh, believe me, dear wife, and teach it to the children, that there is a heaven and a hell, so that you and the children may not go where I am going."

He ceased, fell back on his pillow, with the cold sweat of death upon him. He had gone to stand in the presence of God. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

Blue Coat and Gray.

In 1864, several Union and Confederate wounded soldiers lay in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah Valley. Mrs. B——, the mother of one of the latter, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, bringing such little comforts as she could. Her house was burned, the plantation in ruins, trampled down by the army. One day she carried him some beef tea. Every drop was precious, for it was with great difficulty that she had obtained the beef from which it was made.

As she sat watching her boy sip the steaming, savory broth, her eye caught the eager, hungry look of a man on the next cot. He was a Yankee, perhaps one of the very band who had burned her home. She was a bitter Secessionist. But she was also a Christian woman. Her eye stole back to the pale, sunken face; and she remembered the words of the Master: "*If thine enemy thirst, give him drink.*"

After a moment's pause she filled a bowl with the broth, and put it to his lips, repeating to herself the words, "For His sake; for His sake; for His sake I do it." Then she brought fresh water, and bathed the soldier's face and hands as gently as if he had been her son. The next day, when she returned, he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a senator from a Northern state brought home with him, during the Christmas vacation, a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only living son of Mrs. B——, the boy whom she had nursed having been killed during the latter years of the war. She had struggled to educate this boy as a civil engineer, and had done it. But without influence he could not obtain position, and was supporting himself by copying.

Senator Blank inquired into his qualifications, and, finding them good, soon after secured his appointment on the staff of engineers employed to construct an important railway. The senator enclosed with the appointment a letter to Mrs. B——, reminding her of the farmhouse on the Shenandoah, and adding, "I was the wounded man to whom you gave that bowl of broth."

"*Bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days.*"—Exchange.

VERY tender was the late Lord Shaftesbury's reference, on one occasion, to the kind heart which led him to Christ. He was for a time, at an early period of his life, left solely in charge of an old Scottish nurse. The humble woman took infinite pains to teach him the story of Christ's love, and with such success that the great earl confessed: "All that I am to-day, and all that I have done, I owe under God, to that good woman's influence."—*Ex.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE Lutheran Orphans' Home at Addison, Ill., will this year celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, it having been founded in the year 1873 by a number of Lutheran congregations in northern Illinois. In commemoration of this notable event the Association has issued a pamphlet, presenting an instructive and interesting history of the Home which has been richly blessed by God during the past twenty-five years.

—ONE remarkable feature in the Malagasy character is that as soon as one of them becomes a Christian his first thought is to spread the good news. In the persecuting days the Christians were driven from their homes into all parts of the island, and at all times they are in the habit of traveling about a good deal on their way to the coast, for the purpose of trade and other things; and it has come about that there are many companies of Christians scattered in town and villages, who never even saw a European missionary.

—IT is related that a certain bishop met an English sportsman in Calcutta. The former was visiting the native Christians under his care, and the latter was after large game. In the conversation between the two the sportsman remarked that he had met no native Christians in his travels, and did not believe that missionary work was producing any effect. "But," said the bishop, "have you seen any tigers?" The Englishman replied, "Oh, yes, hundreds of them." "Well," responded the bishop, "I myself have traveled extensively through India, and I have seen hundreds of native Christians, but I have not seen one tiger: shall I therefore say there are no tigers in India? It is probable that we have both seen just what we were looking for."

—A MISSIONARY in Japan writes: The remarkable conversion of a Japanese schoolmaster in my district this year reminds me of Bunyan's pilgrim. He was brought to a knowledge of his sins by the simple reading of the New Testament, and he was led to the Saviour, where he found peace by the study of the Word. Formerly a staunch Buddhist, he had no idea of sin, and was set against Christianity. The book told him he was a sinner, and he believed it. For several weeks he could do nothing but pray and weep, greatly to the alarm of his wife, who could not understand what had come over him. After having found pardon for sin in the blood of the Lamb, he gave in his name as a candidate, and was baptized a few weeks ago in the Ainu Church at Piratori, having walked more than twelve miles for that purpose. His wife did all she could to restrain him, and when she found that he could not be moved, she asked him to divorce her. But being ready to forsake all for Christ, he came and was baptized. Through his tears and prayers the Lord has graciously touched the heart of his wife also, who now wishes for baptism.

—SOME twelve years since, Lough Fook, a Chinese Christian, moved with compassion for the coolies in the South American mines, sold himself for a term of five years as a coolie slave, and was transported to Demerara, that he might carry the Gospel to his countrymen working there. He toiled in the mines with them, and preached Jesus while he toiled, until he had won to the Saviour nearly two hundred disciples. He died two years ago.

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

—THE king of Uganda, in Africa, is now learning to read and write, taking lessons three times a week. It is good news that he now drinks milk almost entirely, and so has ceased to be a drunkard. During the last eight months his subjects have bought 13,200 Bibles or parts of Bibles. When Bishop Tucker first went to Uganda there was but one church in the nation; now there are three hundred and twenty. Then there were but few native teachers, now there are over eight hundred. Twenty thousand of the inhabitants can read the Bible.

—IN the northwestern part of the island of Sumatra there lies the Toba Sea. In 1878, when the people were subjugated by Holland, missionaries from the West entered the field. At that time war, robbery, bloodshed, slavery, tyranny and cannibalism held sway among the inhabitants. Now word comes from missionary Warneck telling of a missionary festival, held by these same people, where between seven and eight thousand people were assembled and took part. Delivered from their former ferocity, they now seek to extend the blessed kingdom of Christ.

—A BASLE missionary, who has been lately traveling in the German Soudan, met in a remote village two traveling Mohammedans, one from Sokoto and one from Timbuctoo. "The latter was a Mohammedan teacher, who carried with him the Koran and wooden writing tables. Every evening he went through his prayers in public, in the most careful and impressive way. He travels about as a teacher of Islam, and stops at all places which have small Mohammedan colonies. He gathers the children of Moslems and teaches them the art of reading and writing. They have to learn by heart in Arabic verses of the Koran and prayers. The teacher also carries on a little trade in beads, kola-nuts, etc. When a scholar has completed his course, which is soon done, as the instruction is of the most superficial

kind, his father has to pay a cow or produce of the country to the value of about forty shillings to the teacher. In this way these Mohammedan priests support themselves and lead a very comfortable life. Thus the teaching of the false prophet is slowly and surely diffused without the Mohammedans at home having to support their missionaries in any way. The plan has been cleverly laid in Mecca, and is now beginning to be carried out. It is terrible to think of the immense and irresponsible indifference which Christendom shows to this deadly propaganda. But if Christians in general keep quiet in face of this war of annihilation, it behooves us missionary people to do something. We must not allow the population of the basin of the Niger to be swallowed up by Islam. We must not allow Christendom to sit still and tranquilly watch this well-planned campaign of the followers of Mohammed. We must venture and dare something; there is still time to save these tribes for Christ. Therefore, up into the Soudan before it is too late! Immense regions lie open to us, and are for the most part still heathen."

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from his Bethlehem congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25 00; of Rev. F. J. Lankeau, Missionary, from his St. Paul's congregation in New Orleans, La., \$20.00; of Rev. N. J. Bakke, Missionary, from his Grace congregation in Concord, N. C., \$10.00.

St. Louis, Mo., April 23, 1898.

A. C. BURGDOFF, Treas.

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 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. LANKEAU, 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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1898.

No. 6.

Let us pray for one another.

Let us pray for one another,
For so many hearts are aching,
And so many hearts are breaking,
And so many eyes are drenched with falling tears.
And so many feet are straying,
Loving hopes so long delaying,
As they hasten down the passage-way of years.

Let us pray for one another,
For the sands of life are falling,
And the evening bells are calling,
And the end of all things earthly soon will come;
So we'll share each other's sorrow,
Waiting for that bright to-morrow,
When God's children rest together, safe at home.

Selected.

Peace.

Man, as he is by nature, is at war with God; for man is a sinner, and sin is a transgression of God's holy law, a rebellion against the Almighty, who is "not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness." He that continues in this war against God and dies at enmity with God is lost eternally, for "the wages of sin is death."

But God does not desire the death of the sinner. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live," Ezek. 33, 11. Therefore God sent His Son into the world to make peace by bearing man's sin and suffering the penalty of sin in man's stead. The lost, guilty, helpless sinner could not make peace; but, praises forever to the infinite love that gave the Saviour, God Himself "made peace through the blood of His cross," Col. 1, 20. Therefore it is written of Christ, "He is our Peace." He put away sin by being made a sacrifice for sin. Thus He satisfied the demands of God's justice and holiness, and reconciled God with man. He put away every obstacle, removed every barrier that was between the sinner and God.

Peace then is made, made long before we were born, made more than eighteen hundred years ago, and the Gospel is the proclamation of that peace unto the ends of the earth. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses

unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God," 2 Cor. 5, 19, 20. Thus God proclaims and offers peace to all sinners in the Gospel. He that accepts the good news as true, and true for himself, has peace with God. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," says St. Paul.

This peace is a settled and everlasting peace; for it rests not upon what we do or feel, but upon that which Christ has done for us. What can shake the peace which rests upon the finished, the perfect, the accepted work of Jesus? Surely nothing.

"Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
Forevermore the same.
My love is oft-times low;
My joy still ebbs and flows;
But peace with Him remains the same,
No change Jehovah knows."

Heaven.

Heaven is where Christ is. It would not be heaven if Jesus were not there. When the heavens opened to Stephen's dying vision, he saw Jesus standing at the right hand of God. He saw Jesus, and when he saw Him, he saw heaven.

A little colored boy, when on his deathbed, was visited by a missionary, to whom he spoke of the happiness he enjoyed and the longing desire he had to be with Jesus. "I am going to heaven soon; and then I shall see Jesus, and be with Him forever," said the little fellow. "But," said the missionary, "if Jesus were to leave heaven, what would you do?" "I would follow Him," replied the boy. "But, suppose," said the missionary, "Jesus went to hell, what would you do?" In an instant, with an intelligent look and a smile upon his face, he replied, "Ah, Massa! there's no hell where Jesus is."

Truly, he had caught a view of heaven's attractiveness—Jesus, Jesus only.

Christ's Gift of Peace.

"Can I do anything for you?" said an officer on the battle-field to a wounded soldier who lay weltering in his blood. "Nothing, thank you." "Shall I bring you a little water?" "No, I thank you; I am dying; there is one favor you can do for me. In my knapsack there you will find a Testament. Please open it to the fourteenth chapter of John, and you will find a verse that begins with the word 'peace.' Please read it to me." The officer got out the book and read, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Thank you, sir," said the dying man. "I have got that peace; I am going to that Saviour; I want nothing more." In a few minutes his fluttering spirit had flown away homeward to its everlasting rest. He had come into possession of the precious legacy his Saviour had given him.

The Bible by Heart.

We know a dear Christian woman, for many years an invalid and great sufferer, to whom many sleepless nights are appointed, who many years ago "got by heart" the book of Psalms; and so she can say with the Psalmist, "In the night His song shall be with me;" "My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips, when I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee in the night-watches;" "Mine eyes prevent the night-watches, that I might meditate on Thy word." How would she spend her dark vigils without this midnight lamp?

And was it not well for that boy of Romish parents, but taught in a Protestant Sunday-school, whose New Testament the priest threw into the fire, that he was able to say, "Thank God, I have learned seven chapters of St. Matthew that he could not burn."

"KEEP thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." Ps. 34, 13.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

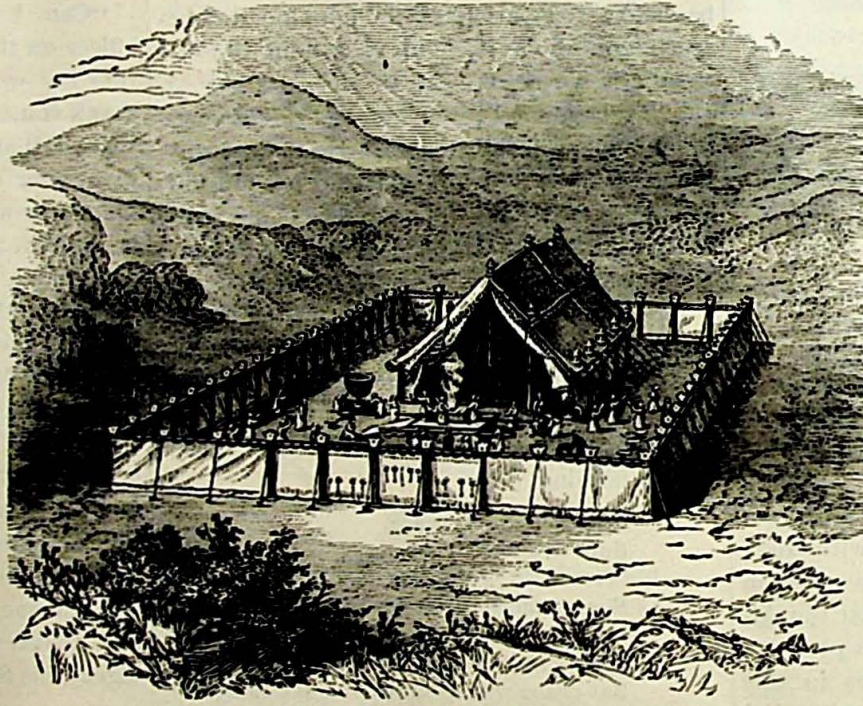
Doings and Happenings at Bethlehem, New Orleans, La.

Bethlehem is jubilant on having lately received a goodly number of new members. A few Sundays ago three new adult members were received of whom one, being as yet unbaptized, was publicly baptized in the name of the Triune God before being confirmed. The services on this day were exceedingly well attended, the chapel being, indeed, taxed to its utmost capacity. An actual count revealed 167 worshipers present. The choir under the direction of Mr. E. Rischow, rendered on this occasion "Calvary," by Rodney. The altar was profusely decorated with cut flowers, which abound in our clime, particularly at this season of the year. After the services the new members were greeted and congratulated by the older members and in every way shown how welcome they were and what joy their coming to Christ caused in their fellow Christians. All were one heart and one soul. It, indeed, filled one with anxious zeal for more work in the Lord's vineyard to have attended the services and to have witnessed the brotherly love shown one another after the services.

A few Sundays later the Lord again added to our flock. Children between the ages of about 7 to 13 years were the newcomers to the Lord this time. Ten children, all scholars at our "Mission School," were brought to the Lord by holy baptism. Through the school they became acquainted with the Saviour who laid down His life to save them from death; through the school they came to a knowledge of their "Good Shepherd," and not being baptized, they sincerely desired now to be united with Him by the holy ordinance He instituted for this purpose. Being of the ages, as stated above, they were previously instructed more fully, and particularly concerning holy baptism. When the hour of service came (Jubilate, May 1), it was truly inspiring and edifying to see the little Christians seated before the altar of God, ready to renounce Satan and all his works and to give themselves wholly to God and His service, ready to be baptized, as the Lord had commanded, and to receive by baptism, according to the Lord's promise, forgiveness of sin, life and salvation. The participation in this service again was almost up to the limit of the chapel, 153 being present. To beautify the worship the choir sang "Praise the Lord, all ye nations," by Fiske. The sermon preached on the occasion showed forth who should be baptized as well as the benefits derived from baptism.

The following Sunday (Cantate, May 8), was another day for rejoicing, for on it the children's class of catechumens was confirmed. There were five in this class, though twenty-three had all along attended the course of instructions. A number could not obtain the permission of their parents for confirmation, while four others will be confirmed with the next class. Of the five confirmed one, not yet having been brought to Christ in baptism, was publicly baptized and then confirmed together with the class in the usual order. No fewer than 143 worshipers attended the services on this night. By much patient practice Mr. Rischow was able to have the choir beautify this service, too, by an appropriate selection. After services these new members were made to feel at home in their church by sincere expressions of brotherhood and sister-

hood on the corpse, which is placed in a niche in the side of the grave. Like the Bongo, the Niam-Niam bury their dead with a scrupulous regard to the points of the compass; but commonly enough they reverse the rule which prevails in the former tribe, the men being deposited with their faces towards the east, the women towards the west. After the grave has been well stamped down, a hut is erected over it, though, owing to its fragile character, it rarely survives the weather or the annual burning of the steppe pasture. A Wagogo chief on dying, is washed—perhaps one of the few times in the course of his existence that such a treat is vouchsafed his body—and his corpse placed in an upright position in a hollow tree, to which the people come daily to mourn and pour beer and ashes on the corpse, indulging themselves meanwhile in a kind of wake. This ritual goes on until the body is thoroughly decomposed, when it is placed on a platform and exposed to the effects of the weather, which speedily reduces it to a heap of bones. These are then duly buried. At one time slaves were sacrificed to heighten the dignity of such occasions; but in marked contrast with the elaborate rites attending a great man's sepulture, the bodies of commoners are thrown into the nearest jungle, to be devoured by beasts of the field and fowls of the air. Commander Cameron, from whom we glean these particulars, describes the burial of a chief in Urua as accompanied with practices almost unequalled in the annals of savagery. The first step taken when such a dignitary expires is to divert the



The Tabernacle.

course of a stream, and to dig an enormous pit in its bed. This cavern is then lined with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the corpse of the dead chief, covered with beads and other ornaments, is seated, being supported on each side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shoveled in over living and dead alike, all the women being buried alive except the second wife, who is graciously permitted the privilege of being slaughtered before the huge grave is closed in. Finally, forty or fifty slaves are killed, and their blood poured over the sepulchre, after which the river is allowed to resume its course. It is said that as many as a hundred women have been buried with one great chief, though smaller men have to be sent to their long homes with only two or three, and their graves drenched with the blood of as many slaves, while the vulgar herd have to be content with solitary sepulchre, the corpse being placed in a sitting posture, with the right forefinger pointing heavenwards, just

hood on part of the pastor, teacher, and members of the church, just as had been done the Sunday before to the newly baptized members. The work of the Lord is progressing. Again a class of adults is in the course of instruction, in which the members evince deep interest. Besides, there are a few children more to be baptized, who could not be gotten ready for Jubilate Sunday. And may the good and gracious Lord keep in His grace all that He hath brought to faith, and ever add more and more immortal souls redeemed by His blood to His kingdom, that His name may be glorified by many and the praises of Jesus be heard throughout the world. J. KOSSMANN.

Burial Customs in Central Africa.

Men of rank, after being attired with their common aprons, are interred either sitting on their benches or are enclosed in a kind of coffin made from a hollow tree. As already noticed in other tribes, the earth is not thrown

Men of rank, after being attired with their common aprons, are interred either sitting on their benches or are enclosed in a kind of coffin made from a hollow tree. As already noticed in other tribes, the earth is not thrown

level with the top of the mound over his grave. Traveling a little out of the Lakes' basin, we find the Mbinda of the Congo country covering their graves with crockery, gin and beer bottles, and, as we have seen is practiced by other tribes, suspending in the branches of neighboring trees the articles which were used by the deceased during life. Such is the darkness of heathenism.

Grietje's Missionary Syrup.

Grietje was a little Holland girl, very much interested in missions, but too poor to give more than the penny which she earned helping her mother with the weekly scrubbing. Ever since their pastor had asked that the amount of each subscription be increased if possible, she felt that she must at least make an effort. But what to do beside helping her mother in the care of the children she did not know.

She did know one way in which she could accomplish her purpose, but that meant sacrificing the only pleasure they had during the entire year. The strawberry patch, which yielded rich, luscious fruit, was her personal property, and the children took great delight in helping her to weed and keep in order and pick the berries which her mother converted into syrup, and Grietje sold to the village-folk, who considered this a great luxury. These pennies were carefully hoarded until "St. Nicholas" (which occurs on the sixth of November, a day on which gifts are exchanged and a general good time enjoyed) when they purchased the "Sinte Klaasjer" and "Chocolatjer," so dear to every little Dutch heart.

But now the poor heathen in the far-off land seemed to call out loudly every time she passed the strawberry patch. So, having asked Klass, Willem and Jantje, who were busily enjoying a feast of bread and treacle, and could therefore very easily dispose of pleasure so far in the future, she also gained her parents' consent.

And now she bestowed extra care upon her berry patch, which seemed to yield more abundantly than ever before. A ready sale was found for all the syrup, and to-day she intended to make it herself. Mother was not feeling well, but Grietje could not allow this last and largest picking to be wasted, for our zealous little missionary was careful in hoarding the pennies for this cause, which she loved. And now we see her bending over the kettle filled with fruit, wondering how long before it will come to a boil, also hoping that the boys will not wander down to the creek at the edge of the garden.

Scarcely has the thought escaped before she hears a most distressing cry; running down the path she finds her fears realized in the form of Jantje, dripping from head to foot, none the worse for his wetting, only requiring immediate attention, which she pro-

ceeds to bestow upon him in a motherly fashion, leading him up to her little attic chamber, and cautioning the little fellow not to cry and awaken mother, who has just dropped off into a doze.

Full of concern for the little brother, she has forgotten all about her precious strawberry syrup, until a most disagreeable odor penetrates even here up in the attic. Rushing into the kitchen she sees a strange gentleman in the act of lifting the kettle of blackened syrup from off the stove. He apologizes for this liberty by explaining that, having stopped to ask for a glass of water and finding the kitchen deserted, he thought it best to remove the burning fruit.

Grietje's only reply is to wipe the tears which will rise, and Jantje, the innocent cause of all this trouble, having followed her into the kitchen in his half-clad condition, mystifies the stranger by exclaiming, "the poor heathen." Composing herself, Grietje explains to the stranger, also offers him a glass of water, which he accepts and walks away, leaving the children looking down at the burnt syrup with sad eyes.

But our little girl cannot waste much time. Father will soon come home, and supper must be ready. So hastily kissing Jantje, to assure him that he is quite forgiven, she prepares their simple evening meal. The glad barking of the dog and shouting of the boys proclaim father's arrival, who, having inquired for mother, gives his little daughter an envelope, which a stranger whom he met down the road had given him for Grietje. Upon opening it, they found four gulden and a kind note, which read as follows: "For the little girl whose strawberry syrup sent forth a most delicious odor of love, zeal and patience. The stranger hopes she will use the enclosed for the cause she loves so dearly."

Grietje's joy knows no bounds, and they hasten up stairs to tell mother, who suggests that her little daughter thank the kind heavenly Father who sent this stranger.

Our young missionary is no longer a little girl, but her first efforts have not been her last, and her gifts to this cause have grown with her years. Should we not follow her example and sacrifice something out of our abundance?

How God Works.

Some years ago, a merchant in Sawara, Japan, whose name was Akihara Takeji, was visited by a Bible colporteur, from whom he heard something of the Gospel. But the story made little impression upon him, and he went on with his business without paying any attention to the new religion about which he had heard. But it was not all in vain that he had heard something of the truth. Rev. Henry Loomis, the Agent of the American Bible Society in Japan, now gives the sequel of this

story. In the fall of 1896, a great flood devastated that part of Japan where Mr. Akihara lived, and his store and goods were swept away. Having nothing else to do, Mr. Akihara used to go out daily upon the river to fish, and while thus engaged one day, he saw a small book floating on the river. Picking it up, he found it was a copy of the Book of Genesis, and, as he read it, it made a strong impression upon his mind. He remembered all he had heard about God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He soon began to inquire about Christianity and the way of salvation and it was not long before he became a Christian and entered heartily into all the duties of the Christian life. His family followed his example, and his daughter was sent to a Christian school. Mr. Akihara has now bought a large family Bible, that he might have, in its best form, the book which first came to him in a wonderful way, and which was the means of his salvation.

Laundry Work in Korea.

In Korea women's work is never done. Says an exchange:

"They are expected to keep their husbands and sons in spotless linen, and as the men dress completely in white, wearing even white leggings, and as Korea abounds in miry clay, the washing becomes no mean thing. Moreover, when one learns that every article, before it is washed, must be entirely picked to pieces, and, after it is ironed, remade, the sewing looms into gigantic proportions.

"The Korean women have no soap, no tubs, no washboards. The clothes are carried to a mountain stream and there rubbed on the stones. They have no irons, so the pieces of cloth are wound over a sort of rolling-pin and patted with a stick, a most laborious and tedious process, but one which gives linen a gloss almost equal to that of satin. The traveler coming into a town, far into the night, never fails to hear the tick-tack, tick-tack, that announces the woman at her ironing."

A Sure Cure.

It is told of Hannah Moore that she had a good way of managing tale-bearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory to another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalized to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossipy story to Hannah Moore. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE island of Cuba is decidedly Roman Catholic. There is at present only one Protestant service maintained on the whole island; that is a little Protestant Episcopal congregation in Havana. There is a lay reader in charge of it, and the number of worshipers does not exceed twenty. To keep up a service for this handful of people the American Church Missionary Society, with headquarters in the Church Mission House, New York, pays about \$1000 a year. The lay reader in charge is Senor Pena. The rest of the congregation has either been exiled or has exiled itself, and is now in Tampa, Florida. The number of these exiles steadily increases, and to care for them the Congregational Home Missionary Society maintains a service, both at Tampa and Key West. The remnant of the little Episcopal effort in Havana has been several times in trouble, and its place of worship has been closed no fewer than five times on some political pretense, such as the lay reader being suddenly wanted, as a citizen to answer some question before some official at exactly the hour appointed for service.

—TWENTY years ago the Dutch on Sumatra subdued the Batta tribes dwelling on the banks and the island of the great lake Toba, in the mountains of the west side. The Batta possessed a certain degree of civilization, but practised cannibalism and other cruelties. As soon as the country was pacified the Rhenish missionaries, who since 1861 were laboring among the Batta on the coast and in the valleys, advanced their posts into the Toba region. Last May a mission festival was held on the banks of the lake, which was attended by nearly 8000 persons.

—THE oldest Rhenish missionary in Sumatra, Rev. P. H. Johannsen, died in the midst of his Batta students, whom he was preparing for the native ministry in the seminary at Pansurnapitu. The society which within the last ten years was able to establish nine stations on the banks of the large Toba lake, high up in the mountains of West Sumatra, and to gather seven thousand Batta into the fold of the church up there, has placed a launch on the lake to facilitate the intercourse between the stations.

—THE Finnish missionaries among the Ovambo in S. W. Africa have to suffer a great deal of enmity from the heathen, who openly accuse them of having brought an "evil wind" into their country to kill off their cattle. The terrible disease among the cattle, which is devastating South Africa, is greatly hindering missionary work, as the missionaries too have lost their oxen, without which transportation is impossible in that region.

—THIS disease, however, is teaching the people a wholesome lesson. A Kaffir's idols are his oxen, and it is hard for him to listen to the preaching of the Gospel whilst his thoughts are with his cattle. But now he has

time to listen, and many do it. The reports of the missionaries speak of large accessions which are due to this cause. A native helper among the Hill-Damara wrote to the missionary that a whole tribe, including everybody, was preparing for baptism by committing the small catechism to heart.

—It is only a little over fifty years ago that China was opened to the preaching of the Gospel. Considering the proud and unprogressive character of this nation the progress of Christianity has been remarkable in this land. In 1842 there were six Christian converts. To-day the protestant Churches in China number 90,000.

—AN Irish priest, Rev. J. Taaffe Finn, in a lengthy letter to his old parishioners, published in the *Record*, explains why he has felt compelled to come out from the Roman communion. He finds transubstantiation entirely unscriptural. The Romanist cult of the Virgin is also unknown to the New Testament and to the primitive Church. Christ, too, is not, as Rome represents, "a cruel and hard Judge who needs to be appeased. The Scriptures represent Him as a loving, sympathizing Saviour and the friend of sinners, ever willing to hear the cry of the penitent." In conclusion, he says: "I never had rest of soul while I remained in the Church of Rome. There was a feeling of dissatisfaction all along, for the affections of a pious Roman Catholic are divided between the Church, the saints, and other objects of devotion, but I now see that the heart can never find true rest till its affections are centred in One, the Lord Jesus Christ."

—ONE of the pioneer Christian missionaries in Beyrout, Syria, died in 1820. He was buried just outside the city, and his co-laborers planted a cypress tree on his grave. It has become a great tree with spreading branches, and its shadow falls upon a large church, a chapel, a girls' school and a large publishing house. Within a circuit of five miles may be counted 60 boys' schools, 40 girls' schools, 4 academies, 17 printing houses, five of which belong to the Protestants, a magnificent hospital in charge of Lutheran deaconesses, an orphans' home established and maintained by a Prussian society, and a large institution for deaconesses. What a change and growth within three quarters of a century!

—THE Bible House at Stuttgart is providing the blind with Bibles all over Germany. The whole Bible is printed in punctuated type, and consists of 64 volumes which are sold below cost. It took eight years to print it. Much of the work was done by the inmates of Homes for the Blind in Wurttemberg. Last year 9000 well-bound "Wedding Bibles" were furnished, and 25,000 New Testaments were put into the hands of Catechumens by their pastors and teachers.

—TWELVE years ago, Bishop Hannington started from Mombasa, on the East African coast, for Uganda, by way of Masailand, fol-

lowing the footsteps of the only white man who had traversed that route. The hardships and perils of that journey, which cost him his life, are something which is to be hoped no traveler in the future will be called upon to endure. Already a great change has taken place. The last party going inland went by rail the first portion of their journey, and on reaching Lake Victoria, the new steamer, *Ruwenzori*, purchased by funds given in response to the appeal of H. M. Stanley, took the party across the lake to Uganda. So rapidly is Africa being opened.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSONS AND MAPS OF THE PRACTICAL GEOGRAPHY FOR COMMON SCHOOLS. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 15 cts. Bound in flexible cloth covers.

A very useful and welcome supplement to the new Geography recently issued by our Publishing House at St. Louis.

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St. Louis, Mo., May 21, 1898.

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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

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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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1898.

No. 7.

Nearer, O Christ, to Thee.

"Nearer, O Christ, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
'Tis Thine atoning blood
That raiseth me;
Setting me free from sin,
Making me pure within,
Bringing me nearer to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

"Nearer, O Christ, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee,
Drawn by redeeming love,
I long to be!
Rough tho' the path may be
By which Thou leadest me,
This is my humble plea—
Nearer to Thee!

"When flesh and heart shall fail,
And death draws nigh,
Rending these bars of clay,
Upward I fly—
Rising on joyful wing,
My ransomed soul shall sing
Nearer, O Christ, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

Liberty.

Men love liberty. To gain liberty, wars have been waged and much blood has been shed on the battle field. But the liberty that men seek is civil and political liberty. A man may enjoy this great blessing and yet there may be something wrong about him. There was old Uncle Brown. He was the best speaker in the village, and on every festival occasion he was chosen the orator of the day. Well, on a certain Fourth of July he stepped upon the platform to deliver his speech. There were the men and the women with their children—all listening to the eloquence of their neighbor Brown. And Brown was an eloquent speaker. He spoke of "the free sun rising over a free people." He spoke of "the free flag waving over a free nation." At last, raising his voice to the highest pitch, he cried out, "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I'm standing here before you on the soil of liberty!" "Oh, no!" cried out Smith, the shoemaker, "you are standing in a pair of boots you never paid me for." The folks laughed and there was

an end to Brown's speech. He found out that although he lived in a free country, there was something wrong about him.

A man may live in a free country and enjoy all political liberty, and still he may be a slave—a slave of sin and of Satan. By nature all men are in this slavery, being bound in the chains of sin and dragged by Satan into everlasting damnation. The apostle says that we are "sold under sin." Sold as slaves and held captive in the prison-house of sin. Is there no deliverer from this bondage? Yes. Jesus came into the world to set sinners free. This he did by taking the sinners' place. In their stead He perfectly fulfilled all the demands of the law and bore the punishment of sin. Thus He won liberty for all that are held in the bondage of sin. This liberty is made known to sinners in the Gospel. There Christ comes "to proclaim liberty to the captive." The Gospel is the grand proclamation of liberty to all sinners. It tells them that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." He that believes this Gospel and takes Christ as his Saviour and Deliverer enjoys the sweet liberty with which Christ doth make us free. He is a free child of God—free from the slavery and punishment of sin, free from the curse of the law, free from the wrath of God, free from everlasting damnation. As a child of God he is an heir of heaven, that sweet land of liberty, where God's children enjoy everlasting freedom and heavenly bliss in the beautiful mansions of their Father's house.

Dear reader, we thank God for all the civil and political liberty we enjoy. But there is a far better liberty than all this. Speak of political liberty to the troubled sinner, to the poor orphan and the sorrowing widow, to the weeping ones at the coffin and the grave, to the dying man on his death-bed, will it bring peace and comfort to the troubled heart? No. Tell them the Gospel, speak to them about the liberty gained by Jesus, the great Deliverer, the loving Saviour, the kind Friend of sinners! That will bring peace, and comfort, and joy to the troubled soul. Accept the Gospel which brings you the liberty that Jesus

bought for you more than 1800 years ago by His own precious blood. Then you will be free indeed. There is often much sham in the civil and political liberty of this world, but there is no sham in the liberty which the Gospel proclaims. Jesus, the Son of God, says, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," John 8, 36.

Preach the Gospel.

A lady who visited in the South shortly after the war was asked by an old colored woman: "Please, is I free or is I not?"

"Why, what makes you ask that question?" said the lady.

"Oh," said the old auntie, "my old massa says I is not free at all; and when I go out and see the colored people they say they are free, and now is I free or is I not?"

There the poor colored woman had been free for some time and did not know it.

How many there are who know not the freedom from sin and everlasting damnation. They know not Christ, who bore the sins of the world more than eighteen hundred years ago and thus procured freedom for all sinners. Therefore we are told to preach the Gospel to all creatures. They are to know of the freedom with which Christ sets sinners free. The Gospel is the proclamation of that freedom. Preach the Gospel!

A Higher Hand.

A little boy sat in front of his father and held the reins which controlled a restive horse. Unknown to the boy the reins passed around him, and were also in his father's hands. He saw occasion to pull them. With artless simplicity the child looked around, saying, "Father, I thought I was driving; but I am not, am I?" Thus it is often with men, who think that they are shaping a destiny which a higher Hand than theirs is really fashioning. A stronger Hand guides them, a mightier power holds the helm of their vessel, and saves from rock and wreck. Happy are they who quietly yield to the guidance of an almighty hand.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—Two of our missionaries at New Orleans have begun mission work at Mansura, La., where a large number of colored people listened attentively to the preaching of the Gospel and to an exposition of the Bible doctrines of our Lutheran church. May God prosper the work at Mansura, and may He make His children willing to contribute more liberally towards the mission treasury. Whenever He opens a new door in our mission work, He calls upon us to remember the mission with our prayers and our gifts. His blessing should call forth our thankfulness and move us to greater missionary zeal.

—THE Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin is carrying on a prosperous mission among the Indians in Arizona. A missionary's dwelling has been recently erected, and the missionary reports that the work has gained a firm foothold among the poor heathen. May God continue to bless this important mission work.

—At Kasgunj, a mission station in India, a "collection meeting" was held which was attended by nearly 500 native Christians. The *Indian Witness* of Calcutta gives an account of the interesting meeting, and the collection is described by an eye-witness as follows: "At a signal, the preaching table was removed, a space was cleared, and the giving began. With pencil in hand, I took an inventory as rapidly as I could, for all moved on very briskly, and without any Western tricks of simulation. Animals were 'put into the hat.' A frisky kid was led up by a string and tied to the horns of the altar, or rather leg of the preaching stand. Then came a fine goat. A cock and hen were added. Then came a brace of whistling chicks. Grain was contributed. Wheat, barley, gram, rice, sheaves and flour were poured into the area. Clothing and jewelry were piled on the table, and the list runs: coats, a shawl, stockings, turbans, cotton thread, ribbons, an umbrella, and toe and finger rings. Sundry things flowed in, as eggs, sweets, spices, books, a lota, bread, and a large pile of wood. Two men, apparently brick-makers, reported 500 bricks contributed. Cash jingled down and cowries rattled."

—Speaking of the treatment of the sick and dying in heathen lands, a traveler says: "But what does sickness mean to millions of our fellow-creatures in heathen lands? Throughout the East sickness is believed to be the work of demons. The sick person at once becomes an object of loathing and horror, is put out of the house, is taken to an outhouse, is poorly fed and rarely visited; or the astrologers, or priests, or medicine men, or wizards assemble, beating big drums and gongs, blowing horns and making the most fearful noises. They light gigantic fires and dance round them with their unholy incantations. They beat the sick person with clubs to drive out the demon. They lay him before a roasting

fire till his skin is blistered and then throw him into cold water. They stuff the nostrils of the dying with aromatic mixtures or mud, and in some regions they carry the chronic sufferer to a mountain-top, placing barley balls and water beside him, and leave him to die alone."

—IN 1850 you could buy a man in the Fiji Islands for seven dollars, butcher him, and eat him, without even public remonstrance. To-day the Bible is in nearly every house, and on Sunday nine-tenths of the people may be found assembled in the churches for public worship. What about the power and profit of foreign missions?

—THE people of Rarotonga were utterly savage when Christianity was introduced on the island in 1823. To-day most of the population of 2454 live in stone houses with corrugated iron roofs. Nearly every family has a horse and buggy, a sewing machine, and their houses are furnished with chairs, tables, sofas and other articles of civilized life and luxury. There is a carriage factory on the island, with a blacksmith shop; several vessels have been built; the islanders exported about eighty thousand dollars worth of coffee, copra, oranges, coconuts, bananas, lime juice, and pineapples last year, and imported one hundred thousand dollars worth of clothing, hardware and provisions. There is a flourishing bicycle club, and each of the five villages on the island has a church, schoolhouse and parsonage.

—THERE is a story told of an agnostic who, talking with Kamehameha V, asked him if things were not in a worse condition than before the missionaries came to the Hawaii islands. The king answered: "Why, sir, you have done three things since you came into my presence which, but for the missionaries, would have cost you your life." "What are they?" asked the astonished infidel. "First, you walked into my presence, instead of crawling on your hands and knees. You crossed my shadow, and you sat down in my presence, either of which offenses would once have been punished with death." The agnostic was silenced. Missionaries brought not only salvation and eternal happiness to the Hawaiian, but peace, liberty, love of wife and children, happiness, thrift, and industry.

—IN answer to questions put to him at his baptism, an African of the great Congo basin said: "Jesus has come to save me from my sins; He has paid my ransom, He has settled my controversy with God, and now I am His." We fail to see how a clearer and more intelligent confession of faith could well be made than that by this convert.

—A MISSIONARY says: "To-day I received two letters in the same mail. One was a check for five thousand dollars, signed by a rich man; who, as I knew, gave that sum with scarcely a thought of how it would be used. The other was a badly spelled letter from four children, who had actually raised chickens on a roof in New York City, and sent the proceeds—six

dollars—to educate some poor little Indian child.' No doubt this latter represented far more self-denial than the former."

—IN Africa 438 languages and 153 dialects are found; into only about seventy of these has any portion of the Bible been translated. Five hundred of them have not even been reduced to writing. The Soudan, with its 60,000,000 people, is still without a single Protestant missionary who can speak the language, though three societies are now endeavoring to begin work there.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

DIE LEHRE VON CHRISTI WERK. Im Umriss dargestellt von F. Pieper. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 40 cts.

A clear and concise treatise on the work of Christ, our Prophet, High Priest, and King. The highest praise that can be given to such a treatise is that it is thoroughly scriptural. The learned author does not say anything "above that which is written" in the Bible.

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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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1898.

No. 8.

Rest.

"Rest remaineth—oh! how sweet!
Flowery fields for wandering feet,
Peaceful calm for sleepless eyes,
Life for death and songs for sighs.

Rest remaineth—hush that sigh;
Mourning pilgrim, rest is nigh;
Yet a season, bright and blest,
Thou shall enter on thy rest.

Rest remaineth—rest from sin—
Guilt can never enter in;
Every warring thought shall cease,
Rest in purity and peace.

Rest remaineth—rest from tears,
Rest from parting, rest from fears;
Every trembling thought shall be
Lost, my Saviour, lost in Thee.

Rest remaineth—oh! how blest!
We believe, and we have rest.
Faith, reposing faith hath been
'Mongst the things that are not seen.

Thus, my Saviour, let me be
Even here at rest in Thee;
And, at last, by Thee possessed,
On Thy bosom sink to rest."

Rest.

In summer time thousands seek rest for body and mind on the mountains, in the valleys, and at the sea shore. But there is a rest which you may enjoy without going to any summer-resort. It is the sweet and precious soul-rest which is found in Jesus. Sin is the cause of the soul's restlessness, and we can not enjoy true rest until we have found forgiveness of sin by faith in the Saviour. He calls all laboring and heavy laden sinners to come unto Him and promises to give them rest. These are His words: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Precious words! Could any invitation be plainer, kinder, more far-reaching? How many weary, sin-burdened souls it has helped! It is an invitation to all heavy laden sinners. Are you laboring under the knowledge of your sin and have you become heavy laden with the sense of your guilt? Instead of that being a reason for staying where you are, and perish-

ing forever, it ought to cause you to come to Jesus at once and have rest given you, by forgiveness being granted. You are of the very class invited, no matter who you are, nor what you are. To you Jesus says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Precious words! He does not say, come, after your labors have accomplished something that satisfies you; come, when you have thrown off your burden by your own strength; but come *while* laboring, come, *while* heavy laden. Nor does He say, I will *sell* you rest, I will grant you rest under certain conditions. No. He says, come just as you are, come without a moment's delay, and I, not you, I will *give* you rest. Rest is the free gift of Him who stands ready with outstretched arms to receive all that come, and who says, "Him that cometh to me," however bad he is, "him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." And it is not the manner of our coming, but Christ that gives rest. "I will give rest," He says. We may stumble and fall, but no matter, so we get to *Him*, to *Him* in whom we have forgiveness of all our sins and life everlasting. The moment we come to Him, that is, the moment we trust in Him as our Saviour, we have rest, peaceful rest. This He pledges by His own promise, "I will give you rest." Take Him at His word. That is faith. He can not lie.

The rest which the believer enjoys by faith in Jesus in the kingdom of grace is but a fore-taste of the rest in the kingdom of glory. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God," Hebr. 4, 9. When the weary week of the believer's life in this world comes to an end, he enters upon the everlasting Sabbath, the everlasting rest in the glories of heaven.

There I shall lie, in my sweet home above,
On Jesus' breast;
There I shall fully know my Saviour's love,
There I shall rest.

Sins Blotted Out.

"I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins," Isaiah 43, 25.

Two young men were once walking by the sea-shore; one was a true Christian, but his companion was still unsaved, though he often thought of his sins. After walking along some time, they both turned, and looking back, saw the long line of foot-prints they had made on the sands behind them. At once it flashed on the mind of one, "That is just like my sins—what a life-time's record!" They both sat down on the sea-shore, and the Christian began to talk to his companion, and show him the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and how simple it was. As they were speaking together, they noticed the tide coming gradually in, and the water quickly covering, and "blotting out" the footprints on the sand, and thus the young man who was unconverted was led to see that the blood of Jesus was sufficient to cover all his sins, however great and many, and he was saved through faith in His atoning death for him.

Ten Good Friends.

"Oh, that I also had a few good friends that would help me through life," sighed lazy Jack.

"Good friends?—why, my dear, you have ten," replied his neighbor.

"Nonsense! I haven't so many, and those that I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, thumbs and all," said his neighbor. Jack looked at his hands and said, "Yes, I have ten fingers."

"Then never again say that you haven't ten good friends that are ready to help you. They are given to you by God for work. Therefore see what you can do with these your friends before you look to others for help. Remember the Bible says, "If any would not work, neither should he eat," 2 Thess. 3, 10.

Jesus.

"What the hand is to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
Fragrance to the sense of smell,
Secret spring to bubbling well,
Honeyed flower to hungry bee,
That is JESUS CHRIST to me."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE darkness in heathen lands is also seen in the treatment of the sick and dying. A missionary, in company with others, while slowly ascending the Ganges, saw a man lying at the edge of the water. On the bank above, eight or nine men sat smoking their pipes and chatting. It appears that three or four of these men were the grown-up sons and the rest the brothers or near relatives of the man whom they had left to die at the edge of the stream. They did not wish him to die in his house for fear his spirit would haunt it, so they had already performed the funeral rites, expecting that the man would soon die. It seems that when the people do not have the means for burning the whole body they burn the tongue, lips and beard, and this horrible cruelty was committed upon the relative while still living, and who, to all appearances, might have lived for months. The suffering of the man must have been intolerable, and though his sons promised to take him home and care for him, the probability is that after the interruption was over they filled the man's mouth with mud and threw him into the river. Hinduism tolerates such things every day.

—ANOTHER missionary in China reports that when a child sickens it has, according to the means and intelligence of the parents, the same anxious care and medical attendance that would be given among us; but if the remedy fails of effect and death is apparently near, the situation changes at once. The little thing is stripped naked and placed on the mud or brick floor just inside the outer door. The parents leave it there and watch the issue. If it survives the ordeal, which is seldom the case, it is a true child of their own flesh and blood; if it dies, it never was their child, and is thrown into the street. Sometimes there are a hundred of these children in the street at one time. A cart, used for the purpose, goes the rounds and picks them up as so much garbage. They are thrown into the cart like wood and taken to a pit outside the city walls, into which they are dumped, and then covered with quicklime. Such is the darkness and cruelty of heathenism.

—A LITTLE BOY (son of a distinguished Hindu), who had been taught in the mission school, said to a devotee who came to his father's house to beg for food, "I cannot give you rice; ask the house." The devotee answered, "Why should I do so? It cannot give me anything." "Then," said the boy, "ask the tree," pointing to a cocoanut tree. "That cannot understand me, if I do," was the reply. "Then ask Juggernaut, whom you worship," continued the boy; "he will understand as well as the tree, because he is wood." The poor devotee walked away, bearing this sharp and sensible rebuke as well as he could.

—THE first missionaries to Greenland thought that the natives were too debased to

understand at once the doctrine of atonement, therefore they began to tell them of the existence of a God, and so on. No effect was produced by such information; but when translating the chapter of John in which the passage occurs, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," a Greenlander said, "Is that true?" And when the missionary affirmed that it was, "Why, then," said he, "did you not tell us that at first, for that is good news indeed!"

—THERE are in the Christian Church over 100,000 proselytes from Judaism and in the Church of England alone 250 of the clergy are either Jews or the sons of Jews. As each Lord's Day comes round, the Gospel is proclaimed in more than 600 pulpits of Europe by Jewish lips. Over 350 of the ministers in Great Britain are stated to be Hebrew Christians.

—WHEN people become really interested in a cause it is wonderful what they can accomplish. It is said that a young woman who works by the week, supports a preacher in Africa. Her brother, who works by the month, supports three. There are many Christians whose contributions for missions would not so much as pay a single meal for the missionary.

—PROTESTANTISM is on the increase in the home of the Pope. The recent census shows 62,000 Protestants among the 31,000,000 inhabitants. The Waldenses number 27,000 souls in 48 churches and 45 missions. There are now not less than 15 Protestant churches in the city of Rome, while before 1870 there were none.

—A CURIOUS industry in China is the manufacture of mock money, for offering to the dead. The pieces are only one half the size of the real coins, but the dead are supposed not to know the difference. The dummy coins are made out of tin, hammered to the thinness of paper, and stamped out to the size required.

—A LESSON the heathen may teach us.—In the old capital of the island of Colombo are the famous shrines of Buddha. Of the 20,000 worshipers, it was observed, that each carried something to offer Buddha, for the parents had taught their children not to come empty-handed to the heathen altars.

—HAUSSA LAND, a large territory south of the Sahara desert in Africa, is now opened to mission work. Its population numbers about fifteen million, and the missionaries will be under the protection of the British government. The first missionaries to enter are those of the Church Missionary Society of England. The Haussa are a talented race and become successful traders and merchants.

—FOR the benefit of those that have not yet paid their subscription for our paper, our little PIONEER wishes to recite two lines as we close our window. Here they are:

A saying that's both wise and true—
Subscriptions should be paid when due.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

OUTLINES OF DOCTRINAL THEOLOGY. By A. L. Graebner. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

A valuable addition to the theological literature of our American Lutheran church. It is "a brief thetical compend of the outlines of Christian doctrine, consisting of concise definitions and an array of texts from which the various points of doctrine are derived as from their theological source, the written word of God." Pastors will find the book to be of great help in the preparation of doctrinal sermons. It may also do much mission work for our church in this country, since from the many proof-texts given for every point of doctrine every reader can easily see that Lutheran theology is Bible theology. We wish the valuable book a wide circulation.

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from his Bethlehem congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankenau, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from his St. Paul's congregation 25.00, and from his Mount Zion congregation 25.00; of Rev. D. H. Schooff, Missionary, from his congregation in Meherrin, Va., 15.00; of Rev. John C. Schmidt, Missionary, from his Grace congregation in Greensboro, N. C., 12.00; of Rev. N. J. Bakke, Missionary, from his Grace congregation in Concord, N. C., 10.00, and from his Sunday School 5.00; of Rev. Geo. Schuetz from his congregation in Rockwell, N. C., 3.83, and from his congregation in Gold Hill, N. C., 3.45.

St. Louis, Mo., July 20, 1898.

A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

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: Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 9½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class every Tuesday at 7½ o'clock and after the divine service on Thursday evening.
Choir practice at 7½ o'clock on Tuesday evening and after divine service on Thursday evening.
Circle for Young People meets at the school every Tuesday evening at 7½ 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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No. 9.

Trials.

Dear Lord, I cannot see
Why Thou hast wounded me,
But this I know,—
This cross must needed be,
Thou dost not willingly
Allict me so.

Dear Lord, I do not know
Why I am tempted so,
But Thou canst tell;
If it shall give me strength,
Make me like Christ at length,
Then all is well.

In trial or in loss,
In toil, or heavy cross,
Whate'er my way,
Lord, I would walk with Thee
Until Thy face I see,
In cloudless day.

Selected.

Salvation by Faith.

In the seventh chapter of Luke we read the sweet story of "a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with ointment." Christ's words of grace had reached her sinful heart, and she could only bow in speechless gratitude and praise. The Pharisee who had invited our Lord to be his guest argued very wisely, as he thought, that if Jesus knew the sinful character of the woman, and did not spurn her, He was not holy; and if He did not know it, He was not omniscient; so that in either case He could not be the promised Messiah.

But Jesus read his heart, and showed him how little he understood the greatness of the sinner's debt. He showed him that he to whom much is forgiven loveth much. Then turning to the weeping one at his feet, "He said unto her, Thy sins ARE forgiven." He spoke to her as the divine Redeemer who had come to save all sinners, even the chief of sinners. When they that sat at meat with

Him began to wonder that He forgave sins, He again turned to the weeping woman at His feet and said to her, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." She had salvation by faith.

It was a personal salvation. "Thy faith hath saved thee." It was not another's faith, but her own. No one can be saved by another's faith, but every one must believe for himself. "The just shall live by his faith," Hab. 2, 4.

It was salvation by believing. "Thy FAITH hath saved thee." It was not her faith and love, nor her faith and good resolutions, nor her faith and her own works, but faith alone. Salvation has been procured by Christ for all sinners, and faith alone is the God-given hand by which the sinner lays hold of that salvation and makes it his own. "Therefore we conclude, that man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law," Rom. 3, 28.

It was a present salvation. "Thy faith HATH saved thee." It was not that her faith might save, or shall save her merely at some future time, but it had already saved her. The moment the sinner lays hold of Christ by faith he is *in* Christ and enjoys at once the standing which Christ has before God. "There is therefore NOW no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," Rom. 8, 1.

It was a perfect salvation. "Thy faith hath SAVED thee." It was not that her faith had helped or started her on the road to salvation, but it had completely saved her from the curse and punishment of sin. By faith the sinner grasps the finished work of Christ and enjoys a perfect salvation to which nothing can be added on the sinner's part. It is the free gift of God and a perfect gift. "By GRACE ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God," Eph. 2, 5, 8.

It was an assuring salvation. "Thy faith hath saved THEE." It was not only that Peter and James and John were saved, but she herself, a little while before an outcast sinner, was saved. He that has salvation by faith has the assurance, not simply that Christ is a Saviour, but that Christ is *his* Saviour. He says with St. Paul, "The life which I now live

in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved ME, and gave Himself for ME," Gal. 2, 20.

It was a peaceful salvation. "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in PEACE." He that has salvation by faith, has nothing to fear. He is reconciled to God, his sins are all forgiven, hell is closed and heaven is opened to him. Amid all the trials and tribulations of this world he enjoys perfect peace. Even death has lost its terrors and has become the bright gateway to everlasting life. "Being justified by faith, we HAVE PEACE with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," Rom. 5, 1.

Reader, have you this salvation by faith? There is no other way of laying hold of salvation than by faith in Jesus who comes to you in the Gospel as *your* Saviour and *your* Redeemer. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," Acts 16, 31.

What All Can Do.

Several children once were playing in a garden when one of them fell into a tank. Immediately there was a great excitement, as each one hurried here and there to obtain means to help his brother out. When the father afterward heard of it, he called them together and asked by what means they rescued their brother from his perilous situation. The eldest said, "I fetched a rope, father, to throw to him;" the second said, "I brought a ladder to throw into the water in case the rope should not do." After inquiring of the others until he came to the youngest, he said, "And, John, what did you do to rescue your brother?" John answered, "Father, what could I do? I am so young I could not do anything. I stood on the bank of the tank and cried as loud as I could." Now, if each can not bring a ladder or a rope, all can cry, all can plead with God to pity those who know him not.

God's answer to all our doubts as to His willingness to help in time of need is, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Seek, and ye shall find."

With the Lord.

From papers sent to us we learn the sad news of the death of Lydia Bakke, only daughter of our beloved missionary N. J. Bakke. She departed this life to be with the Lord on Aug. 2, at the age of seventeen and a half years. "To her father she was all that earth could furnish in immediate family ties." When smitten with such a deep wound, the sympathy of brethren can soothe, and assuage the pain, and call forth sincere gratitude to God for Christian fellowship; but still there is a dreadful sense of loneliness and sorrow, and there is only One that can give true consolation to the burdened soul. May He, our great High Priest, who is so easily touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who went down to the lowest depth of loneliness and drained the bitterest cup of suffering, comfort the bereaved and grant the "peaceable fruit of righteousness." "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby," Hebr. 12, 11.

The following description of the funeral services we clip from the *Concord Standard*:

"Rev. John C. Schmidt, of Greensboro, officiated at the house. His brief but beautiful address was based on John 5, 24. The speaker showed that the deceased from her infancy had heard the word of God, believed it and in her life put into practice what she heard, and that according to the promise of Christ she had now secured the end of her faith, which is everlasting life.

"Rev. Prof. W. H. T. Dau, who two years ago officiated at the funeral of Mrs. Bakke, conducted the services in the church. On that occasion he pleaded touchingly with the bereaved husband and daughter to say from their hearts 'Thy will be done,' now he impressed upon the grief stricken father the words from the Love Song of Paul, 1 Cor. 13, 13: 'And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.' The exposition which the Rev. Prof. gave of the three chief Christian graces as well as the application he made on the bereaved one as Christian father and pastor was something of the best we have heard. The sermon was replete with sound instruction and tender comfort, which could not fail to lift up the sinking spirit and bind up the broken heart of him who mourned. He paid a high but well deserved tribute to the Christian lovely character of Miss Lydia, which all who know her must substantiate.

"The Lutheran Grace church was taste-

fully draped in black and white and the beautiful casket was covered with fragrant roses and flowers, tokens of love from her friends. A large and appreciative audience of white and colored had gathered at the church, who, in unstinted measure, sympathized with him whom God has so sorely visited.

"The following schoolmates and friends acted as honorary pallbearers: The Misses Ollie Cline, Bessie Stricker, Nora Fisher, Ollie Fisher, Mamie Lentz, Rosa May Phillips.

"At the grave the Rev. Mr. Geo. Schuetz, of Salisbury, conducted the services, consisting in the reading of a Scripture lesson, a short address, and prayer."

"In the fullness, deep and wide,
Weary souls, by sorrow tried,
Knowing, shall be satisfied

In His rest:
Finding, in the perfect sweetness
Of an infinite completeness,
That God's ways are always best."



Angel Guard.

"Amid the snares, amid the cares
That danger bring each day,
Our Lord an angel band prepares
To guard us on our way."

A Little Leaven Soureth.

"A little leaven leaveneth [or maketh sour] the whole lump of dough." This is an admonition which Paul standeth much upon. And we also ought greatly to esteem the same at this day. For our adversaries object against us that we are contentious, obstinate and intractable in defending our doctrine, and even in matters of no great importance. To this we answer with Paul, that "a little leaven soureth the whole lump." "A small mote in the eye hurteth the eye." And James saith, "He that faileth in one point is guilty of all." This place, therefore, maketh very much for us against these cavilers, which say that we break *charity* to the great hurt and damage of the churches. But we protest that we desire nothing more than to be at unity with all men, so that they leave unto us the doctrine

of faith entire and uncorrupt; to which all things ought to give place, be it *charity*, an apostle, or an angel from heaven.

Dr. Martin Luther.

Zenana Work.

We have so frequently been asked what is meant by zenana work that we quote the following from the *Mission Worker*:

"A zenana is that portion of the home of a high caste family in India which is devoted to the use of the women and girls. The house is built in a hollow square, the outer part, opening on the street, being the dwelling of the men, and the inner part, opening on the court, the zenana, or home of the women.

"In these zenanas there are sometimes fifty women, all belonging to the same family, but all of them wives of different individuals.

A missionary from Calcutta says that 'It is not uncommon for a household there to number 300 persons.'

"These women have no common sitting-room, luxuriously furnished, as have the women of a Turkish harem, but each has her own little room, in which she spends all her life, and rears her children. It is bare and comfortless, with no furniture but a mat and a bed, with windows high in the wall, so that she may not look out, nor others look in. The women of a zenana are permitted to visit each other, and the court is free to them all; but only upon rare occasions may they visit outside of their own homes, and then so closely covered that they can see nothing of the outside world.

"In these prisons the little Hindu girls are shut up, when they are eight or ten years old, at which age they are usually married. As one of them has said:

'Here we are born, brought up, married, and have children and die—all within the same walls.'

"This, then, is a zenana, into which women missionaries must penetrate, if they would reach the 'high caste' women of India."

The Love of Jesus.

"Think of the love of Jesus! There are those who stand very near to you, and who love you more than words can tell. But there is One who loves you more, infinitely more; One who gives you a deeper and tenderer sympathy; One who has loved you from the beginning, and marked you for His own at your baptism; One who has been pleading with you all your life long: even that 'Good Shepherd who goeth into the mountains' to seek the one sheep that has gone astray."

Samuel Crowther.

One morning, early in the year 1821, the simple people of the town of Oshogun, in the Yoruba country, Africa, were beginning their day. The mothers were preparing the morning meal, and some of the men had already started out to work. Suddenly, without any warning, the fence which protected the town was surrounded with fierce, slave-trading Mohammedans, who broke through the gates and rushed in. The men of Oshogun had no time to seize their weapons, and they were quickly overpowered and either killed or made captive. The terrified women tried to flee with their children, but they were pursued and captured, and the town was set fire to.

In one of the huts a mother was giving breakfast to her three children and a little niece, when the father, who had gone out to work, suddenly rushed in with the terrible tidings. A few minutes later he was killed while trying to protect his family from the savage slavers. The agonized mother, with her boy Adjai, then twelve years old, and the three other little ones, fled toward the bush. But they were caught, and soon after they and many others were bound and led away as slaves from the burning and desolate remains of their once happy home.

A fearful march of twenty miles followed. The slaves were lashed together with forked sticks round their necks, and thus they came to Isehun. And there the bitterest trial of all awaited little Adjai and his mother and sisters. For they were sold to different masters and torn asunder, with no hope of ever meeting again.

Little Adjai was sold from one master to another, and the terrible fear came into his mind that he might fall into the hands of white men. Several times he tried to commit suicide, but God was watching over the unhappy little slave-boy, and saved him from himself. Then he was brought down to Lagos and sold to a Portuguese, who treated him with great cruelty. Finally, he and nearly two hundred other slaves were hurriedly thrust into the hold of a slave-ship, to be taken they knew not where. Their sufferings were horrible. Huddled together with dead and dying, enduring seasickness, hunger, thirst, and blows, no wonder they longed for death.

But help was at hand. Two English men-of-war saw the slave-ship, gave chase, boarded her decks, and liberated the slaves. How terrified little Adjai was at the sight of the cannon-balls on the man-of-war's deck! He thought they were the heads of other slaves, and he mistook the fitches of bacon for their bodies! But the kindly Englishmen soon set his fears at rest, and soon after he and his fellow-slaves were brought to the colony of freed slaves at Sierra Leone, and placed under the care of missionaries.

Then followed a very happy time. Adjai took to his books, and made great progress. His heart expanded under the kindness of his new teachers, and, best of all, he learned to love their Saviour. And on December 11th, 1825, the little slave-boy was baptized and took the name of Samuel Crowther. As years went by he became in turn a schoolmaster, a catechist, a clergyman, and then Africa's first black bishop.

And he met his mother again. Twenty-five years after they had been so cruelly parted, Samuel Crowther was preaching the Gospel in his own Yoruba country, when he was told a woman wanted to see him. It was his mother. He wrote in his diary: "When she



SAMUEL CROWTHER.

saw me she trembled. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment; big tears rolled down her cheeks. She called me by the familiar names which I well remembered. Thus unsought for—after all search for me had failed—God has brought us together again and turned our sorrow into joy." He had the intense happiness of seeing this beloved mother baptized a few years later, the first-fruits of Abeokuta to Christ.

Bishop Crowther came many times to England, and used to make his headquarters in a little room at the top of the Church Missionary House in Salisbury Square. It was wonderful all the work he got through and all the friends he made. But no man was ever less spoiled by the praises of men. His one thought was for Africa and his work there. The last time he came to England was in

1888, and even then, as an old man of nearly eighty years, he was traveling up and down England pleading for Africa, never sparing himself, always cheerful and ready.

The end of the eventful life came on the last day of the year 1891, and the simple, faithful, lovable Bishop was laid to rest by the side of his mother and his wife in the cemetery at Lagos.

Honest Otto.

One beautiful summer morning, two boys were strolling along the beach at a summer resort in Sweden. Suddenly one stooped and picked up a beautiful diamond pin. "Oh, Carl, see what I've found!" he exclaimed. "Why, Otto, those are diamonds. Won't you be rich; you can get ever so much money for that." "What do you mean?" said Otto. "This isn't mine. It must belong to one of the great ladies at the hotel. I shall try to find the owner." "Nonsense! you'll not get even a 'thank you' for your pains." "An approving conscience will be sufficient reward," said Otto. He went to the hotel, told the proprietor his story, and placed the pin in his hand. "Good!" cried the hotel keeper. "The lady who lost the pin is here now. Stay until I take it to her." He soon returned and conducted the boy to a richly furnished parlor. A stately lady, waiting to receive him, said, "Thank you, my little man, for returning the pin which I prize highly. I am told your father is dead and you are trying to support your mother. She has reason to be proud of her boy. You shall be rewarded, for the Queen of Sweden is never ungrateful." Overcome at finding himself in the presence of the Queen, the boy could only bow himself out of the room.

The Queen returned to Stockholm. A week later summons came for Otto and his mother to go to that city. On their arrival a pretty cottage was given them for their home. The next day they were summoned to the palace, and presented to the king, who, learning Otto had ambition to become a musician, placed him under a competent teacher. Ten years afterwards, this boy was known as Sir Otto, the music teacher of the royal family.

Keep the Charge.

David Livingstone, when a lad, received advice from his dying Sunday school teacher which he never forgot. "Now, lad," were the faithful words, "be constant; make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you are not constant, temptation will get the better of you."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE EV.-Luth. Synodical Conference held its sessions Aug. 10—15, at Cincinnati, O. The morning sessions were devoted to doctrinal discussions and the afternoon sessions to business matters. Among the latter the most important was our Colored Mission. From the reports of our Mission Board and of three of our missionaries Conference learned how highly God has prospered our work to the salvation of souls. It was resolved to carry on this important mission work with greater zeal. Pastors were appointed in different parts of the country to awaken a greater interest in this work and to present to our Lutheran Christians the needs of our Colored Mission. May God bless their labors! During the sessions of Conference two new laborers were installed for our mission field.

—THE Rev. N. J. Bakke, who for several years labored successfully in our mission field at Concord, N. C., has removed to another part of the field in the same state. Before leaving, our missionary published the following Card of Thanks to the good people of Concord: "I have much to thank the good people of Concord for. 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.' Sickness, sorrow and death has in the wise providence of God made my happy home desolate and my life dreary, but ye have visited and comforted me. As I am about to depart for a new field of labor, I take this opportunity to return grateful acknowledgment for the loving kindness and tender sympathies which the citizens of Concord have shown me and my loved ones now beneath the sod. Especially do I wish to express my sincere gratitude to Dr. M. L. Stevens for his faithful devoted attention to my dear Lydia during her protracted sickness; to the Evangelical Lutheran St. James Church and its pastor, Rev. Miller, for the gratuitous tender of a temporary resting place for my child, and to the members of my dear Grace Church for the efficient help they have rendered me during my recent trial. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Matt. 26, 40. N. J. BAKKE."

—THE Lutheran Laplanders, who are raising reindeer in Alaska at the expense of the United States Government, have been asked by Commissioner Jackson to missionate among the native tribes. Several young Laps have shown their willingness to take up missionary work.

—ACCORDING to the *Maryland Medical Journal*, the number of medical missionaries in the world is now 460, an increase of 122 in five years.

—THE recent effort to meet the crisis which confronted the Foreign Mission Board of the General Synod has stirred the people. After raising more than \$21,000, it must be refreshing to the Board to learn that a friend of the cause offers to pay the salary (\$750) for an-

other missionary if the Board will find a suitable one. That is missionary zeal worthy of more frequent imitation.

—A NORWEGIAN mission paper tells how the Norwegian Lutheran Missionary Society raises a large portion of its funds. The members have "mission lambs," "mission bees," "mission flower pots," "mission fields," the product of which goes to the society; "mission nets" in the fishing districts, a percentage of various kinds of business, church collections, bequests, etc. In line with this, a German church paper tells of a "Sunday Egg Society" the members of which are a farmer and eight hens. All the eggs laid on Sundays are sold for the benefit of foreign missions. Finding that his feathered partners never failed to lay on Sundays, he doubled their number. Another farmer devoted the milk of a good cow entirely to the Berlin Mission; he was glad to notice that the milk of his "mission cow" was much richer than that of his other cows.

—PROTESTANTISM is on the increase in Italy. The recent census shows 62,000 Protestants among the 31,000,000 inhabitants. The Waldenses number 27,000 souls, in forty-eight churches and forty-five missions. There are now not less than fifteen Protestant churches in the city of Rome, while before 1870 there were none.

—MR. KATAOKA KENKISHI, an elder in the church at Kochi, was a candidate recently for election to the diet or Japanese parliament. Not long before election day he was warned that his attitude as a Christian would be used against him, and that unless he should renounce his Christianity he would be defeated. He replied that he would much rather be defeated than to give up his religion. The outcome of the issue was that not only was he elected a member of the diet, but when the diet convened he was elected its president.

—THE *New York Sun* says there are 31 Lutheran churches in New York and 37 in Brooklyn and that the Greater New York is the greatest Lutheran city in the world, with sixty-eight churches, 27,000 Sunday school members, and church property to the value of \$3,000,000, exclusive of Staten Island, which has four Lutheran churches and 410 Sunday school members, and of the five Lutheran churches in the portion of Queens county which joins New York.

—THERE is a Lutheran paper church at Bergen, Norway, large enough to seat one thousand persons. The building is rendered waterproof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk and white of eggs.

—THE British and Foreign Bible Society reports for the year prior to April 1st that it had distributed 4,387,152 copies, which is more than 180,000 beyond the circulation in any previous year. In China alone 567,012 copies of Scriptures and portions were sold, which is 200,000 more than during the previous year. The versions of eleven of the great

languages of India and Ceylon are now undergoing careful revision.

—AFRICA comprises nearly 11,520,000 square miles, and probably contains over 190,000,000 people. Great Britain holds some 2,800,000 square miles, with a population of over 47,000,000.

—A GOOD anecdote is told by the Bishop of Minnesota of the sarcastic powers of the Indian. "I was holding," says Bishop Whipple, "a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!'"

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankenau, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from Mount Zion congregation 25.00, and from St. Paul's congregation 25.00; of Rev. N. J. Bakke, Missionary, from his Grace congregation in Concord, N. C., 10.00, from Grace Sunday School 5.00, and from his congregation in Rimertown, N. C., 5.00; of Rev. John C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace congregation in Greensboro, N. C., 12.00.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 22, 1898.

A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

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 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: Sunday morning at 7½ o'clock.
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 9½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class every Tuesday at 7½ o'clock and after the divine service on Thursday evening.
Choir practice at 7½ o'clock on Tuesday evening and after divine service on Thursday evening.
Circle for Young People meets at the school every Tuesday evening at 7½ 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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1898.

No. 10.

Luther's Grief for his Daughter Lena.

Death comes with cold and icy hand
To every home, in every land;
Sometimes when at the least we think,
Some loved one passes o'er the brink.
And so it was in Luther's home,
A lovely flower, not yet full blown.
One day when all the doors were shut,
Death came and plucked the precious bud.

'Twas in October, long ago
When autumn winds began to blow,
Just when the leaves began to drop,
Poor Luther's Lena went to God.
She was the sweetest of the fold,
He loved her dearly, we are told;
But when he knew that she *must* go,
He said, "The Father wills it so."

He asked her would she like to stay
Or would she rather fly away?
Then, while cold death her bosom chills,
She said, "Dear father, as God wills."
And while she lingered, while she slept
He fell upon his knees and wept;
He prayed that her death might be sweet,
And in his arms she fell asleep.

Then quietly the angels came
And carried her across the plain;
While Luther weeps, and sobs, and sighs
His Lena floats beyond the skies.
"I've sent a Saint to Heaven," he says,
"A lovely Spirit, saved by grace;
There in the harbor of sweet rest,
Her Soul shall be forever blest."

L. A. BARR.

Forgiveness of Sins.

He that has not forgiveness of sins is a most wretched and unhappy man. He is still under the wrath of a just and holy God and walks in the way that leads to everlasting damnation. But "blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin," Rom. 4, 7, 8.

It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to know how to get forgiveness of sins. Many are misled by the false doctrine of the Roman church, which teaches that forgiveness of sins is obtained by man's own works and righteousness. "The papists," says Luther, "have, by this wicked and blasphemous doctrine, not

only darkened the Gospel, but have taken it clean away, and have buried Christ utterly." It was through Dr. Luther that the Gospel was brought to light again and that Christ was again preached as the Saviour of sinners, in whom alone forgiveness of sins is found.

In order to get forgiveness of sins, Luther went the way pointed out in the Roman Catholic church. He entered the cloister, he prayed, he fasted, he was most zealous in what were called good works. None more zealous, none more earnest than he! But all in vain. Peace and forgiveness of sins can never be found in the way which the Roman Catholic church teaches, but only in the way which the Bible teaches.

When Luther was near despair, God opened to him the Holy Scriptures and brought him to a knowledge of the Gospel, from which he learned that forgiveness of sins is a free gift of God's grace in Christ, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. Luther believed in his Saviour, and thus found forgiveness of sins, peace, and everlasting life. His soul was filled with joy, and the Gospel which gave forgiveness, and joy, and peace, and rest to him he made known with voice and pen and defended it against all its enemies. Thus he became the Reformer of the Church, through whom God again made known to the world the Gospel which had been hidden for centuries under the rubbish of human doctrines.

There is no other way to obtain forgiveness of sins than the Gospel way which the Bible reveals and which Luther taught. Christ "bore our sins in His own body on the tree." Therefore "in Christ we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace," Eph. 1, 7. By His life, sufferings, and death Christ redeemed all sinners from sin and all its woe, and procured for all forgiveness of sin. This forgiveness is offered to every sinner in the Gospel. He that believes the Gospel accepts the pardon offered to him by God Himself. The moment he believes, his sins are forgiven. By that faith he is united to Jesus, and is accepted as Jesus is accepted, and loved as Jesus is loved, and righteous as Jesus

is righteous. His sins God will remember no more. He blots them out like a thick cloud. He casts them as it were into the depths of the sea. "Blessed is the man to whom God will not impute sin."

Are you one of those blessed children of God? Do you believe that your sins are washed away in the blood of Christ and forgiven for His sake? If you have forgiveness of sins through faith in Jesus, you are a blessed child of God and an heir of heaven. "For where there is forgiveness of sin, there is also life and salvation."

Turning-Points.

"The entrance of thy words giveth light."—PSALM 119, 130.

A profane shopman crams into his pocket a leaf of a Bible, and reads the last words of Daniel: "Go thou thy way, till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days," and begins to think what his own lot will be when days are ended.

A Goettingen professor opens a big-printed Bible to see if he has eyesight enough to read it, and alights on the passage, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not," and in reading it the eyes of his understanding are enlightened.

Cromwell's soldier opens his Bible to see how far the musket ball has pierced, and finds it stopped at the verse, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart and the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

And in a frolic the Kentish soldier opens a Bible which his broken-hearted mother had sent him, and the first sentence that is seen is the text so familiar in boyish days, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and the weary profligate prepares for rest to Jesus.

SAYS Luther: "The slanderer has the devil on his tongue, but he who listens has him in his ear. There is not much difference!"

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

Joy in the Lutheran Mission at Greensboro, N. C.

Why are so many children out, all quietly waiting in their school-room, with joyous expectation? They are to march in procession, led by two preachers and their new teacher, from the school to the church. And why are so many people in church, that the children hardly find sitting room? More than expected, so that the room reserved for the school is literally packed. — Why? Of course, there is always reason for a Lutheran church to be filled at every service. But it is not always so filled and seldom so packed, as was the Mission Church at Greensboro on this occasion. What was the special reason?

It was the installation of their new teacher. For this reason the children appeared in festive numbers. For this reason the church was so packed. For this reason one man — the son of the formerly Lutheran preacher Holt — had come 27 miles to attend the service. For this reason a preacher had come all the way from Richmond, Va., to preach, who, with the pastor of the Mission and the new teacher, led the procession of children from the school to the church.

And this was indeed a reason for joyous festive service. Is not a Lutheran parochial school teacher a precious gift of God? The

exalted Saviour of the world reckons this gift among the royal gifts He has obtained for mankind, "And He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers," Eph. 4, 11.

But the teacher that God gave to the Lutheran Mission at Greensboro must be peculiarly precious to them. He is a man of their own color, of their own race. They can have a special joy in honoring the gift of God in him. And they can entertain a special hope that God will bless His work through him to the salvation of many of their race. Mr. E.

Buntrock was born and raised in the city of Milwaukee, was educated in a parochial school there, and after his confirmation entered the Lutheran Normal School at Addison, Ill., where he completed with honor the course of a parochial school teacher. This is the way God led him to give him as a teacher to our Colored Mission in Greensboro, N. C. There

usual on such occasions, the church was befittingly adorned inside with fruits of the field.

In the morning, Pastor J. Ph. Schmidt preached his introductory sermon on the Gospel lesson of the day, showing clearly that pastor and people should and would serve no one but the Lord. The theme of the harvest-home sermon, in the afternoon, by Prof. Romoser, of Conover, was that only to those who are rich toward God does a bountiful harvest prove a blessing, the text being Luke 12, 16—21. In the evening, Missionary Schuetz delivered an impressive mission sermon based on Isaiah 40, 9—11, after which the pastors present, Schmidt, Bakke, Schuetz, and Romoser, gave short talks.

A feature of these services was the trained churchly singing of the local choir. The richness of the negro voice is proverbial; here we had this gift enlisted in service for the beautifying of the services of the sanctuary. The gathering of the offering was an inspiring sight. Just as every one had sung heartily and listened attentively, so every one in the large audience seemed to think it his duty to file past the altar and drop his contribution into the plate. It was no wonder, then, that the collections for the day aggregated fourteen dollars. And the behavior both inside and outside the church would have been a revelation to anyone accustomed to the noisy gatherings of negroes



Dr. MARTIN LUTHER.

was reason for joy and thanksgiving at his installation. It took place on the 14th Sunday after Trinity, September 11, 1898.

C. J. OELSCHLAEGER.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

A Gala-Day in Concord, N. C.

The crops have been good, and the weather was fine, both of which facts contributed towards bringing out a large crowd to our Negro Church in Concord, on September 18. As

among the sects. — God continue to bless our Negro Mission!
G. A. R.

Say Yes to Jesus.

A little girl was once asked what it was to believe in Jesus. She said: "Why, it is just saying 'Yes,' to Him when He asks us to come to Him to find rest."

Was not that a beautiful answer? Can any older person explain faith better? He says: "Come to me, and I will give you rest." Let us all say: "Yes, Lord; I come."

"A Mighty Fortress is our God."

In 1727, Leopold Firmian, an avaricious, proud, hard-hearted and tyrannical man, was created archbishop of Salzburg. Immediately after he had ascended the Arch-Episcopal throne, he and his minister resolved either to force the Lutherans to deny their faith or drive them into exile. In doing this the minister hoped to gain a large sum of money from the possession of the "heretics," and the archbishop to establish himself firmly in the good graces of his lord and master—the Pope. To accomplish all this, the cunning arts of the Jesuits were at once employed. A large number of them was sent, by order of the government, "as preachers of repentance" through the land where, with the vigorous cooperation of the parish priests, they entered every house and ransacked every nook and corner for Lutheran books; and woe to him who was found a Lutheran. Such a one was sure to have the severest sentence pronounced against him. He was publicly given over to the devil, deprived of all his Christian privileges, and, in the event of death, denied burial in consecrated ground.

After many fruitless attempts to induce these Lutherans to renounce their faith, force was resorted to. Austrian troops were brought into the country, and these being quartered upon "heretics," heaped upon them such insults, outrages and violence that the distress of their situation forced many hundreds of them to abandon their houses and homes and seek safety and security elsewhere. This happened during the latter part of 1731. Most of these emigrated to Prussia, whose pious king, Frederick William I, on their approach, sent commissioners to meet them, and make all needful provisions for their wants. In their wanderings through Protestant Germany, they everywhere met with the most friendly and encouraging reception. At Gera, in Thuringia, the whole city was moved when the news arrived that the Salzburgers were nearing the place, and thousands hastened to meet them; and when, at length, after much impatient waiting, at eventide, they heard wafted across the silent fields the sound of: "A Mighty Fortress is our God," which the new comers were singing, all rushed forward, and, with acclamations of joy, welcomed the weary pilgrims, vying with each other in their endeavor to take and entertain as many of them as they could at their hospitable homes. Far into the night the excited people continued walking about the streets, joining heartily in singing the old familiar hymns wherever the sound of them was heard issuing from the houses which they passed.

On the following morning a solemn service was held in the city church. After divine service, the market-place presented a very animated scene. The young maidens, gathered around the public fountain, were busily engaged washing, drying and ironing clothes,

whilst the elder women, who had opened their chests and wardrobes, containing their linen treasures, bringing forth things both new and old, were wrapping both babes and children of riper years in clean and comfortable apparel. When the time of their departure had arrived, the entire population accompanied the wanderers beyond the gate of the city, where, after having united in singing: "A Mighty Fortress is our God," they parted.

About fifty years later, after Joseph II ascended the throne of Austria, the Jesuits, those arch enemies of the Evangelical faith, had full sway in the land. During the reign of his mother, Maria Theresa, it often happened in Linz that Lutheran men and women were forcibly dragged from their homes, packed into vehicles, like so many cattle, and shipped down to the lower part of Hungary, being required to leave behind them all their children under 14 years of age, that by being brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, "their souls might be saved, and they not with their parents be damned as heretics." Mothers were indeed given their choice, to remain with their children on condition of renouncing their Lutheran faith and returning to the bosom of the Roman Catholic communion, but refusing to do this, they were to go into exile with the rest, and thus be separated from their offspring forever. This was hard. It was more than cruel—it was fiendish. Yet these Lutheran mothers stoutly refused to accept this alternative. They could not deny their faith at any price; no, not even at the priceless boon of retaining their children; and hence after folding them once more in their arms and pressing them to their aching hearts, they, weeping bitter tears, hastened away to join the company of those who, on account of their steadfastness in the faith, were doomed to exile, singing:

"Take they then our lives,
Goods, fame, child and wife,
They have nothing won,
The kingdom ours remaineth."

As in Salzburg and Hungary, so likewise in Bohemia and Moravia did the Austrian government, in the most incomprehensible blindness, persecute its best citizens—the Evangelicals. In 1723, a great awakening had taken place in the Moravian village Kunevalde, in consequence of a number of its citizens having been engaged in reading the Word of God. Those awakened, in order to increase their knowledge of the truth, which had so wonderfully aroused them to a sense of their real condition, and took great delight in frequently assembling at the house of one David Nitschman, a wagoner by trade, for further instruction and mental edification. On a certain Sunday, while his son Melchior was discoursing on the glory of the Gospel, the bailiff entered suddenly and seized all their Bibles and hymn-books. But the brethren, so

far from being discomfited by this unexpected interruption, at once united in singing, "A mighty fortress is our God," at which the intruder, bearing the books, beat a hasty retreat. However, on the next day twenty heads of families were cast into prison, from which some made their escape later, while the remainder, after having been subjected to many sufferings, were ultimately released, only to be driven into exile.

The Value of Good Tracts.

A servant girl brought a booklet written by Pastor Brunn home to her parents. These not only read it themselves, but passed it around among their neighbors also. In this manner a goodly number learned to know and were brought to accept the Lutheran doctrine, so that within a short time Pastor Brunn could gather a congregation of 150 families in that locality.

A missionary, while traveling through the country of the Carenes, heard of the death of a man, who had died confessing the "new faith." The missionary hastened to the house, and there found the corpse with one hand resting on the lifeless breast, with the other holding a Christian tract. This had come into his hands by the gracious guidance of God, and out of it he had learned to believe in his Saviour and had now died in this faith.

Missionary Scudder of India, was originally a physician in the city of New York with a well-paying practice. In the year 1818 a lady, whom he was treating, loaned him a tract, entitled: "Six Hundred Millions, or The Claims of the Heathen." This he read and re-read, until he felt that he could not remain at home any longer. Accordingly he went to India, where he died after having worked as missionary for thirty-six years. His seven sons likewise became missionaries, and already three of his grandsons have entered upon the same work. Thus eleven missionaries were gained by this one tract. Who will say, how great is the blessing that these have wrought?

In Spain a tract was being distributed bearing the title: "The Blood of Jesus Christ." A copy of this tract also came into the hands of a priest. But before he had read it, one of his superiors came to him and threatened him with excommunication if he would read it. So the priest quickly tore up the leaflet and threw it away. But the words of the title: "The Blood of Jesus Christ," had impressed themselves indelibly upon his mind and heart, and he could find no rest, until he went to a Protestant preacher to ask for more information regarding his faith. By his instruction he learned the Gospel-truth of "the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, that cleanseth us from all sin," and soon left the Roman Catholic Church.—*Little Missionary.*

TAKE you heed. To be near the life-boat is different from being in it.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—PROTESTANTISM has had a troublesome time of it in gaining a foothold in priest-ridden Spain, but it makes a better showing, all things considered, than is generally supposed. Here is the Protestant exhibit as given in the *Independent* of London, England: "Fifty-six pastors, thirty-five evangelists and 116 places which are used either as schools or places for public worship. The number of regular communicants is 3442, and the number of attendants, 9194. The day schools number 116, having over them sixty-one male and seventy-one female teachers. On the registers the number of boys inscribed is 2545; of girls, 2095. The Sunday schools number eighty, and have 183 teachers or monitors, and 3231 scholars. Protestantism in Madrid has a committee for the issuing and supervision of its religious publications. There are six periodicals. The Bible Society has its depot in Madrid, which serves as a center from which its agents branch out into cities, towns and villages as opportunity serves. The work of colportage is extremely active, and has the unceasing opposition of the priests."

—It is hard to believe that open persecution for the sake of the Gospel is now practiced among the French in Canada. Yet in a published letter from Rev. E. F. Seylaz, of Ottawa, we find the facts. In one instance, when a man embraced the Protestant faith, the priests so embarrassed him, by leading his creditors to press him, as to strip him of his property by sheriff's sale. In another case, a daughter was disinherited by her father, at the instance of the priests, because of her Protestant faith. A business man who accepted Christ as his Saviour was boycotted at the demand of the priests till his business was ruined. And when Mr. Seylaz was preaching at a landing place, below Quebec, not many years ago, some passing priests bade the hearers throw the Protestant preacher into the water—and they almost did it. And all this happened in Canada, under the laws of Protestant England, and recently.

—THERE are generally two ways of looking at things. The man in England who inscribed on the weathervane of his barn the words, "God is love," was asked by Spurgeon whether he meant to imply that God's love was as changeable as the wind. "Oh, no!" said the man; "I mean that God is love whichever way the wind blows." No doubt Spurgeon was satisfied with the answer.

—A NATIVE Japanese woman was asked whether in thinking of gods she ever connected the idea of righteousness, mercy or truth with the thought of any of them, she said promptly, "Not at all. The gods are something to be feared and propitiated, that is all we know about them." She says she knows she has sinned because when she makes mistakes about her housekeeping or cooking she

is sure it happens as a punishment for her sins. About a Divine Being she has not the slightest conception.

—A CONVERTED Chinaman on the Pacific Coast sold himself to work as a coolie in New Guinea for the sake of missionating among his own countrymen, and before he died, he was instrumental in leading to Christ two hundred of his companions. Such zeal ought to shame our selfishness and indifference.

—AN exchange says that a poor boy in Uganda, who hardly ever had any nice clothes to wear, was asked by his master which he would rather have, a new cotton jacket or a New Testament. Without hesitation, he replied, "I can better get along without a coat; give me the Testament."

—A MISSIONARY in China gives an example of what he calls Chinese humanity. When passing along a street of a city, he came upon a crowd and found that a man about fifty years of age had fallen in the street to die—no uncommon occurrence there. The crowd stood around the poor man, shouting and cursing, when one person called out, "Haul the fellow into the gutter and do not let him die in the middle of the street, blocking up the way!" The missionary was obliged to pass on, but returning an hour later, he found the man in the gutter dead, a fan over his face, and two candles burning at his feet, with the design of lighting the soul—whither they did not know. There the body lay until night, and the people passed by unaffected by the sorrowful sight.

—NOTWITHSTANDING all the superstitious fears which the Hindus entertain concerning their gods, they sometimes scoff at them and treat their idols most disrespectfully. During the recent famine, the people have prayed most humbly before their images, hoping for rain and for food, but their faith in these deities was in many cases completely shaken. The following incident is narrated of the people of Aurungabad, in Western India: "The Hindus had hired Brahman priests to keep up their noisy worship before the village idols, and fully expected abundant rain as the result of their worship. But after waiting for days and weeks, they resolved to punish the gods, who had received costly offerings without giving them the looked-for blessing in return. In some places they indignantly besmeared their idols all over with mud, and closed up the entrance to the temples with thorns. In others they filled up the temples with water and blocked up the doors, so that the idols may shiver in wet as a punishment for keeping their fields dry."

—REV. J. C. HOARE, now the English Bishop of Hong Kong, narrates a remarkable incident illustrating the way in which medical work opens the way for evangelistic success. There came to the hospital at Ningpo an opium smoker who wished to be cured of his habit. As he was waiting his turn to see the doctor, a native preacher was telling the story

of Christ dying as the atonement for our sins. Suddenly the man cried aloud, "Why, that is exactly what I want!" After further instructions, he accepted the Gospel in all its fullness. On starting for home, the young man said, "I cannot but tell my friends and neighbors about Christ, but I would like an evangelist to go and help me. Have you one who can go with me?" Mr. Hoare sent a young native student just out of the training school. Two years after this Mr. Hoare went down to the home of these converts, and was the first European ever to set foot in that city. At the present time they have a strong church, numbering over seven hundred baptized converts, with two native pastors, the people contributing liberally to their support.

Acknowledgment.

Received for our colored missions of Rev. N. J. Bakke, Missionary, Concord, N. C., from his Grace congregation \$10.00, and from Grace Sunday School \$5.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankeau, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from his Mount Zion congregation \$25.00, and from his St. Paul's congregation \$25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from his Bethlehem congregation \$25.00.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 20, 1898.

A. C. BURGDOFF, *Treas.*

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 7¼ 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 7¼ 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. LANKEAU, Missionary.

EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.
Divine services: Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School at 9½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class every Tuesday at 7½ o'clock and after the divine service on Thursday evening.
Choir practice at 7½ o'clock on Tuesday evening and after divine service on Thursday evening.
Circle for Young People meets at the school every Tuesday evening at 7½ 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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1898.

No. 11.

Thanksgiving.

Awake, my soul, to thankfulness,
Thy great Provider's love express;
His acts of grace to thee extol:
Awake, and sing His praise, my soul!

Redemption, sing, thy Saviour gave
His blood a ransom thee to save;
Thy sweetest songs to Him should rise:
Thine all-atoning sacrifice.

He is thy shield, He keeps thee well
When storms and waves in tumult swell;
The dangers in thy path He clears,
He quells thy foes, He calms thy fears.

Awake, my soul, thy sins confess,
Thy want of humble thankfulness;
The goodness of thy God recall,
Give Him thy heart, thy life, thy all.

Selected.

"Come As You Are."

Early one morning a fire broke out in one of the houses in a narrow street of a large city. The alarm was given, and soon the engines were heard rattling along; but before they could get to work, the flames began to break forth and rise high into the air. Soon a young man was seen at one of the upper windows of the house in his night-clothes. A ladder was placed against the house, and a fireman went up and called the young man to make all haste and escape for his life. But to his surprise, the young man refused to come away just then, saying he wished to dress first. The fireman repeated his warning, "Come as you are! come as you are!" but to no purpose, for the young man still said he would come when he got dressed.

After the young man had gone to his bedroom to dress, the flames rose higher and higher, and suddenly the roof fell in with a terrible crash, burying the unfortunate young man beneath the ruins, and rendering escape no longer possible.

A sad and awful death, surely! Rendered all the sadder when we remember that the young man might have escaped, at least with his life, if he had not so foolishly refused to

make use of the means of rescue which had been placed within his reach.

May not this sad story picture to us the still greater foolishness of those who, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, refuse to "flee from the wrath to come"? Loud warnings come to them again and again, but they heed them not. Jesus is set forth to them as the only way of escape from the wrath of God, but they will not accept Him. They will not come to Jesus as they are. They wish to do this and to do that before they will come. Many think they must make themselves better before they may come. How foolish! Christ is not a Saviour that saves us after we have saved ourselves. We are sinners and have no strength whatever to make ourselves better or to render ourselves acceptable in the sight of God. For this very reason Christ became our Saviour and procured for us a full and perfect salvation, which He offers to us in the Gospel. He calls upon all sinners to come to Him for salvation, to come just as they are. And He gives them the sweet assurance, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John 6, 37.

How foolish, how dangerous, how wicked it is, not to heed the Saviour's call! Remember, "the time is short;" and you know not what a day may bring forth. Then escape for your life; flee from the wrath to come; look not behind you; the Saviour, *your* Saviour stands ready to receive you, and His word is, "COME AS YOU ARE!"

Jesus Will Come.

Jesus will come. "Surely I come quickly," is His promise given to the Church. He will come in person; for "the Lord *Himself* shall descend from heaven." Not in silence, but "with a shout," 1 Thess. 4, 16. Not in weakness, as at His first coming, but "with power." Not in humiliation, but with "great glory," Matt. 24, 30. Not alone, but attended by "all His holy angels," Matt. 25, 31. Not to be despised and forsaken, but "to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe," 2 Thess. 1, 6—10. Not to be

judged, but to judge the quick and the dead. Not when everybody is expecting Him, but "suddenly"—"as a thief in the night" to a careless world, and when the cry of "peace and safety" is heard, 1 Thess. 5, 1—6.

It is thus the Bible tells us Jesus will come. Should He come now, how would it be with *you*? Are you ready? Remember the parable of the ten virgins: "And they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage, and the door was shut," Matt. 25, 10. It will make a great and eternal difference which side of the door we are on in that day.

The Comfort of Baptism.

"O happy hour in which I was baptized, and put on Christ! O longed-for and glorious day, on which communion with Jesus was granted me! My honor, my glory, my riches, my joy is my Baptism! Three handfuls of water I prize more highly than all kingly crowns, all ornament and all honor of vanity. This water is to me a precious water of life, a powerful ointment, an antidote, a preservative against eternal death. Praise be to the triune, eternal God, in whose name I was baptized.—I am rich, mighty, honored, and blessed because of my Baptism; Heaven stands open unto me day and night. Praise be to God!"—*Scriver.*

Laughing in Death.

An aged father was lying on his death-bed, while his neighbors and his sons were standing around him weeping. He opened his eyes suddenly, and laughed three times. They asked him why he laughed, while they were weeping. He replied, "First I laughed because you dread death; secondly, because you know that you must die also, and are not prepared; thirdly, because, while you weep, I am going out of trouble and sorrow to eternal rest and joy, and am dying happy."

"So," adds Luther, "although we must die, yet we have a God who will help, and a Saviour who will deliver from death. Whether we live or die, let us be ever prepared."

Colored Lutheran Church at Meherrin, Va.

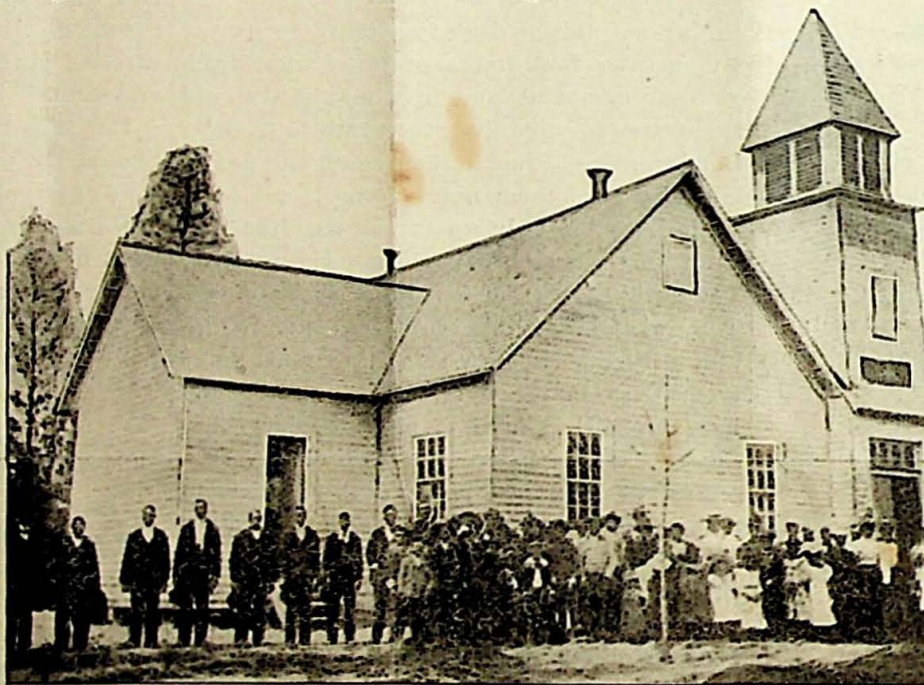
By request we in this number publish the picture of our Colored Lutheran church at Meherrin, Va. A member of our Mission Board, who recently visited the congregation, reports the same to be in a very prosperous condition. God has richly blessed the labor of our missionary amidst many difficulties and hardships.

From a letter received some time ago from one of the colored sisters of the congregation we adapt the following:

"Let me tell you how we commenced mission work here. The Lutheran minister was invited from Green Bay. He came, and as God would have it, we were the hearers, and the seed took root. It was early in spring, and we had preaching in a private house. When it got warm, we had preaching under a cherry tree. Many thought we were foolish. We would learn our hymns and catechism line by line just like little children, and how some people would laugh at us! But we did not mind that at all. It was not long before others joined us. Soon we moved the schoolhouse from Green Bay up here to Meherrin. It was a log hut and we whitewashed it ourselves, and now we thought we were something. How we did love our minister for the words he spoke. After a while this minister had to leave us and we were sorry at the thought of never seeing him again. But we were not left alone. The Mission Board sent us a student from Springfield.

That was the first we knew of Springfield. Well, when his time was up, he had to return to his studies; but we were instructed to go to our chapel every Sunday and read the Word of God. And so we did for a long time, and then we had the passage of Scripture fulfilled: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' To our great surprise we received a letter telling us that we should have another student from Springfield. Now I can't express our joy and what a happy time we had for the next nine months. What a nice school we had! Such good order! Hand and heart seemed to work together. This teacher made an addition to our log chapel, ceiled it inside, put on a little woodroom, whitewashed it again, made a pulpit out of some good box, and painted it. Oh, how happy we were! Everybody's eyes were open looking and beholding. Now our whole craving was for a bell. We didn't care if it was no bigger than a hat, so it was a bell. So the good Lord gave us a bell without price, such as was never seen here before. Some said, this is the mother bell of all the bells. So you can see that the Lord has carried us

on from one year to another. And he always blessed us more and more. He has also blessed us with a new church, and I can say that the building of our church set the neighborhood to thinking and to work. Our church was now the model church at Meherrin, and so they all had to remodel their churches, both white and colored. And besides the outward building, if they wish to know anything about the Bible, they will say, 'Ask the Lutherans; they can tell.' Still many will not send their children to our school. They say they haven't got time for them to learn the Bible. Now, if they don't learn, how shall they know it? There is one thing I wish to press on the minds of all; and that is, take more interest in sending your children to school. Let us not be so careless. Let us all, men and women, not only the women, but also the men, work together for church



Colored Lutheran Church at Meherrin, Va.

and school. I pray to God that all would help to carry this army on. God has blessed us so richly by this mission, should we not be thankful to Him and show our thanks by making good use of church and school? Oh, that I had a thousand voices, I would praise my God with every one."

So much we have taken from a letter written to us by one of the colored sisters at Meherrin. May God continue to prosper our mission work among the colored people and may He move us to labor with greater zeal in the field which He has so richly blessed.

Cruel Treatment of Chinese Children.

"If you lived in Peking you would be surprised never to see a child funeral pass, but if you go into the street very early in the morning you will find the explanation. You would meet a very large vehicle drawn by two oxen, having a sign across the front, stating its horrible office, and piled to the brim with the bodies of children. Sometimes there are a hundred in the cart at once, thrown in as

garbage, nearly all of them naked, a few of them tied up in the old reed baskets, and fewer, never more than one or two, in cheap board coffins. These carts go about the streets each night, pick up these pitiable remains, some of them mutilated by dogs; they are thrown in like so much wood and taken to a pit outside the city wall, into which they are dumped, then covered with quick-lime. Does it make you sick to hear of such a thing? I have lived seven years in the city where that is a daily occurrence." — *Mission Worker*.

God's Care.

Just as Dr. Judson had finished translating the New Testament into Burmese he was cast into prison. His wife took the precious manuscript and buried it in the ground. But if left there it would soon decay, while to reveal its existence to its foes would surely lead to its destruction. So it was arranged that she should put it within a roll of cotton, and bring it to him in the form of a pillow, so hard and poor that even the keeper of the prison did not covet it. After seven months this pillow — so uninviting externally, so precious to him — was taken away, and then his wife redeemed it by giving a better one in exchange. Some time after that he was hurried off to another prison, leaving everything behind him, and his old pillow was thrown into the prison yard to be trodden under foot as

worthless cotton; but after a few hours one of the native Christians discovered the roll, and took it home as a relic of the prisoner, and there long afterwards the manuscript was found within the cotton, complete and uninjured. Surely the hand of the Lord was interposed to save from destruction the fruit of years of toil, so important for those who were to read the Burmese Bible.—*Ex.*

The Best Treasure.

When the mother of the well known East India Missionary, Ziegenbalg, called her children to her death-bed she said: "Dear children, I have gathered a very great treasure for you." When the eldest daughter asked where this treasure lay, she answered: "In the Bible; search it, my dear children, and you will find it, for I have bedewed every page of it with my tears."

The children never forgot those precious words.

Story of Friesland.

More than a thousand years ago, the "Golden Hoop" held back the waters of the surging North Sea from the low-lying marshes of Friesland. The "Golden Hoop" was the name that the Frisians had given to the long line of dikes that they had with such toil placed between themselves and the tides that were ever longing to steal, bit by bit, all the soil of the Frisian mainland.

A sturdy, independent race these Frisians of the olden time seem to have been. They were bold sailors who did not fear to traverse the dangerous North Sea in their little vessels, and whose descendants, even at the present day, are counted among the best seamen of Europe.

But the Frisians were idolaters. And this fact greatly troubled some people who had only a short time before this heard about Christianity themselves, and turned from the worship of false gods. Just across the sea from Friesland, lay the island known to us now-a-days as England. The Anglo-Saxons on this island had heard and believed the Gospel of Christ, and to them, as to one of old, had come the command, "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." For the Frisians lived on the same side of the sea from which the Anglo-Saxons had originally come, and they spoke a language so like the Anglo-Saxon that no interpreter was needed when two of these separate nations spoke together.

So it came to pass that one day there came to Friesland an English missionary, named Winfred. The different districts into which Friesland was divided, did not know what a blessing had come to them that day; but many of them soon heard the Gospel and turned, as the Anglo-Saxons had done, from darkness to light. But, after a time, Winfred and the missionaries who worked with him became aware that Christianity had an enemy in the land. This enemy was not a person, it was a tree, an oak that had always been held sacred to the heathen god Thor, the god of lightning and thunder. Strange as it may seem to us, even the persons who had become Christians and renounced the worship of Thor were afraid of that oak tree.

But Winfred resolved that he would teach the Christians and the heathen too, that they need not fear Thor.

"If Thor is a god," said Winfred, "he will defend his own tree."

So, one day, Winfred assembled all the other missionaries, and together they went to the great oak tree.

Winfred took an axe, and raised it. Thwack! went the blade into the trunk of Thor's great "sacred oak."

The Frisians must have looked with awe up at the sky and down again at Winfred.

"Surely," they must have thought, "the great god Thor will blow from his red beard the lightning and strike this man; or perhaps the god will throw his hammer, the 'Crusher,' at this Englishman who dares insult the 'God of Thunder.'"

But no flash of lightning laid Winfred in the dust. Steadily the chopping went on, and the chips flew from the huge trunk, and the sound of the blows went up through the air, and yet the Frisians waited like the Israelites on top of Mount Carmel, and Thor made no sign, and "there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

"Crack!" went the mighty oak. It bent, it leaned over farther, farther yet, and then, as the last strokes of Winfred's axe echoed through the air, crash came great Thor's oak to the ground, and with it fell Thor's dominion over the people. For although we are not told that the half-heathen that saw Thor's prostrate oak "fell on their faces," as the children of Israel did at the end of the trial on Mount Carmel, yet surely in the heart of every one of them there must have been a voice that said: "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God."

And so Winfred worked on among the heathen of Northern Europe, till he was an old man. Many Christian people heard of his labors, and, leaving England, came across the sea to help Winfred teach the heathen.

Still, since the country was poor and uncultivated, a great deal of the time Winfred was obliged to labor to support himself, in addition to his work of preaching.

At last, one day, the missionary, now seventy-five years old, had pitched his tent beside a river called the Bordne, that separated East and West Friesland. He had promised to wait beside the river till a number of persons who had just been converted from heathenism should come to see him.

But, while he waited, suddenly from the woods there rushed upon Winfred's camp, not the Christians he expected, but a horde of angry heathen, who were enemies of the old missionary and his workers. The heathen were armed with lances and shields, and Winfred's servants tried to make ready to fight.

But Winfred saw in the attacking band only those for whom he had left his English home to carry the Gospel across the sea and he could not find it in his heart to command his followers to kill any of these unrepentant heathen.

"Children," said Winfred to those about him, "forbear to fight. The Scripture forbids us to render evil for evil. Hope in God, and He will save your souls."

And then, as the savage heathen rushed upon him, Winfred held up the Gospels above his head with his expiring strength, and fell dead upon the soil of Friesland, the country for the salvation of whose inhabitants he had labored and prayed for so long.

M. E. B.

"Preach Christ."

Mr. Birch, an English preacher, tells of a dying infidel whom he visited by request. The man had long been ill and in great need. Mr. Birch, with Christian liberality, had supplied his wants, and now the dying man told him he had sent for him, not to speak about religion, for he didn't believe in it, but to thank him for his great kindness to him and his. Mr. Birch then said: "Will you answer me one question?" "Yes," said the dying man, "provided it is not about religion." Lifting his heart in prayer to God, Mr. Birch said: "You know I have to preach to-night; many will be gathered to hear—mostly poor people, who will soon have, like you, to face death; I ask you, what shall I preach about?" Silence for a while; then, with tear-dimmed eye and trembling voice, the unexpected answer was given: "Mr. Birch, preach Christ to them; preach Christ." And then, utterly broken down, the dying sinner sought mercy from God for his own soul.

Answer to Prayer.

Twenty-five years ago, we are told, in the beautiful valley of Virginia, a little dark-eyed baby in a long white dress was taken to church to be baptized. The preacher who baptized him was a dear old man who had spent most of his life as a missionary to Africa; when he took this baby in his arms, after his baptism, he raised his eyes to God in silent prayer; and when he put the little fellow back in his mother's arms he said, "I have asked God to make your boy a foreign missionary; will you be willing to give him up for that?" And she answered, "I hope God will make me willing when the time comes."

Only a few months ago a young man reached the heathen city of Su-Chien in China, and wrote back to his mother, "Pray for me, that I may quickly learn to preach Jesus in this hard language."

It was the same one who had been baptized by the missionary. It was the same mother who had said she would be willing when the time came. It was the same prayer that had waited twenty-five years for an answer. It was the same God who hears and answers our prayers. — *Ex.*

THE HALF-WAY MAN.—Abraham is the half-way man. His name is found in Genesis 12; and from this many think he must have lived soon after Adam. But this is a plain mistake, as any one may see after a little thought. From Adam to Abraham is almost two thousand years, and from Abraham to Christ is two thousand. Abraham, then, lived just half-way between the first Adam and the second.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—ROMAN CATHOLICS have a way of impressing the importance of their church upon the world; but if a church's vitality is to be judged by the success of its missions (and, in a large measure, it is), then the Roman church has little to show. Says the *Independent*: "In spite of the solid unity of the Catholic church, their progress in missions does not compare with that of the Protestants. Of the 8,000,000 negro descendants of the former slaves in North America, 7,000,000 are Protestants and only 200,000 Catholics. In the Cape Colony the Evangelical missions report 530,000 adherents, and the Catholics only 3000. Protestant missions aim at making Christian believers out of heathen people, training for secular work and industries being the task of the State. Protestant missions look first and above all things to the needs of the soul. Protestant missionaries have translated the Bible or portions of it into about seventy African languages and dialects, and have thus made these literary tongues. Some 750,000 Africans are in Protestant churches, and 140,000 children in Protestant schools. There are good reasons to believe that Christianity will continue to spread in Africa at a much more rapid rate than ever before."

—"In 1826 I met," says an English officer of India, "in Belgaum a converted Brahmin, whose confession of Christ, as I knew, had cost him everything. No sooner had he been baptized than his possessions were taken from him, and even his wife and children left him. 'Are you able to bear your troubles? Are you sustained under them?' I asked him one day. 'Many ask me that,' he answered, 'but they never ask me whether I am able to bear my joys, for I enjoy a happiness in my heart, since I know Christ, which nobody has been able to take from me.'"

—AMONG many heathens the murder of twins is by no means of seldom occurrence. The birth of two children at the same time is regarded as something unnatural and ascribed to intercourse with evil spirits, therefore punishable. Such a horrible case of heathen blindness occurred a short time ago among the Mojave Indians near Needles on the Colorado river. A young Indian woman had given birth to twins. This caused great commotion among the Indians, as a woman who gives birth to twins is considered by them as a sorcerer possessed of evil spirits. A great "Pow-wow" was called, and the medicine-man of the tribe advised that the mother and both children must, according to the old custom, be killed. The petitions of the husband that his wife be spared fell upon deaf ears. The skulls of the two newly-born children were knocked in with a club. The young mother was locked into a hut, the dead children and whatever earthly possessions she had were laid beside her, the hut was enclosed with twigs and straw, and the whole set on fire, so

that the mother perished in the flames, and her body was burned up with those of her children. The courts of Needles learned of the matter too late to prevent it. Such horrors still occur among the original inhabitants of this country. May the light of the Gospel soon shine upon them.

—THERE are two colored Jews in the United States—one in New York, the other in Reading, Pa. They were born of colored servants in Hebrew families and were brought up in the Jewish faith. They are both thorough-going Jews. They illustrate once more the power of an early education.

—THE grandchild of the multi-millionaire Moses Montefiore had an American Christian young lady as governess. Under the influence of this Christian servant the child was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. For Christ's sake this rich heiress willingly renounced her inheritance, and after her baptism in Berlin offered herself as a deaconess to the service of the Master. Being buffeted and hindered in her intentions by her former co-religionists, she gave herself to the mission work among the heathen China-women. Dr. Hudson Taylor, the leader of the great China Inland Mission, says of her: "She is my worthiest co-laborer in the service of the Lord." What is your influence for Christ?

—A LUTHERAN missionary and family, in Africa, have been murdered and the Transvaal government has sent an expedition to punish the perpetrators of the crime. The result is, that 20,000 Africans are in arms.

—At a meeting of the Bible Society in Paris, Pastor Kirk, of New York, related the following: One day I visited the famous room in Geneva, where the noted mocker, Voltaire, used to say: "With the beginning of the 19th century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth." Now, do you wish to know what this room contained on the day of my visit? Bibles and New Testaments from floor to ceiling. Thus has the prophecy of the great Voltaire been fulfilled.

—THE Buddhists in Japan are said to have no less than 73,000 temples and 100,000 priests. There are on an average three temples for every square mile. The enormous sum of \$12,000,000 are annually raised by the Buddhists alone for the support of the priests and the maintenance of the temples. How great is the darkness in this "Sunrise Kingdom!" And how much do these heathen spend for their soul-destroying religion!

—THE Rev. D. L. Brayton is the oldest missionary in Burma. He has been seventy years in the country, and is now in his ninetyeth year. He was for thirteen years a companion to Judson, the first missionary to Burma; yet he is bright and active, rising at four o'clock every morning of his life. Among other works he has translated the entire Bible into the Pwo Karen language. We should im-

agine that Mr. Brayton is the oldest missionary in the world.

—A POOR WOMAN, when the collection plate was passed, dropped in a dollar. "You can not afford that," said the deacon who held the plate. "I must give it," she said. "I love to give for Jesus' sake." Then the deacon said, "Take it back, and if, after thinking it over, you still wish to give it, you can send it in the morning." In the morning a note came containing two dollars. The deacon said, "I know that woman well. If I send them back, she will send four next time." This was indeed using well the Lord's money.

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Greensboro, N. C., \$24.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem Congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankeau, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from Mount Zion Congregation \$25.00, and from St. Paul's Congregation \$25.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Concord, N. C., \$10.00, from Immanuel Congregation in Rimertown, N. C., \$5.00, and proceeds of mission festival in Concord, N. C., \$10.00.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 20, 1898.

A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

1625 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Derbigny.
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Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.
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Sunday School at 9½ o'clock.
Adult catechumen class every Tuesday at 7½ o'clock and after the divine service on Thursday evening.
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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. XX.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1898.

No. 12.

"Unto us a Son is given."

"Unto us a Son is given,
Unto us a Child is born!"
Blessed thought which bringeth gladness
Each returning Christmas morn!
Ever since the choir of angels
Thrilled with song the starry sky,
Hath their theme from earth re-echoed:
"Glory be to God on high."
Kings and prophets longed and waited
For the dawning of this day;
Types and sacrifices shadowed
Him with whom they passed away.
Israel longed to view His advent,
Who should bruise the serpent's head;
Longed to greet the true Messiah,
Who should break their bondage dread.
When the time had fully ripened,
Came the Lord's Anointed One;
Not in regal state and splendor,
But as Mary's infant Son.
Cradled in a lowly manger,
Weak, dependent, undefiled,
Lay the Lord of life and glory,
As a helpless little child.

E. R.

"Fear Not."

"Fear not," said the angel of the Lord to the shepherds when he brought the Christmas tidings. The shepherds were sinners as all men are, and in the consciousness of their sin and unworthiness they were sore afraid when the angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shone round about them. The coming of God's messenger filled them with fear, for as sinners they could expect nothing else than the announcement of the wrath and punishment of a just and holy God. Sinners have every reason to fear God, who hates sin and punishes sin. When Adam had fallen into sin, he hid himself from God and said, "I was afraid." Well might he be afraid to meet Him who is "not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness." By sin man deserved God's wrath and everlasting damnation.

And yet the angel said to the shepherds, "Fear not!" How is this? God Himself has taken away the source of all our fear by providing a Saviour from sin. This Saviour was

promised to man when sin had entered the world. To the trembling sinners God promised a Redeemer from sin and all its woe when He told them that the woman's seed shall bruise the head of the serpent. For four thousand years the saints of old looked forward to the fulfillment of the promise, which was repeated again and again. And "when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," says the apostle.

In the holy Christmas night the promise was fulfilled, God's own Son became man, the Saviour was born. Therefore the angel said to the shepherds, "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." The shepherds had no reason whatever to be afraid; for the tidings which the angel brought were not evil tidings, but good tidings, the very best tidings that sinners can hear. They were not tidings of grief or of terror that make sinners fear and tremble. No. They were tidings of great joy that make sinners glad. What more joyful tidings can be brought to sinners than the sweet Christmas tidings: "Unto you is born a Saviour?" And, mark well, these tidings are not for a certain class of people that are better and holier than others. No. They are "unto all people." All sinners are included, not one is excepted. The Saviour whose birth the angel proclaims is the Saviour of every sinner, and he is the chief of sinners.

Well may the angel say: "Fear not." The tidings which he brings must cast out all fear. The sinner that believes the tidings and accepts the Saviour whose birth they proclaim has no reason whatever to be afraid. His sins are all forgiven and he is God's beloved child by faith in Jesus. Whatever his lot may be, his soul will be filled with joy at the glad Christmas tidings: "Unto you is born a Saviour." Be he ever so poor in worldly goods, he is made rich in heavenly treasures. Be he ever so much despised by men, he enjoys the greatest honor that can come to sinners; for

he is a child of God and an heir of everlasting glory.

Rejoice, then, in the blessed Christmas time. Fear not, but let your heart be filled with joy and your home with gladness. "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Christmas in China.

Miss Chapin, of Tung-cho, North China, reports a very pleasant Christmas exercise held at that station, the object of which was to show the poor people who came to church and Sunday school the blessedness of giving. Many of these people are so poor that they know not where their food is coming from for the next day, and life is one constant struggle for something to eat. But instead of asking the people to come on Christmas day to receive gifts, they were asked to bring something to give to others. And so they came and crowded the chapel to the utmost, and when the time for giving came, men and boys passed up the aisle and left their parcels on the platform, while large baskets were passed on the women's side to receive their gifts. These gifts were of all sorts, and some of them were rather amusing. There were chopsticks and matches, bean curd and biscuits, little packages of flour and rice, cotton cloth, thread, and even salted turnips. And Mrs. Chapin says that "where the people were too poor to bring anything else they were not ashamed to bring a handful of salt or of corn meal done up in their handkerchiefs." And so at the end there was a goodly pile of food and clothing which the pastor and the Bible readers could distribute to the destitute. Was not this a good way of making gifts at Christmas? And do you wonder that Miss Chapin says that it was very gratifying to see the joy on the faces of the people, young and old, as they left the chapel, showing that they had begun to realize that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

It is a shame for a rich Christian man to be like a Christmas-box that receives all and nothing can be got out till it is broken in pieces.

Christmas in North Celebes.

Through the work of missions the northern part of the island Celebes has become a Christian country. Even though in some towns there still remain little groups of obdurate heathen, and in others Christianity has not yet become firmly rooted, these exceptions are overshadowed by the power and fruits of the Gospel which are strikingly exhibited on different occasions. Such an occasion is afforded particularly by the Christmas festival.

For weeks prior to Christmas a joyful spirit of activity seizes upon the brown Alfours, whose entire conduct ordinarily seems to be of such a complacent, indolent nature. Yet under the surface of their quick manner there glows deep emotion which now and then bursts forth, as when the peaceful land is shaken by subterranean forces. Such commotion is observed at the approach of the "great day," as the beloved festival is there called.

The wives and mothers in particular are busy at this time. A superior quality of rice is laid in store; also brown and white sugar, cocoanuts and eggs, flour, butter, cinnamon and vanilla,—all that goes to make Christmas cakes of every variety and form. The young people devise ways and means of securing new apparel for the holidays. People are busy at house-cleaning, repairs are made, some of the houses receive a new coat of paint, and the mechanics have their hands full. As the day draws nearer the stir and bustle increase. Servants come home to celebrate the festival in the family circle. There is commotion everywhere, joyful greetings are exchanged, and unusual excitement prevails in every town. The returning daughter takes a hand at once in the preparations and is happy if she can display her skill in producing some new form of pastry.

While the people generally are engaged in such activities, another phase of Christmas preparation comes to light. Let us pay a visit to the district of Amurang, where Christian congregational life has become more developed.

It is Christmas eve. The sun has already sunk like a mighty ball of fire into the waters of the bay, edged with wooded headlands. The reflection of its setting rays is still glimmering upon a rocky peak that rises giant-like above the tips of the surrounding hills. Soon the last streak of light has vanished, and with marvelous rapidity the land is enveloped in the darkness of night. We enter one of

of the hymn one of the elders of the congregation arises and in a plain, but hearty manner, speaks of the grace of God who has permitted them once more to celebrate the Christmas festival. The contrast between darkness and light is impressed upon our hearts as we reflect that here, where a few decades ago the most benighted heathenism reigned, the glorious festival of Christ's nativity is now observed.

And this may well constitute the central thought of the address of the elder who still has in vivid remembrance the heathen abominations of the past. In closing he announces another Christmas hymn which is sung by the congregation. After this fashion addresses and hymns alternate for perhaps two hours, and the rapt attention of the hearers and the hearty singing bear witness to the devotion and fervor of the congregation.

The service ended, the worshipers depart. But the lights upon the streets and verandas of the pillared houses are not yet extinguished. A crowd of boys is wending its way to the school house. In their hands they carry what seem to be short sticks. No, they are flutes! The youthful musicians are arranged in order and, under the direction of the teacher, engage in the final rehearsal of the tunes, with which on the morrow, at the main service, they are to accompany the singing of the congregation. Sweetly the festive melodies float out upon the nightly air. But song has an irresistible attraction

for these natives of Celebes. One lad after another comes and settles down quietly upon the mats on the veranda of the school house. And the girls, too, attracted by the music, come, in order to join in the singing. Some take the alto part, and occasionally a hymn is sung in three or even four voices, to complete the harmony. Out on the lawn, under the banana trees, stands a listening multitude. Surely, in such exercises, also, there is edification for the singers and hearers.

A FALSE witness shall not be unpunished; and he that speaketh lies shall not escape. Prov. 19, 5.



the towns. The broad street is illuminated. Along each side extends a line of lamps, made of the fruits of the melon-tree, filled with oil and set upon posts. The houses, too, surrounded by beautiful gardens and hedges, send forth cheerful light. The church, which the congregation has provided with petroleum lamps, beams with special brightness. The light is reflected from the white walls. The plain house of God is filled with worshipers. With impressive fervor and earnestness the congregation, in variegated attire, unites in the Christmas hymn. The native school-teacher, who has opened the service with fervent prayer, leads the singing. At the close

"My Saviour."

At Christmas time we hear of the Saviour's lowly birth and of what he came to do for sinners. But we may know all this and yet not realize the true Christmas joy. Let me tell you a story.

An examination was held in a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Among the many questions written by the superintendent on the blackboard was the following: "What do you know of the Lord Jesus Christ?" The pupils were told to write their answers on their slates, which were then given to the superintendent. The last slate handed to him was that of a little girl. Her answer was so different from all the others, that he wrote the following words on the blackboard: "Many of you have answered my question, 'What do you know of the Lord Jesus Christ?' very correctly and accurately so far as the history of His life is concerned; but I desire you all to learn a little girl's answer, which, though short and simple, pleases me best. I shall, therefore, write the answer on your blackboard."

What was the answer? It was not a historical fact, not a memorable detail from the life of Christ as the others had written. It was something far better. It was the utterance of a heart that knew and loved Jesus. The answer was very short, consisting of only four words, and these were the words: "He is *my Saviour*."

Happy little girl! Many a one that has heard much of the Lord Jesus cannot write so trustingly: "He is *my Saviour*."

You may know much *about* the Lord Jesus without knowing *Him*. You may know the story of His lowly birth, of His life in poverty and in want, of His bitter sufferings and death, and yet be far away from Him. You may call Him *the Saviour* without being able to say with a trusting heart: "He is *my Saviour*."

The sinner that has come to the true knowledge of sin and of God's wrath over sin, the sinner that realizes his own lost and helpless condition without a Saviour from sin, death, devil, and hell—that sinner will rejoice at the glad Christmas tidings of the Saviour's birth. He will embrace the Babe of Bethlehem with the arms of a trusting faith, and realizing the true Christmas joy, he will exclaim: "He is *my Saviour*."

Christmas in Palestine.

Writing about Christmas in Palestine, a missionary says:

Let us peep at Christmas in a village where a missionary labors for Christ. There is an unusually full attendance at the little mission service, in spite of cold weather and chill east wind. Christmas texts, made of white Arabic letters fastened on the blue cotton stuff used for peasant-women's gowns, decorate the walls; an Arabic version of "Hark, the her-

ald angels!" is sung to the familiar tune with immense energy; and as the story of the first Christmas is read from Luke 2, the boys cannot restrain their gladness, but eagerly repeat with the reader, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

After the missionaries have dined off a "cock of Abyssinia"—better known as a turkey in America—and a Christmas pudding, cooked with much pains over a tiny charcoal fire, a series of visitors come to drink coffee, eat Turkish delight, express good wishes, and pay compliments, according to the native custom of "saluting" from house to house. In the evening there is a larger gathering of husbands and wives and children. The boys say texts, one after another, till they have repeated most of the prophecies relating to Christ in a fashion that few English children could equal. The little girls have their texts to say and some simple hymns to sing; and, with a little coaxing, the shy dark-eyed women repeat the texts they have learned during the year. Then everybody listens to a brief, earnest address, and joins very heartily in singing some Arabic hymns. Coffee and sweets—grown-up Orientals are as fond of sweets as any children can be—add to the pleasure of the evening, and best of all are the Christmas-trees—one decorated with toys and dollies, and the other gaily adorned with candles. Our children would think the trees very poor and clumsy, but these villagers are not fastidious. Young and old, their faces shine, their eyes dance, and there are many ejaculations of admiration.

A few days later the guests meet in conclave, and instruct the chief scribes of their little band to write a letter of thanks for the Christmas-tree and the presents, and good wishes for the New Year. "We pray to God that there may be in this year to us and to you a new year, that we may see in it health and joy. Especially we pray for the blessing of God upon you, upon your work in the course of the year, so that all may be to the glory of His Name, the Precious, and we pray for a blessing on you from God, and health and length of mercies in this year, the new."

Christmas in Finland.

Finland, or Fen or Swampy-Land, is situated in the northwestern part of Russia, covering an area of nearly 150,000 square miles. The lakes occupy 12 per cent. of the area and the fens or marshes 20 per cent., but the rest is a table land, rising in the extreme north into rather high mountains. The climate is severe, but healthy. Vast primeval forests of pine, spruce, fir, and birch cover one-half the area of the country. The population numbers about two millions, and about 80 per cent. are agriculturists.

The Swedish language is spoken by the

coast population and by the higher classes, and is the official language of the country.

The Finnish tongue is spoken by the inland population, and since 1872 the Russian language has been compulsory in all the State schools.

The celebration of Christmas in Finland is very similar to that in Sweden. It is not only a time of deep religious awakening, but is also the social or festal part of the year. The reason for this is obvious, coming as it does in the middle of a long and dreary winter, since four-fifths of the people are busy during the short summer months in cultivating about 2,000,000 acres of land, in pasturing and in various other pursuits.

Two or three weeks before Christmas preparations are begun for the celebration of the holidays. At 4 o'clock P. M. on Christmas eve, the 24th of December, the festival is ushered in by ringing all the church bells throughout the land and gathering all the people to worship. After the service in the churches the people spend the evening quietly at their respective homes, together with relatives and friends. The special features of the celebration of Christmas eve are the Christmas-tree, the Christmas-gifts, and the Christmas-table. The hospitality extends to every stranger that happens to knock at the door, however humble he may be, not even the dumb brutes, nor the birds are forgotten.

Before retiring the father reads the story of the birth of the Saviour and leads in prayer and a good old Lutheran psalm is sung.

Christmas day is given up mostly to religious worship. The first service is held usually at 5 o'clock in the morning. Every one who can go to church will try to be there at this early service. It is really picturesque in the country to see the people coming from near and far, either walking or riding, carrying their torches, and filling the temples to overflowing. Before they go in, they throw their wooden torches together in one pile outside the church, thus making a beautiful bonfire, throwing a lurid glare over the snowclad landscape. The service in the church is very impressive. The second service is held at 10 o'clock A. M., and a third one in the evening. On the second day of Christmas two more services are held, as this day is regarded as being nearly as sacred as the Christmas day itself.

Great Honor.

We should well learn and earnestly consider what honor was conferred upon us, in that Christ, the Son of God, became man. For it is such an honor, that if one were an angel, he might wish he were a man, in order that he might boast: My flesh and blood are exalted above all angels. Wherefore we men ought truly to count ourselves blessed. God grant that we may understand it, take it to heart, and thank Him for it.—*Luther*.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—TIMES, it is said, are getting better. Last year mission boards were groaning underneath heavy debts. This year they are paying them off. One of them wiped out nearly a \$500,000 debt; another has just followed, wiping out a debt about half that size. Our Board of Colored Mission is waiting upon the Church to follow the good example. The debt is small compared with that of other Boards, but it should be paid.

—As we gather around the manger of Bethlehem, thanking God for the great gift of His Son for the redemption of the world, let us remember with our gifts the Church and its mission work, by which the "good tidings of great joy" are made known to sinners.

—THE Norwegian Lutheran missionaries in Madagascar last year baptized 3702 heathen. Of the 44,000 native Christians in their care 25,500 are communicants. There are 760 native Lutheran churches and 775 schools, with 1747 teachers on the island.

—CHRISTIAN converts in the island of Madagascar are still suffering serious disabilities and persecutions in consequence of their faith. A missionary, now in England, accuses the authorities of permitting the persecution of Protestants by Jesuits; and charges the Jesuits with instigating the judicial murder of innocent and loyal native Protestants, who were falsely accused of being enemies of France. Several Protestant churches, he says, which had taken years to build, have been seized by Jesuit priests, and are still in their possession.

—OUT of India's 150,000,000 women, not more than 1,000,000 can read, but that is not all. Back of this ignorance lies a long train of suppression, and suffering and heartache and woe which can scarce be entered into by those who have been brought up under the full blaze of Christian education. Plenty of room yet for God-called and heart-burdened laborers to carry the "good tidings of great joy" to the darkened homes and hearts of this land.

—THE *Jewish Gazette* informs its readers that according to the statistics of the 9th annual report of the Ev. Mission of Hanover, Germany, from the year 1888 to 1894 there have been baptized 3063 Jews in Vienna alone. From 1880 to 1897 there have been baptized in all Germany, 35,000 Jews, an average of 2500 to 3000 Jews yearly.

—THE REV. S. M. SWEMER, missionary at Bahrein, Arabia, in an article for the *Missionary Review*, states that the total Moslem population in the world is 196,491,847. Of these, 18,000,000 are under Turkish rule; under other Moslem rulers in Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan and Morocco, 22,795,000; under the Chinese Emperor, 20,000,000; under African chiefs, 36,400,000; under Christian rulers in Roumania, Greece, Russia, Baluchistan and India, Malaysia, Egypt and Zanzibar, Tunis and Algiers, 99,296,847.

—A STATEMENT from the Chinese agency to the American Bible Society reports that the Bible has been put upon the list of classics which the students are to study in order to secure their appointment in the civil service. Among the questions read by ten thousand students in one of the examination halls was this: "What do you know of the re-peopling of the earth by Noah and his family after the flood?" Hitherto the questions had been almost entirely on literary lines and limited to the literature of China. This year they are much broader, taking in more general history and the principal books of Christian countries.

—THE mission work in Japan is seriously hampered on account of a law which stipulates that all mission property must be held by native trustees. Recently the trustees of the school in Kumamoto sold the property, but the trustees have not yet turned over the proceeds of the sale. Thus mission work encounters one trial after another.

—WHEN a poor Hottentot in Africa, who had heard a word or two about God, thought over what he had heard, he became very anxious about his soul. As he went about his work in the fields, he would mutter to himself, "Me would like to pray to the great God, but me not know how;" and day after day he went on with his work, hoping that soon he would learn how to pray to the great God. One Sunday morning the farmer gathered his people together and read a portion of the Scripture and prayed with them. He read from Luke 18, and when he came to the words, "Two men went up into the temple to pray," the anxious Hottentot exclaimed, "Ah, me glad, me learn how to pray now." The master read, "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men." "No," said the poor black man, "me worse." "I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all I possess;" and the poor Negro said, "No, that is not me." But bye-and-bye the great Book spoke of the publican's prayer, and he heard that he smote on his breast and said, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Then the poor black man could stand it no longer, but, rising to his feet in the sight of every one, with the tears coursing down his black cheeks, he said, "That is me! That is me!"

OUR BOOK TABLE.

DAS BUCH DES HERRN UND SEINE FEINDE. By Rev. H. Weseloh. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 80 cts.

This is a timely book, which deserves a wide circulation. The author has done a good thing, and has done it well. The book is divided into three parts. The first part shows that the Bible is the Word of God; the second answers the objections made by the enemies of the Bible; the third treats of the proper use of the Bible. The popular style in which the book is written makes it all the more valuable.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER fuer deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1899. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10 cts.

This Almanac has been for years a welcome guest in our German Lutheran homes, and it again de-

serves a hearty welcome. It contains, besides the usual calendar and the statistics of the Synodical Conference, a large quantity of excellent reading matter, the whole forming 70 large pages. Rarely is there an opportunity to procure so much interesting and valuable reading matter for a price so small.

POPULAERE SYMBOLIK, von Martin Guenther. Dritte vermehrte Auflage. Concordia Publ. House, St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.00, postage included.

This is a new, revised, and improved edition of a most valuable work. A writer in the *Lutheran* of Philadelphia says of the book: "Guenther's Symbolik is a book with which many of our pastors not only in the West but also in the East have long been familiar and which has rendered them most excellent service. For twenty years the undersigned has constantly used it, finding it one of the most useful and valuable volumes in his library. We know of no other book that presents in such concise yet comprehensive form the distinctive doctrines of the various church bodies and at the same time enables Lutherans to give the scriptural ground for their faith and to defend this faith with the weapons of God's Word against error and false doctrine."

Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Concord, N. C., \$20.00, of Rev. F. J. Lankeau, Missionary, from St. Paul's Congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem Congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. J. C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation, Greensboro, N. C., \$12.00; of Rev. D. H. Schooff, Missionary, collection of his congregation in Meherrin, Va., on Reformation-day \$10.00. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.

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