

Concordia Seminary - Saint Louis

## Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary

---

The Lutheran Pioneer

Print Publications

---

1-1-1899

### The Lutheran Pioneer 1899

R. A. Bischoff (Editor)

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran\\_pioneer](https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran_pioneer)



Part of the [Missions and World Christianity Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Bischoff (Editor), R. A., "The Lutheran Pioneer 1899" (1899). *The Lutheran Pioneer*. 21.  
[https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran\\_pioneer/21](https://scholar.csl.edu/lutheran_pioneer/21)

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Print Publications at Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lutheran Pioneer by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Resources from Concordia Seminary. For more information, please contact [seitzw@csl.edu](mailto:seitzw@csl.edu).



# 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1899.

No. 1.

## New Year's Hymn.

Saviour, let Thy light appear,  
On our path-way gleaming,  
Through the portals of the year,  
'Mid our darkness streaming.  
Day by day,  
Lord, we pray,  
Keep us, lest our foot-steps stray,  
Where false lights are beaming.

Clouds and sunbeams, smiles and tears  
Lie before us blended;  
Hopes of youth, old age's fears,  
Visions sad or splendid.  
Day by day,  
Still we pray,  
Lord, be Thou our strength and stay  
Till our course is ended.

Cleans'd and pardon'd may we live,  
Let not fears appal us;  
Strength to do our duty give  
Whatsoever befall us.  
Day by day,  
This we pray,  
Lead us, Father, in Thy way,  
Till at last Thou call us!

Thus sustained by Thee alone,  
Happy in Thy guiding,  
Bravely may we follow on,  
In Thy love confiding:  
Day by day,  
All the way,  
Be Thy cross our hope and stay,  
Safe in Thee abiding.

*Selected.*

## "His Name Was Called Jesus."

"His Name was called Jesus." What a sweet message that is brought to us in the gospel lesson of New Year's Day! That gospel lesson is the shortest of the church-year, but it holds forth the Name which includes all the Gospel and brightens all the days of our earthly pilgrimage. "His name was called Jesus." That is the source and ground of all our happiness. There is no true happiness without Jesus; for without Him there is no forgiveness of sin and no salvation. The apostle says, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Therefore all that believe not in

the name of Jesus reject their only salvation. Their life is but a journey to endless woe. "He that believeth not shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," says the Bible. How can man be happy as long as he is under the wrath of God? All the joys, and all the honors, and all the riches of the world can not give him true happiness. They can not take away sin, they can not take away the wrath of God, they can not save from hell. Salvation, and therefore true happiness, is found in Jesus only. For why was His name called Jesus? The angel said, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sin." For this purpose He, the Son of God, became man. He was "made under the law" and fulfilled every commandment of the law and bore every curse of the law in our stead. Thus He became our Jesus, our Saviour, redeeming us from sin and all its woe. They that believe in Him have redemption through His blood, namely the forgiveness of sins. They are made the children of God and heirs of heaven. Their pilgrimage through this world is a journey to everlasting bliss. They have a Father in heaven who loves them, and protects them, and guides them, and will never forsake them. Therefore they are happy amidst all the troubles and sorrows that may befall them as the years pass by. All this they enjoy through faith in Jesus. "His name was called Jesus." That is the source and the ground of all their happiness.

"His name was called Jesus." That is also the motive and inspiration, the hope and promise, of all our mission work. They that have found happiness in Jesus can not but make known that name to those that are still in the misery of sin. As the years pass by, thousands are hastening to the grave and to eternity, and have no hope; for they know not the Saviour. Tell these hopeless ones of Him whose name was called Jesus, and in whom alone they can find happiness and salvation. Our mission among the colored people requires new and greater liberality, new and greater efforts in the new year. Let us pray more fervently and give more liberally, knowing that our labor will not be in vain. "His

name was called Jesus." That is the hope and promise of our mission work. He was not in vain called Jesus. No. Until the end of time there will always be souls that will find happiness and salvation in Him. As in the past so in the future He will bless the work done in His name. In His name the laborers in the mission field, oftentimes discouraged, may take new heart again and work on for the salvation of souls and for the glory of Him whose name was called Jesus. In His name let us all, as soldiers of the cross, move on, conquering and to conquer. Our trust is in Him whose name was called Jesus.

## "Commit Thy Way unto the Lord."

God does not intend that any of His children should be guided by their own wisdom, supported by their own strength, or walk in their own light. He has not left them in their times of ignorance dependent upon their own powers, or in their perplexity to find the path they should pursue. He teaches them to look to Himself, as a child would look to a parent, for the guidance, the protection, the encouragement, the support they constantly need. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." "Commit thy way unto the Lord." "He careth for thee." We are to relieve ourselves of our cares and burdens by laying them upon the Lord. However dark our way may be, by laying our hand in God's hand and letting Him lead us the darkness will be turned into light.

"A tender child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stairs timidly,  
'Oh, mother, take my hand,' said she,  
'And then the dark will be all light.'

"We older children grope our way,  
From dark behind to dark before:  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore."

"When thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,  
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?"



### "He Went on His Way Rejoicing."

The story which our picture illustrates you may read in Acts 8, 26—40. Of the Ethiopian, whom you see riding in the chariot, we are there told: "He went on his way rejoicing." Why did he rejoice? He was a man of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, and had charge of all her treasures. He rode in royal state and doubtless was envied by many. And yet it was not for all these things that he was joyful. For all these he might have been a miserable man, as has been the case and is still the case with many even more exalted than he. Why, then, did he go on his way rejoicing?

As he was returning from Jerusalem, whither he had gone to worship, sitting in his chariot he read the prophet Isaiah. By divine direction Philip, who was a deacon of the church, put himself in his way and asked him whether he understood what he was reading. "How can I," was the reply, "except some man should guide me?" And he asked Philip to come up and sit with him. The passage he had been reading was the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which so clearly and beautifully sets forth the atoning work of Christ. And Philip began at the same Scripture and preached unto him Jesus. He told him that all the things of which the prophet speaks have been fulfilled in Christ, the Saviour of sinners, the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

The seed fell on good ground, and it immediately sprang up and brought forth precious fruit. By the grace of God, the Ethiopian became a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and upon his confession that Jesus is the Son of God he was baptized to the remission of sins. It was a happy, joyful experience in the life of this eminent man. His heart was overflowing with delight. "And he went on his way rejoicing." Why should he not?

And why should it not be so with all Christians? They, too, are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. They are baptized in His name. For His sake their sins are all forgiven and blotted out, never to be remembered against them any more forever. They are justified in the sight of God, and He is their reconciled Father and Friend. And as they enter a new year and go on their way in the pilgrimage of life, every step brings them nearer to their everlasting home in heaven. They are nearer to that home at the close of the year than they were at the beginning. They are nearer to that home at night than they were in the morning, and nearer to it in the morning than when they laid themselves down to rest at night. Come health or sickness in the new year, come prosperity or adversity, come life or death, come what may, all is working together for their good. The rough storms that beat upon them here are wafting them more rapidly across the sea of lifetime to the blissful shores of their heavenly home. They may go on their way rejoicing.

### Epiphany in a Dark Country.

The following story comes from Ashantee, the land of terror, torture, and death within the Gold Coast of West Africa.

On the 1st of January, 1874, missionaries Ramseyer and Kuehne, together with the wife of the former and several other Christians, were still languishing (as they had been for four years) in captivity in Coomassie, the capital of that blood-stained country, where they were forced to be witnesses of numberless scenes of butchery and blood-shed. They remembered how they had been wont to celebrate this day at their mission stations, from which they had been violently carried away. In spirit and memory they heard again the hymns of praise that used to be sung in their church and in the homes of native Christians. But what a celebration in Coomassie! In



nearly every street of the city innocent blood was flowing and human victims were offered to satisfy the demands of the superstitious fears of these benighted heathen. The army had returned from war, and they were slaying their fellow-beings so that these might serve as wives and slaves to the fallen warriors.

What a mournful Epiphany it was, that 6th of January, 1874. The missionaries gathered together the few Christians within their reach and conducted a service in which fervent prayers ascended to the throne of grace for the enlightenment of the heathen world and especially for the deliverance of this darkest corner of the Dark Continent. Even for Ashantee, they said, however dense the darkness that now invests it, there is salvation through Him who came to save *all people* from their sins. "May the Lord keep aglow within us a living faith," so they pleaded, "a faith that worketh by love!"

The story reads like a romance, like a piece of fiction, though every word of it is sober truth and reality. The missionaries were shortly afterwards rescued from this dark

dungeon, and after the lapse of twenty-two years they were able in the providence of God to return to Coomassie not as captives, but as heralds of the Gospel enjoying personal liberty and the protection of the British government. Rev. and Mrs. Ramseyer are now at work in that city and the country round about. They have a hopeful school of fifty pupils in the city and several catechumens under instruction preparatory for holy baptism. Was ever a more sublime and merciful retribution visited upon a degraded and God-forsaken people? The reader can imagine what sort of an Epiphany has been enjoyed by these severely tried but grandly triumphant missionaries.

### A Cup of Water in My Name.

A woman, whose life has been long and checkered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me by my father when I was a child. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicines one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What's the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will have to be made and the dishes washed over again."

"Look, my child," he said; "do you see these little empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they contain that gives them value. Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things and count for little in themselves; but it is the sweet patience of zeal or high thought or love of God that you put into your work that shall last. These make your life." — *Ex.*

### Limping after God.

Bismarck, at one time, met General Superintendent Buechsel in the Zoological Garden. The latter accosted him and said with some warmth of congratulation: "Your Highness, permit me to take you by the hand and to tell you what pleasure it affords me to know that everything you attempt is so wonderfully successful." To this Bismarck replied: "Let me enlighten you a little," and he counted on his fingers six great political undertakings, holding on to each one a little, and saying—"so I had planned, and—so it turned out. I want to tell you something,—I am glad when I discover in which direction our Lord wants to go, and how I may then best limp after Him."



### Jesus.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

"It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest."

### This Year Also.

It was New Year's day. The people were on their way home from church. The minister had preached on the parable of the barren fig tree which was to be cut down, but which was spared on account of the gardener's prayer: "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it; and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

Two had sat together listening attentively to the sermon, and now they were walking together down the road: an old and a young man. The old man was the smith of the village, the young man had but lately arrived and had opened a shoe store opposite the smithy.

As they walked along, the old man sighed deeply and wiped tears from his eyes. The young shoemaker looked at his neighbor with great surprise, saying, "Has the sermon affected you so deeply?" The old man nodded and on parting invited his young neighbor to visit him some evening, when he would tell him all.

So it happened that one evening the young shoemaker entered the room where his aged neighbor lived all by himself. He found him sitting at a table with an open Bible before him.

The old man soon began the following story: "On the first day of January of the past year I lay there in bed very sick. My sins rose before my mind like high mountains. I had lived to be seventy years old, and still I was the slave of sin; I was a drunkard. My conscience spoke to me as in a voice of thunder: 'Now you must die, and then comes the judgment.' The parable of the barren fig tree came to my mind on that New Year's day. I heard the terrible voice: 'Cut him down! Seventy years, and no fruit! Seventy years, and still a drunkard! Cut him down!' I felt as if all strength had left me. I could only sigh from the bottom of my heart: 'Have mercy! Oh, have mercy!' I lay quiet for a while, thinking further on that parable. I heard the voice of the pleading gardener: 'This year also! This year also.' These words filled my heart with hope. There was mercy for me. The barren fig tree was to be spared this year also. Jesus was pleading for my soul. I soon recovered from my sickness and since that New Year's day I am changed. I have come to my Saviour, and in Him I have found forgiveness of sins and strength to over-

come sin. Now another New Year has come, and I am still living; but I am ready, yes, I am ready to die. May my end come to-day or to-morrow, I know that I shall fall asleep in Jesus."

The young man listened attentively to his neighbor's story, and when he bade him good night, the old man held his hand and said, "Old people must die, young people may die! Therefore all should heed the voice of the pleading Jesus: 'This year also!'"

### Too Late!

Many years ago a rich merchant of New York went South and married a wealthy and cultured young lady. The young couple took up their dwelling in New York and soon became prominent in "high society." The wife had been brought up in a Christian family and had been known for her piety and her kindness towards the poor and the sick. However, since her husband, whom she considered very smart, did not care for religion, she soon adopted his views of life. Her Bible and her hymn book were laid aside, and the services of God's house were neglected. The pleasures of this world took possession of her heart. Her time was given up to society, to the theatre, and to dancing. How to dress and adorn herself according to the latest fashion was with her the most important question.

About twelve years ago she traveled to some distant friend. During the journey a terrible wreck occurred, in which she was seriously injured. She was taken to the next station and a doctor was called from the nearest village.

Of his meeting with the lady the doctor says: It was one of the most painful experiences I ever had. I had to tell her that she had but an hour to live. She would not believe that her case was so serious.

"I must go home," she said, "I must go to New York."

"Mrs. L., that is impossible. Moving you now would only shorten your life."

She lay on the floor; the brakemen had rolled up their cloaks to furnish her a pillow.

"I have but one hour to live? Is that what you said, doctor?"

"It is my painful duty to tell you so."

She sighed deeply: "Thus I must end! What is left to me of the world? It is not much, doctor," she said with a bitter smile.

The men left the room, and I closed the door lest she might be disturbed.

For a while she lay silent; then she said with great excitement: "How much good could I have done! All the money, all the time I had! All was wasted! Now it is too late! Only one hour to live!"

My words of comfort were in vain. She grew more excited.

"Doctor," she said, "I wanted to shine in the world, I wanted to outshine all others.

Great God, fashion, fashion! Now I have only one hour—one hour! It is too late!"

But she had no hour. Her excitement had been too great. Soon after those last words she passed away. Nothing ever made such an impression on me as that cry of despair: "It is too late!"

"The night cometh when no man can work."

### Nearer Home.

An old man and a school-boy were sitting together in a railroad car. The boy had spent his vacations at his grandmother's and was now on his way home. The old man, who was a great friend of children, delighted to converse with the modest little fellow.

After a while the boy looked out of the window and said, "Now I am not far from my native town and from my mother." His eyes beamed with joy as he related how his mother was expecting him, and how glad she would be when he came home.

"Should I not be like this child?" thought the old man. "Should I not, even under the burdens of old age, rejoice, since I am coming nearer home every day? Should not my heart be filled with gladness on thinking how it will be when I come home over yonder where Jesus is waiting for me? Have not I also a window through which I may see my home in the distance? Have I not God's Word in which my home is described and pointed out to me with all its bliss and joys? O the beauties of the mansion which Christ has prepared for me in my Father's house!"

### Compassion of Jesus.

Luther said, "I would run into the arms of Christ if He stood with a drawn sword in His hands." John Butterworth, reading this, resolved to do likewise, and found, as every venturing sinner does, no sword in the hands of Christ, but open arms and a hearty welcome. Jesus' proclamation, forever sounding forth to every burdened heart, is, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." He demonstrated His marvelous compassion by dying for us; He will not now repulse the approaching sinner.

### Christ is All.

We have all things in Christ, and Christ is all things in us: if we are sick, He is a physician; if we fear death, He is life; if we are in darkness, He is light; if we are in want, He is rich; if we are hungry, He is food; if we are thirsty, He is drink; if we are miserable, He is mercy; if we are longing for heaven, He is the way.—*St. Ambrose.*



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

WISHING ALL OUR READERS a Happy New Year, we, with this number, begin the twenty-first volume of our PIONEER. The little fellow is growing old, but we hope that his friends of the past years will not forsake him and that he will gain many new friends in the coming year, in which he will continue to do his humble work for the Master. Since all the profit derived from the sale of our mission papers is put into the mission treasury, the wide circulation of these papers would be a help for our mission work. May God open many new homes in the coming year.

AT ELON COLLEGE, N. C., Rev. Schmidt, our missionary in Greensboro, preaches twice a month. The station, however, also needs a teacher for the instruction of the children in Bible and Catechism. Mr. Persson, our teacher in the school at Southern Pines, last summer devoted all his vacation time to keeping school at Elon College. God richly blessed his labors. Parents and children were very thankful for the instruction received.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY has taken an advanced step in respect to Bible distribution in the Philippine Islands. In view of the prospect that these islands may soon be opened for new forms of Christian work, the secretaries were authorized to request the Rev. John R. Hykes, the Society's agent for China, to visit Manila, to inquire into existing facts and conditions, as a help to prompt and vigorous action in case there should be fit opportunities for circulating the Scriptures. To meet the expenses incident to his journey and to preliminary work, an appropriation of \$1000 was made. It was also decided to inaugurate Bible work in Porto Rico at the earliest moment, and to resume the operations in Cuba, which were suspended two years ago.

A STRONG EXAMPLE of the power of the Gospel is cited by the *New York Observer*, when it says: "The transforming power of foreign missions is tellingly illustrated by this fact, among others, that while in 1850, in the Fiji islands a man could be bought for seven dollars, be butchered and eaten, without even a public remonstrance, to-day, the Bible is in nearly every house, and on Sunday, nine-tenths of the people are assembled in the church for public worship."

THERE is a remarkable increase of population in British Central Africa since the protectorate was established. Formerly the country was desolated by constant intertribal wars. The stronger peoples raided the weaker, killing thousands every year, and carrying thousands more into slavery. The poison ordeal was frightfully common. On the slightest charge of witchcraft, sometimes an entire village was compelled to drink the poison, with

the result that the majority died. A missionary has described how he has seen rows of corpses lying outside a village, killed by the poison, and left there to be devoured by the hyenas. But all this is now changed. The administration have subdued and removed most of the turbulent chiefs. They have forbidden the poison ordeal, under the heaviest penalties, and now almost throughout the protectorate there is a sense of security. Villagers, who had taken refuge in marshes, and inaccessible ravines, are returning to the open country, and on the very war paths their old enemies are building villages, and hoeing gardens. The introduction of liquor is forbidden, so that British Central Africa is saved from the greatest curse of South Africa.

A MISSIONARY in the Punjab writes of there being "one man among a million of perishing souls, scattered over 10,605 square miles of mountainous country;" and another speaks of there being three missionaries for the Multan district, a tract of country about the size of England. "The laborers are few."

A MISSIONARY in Western China rented, some time ago, a little shop in the city in which he works. The following extract from his letter describes it, and the good use he makes of it: "It is not more than eight or nine feet square," he writes, "but there is room for a small table, chairs and stools. I only open it on market-days, which is nearly every other day. The whole front of the shop is removed, the table brought forward and spread with our books. Opposite is a pottery yard, and a portion is railed off for countrymen to sell sweet potatoes. The shops are all small. To the right is a boot shop, to the left a braid shop. By about eleven o'clock the market is in full swing, and the streets continue to be thronged till past three in the afternoon. As soon as one or two stop and look at the books others also stop, and presently a crowd gathers, and I stand preaching, and do not stop until I see that they are dispersing, and then I distribute sheet tracts. Sometimes men will sit inside and read the books, coming again and again to read and talk. Others are afraid to look at the books, supposing that they will injure the eyes. These usually walk by on the other side and look the other way!"

A MISSIONARY, writing home, gives this account of a Chinese funeral: "The old lady across the street has just died. Her sons are rich and think their money can buy happiness for their mother's soul. They burn make-believe money, and say that it turns into real gold and silver for her to use. I can't tell you all the things they have burned for her. There was a paper horse for her to ride, though the old lady never even trusted herself on a donkey here; there was a cart with a mule to pull it; paper servants to do all

sorts of work, paper houses, flowers, tables, chairs, a pig, and even an image of her pet cat. These all were sent up in smoke, and supposed to go to her, wherever she is. Several bowls of real food that she liked best were burned too. Ugly paper lions were burned to guard her door and keep thieves away, for the Chinese have no treasures in heaven, where thieves cannot break through and steal. At her grave two huge paper giants were burned—one black and the other white. Their faces were terribly fierce, and they were expected to drive evil spirits away."

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it," said a smart young fellow one day to an old minister. "Why didn't you have some knowledge of this world before you came into it," was the well-aimed reply.

### Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions 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. John C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Greensboro, N. C., \$12.00.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 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 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. 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1899.

No. 2.

## Whom I Serve.

Jesus, Master! whom I serve,  
Though so feebly and so ill,  
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve  
All Thy bidding to fulfill;  
Open Thou mine eyes to see  
All the work Thou hast for me.

Lord, Thou needest not, I know,  
Service such as I can bring;  
Yet I like to prove and show  
Full allegiance to my King.  
Thou an honor art to me,  
Let me be a praise to Thee.

Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use  
One who owes Thee more than all?  
As Thou wilt! I would not choose,  
Only let me hear Thy call.  
Jesus, let me always be  
In Thy service glad and free.

*Selected.*

## Come to Jesus.

Let all weary and heavy laden souls come to the Saviour in confidence, for He Himself has said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." With this invitation let them overcome all timidity and doubt, and not be kept back by anything in them, of them, or around them; for He invites all the weary and heavy laden and promises to give them rest. Would He break His Word? Would He let those who trust in Him be put to shame? Would He cast out him who comes at His command? Assuredly not. Listen to what he says: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Him that cometh to me"—no matter who he is or what he is—"him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"But I am a great sinner, sayest thou?"

*I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.*

But I am an old sinner, sayest thou?"

*I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.*

I have served Satan all my days, sayest thou?"

*I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.*

But I have sinned against light, sayest thou?"

*I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.*

I have no good thing to bring, sayest thou?"

*I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.*

## Where Peace is Found.

Who would not like to find peace? Peace of conscience, peace of soul, everlasting peace. Where is such peace to be found? There is One who came into this sinful world to bring peace. It is Jesus. At His birth the angels sang, "Peace on earth." Of Him the apostle says that He "made peace through the blood of His cross." As salvation, so peace is found in Him only. He Himself says, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me you might have peace." It is in Christ, therefore, we have peace, and not in ourselves, nor in anything that we do or feel. Yet how many seek peace in their prayers or in their feelings or in their duties! If these are not what they desire, away goes their peace, and down they sink into the deepest dejection.

Surely they forget that it is not the work of the Spirit *in* them, but the work of Christ *for* them, a work finished more than eighteen hundred years ago, which forms the sole ground of their acceptance with God, and which can therefore be the only ground of their peace. If their prayers were ever so fervent, if their feelings were ever so sweet, if their duties were ever so faithfully done, all these could not form the faintest shadow of the cause or reason of their salvation or of their peace. Christ's atoning work is the only ground of our salvation, and therefore the only ground of our peace. That work of Christ is offered to us as complete in the Gospel. The moment the sinner by faith takes it as his own, and as long as he thus takes it, he *has* peace—a peace resting, not on his feelings or on anything he finds in his own sinful self, but on that which Christ did *for* him when He bore the punishment of our sins.

Yes, peace is to be found in Jesus only. The apostle says, "Now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. FOR HE IS OUR PEACE" (Eph. 2, 13, 14). Not He, and something else, but He alone is our peace, and hence it is written, "Being justified by faith [not feeling], we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 5, 1). Not through our feelings, which come and go like April

clouds, not through anything that we do or suffer, which, even at its best, is imperfect and blotted with sin, but through our Lord Jesus Christ we have peace. "Now the Lord of peace Himself give you peace always" by faith in Jesus, who has "made peace through the blood of His cross."

## A well-founded Hope.

In Wittenberg Luther called to see a very sick student, who had been somewhat frivolous and indifferent as to his spiritual needs, and asked him, "Should God call you out of this world, what have you to take with you?" To this the student replied, "Everything good, my father, everything good." "But how can you, a miserable sinner, offer God anything good?" asked Luther. "Why, my father, I will offer Him a broken and a contrite heart that is sprinkled with the precious blood of Jesus Christ," was the earnest and happy reply. "Depart in peace, my son," said Luther, "God will receive you and welcome you as His guest in heaven." After all, how simple is the plan of salvation, and yet how difficult sin and unbelief do make it!

"Take therefore no Thought for the Morrow." Matt. 6, 34.

"Sometimes," says John Newton, "I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; he mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it."

Though Christ permits us to sink down,  
He will not suffer His to drown.  
*M. Luther.*



### People of the Philippines.

The well dressed people presented in our picture evidently belong to the better class of Philipinos. The larger number of the inhabitants of those islands are not educated. They have suffered for centuries under the barbarian rule of Spain and the spiritual bondage of the Roman church. Since Spain's rule has come to an end, there is hope that the islands will be opened to the light of the Gospel preached by Protestant missionaries.

The Philipinos are said to take life easy. Their requirements are few. The sum of \$25 will provide a native household with a dwelling of its own and ample furniture.

Under a genial climate on a soil lavishly grateful for the slightest tending; by waters teeming with fish; they know naught of hunger, and have much time left for amusements. They are fond of dancing, of public rejoicings on the smallest occasion, and of music (for which they have a natural talent, so that there is scarcely a commune without a fairly-trained brass band), and of gambling. Cock-fighting is the national sport, and no mean source of revenue to the authorities. Almost every native owns a fighting fowl, which is as dear to him as her lap dog to a European lady. He carries it about with him, and bets his last dollar on its performance in the arena.

The native is an intermittent rather than a steady worker; and his delight in feasts and holidays, and his content, which passes him off as rich in his own mind with \$10 in his purse, make him, as a laborer—docile as he is, and willing to please—a source of frequent annoyance to his employers.

The bulk of the natives are of a race akin to the Malays. Pure Malays are settled only on the coasts of certain islands, where at times they give the authorities some trouble. In the interior of Luzon and some of the other islands the remnants of a race of natives of Papuan origin are found, still as untamed and given to roving through the forests as the Spaniards found them 300 years ago. Like their Australian kinsmen, they fly from civilization and succumb when forced into contact with it.

### Dying in West Africa.

Miss Mary H. Kingsley, who in 1893 made explorations in West Africa, and later stepped at once into the front rank among travelers and writers, by her description of her remarkable experiences, tells about the superstitions and customs of the natives, who are chiefly under the rule of the witch doctor. Concerning death she says:

Dying, especially in the Niger Delta, is made very terrible. When the patient has become insensible, violent means are taken to restore the spirit to the body. Pepper is forced up the nose and into the eyes. The mouth is propped open with a stick.

The shredded fibres of the outside of the oil-nut are set alight and held under the nose, and the whole crowd of friends and relations—with whom the stifling hot hut is tightly packed—yell the dying man's name at the top of their voices, in a way that makes them hoarse for days, just as if they were calling for a person lost in the bush, or to a person struggling and being torn or lured away from them.

"Hi, hi, don't you hear? come back, come back. See here. This is your place," etc. If a woman dies, leaving a child over six months old, special care is taken to pacify



People of the Philippine Islands.

her, lest her spirit should come back for the little one.

The child is brought in and held just in front of the dead mother. Then it is gradually smuggled out of the hut while a bundle of plantains is put in with the body. Very young children they do not attempt to keep, but throw them away in bush alive.

The under-world to which the spirit goes after death, is regarded by Negroes and Bantus as just the same as this world, only dimmer. "One day in this world is worth a year in Srahmandazi."

### How she knew it was God's Book.

She sat behind her neatly-arranged fruit stand—a girl of fourteen—absorbed in reading her Bible. She did not hear the footsteps of a gentleman who was passing by, and was startled by his question:

"What are you reading that interests you so much?"

"The Word of God, sir," she timidly replied.

"Who told you that the Bible is the Word of God?" he inquired.

"God told me Himself," she replied with childlike innocence.

"God told you? Impossible! How did He tell you? You have never seen Him, nor talked with Him. How, then, could He tell you that the Bible is His Word?"

For a few seconds the girl seemed confused, but she very soon recovered herself, and her ready wit came to her aid. There was a flash in her dark eyes as she asked:

"Sir, who told you there is a sun yonder in the blue sky above us?"

"Who told me?" said the man, smiling somewhat contemptuously; for he fancied that the girl was trying to hide her ignorance under an irrelevant question. "Who told me? Nobody, I did not need to be told. The sun tells me this about itself. It warms me, and I love its light. That is telling me plain enough."

"Sir," said the girl with intense earnestness, as she stood before him with clasped hands, "you have put it right for both Bible and sun. That is the way God tells me this is His book, I read it, and it warms my heart and gives me light. I love its light, and no one but God can give such light and warmth through the pages of a book. It must be His. I do not want more telling; that is telling enough, sir. As sure as the sun is in heaven, so sure is God shining through this book."

The skeptic was abashed. The earnest faith of the young fruit-seller amazed him. He could adroitly insinuate doubts into the minds of those who have only given an intellectual assent to the truth that the Bible is God's book, but the girl's heart experience of the power of God's Word was an evidence he could not shake.—M. H.

### Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Halley.

The noted naturalist, Newton, was as a youth a decided unbeliever, but in later years he investigated the witnesses of Holy Scripture carefully and became as decided a Christian. When the similarly famous astronomer, Dr. Edmund Halley, expressed his unbelief before him, Newton said to him: "Dr. Halley, I always like to hear you, when you talk on astronomy, mathematics and such things, for these you have studied and understand. But you should not speak on the Bible, for you do not understand it, because you have not carefully investigated it. I have examined it, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This admonition suits to the unbelievers of to-day. They speak of things of which they know nothing.

Sonntagsbote.



### The Old Bible.

"I opened the old, old Bible,  
And looked at a page of Psalms,  
Till the wintry sea of my trouble  
Was soothed by its summer calms:  
For the words that have helped so many,  
And that ages have made more dear,  
Seemed new in their power to comfort  
As they brought me my word of cheer."

### Namakei's Sermon.

Namakei lived in Aniwa, a coral island in the far-off Pacific. The sea roared and thundered and rushed about the little island, scarce allowing a vessel to rest in its harbor. But the sea was not so cruel as the islanders, who killed and ate their enemies, and would have eaten their missionary for supper as readily as they did one of their pigs. Many times a club or an axe was lifted against him, yet the blow never fell. God was on the side of the missionary.

Yet Aniwa was a lovely island, where good things grew without work. Were the natives hungry, they ate of the luscious bananas or coconuts, or found bread ready-made on their bread-fruit trees. One thing was wanting: in all the island there was no stream of water. Each village had its rain-pool, and this stagnant, dirty water was all the natives drank. They spent much of their time frolicking in the sea, which helped to quench their thirst, and so they got on very well; but the missionary's family suffered, and the missionary determined to dig a well.

"What!" said the Aniwas, "get rain from the ground! That is foolish; rain comes from the clouds. The Missi is mad; his head is wrong. Let him go to our sacred men if he wants water; they can bring rain."

Their old chief, Namakei, had been converted, had learned to love the missionary, and he also came to see what all this meant, but went away, saying sadly, "Poor Missi; that is the way with all who go mad; there is no driving a notion out of their heads."

Digging the well was hard work. In consideration of a generous supply of fish-hooks, some of the natives were induced to draw up and empty the buckets of earth, but not one would go down into the well. Alone, day after day, the missionary kept digging, until thirty feet down he found the earth growing damp. Then he said to the old chief,

"Namakei, I think that Jehovah God will to-morrow give us water."

"No, Missi," he answered, "you will never see rain coming up through the earth on this island. If you reach water, you will drop through into the sea; the sharks will eat you, and that will be the end of it." Then he went home.

Daylight found them both at the well again. Down the missionary went, jug in hand, and soon his glad cry rang out, "Water! water!

fresh, living water! Thank God!" Filling his jug, he was drawn up by the natives, and poured out some for them to drink. The old chief tasted first, and shouted, "Rain! rain! But how did you get it?"

"My God Jehovah gave it out of the earth," said the missionary. "Go down and see for yourselves."

Not one had the courage to go, but placing themselves in line, holding firmly each one the hand of the one next to him, the foremost went near enough to take a peep, then passed back to do his part in holding safely the others. The well was to them a miracle.

"No god of Aniwa ever helped us this way," said Namakei; and at last, after the well was finished, his joy and wonder grew until he asked,

"Missi, will you let me preach a sermon on the well?"

"Yes, if you try to bring all your people to hear you," replied the missionary. The chief promised, and the next Sunday a great crowd assembled to hear him.

He was there promptly, dressed in shirt and kilt, more clothing than he had ever worn before, and put on now in honor of the occasion. Of course, he had his tomahawk—no chief ever appeared without one—and in his excitement flourished it wildly. After a prayer, Namakei arose and began, saying,

"Friends of Namakei, listen to my words. Since Missi came, he has talked many strange things. Of some we said, 'They are lies; white people may believe them, but the black fellows know better.' Of all the wonderful stories, we thought the strangest was this sinking down through the earth to get rain. But the Missi prayed on and worked. We mocked him, but the water was there. We have laughed at other things the Missi has told us because we could not see them. From this day I believe all he tells me about his Jehovah God."

Then the old man stamped the floor, making the broken coral fly as he exclaimed,

"My people of Aniwa, the world is turned upside down since the word of Jehovah came to this land. Wonderful is the work of Jehovah! No god of Aniwa ever answered prayers as the Missi's God has done. Friends of Namakei, by the help of Jehovah God Missi has brought the unseen rain to view. Something here in my heart tells me that Jehovah God, the unseen One, does exist. The coral has been removed, the land cleared away, and lo! the water rises! So I, your chief, do believe that when I die, when the bits of earth are taken from my blind eyes, I shall see the unseen Jehovah God with my soul, just as I see to-day the rain from below. The gods of Aniwa can not hear, can not help us like the God of Missi. Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God. Let every man that thinks with me go now and fetch the idols of Aniwa and cast them down at Missi's feet. Let us burn and bury and destroy these things of

wood and stone. Let Missi teach us how to serve Jehovah God, who gave us the well. He will give us every other blessing, for He sent His Son Jesus to die for us and bring us to heaven. This is what the Missi has been telling us every day. We laughed; now we believe him. Namakei stands up for Jehovah."

That was the old chief's sermon; and he practiced what he preached, for that very afternoon he came with his family, bringing their idols and casting them down at the missionary's door. During the weeks that followed, company after company brought their gods, shouting as they walked, "Jehovah! Jehovah!"

Some idols were burned, some thrown into the sea, yet some natives clung to their gods, the gods of their fathers; but from that day the Aniwan church grew. The old chief's sermon was a message from God.

The well is still a joy and comfort. Visitors are taken to see it as one of the wonders of Aniwa; for, although the natives have since tried a number of times to sink wells, they have found only salt water or flinty rock, and they say to each other, "Missi not only used pick and spade, but he prayed and cried unto God. We have learned to dig, but we have not learned to pray, and therefore Jehovah will not give us rain from below."

*Adapted from Paton's "New Hebrides."*

### Did not know it was there.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said: "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?"

"Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood and I have the team, but who is to pay me for it?"

The pastor replied: "I will pay you for it, on condition that you read the first three verses of the forty-first Psalm before you go to bed to-night."

The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive, and he shall be blest upon the earth, and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterward the pastor met him again.

"How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?"

"Oh," said the now enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the widow's wants."

PRAYER is the Christian's business. Let us pray and strive, for the word of faith and the prayer of the just are the mightiest weapons.



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

OUR missionary at Greensboro, N. C., informs us that in Elon College there are not only two services held a month, as stated in the last issue of the PIONEER, but that there are two services every Sunday in the month: preaching and catechism instruction.

DR. GRIFFITH JOHN, one of the best-known missionaries in China, sends the following story from Hankow: "A little Chinese boy who had been to a Christian school had made up his mind that he would worship idols no more. Some of his relations were very angry because of this, and tried to force him to worship them. They beat him, but it was of no use; he only became more determined in his mind that he would never worship them again. One day they took him to a temple and tried to force him to go on his knees and bow his head to the idol, but he stoutly refused. "At last they threatened to throw him into the river which was flowing near by. 'Throw me,' said he, 'if you like; but I will never worship wood and stone again. Jesus is the true Saviour, and I will worship him only.' They took hold of him and pitched him into the water. One of his relatives, however, rushed after him and picked him up again. When out of the water the first thing he said was, 'You have not succeeded. While in the water I never prayed to idols; I only prayed to Jesus.' A brave little boy that!"

NEEDS.—In the heart of Africa there is a population of 60,000,000 without a missionary. It is stated that there are 1,000,000 villages in China in which the Gospel has never been proclaimed. In one province of India with a population of 24,000,000 there are only six missionaries. The Bible has been translated only into about 70 of the 391 languages and dialects found in Africa. In Japan there are 185 times as many heathen temples as there are Protestant workers.

THE Empress of China has issued a decree commanding her officials to enforce respect for the lives and protection of the property of Christian missionaries throughout the empire. The trouble is that the viceroys of the 19 provinces are independent fellows, caring very little for the good or ill will of the figure heads at Peking. Still, the recognition of Christian missions by the supreme ruler of China is an event worthy of notice.

A SOUTH AFRICAN missionary gave some startling figures to an English audience recently as to the warm and self-sacrificing interest taken by his converts in the extension of missionary work. His own native congregation, he said, consisted of five hundred members, and these five hundred between them collected £80 a year for foreign missions alone; and yet the wages of these poor

people amounted to no more than one shilling per man a day. Here is surely a splendid object lesson to Christians at home.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society employs 724 colporteurs in 23 different countries; in China, 200, who disposed of 477,236 volumes during 1897; Russia, 67, with 200,850 copies; India, 132, and 120,457 volumes. This Society has long been watching for an opportunity to carry the Word into the Philippines. "A consignment of Spanish Scriptures has been sent to Hong Kong. Thousands of Spanish and Pangasinan Scriptures have been waiting for ten years at Singapore for an opportunity of entrance. As regards native languages, the Society has nearly the whole New Testament in Pangasinan, and the Gospel of St. Luke in Tagalog has been just printed."

DURING the late revolution in Central Africa the Soudanese troops devastated the district of Toro, leaving the people so poor that they said "they had forgotten what the bleating of a goat was." Nevertheless, when these Toro Christians, in their deep poverty, heard that the people of Uganda after the mutiny had not funds enough to pay their native teachers, they made a collection and sent them provisions valued at \$150. And these Toro Christians never heard of Christianity until four years ago!

THE treasurer of a Mission Board writes: A quiet, unassuming woman came into our office a short time ago, and presented two crisp one hundred dollar bills, and said that she wished this money to be applied on the payment of the debt of the Missionary Society. She did not desire that her name be published. When a wish was expressed to know who she was, for private and personal gratification, she declined to give her name or residence, and said that the money could be credited to "C. S."

It is said of a negro preacher who insisted on liberal giving, that a selfish, well-to-do man in the congregation said to him before the service: "Yer gwine ter kill dis church, ef yer goes on sayin' 'give, give.' No church can stan' it. Yer gwine ter kill it." After the sermon the preacher said: "Brother Jones told me I was gwine to kill this church if I kep' a askin' yer to give; but, my brethren, churches doesn't die dat way. If 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'se gwine to visit it, and I'll climb on de walls of dat church, unner de light of de moon, and cry, "Blessed am de dead dat die in de Lord."

THE faculty of Knoxville College, an institution of the United Presbyterians for the education of colored people, expelled 17 stu-

dents on account of insubordination. They averaged about 23 years, most of them being students of the normal and theological departments. They were beneficiaries of the church, having been entirely supported by congregations. The trouble arose because they refused to obey an order of the faculty which required that all students should march to chapel-service two by two. The heroic method employed by the faculty has had a wholesome effect on the remaining 365 students. Discipline is again restored.

### Acknowledgments.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. Kossmann from his Bethlehem Congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. F. J. Lankeau from his St. Paul's Congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. J. C. Schmidt from his Grace Congregation in Greensboro, N. C., \$12.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt from his Grace Congregation in Concord, N. C., \$20.00; of Rev. D. H. Schooff from his Congregation in Meherrin, Va., \$12.00.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 21, 1899.

A. C. BURGDOFF, Treas.

Received of Rev. J. C. Schmidt, from Grace Congregation, Greensboro, N. C., \$6.00. May God bless the kind donors.

Colored Students of Concordia College, Springfield, Ill.

### 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 7¼ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 10¼ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7¼ o'clock Tuesday evening.  
Singing school meets at 7¼ 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 7¼ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7¼ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle meets at 7¼ o'clock evening.  
F. J. LANKEAU, Missionary.

#### EV. LUTH. BETHLEHEM CHAPEL.

Cor. Washington Avenue and Dryades Str.

Divine services: Sunday evening at 7¼ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7¼ o'clock.  
Sunday School at 9¼ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class every Tuesday at 7¼ o'clock and after the divine service on Thursday evening.  
Choir practice at 7¼ o'clock on Tuesday evening and after divine service on Thursday evening.  
Circle for Young People meets at the school every Tuesday evening at 7¼ 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1899.

No. 3.

## Saviour, we are Thine.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
Not with gold or gem,  
But with Thine own life-blood,  
For Thy diadem.

With Thy blessing filling  
Each who comes to Thee,  
Thou hast made us willing,  
Thou hast made us free.

By Thy grand redemption,  
By Thy grace Divine,  
We are on the Lord's side—  
Saviour, we are Thine.

Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow.

Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure;  
In His truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure.

Joyfully enlisting,  
By Thy grace Divine,  
We are on the Lord's side—  
Saviour, we are Thine.

F. R. H.

## Lessons of Lent.

In the season of Lent we go with the Saviour on His way of sorrows from Gethsemane to Calvary and meditate upon His sufferings and death. There are many lessons to be learned from such meditation. Let me point out the most important.

From Christ's sufferings and death we learn to know the enormity of sin. Men often think light of sin, but sin is a horrible thing. It brought upon the Son of God the greatest agony, the most bitter sufferings, and the most shameful death. There was no sin in Christ. He is "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." But there were sins on Christ. He is the Lamb of God that beareth the sins of the world. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." The sin-hating God saw His sin-bearing Son and poured out upon Him the vials of his wrath. What a horrible thing sin must be! What a great offense against God! How

great must be God's wrath over sin! He did not spare His only-begotten, His well-beloved Son when He saw Him laden with the sins of the world. Woe to them that regard sin lightly. From the sufferings and death of Christ they may learn the enormity of sin. May the Lenten meditations fill their hearts with sorrow over sin and with hatred of sin.

From the sufferings and death of Christ we learn also the greatness of God's love. It was love that moved God to send His Son into this world, that He may bear our sins and suffer and die in our stead. God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son into sufferings and death, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ *died for us.*" It was love that moved the Son of God to come into this world and to take upon Himself our sins and to bear the punishment which we deserved. He loved us, and therefore gave Himself for us, and redeemed us from sin and all its woe. Through the darkness of Christ's sufferings and death we behold the bright sun of God's unspeakable love. Such love must melt the sinner's heart and draw him towards that Saviour who has redeemed him with His own precious blood. However great his sins may be, the love of the suffering and dying Saviour is far greater. His loving arms, once extended on the cross, are still open to receive the chief of sinners. His unspeakable love gives us the assurance that He will in no wise cast out them that come unto Him for pardon, rest, peace, and everlasting life.

Thus learning to know the greatness of God's love, we shall also learn to love Him who loved us first and to show our love by serving Him. This also is a lesson of Lent. Christ "has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all sins, from death and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with His holy, precious blood and with His innocent suffering and death, that I may be His own, and live under Him in His kingdom, and serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence and blessedness." Our service must not be

the forced service of a slave, but the willing, joyful service of a beloved and loving child. It must be the expression of a loving and grateful heart. The love of Christ must move us to make known the Gospel of His love. It must be the great motive power in all our mission work. Thus the season of Lent will awaken and intensify the missionary spirit in our hearts. May God make us willing to learn the lessons of Lent!

## Excuses.

It is wonderful, writes a pastor, how easily people find excuses when they do not like to do a thing. Take church-going and store-going. Every morning the man is at his business; nothing keeps him from it but the grippe or some disease which will not let him out of the house. He may feel tired, but he goes. He may have a headache, but off he starts; and when he is there, how interested he is—how absorbed, how devoted! That is store-going. And now take the same man, and look at his church-going. What a contrast! "I have a headache; I do not think I will go to church." "It rains hard, and it is so cold; I will not venture out." "I feel tired; I will stay at home and rest." And often, when he goes, how he lolls about and looks around and lets his mind wander. Yes, you say, but one is business to which he must attend; we will lose our place or our money; and the other is—well, what is it? Is it not an important thing? Is it not God's business? Is it not a very solemn, a very urgent affair? Can it be neglected? "We should fear and love God, that we may not despise preaching and His Word; but hold it sacred and gladly hear and learn it."

How oft, when thunder clouds are nigh,  
The brilliant arch illumes the sky,  
Inviting men to praise and bless  
The great Creator's faithfulness.  
So, Lord, when doubt and darkness rise,  
May faith behold, with steadfast eyes,  
Thy mercy in the saddest hour,  
And trust Thy promise and Thy power.

Selected.



### Lip Service.

We should serve God, not only with our lips, but with our hearts and all that we have. Mere lip service is the service of the hypocrites. Of such the Saviour says, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me," Matt. 15, 8. And again He says, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven," Matt. 7, 21. Mere lip service is not pleasing unto the Lord.

A converted cowboy once gave his idea of mere lip service in the following words: "Lots of folks think that serving the Lord means merely shouting themselves hoarse praising His name. They easily open their lips, but will not open their pocket books, nor will they do anything for Christ and His kingdom. Now, I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm working here for Jim. Now, if I'd sit around the house here, telling what a good fellow Jim is, and not do anything for him, I'd be doing just like what some church people do; but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right and not suffering for water and feed, or being off the range and branded by cattle thieves, then I'm serving Jim not only with my lips, but as he wants to be served."

The language was rough, but there was a truth struggling for expression in the cowboy's mind. Mere lip service is not pleasing unto the Lord. When Peter confessed his love for Christ, the Saviour said unto him, "Feed my sheep! Feed my lambs."

### "Honor thy Father and thy Mother."

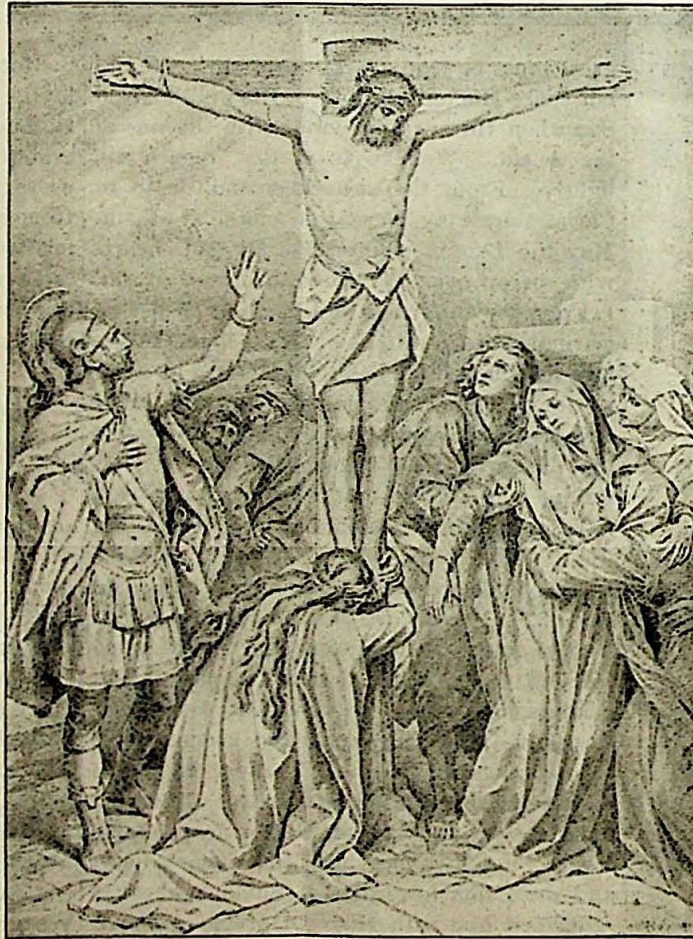
An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman, who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know the catechism word for word." "But do they understand it? That is the question," said the clergyman. The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fourth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper, "Yesterday I showed some strange gentleman over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentleman saw they were bleeding, and gave me money to buy shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

### On the Cross.

"Jesus dying on the tree,  
Means eternal life for thee—  
Means that grace o'er sin hath sway—  
Means that love hath had its way.

Jesus dying on the tree,  
Means Jehovah's just decree,  
Words of Him who cannot lie,  
'Whoso sinneth—he shall die.'

Jesus dying on the tree,  
Means this sentence passed on me  
Has descended on His head,  
And that He has died instead.



Jesus dying on the tree,  
Means that mercy now is free,  
Free to bless since He has died,  
And God's throne is satisfied.

Jesus dying on the tree,  
Means—and oh, how sweet to see!  
That my sins are all forgiven,  
And that I'm made meet for heaven.

Jesus dying on the tree,  
Means that I ere long shall be,  
Through His precious blood alone,  
Soon in glory, safe at home!"

### Jewish Negroes.

A Russian Jew, resident of Meadah, gives information concerning a great number of Israelites, inhabiting the oases of Sahara, and dwelling also at Bather, Bis Arabi, Taggert, Bousra Bein, Uzab, Loquaz, etc. There are

in each of these places as many as a hundred Jewish families, and in some of them even more. In one place there are six hundred families, with numerous synagogues and about one hundred copies of the Law, written upon parchment, some of which were more ancient than any he had before seen. But this is not all. A Jew who had accompanied a traveler as far as Timbuctoo, found near the Barbary a large number of Jewish Negroes. Nearly every family among them possesses the Law of Moses, written upon parchment. Although they speak of the prophets, they have not their writings. Their prayers differ from those of

other Jews, and are committed to little leaves of parchment, stitched together and containing numerous passages derived from the Psalms. These Jews have mingled some of the superstitions of "oral law," which they have not committed to writing, with some of those of their neighbors, the Mohammedans and the heathen.

They enjoy equal liberty with other subjects of the African chiefs, and have their synagogues and their rabbis. The explanation which they give of themselves in connection with their black skin is this: that after the destruction of Jerusalem, the time of the first captivity, some of their ancestors, having neither goods nor land, fled to the desert. The fatigue which they endured was so great that nearly all the females died by the way. The children of Ham received them with kindness, and by intermarriage with their daughters, who were black, they communicated their color to their children. These children became, generation by generation, of a deeper hue, until no distinction of color now distinguishes the children of Shem from those of Ham. The forms of their features, however, are quite different from that of the Negroes around them.

A MAN therefore is made a Christian, not by working, but by hearing; wherefore he that will exercise himself to righteousness must first exercise himself in hearing the gospel. Now, when he had heard and received the gospel, let him give thanks to God with a joyful and a glad heart, and afterwards let him exercise himself in those good works which are commanded in the law, so that the law and works may follow the hearing of faith. So may he quietly walk in the light which is Christ, and boldly choose and do works, not hypocritical, but good works indeed, such as he knoweth to please God, and to be commanded of him, and condemn all those hypocritical shadows of free-will works.

Luther.



### Substitution.

That is a long word. Do you know what it means? One day the children at school were told that Christ's work was a work of substitution. One of the boys inquired what substitution meant. The teacher requested some one in the class to answer the question; but the answer could not be given. He then told the children the following story:

In a little town in Germany there lived a blacksmith, a large, powerful man. In the village there was a small inn, where men used to gather when anything of interest occurred. It had but one room, with a small window high up on the wall and but one door opening to the street. The blacksmith was there one day with his friends talking about the village affairs. It was a warm day, and the door was wide open, when suddenly, right there in the doorway, stood a dog of monstrous size, his long, red tongue hanging from his mouth, which was covered with foam, his blood-shot eyes glaring at the men, who seemed turned into stone. There was no way of escape; the window was too small and high, and no one could pass the dog, who was raving mad, and would spring upon the first that moved. A few seconds, which seemed hours, passed, and then the smith said, "My friends, I am the strongest man here. I think I can hold the dog while you escape. While I hold him, go quickly out and close the door; bring a gun and shoot the dog through the window. My dear old mother! But Jesus will take care of her." With that he turned to the dog, just springing at him, caught him by the throat in his powerful grasp, while the others went silently out and quickly as they could brought their best marksman, who shot the dog, but not till the poor blacksmith's strength was quite gone. He stood before them covered with blood. The mad animal had wrenched his head this way and that, and torn with his teeth the hands and arms of the heroic man, who through all the terrible pain never let go his hold.

The people crowded anxiously around him; but he said to them, "Be quiet, my friends. I know I shall become mad. You cannot help me; but I will take care that no harm comes to any one through me. Go home and pray that God will not let me suffer long."

Then he went to his shop, the people following, silent and weeping. He took his strongest chain, fastened one end around his body and the other to his anvil. "Now," he said, "now it is done; bring me food while I can eat, and keep away when my fits of madness come on. Pray for me—I leave the rest with God."

A few days of agony passed, and then he died. The whole countryside mourned for him. People from all the towns around came to his funeral. They built a monument over his grave and inscribed upon it: "He died for us." And every year, at the anniversary

of his death, the village people walk in procession to his tomb and cover it with flowers.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "we call this substitution. This man died for his friends. He took their place and thus became a substitute for them."

And then the teacher told the children of One who died for His enemies. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He took our place, and suffered and died in our stead. He is the sinners' substitute, and His work is a work of substitution.

### A Thankful Heart.

An aged pastor relates the following:

An incident occurred in my first pastorate which I shall never forget. In the congregation was a widow, old and poor, who lived in an old log house at the edge of a dense woods, with an insane son. I remember my first visit to her as though it had been but yesterday. As I walked toward her humble abode, I tried to recall all the comforting passages of Scripture that might suit her sad lot. It was with a sad and heavy heart that I stood upon the door-step. And after I had knocked upon the door, I expected it to be opened by a sad-faced woman who carried her sorrows upon her face. I expected to be greeted by a tale of woe. I even expected her to question the goodness of her God.

But I did not know her then. The door opened and a kind, lovely old face looked into mine and a cheerful voice bade me enter.

We entered into a conversation, and what a conversation it was! She told me how God had blessed her; how He in His goodness had given her everything needful for her life and comfort. As she spoke, I looked around her poor old home, destitute of almost everything we think necessary to make a home. Did I hear aright? Yes, for there she sat with a face expressing the gratitude of her heart.

I must see her garden. As we walk around the very small plot of ground, she said she believed that God had blessed her little garden more than all the rest. I must break bread with her. As we sat around the poorly-furnished table and partook of that frugal meal, she said, "How good God has always been to me; I have always had enough to eat, a roof to cover me and clothing to keep me warm."

I looked upon her almost in reverence. I thought how many people upon whom God had showered His blessings never return to thank Him; how many people whose lives have fallen in pleasant places are continually complaining against Him; but here this woman to whom God, we would say, had given very little indeed, was pouring out her heart in thanksgiving and praise to Him for all that He had done to her, a poor and unworthy creature.

She seemed to me to stand there with a crust of bread in one hand and a cup of water in the other and saying, all this and Jesus, too.

I can never forget that woman, I never want to forget her. Her memory has been a benediction to me and it may be that the story may help and cheer others.

### The Lord's Corn.

A mission station in the Indian Territory was at one time my house, says a missionary's wife. Tobaccowell, one of our neighbors, was a member of the little mission church, and like many a white professing Christian, was zealous for the mission cause only by spasms. One Sunday he listened to a sermon on Christian Giving. At the close of the service he said to the missionary: "Me plant big corn-field next week. Me make it ten pieces; plant all, then one piece be the Lord's corn."

He did so. The part of the field to be devoted to the Lord was ploughed and planted with great care. But when the time for hoeing had arrived, our neighbor hoed his own corn, but did not find it convenient to hoe the Lord's. As the season advanced, the Lord's corn, uncultivated and dwarfed, and Tobaccowell's well hoed, tall and thrifty, produced a sad and striking contrast.

The sight of that corn field has been a lifelong lesson to me; and whenever I find myself more devoted to my own personal interests than to the glory of God, I say to myself, "I am neglecting the Lord's corn."

### Giving his Son to the Lord.

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

God does not, perhaps, ask so much of you and me, but God does want us to deny ourselves, and to give of our labor and our money to the upbuilding of His kingdom.

*Little Missionary.*

"Ask not how, but trust Him still,  
Ask not when, but wait His will,  
Simply on His Word rely,  
God shall all your need supply."



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

In Shawano county, Wisconsin, about 200 miles north of Milwaukee, there are two Indian reservations. One of these, called the Stockbridge reservation, contains about 100 families and perhaps 500 souls. Last April Rev. Nickel, of the Missouri Synod, established a preaching place among them, and the work has been progressing in a most encouraging manner. These Indians are civilized and have acquired a knowledge of English, so that the services can be conducted in that language. These services, held every two weeks, are well attended, and the congregation is said to be attentive and devotional, taking a hearty interest also in the singing of Lutheran hymns. Several baptisms have already taken place and the prospects for growth seem to be flattering.

It is said that in 1850 in the Fiji Islands, a man could be bought for seven dollars, butchered and eaten without any one objecting. To-day the Bible is in nearly every house, and on Sunday nine-tenths of the people are assembled in the church for public worship.

THE owner of a large coal mine in Japan, where 800 men are employed, has invited a Lutheran missionary to visit his mine regularly and preach to his people. This operator is not a Christian, but he furnishes a place for meeting, attends himself, and wants the men taught Christianity, because he says it will make them honest, obedient and virtuous.

A TRITE truth which needs to be often restated is well told in the following words: "The time to consecrate your purse is when you have a little one. If you wait till it is big and fat you will never do it. And if you fail to consecrate that, you will miss one of the richest blessings of your life. The man or woman who has learned to give has entered upon a path of ever-widening pleasure." And yet how many are deluded by the devil's lie that all pleasure and personal enjoyment is in hoarding and keeping!

In the early and cruellest days of West Indian slavery, Moravian missionaries found it impossible to reach the slaves, so separated were they in sympathy from the ruling classes. At length two consecrated men said: "We will go to the plantations, and work and toil under the lash, so as to get close in feeling to those we would instruct." So they left their homes, sold themselves as slaves, and lived in a company of slaves, to get close to the hearts of slaves. Gladly the slaves heard them, because they had thus humbled themselves to their condition.

THIRTEEN missionaries of the Paris Lutheran Society labor on the Island of Madagascar.

The Lutheran Church of Norway recently sent twenty additional workers to the same field. The evangelical churches on the island suffered a great deal by the pernicious practices and intrigues of the Jesuits.

THE New Testament has just been translated, for the first time, into one of the Australian native dialects by two German missionaries.

In Cape Colony, South Africa, while there are over a million of the population still in the darkness of heathenism, there are no less than 638,000 Christians who exert a power for good in the land. Half of these Christians are of European origin, and the others have been converted from heathen degradation by the power of Christian missions. The regular attendance at Sunday services is estimated at 267,000, and 80,000 children attend Sunday school. The sum total of contributions for church purposes and mission work for one year is nearly a million and a half dollars. The Christian population is mainly Protestant. There are only about 10,000 Roman Catholics in the entire district. In South Africa at large there are about 1,200,000 Protestant Christians. The fact that Protestantism has gained such a firm footing and made such extensive operations in Africa affords good promise and bright prospects for the evangelization of the dark continent.

THE Universities' Mission to Central Africa carries on mission work scattered over some 250,000 square miles. In the homes, schools, and workshops there are over 3000 children. The communicants at Easter, 1897, were 1722, and the adult adherents of the mission over 6600. The work is established in four principal centres, in Zanzibar, Usambara, Rovuma, and Nyassa. On Lake Nyassa, which was until last year a large slave-yielding region, the mission maintains a church steamer. The workers now number 187, including two bishops, 26 English and 11 African clergy, and 29 women.

AN ENGLISH MISSIONARY in Persia, in speaking of mercy and love as the fruits of Christianity, describes the state of affairs in Persia, where there are no hospitals, no dispensaries, and no lunatic asylums. The treatment of insane people is thus described: "The poor lunatic is chained, his feet fastened in the stocks, is constantly beaten and half-starved, with the idea that, if badly treated, the devil will the sooner leave him. And then, as a last resource, when the friends have grown tired of even this unkind care of their relatives, the lunatic is given freedom in the desert. His hands are tied behind his back, and he is led out into the desert, and is never heard of again. There are no homes for the blind and crippled, and none for the incurable, in this land."

**OUR BOOK TABLE.**

**YOUR CONFIRMATION VOW.** By Rev. F. Kuegele. Price per copy, plain, 30 cts.; gilt, 40 cts.; per dozen, plain, \$2.40; gilt, \$3.20. Address orders to Miss Martha Kuegele, Koerner's Store, Augusta Co., Va.

The earnest and practical character of this book is most refreshing. Would to God that it were read by the thousands of catechumens of our Lutheran church. Pastors will do well to present it to the confirmed. It will prove a faithful friend, clearly explaining the character and meaning of the vow made on Confirmation day, fearlessly pointing out the dangers that threaten the young pilgrim on his way to the eternal city, and wisely showing the means to be used, in order to avoid the dangers and to prove faithful to the Confirmation vow.

**SYNODAL-HANDBUCH** der deutschen ev.-luth. Synode von Missouri, Ohio, u. a. St. Fourth revised edition. Price, 30 cts. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

**Acknowledgments.**

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. C. Schmidt, Greensboro, N. C., from his Grace Congregation \$12.00, from Mrs. Sallie Keck .50, Mrs. Mary Doswell .50, Mr. W. Payne 1.00, Mrs. L. Thompson 6.00, Mrs. L. Kerr 1.00, Mrs. A. Moore 2.00, Mrs. S. Scales 1.00, Miss Z. Clabon 1.50, N. N. 1.35, and N. N. 10.50; of Rev. F. J. Lankeau, New Orleans, La., from St. Paul's Congregation 25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann, New Orleans, La., from Bethlehem Congregation 25.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Concord, N. C., from Grace Congregation 10.00.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 22, 1899.  
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. 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., April, 1899.

No. 4.

## Jesus Lives.

Jesus lives! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;  
Jesus lives! by this I know  
From the grave He will recall me;  
Brighter scenes at death commence;  
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
High o'er heaven and earth is given;  
I may go where He is gone,  
Live and reign with Him in heaven;  
God through Christ forgives offence:  
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! my heart knows well  
Naught from me His love shall sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Part me now from Christ forever:  
God will be my sure defence;  
This shall be my confidence.

Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
Entrance-gate to life immortal,  
This shall calm my trembling breath  
When I pass its gloomy portal:  
Faith shall cry, as falls each sense,  
"Lord, Thou art my confidence."

*From the German.*

## Lessons of Easter.

The Easter season is full of comforting truths and important lessons. Let me point out some of them.

"Christ is risen!" From these Easter tidings we learn that Christ is not a mere man, but God's own Son. The apostle Paul says, "He was declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead." A mere man can not overcome death. All the power of the mighty of this earth can not conquer "the king of terrors." In the grave all the power of men and all the wisdom of men come to an end. But what man can not do Christ did. He conquered death and rose triumphantly from the grave. Thus he showed His divine power according to His own promise. Pointing to His body, He said to the Jews: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." Again He said, "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself:

I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." In the Easter season we see His words fulfilled. The grave could not keep the Lord of life. Christ, the eternal God, conquered death. The Saviour in whom we believe is not a mere man. Such a saviour could do us no good. The Saviour in whom we believe is the God-man. He is God's Almighty Son, born of the virgin Mary, to become our Redeemer. Woe to them that reject this Saviour. They reject, not a mere man, but God Himself.

"Christ is risen!" From these Easter tidings we learn also that the work of our redemption is finished. "Christ died for our sins," says the Bible. He took our place, and laden with our sins he was thrown into the prison house of death. Suppose he had been kept there. What then? Let the apostle answer. He says, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins," 1 Cor. 15, 17. If Christ be not raised, there was no atonement, no acceptable sacrifice, no reconciliation, no redemption, no way of escape from the curse and penalty of sin; "ye are yet in your sins." But, let sinners rejoice. Christ is risen! Full atonement has been made, the sacrifice has been accepted, God is reconciled, sinners are redeemed. "Christ was raised again for our justification," says the Bible. He was our Substitute. In Him we suffered and died, in Him we are justified. In Him we were thrown into the prison house of death, in Him we are set free. Our sins He bore to the grave, our sins He left in the tomb. Our redemption is finished; for God, by raising Christ from the dead, declared Himself perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son. Are you satisfied? An old Christian woman was asked by a skeptic: "What is the Gospel you believe and how do you believe it?" The dear old woman replied, "God is satisfied with the work of His Son, that is the Gospel I believe; and I also am satisfied with it, that is how I believe it." Happy old Christian! This happiness all enjoy that trust for salvation in the finished work of Christ. They can cry out triumphantly: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that con-

demneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again," Rom. 8, 33, 34.

"Christ is risen!" From these Easter tidings we learn also that we too will rise from the grave. The apostle Paul says, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the firstfruits of them that sleep." The firstfruits are part of the harvest, the beginning of the harvest, the pledge of the harvest. When the firstfruits have been gathered in, the whole harvest will surely follow. By that same divine power with which Christ raised His own body from the tomb, He will raise our bodies from the grave. Of the believer he says, "I will raise him up at the last day." Again He says, "Because I live, ye shall live also." This is His promise, and His own resurrection is the proof that He can and will fulfill His words. Since Christ is risen, the grave has become to the believer a quiet resting place, where he sleeps until the blessed morning of a glorious resurrection, the morning that has no cloud and no evening.

How important are the lessons of the Easter season! May we accept them with a believing heart, and thus realize and enjoy the comfort they give.

## The Heart-Lock.

A lock was shown to Gotthold, constructed of rings, which were severally inscribed with certain letters, and could be turned round until the letters represented the name of Jesus. It was only when the rings were disposed in this manner that the lock could be opened. The invention pleased him beyond measure, and he explained: "Oh! that I could put such a lock as this upon my heart."

Our hearts are already locked, no doubt, but generally with a lock of quite another kind. Many need only to hear the words, gain, honor, pleasure, riches, revenge, and their hearts open in a moment, whereas to the Saviour, and to His holy name, they continue shut.

"Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but Thee,  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there."



### The Three Pilgrims.

One of the three pilgrims that you see in our picture is the risen Saviour. While the women, who had heard from an angel the tidings of Christ's resurrection, hasten to find Peter and John and bear to them the glad tidings, the risen Saviour goes Himself to seek two others who are on their way from Jerusalem to the little village of Emmaus. Drawing nigh to them as a stranger, He asks them what it is which fills their hearts with sorrow and saddens their countenance. They tell Him of their hope that they had found the Messiah, and how sadly that hope had been darkened by His cruel death. They tell Him of the story of the women, who had found the grave empty and were told that He is risen,—a story which seemed to them an idle tale. The stranger then becomes their instructor, expounding to them from the Scriptures the predictions of Messiah's sufferings and Messiah's triumph, in words so loving and convincing that their hearts burned within them. Evening had come on, when they reached their destination, and the stranger was persuaded to go in with them to their home. As He sat down with them and broke the bread, their eyes were opened, and lo! He who had joined them and walked with them, was He whom their souls loved—the risen Saviour! He soon vanished out of their sight, but their hearts were filled with joy. They had seen the living Jesus, and had experienced the power of His resurrection, and with hurried steps and intensity of purpose they hastened back to Jerusalem to tell others of that which made them glad.

So the tidings of Christ's resurrection bring joy to every believing heart, a joy that moves the believer to tell others that Jesus lives. He whose heart is filled with the true Easter joy will be zealous in all mission work. Through faithful and untiring labor for the spreading of God's kingdom he will bring the Easter blessings to those that know them not. Therefore, hear and believe the blessed Easter message, "Christ is risen," and then tell it on and on: "He is risen indeed."

### Trying to Wash himself White.

The following story is told of a little colored boy: The little fellow was sent to school, where he was the only colored boy, all the other boys being white. His schoolfellows were so unkind as to tease him and laugh at him for his black skin. The dear little boy was very unhappy, and set his wits at work

to find a remedy for his trouble. One day he was absent from school, and after school the teacher, on his way home, caught sight of the truant. The boy was kneeling beside a small stream of water, taking up handfuls of sand, with which he scrubbed his face. He then washed it off with the water.

"What are you doing, my boy?" said the teacher.

"Oh, sir, I am trying to wash myself white, but the black won't come off," said the boy, bursting into tears.

The little boy's mistake reminds us of the

You may give up certain bad habits, so that even your friends will be deceived, but what do you think you have done? Simply white-washed yourself, and the black heart is there all the time underneath the white-wash. "The black won't rub off." God can see under the white-wash. You can not deceive Him. There is only one way to become white in the sight of God. Accept by faith the white robe of Christ's righteousness which is offered to every sinner in the Gospel. He that believes in the Saviour is made white; for "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." And no matter whether you are colored or white, if you believe in Jesus, you are among those who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

### Mexican Romanism.

Under the heading, "A Raffle for Souls in Mexico," the *Christian Endeavor World* publishes a remarkable notice of a raffle for souls in a Catholic church in Mexico, as furnished by the Rev. Francis S. Borton, a missionary in that country. It reminds one of John Tetzels public sales of papal indulgences in Germany in 1517, which aroused Luther to post his famous ninety-five theses or protests on the doors of the Castle church at Wittenberg. The notice reads as follows:

Yesterday in a Roman Catholic church in Mexico I read the following notice:

"Raffle for Souls. At the last Raffle for Souls the following numbers obtained the prize, and the lucky holders may be assured that their loved ones are forever released from the flames of Purgatory:

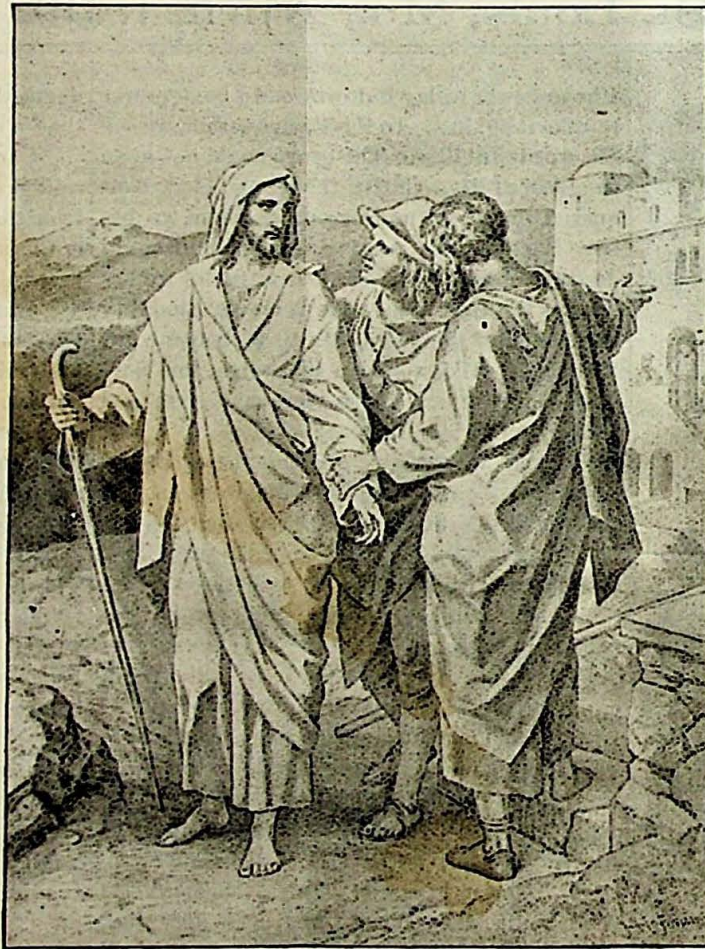
"Ticket 841. The soul of the lawyer James Vasquey is released from Purgatory, and ushered into heavenly joys.

"Ticket 41. The soul of Madame Calderon is made happy forever.

"Ticket 762. The soul of the aged widow Francesca de Parras is forever released from the flames of Purgatory:

"Another raffle for souls will be held at this same blessed church of the Redeemer on January 1st, at which four bleeding and tortured souls will be released from Purgatory to Heaven, according to the four highest tickets in this most holy lottery. Tickets, one dollar. To be had of the father in charge. Will you, for the poor sum of one dollar, leave your loved ones to burn in Purgatory for ages?"

Thus the Roman church leads the souls away from Christ into everlasting damnation. Well did one who knew that church thoroughly say of her: "The church of Rome is certainly the master-piece of Satan for the destruction of souls."



The Three Pilgrims.

verse: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" No! No man can do that. It is to be hoped the teacher taught the boy, that although he could not wash his skin white, there is One who can wash his heart white, and then what matters a black skin. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," is the repenting sinner's prayer. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," is the sinner's comfort. A boy may have a white face, but he may have a very black heart; whilst a boy with a black face may be white in the sight of God, he being washed in the blood of the Lamb, and dressed in the white robe of Christ's righteousness.

But remember it is all the gift of God. You may try with your own strength to make your black heart white, as the little boy did to make his face white. But will you succeed? No.



### A Mission Story.

When John Williams went to live in Raiatea, in the Hervey Islands, he found the people scattered all over the island in separate villages, so far apart that there was no chance of helping the inhabitants to work together in leaving off their old ways and forming new ones, and everybody was jealous and suspicious of everybody else. The first thing that he did, therefore, was to form a settlement where they might live together in comfort, peace and fellowship. He began by building a house for himself, so that he might show the natives what a good home should be like and how it was to be made. This house was sixty feet long and thirty feet broad, and had seven rooms, four of which were in front and three behind. He made also all the furniture of his new dwelling. The men were quick in catching his ideas, and clever in carrying them out, and at the end of twelve months the houses extended two miles along the seashore, and altogether there were about one thousand people living in them.

Having finished the task, John Williams made up his mind that he must have a boat, and he soon had one put together, formed of planks held in place by the native cord. The natives, though naturally very lazy, set to work to imitate his example; and while their hands were busy, this new comrade of theirs lost no opportunity for teaching them other things besides boat-building, and in his pleasant, friendly way he dropped many a word of that good gospel that would do so much more for them than any other kind of learning. They listened to him, and tried to put this part of his teaching into practice. One man used to pray earnestly: "Oh, Jehovah, give Thy word into my heart, all Thy word, and cover it up there, that it may not be forgotten by me."

There was, too, a poor old cripple who used to sit by the wayside, and when the people were going home from church he would beg them to tell him a little of what they had heard there. "One gives me one piece," he said, "and another another, and I gather them together in my heart; and thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying God to make me know, I get to understand." When he first saw Mr. Williams he said, in greeting, "Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island. To you we are indebted for the word of heaven."

Some Bibles were sent to the people and they were all anxious to learn to read. Then they wished to have their neighbors share some of the blessings that had come to them. A missionary society was started, which in one year gave about \$1500 for the purpose of "causing the word of God to grow," as they said themselves. Even the king and queen prepared arrow-root with their own hands, as a contribution to this object. "Why," said Tamatoa, the king, "we would not give that

to God upon which we bestowed no labor." For some reason these new Christians go far ahead of the old ones sometimes. Perhaps these people had caught the spirit of their leader, John Williams. "Our hearts take in all the ends of the earth," he said, and he found it hard to content himself within the limits of a single reef when there was so much to be done outside of his own little island.

But he did not neglect the work close at hand, in spite of the pulling of his heart-strings in another direction. "I have given myself wholly to the Lord," said he; and his Master's work he could find anywhere.

He built a new chapel for his congregation, setting off part of it for a court-house. Everything about the building astonished the natives, but that which was a special matter for wonder and admiration was that he had contrived a sort of chandelier in which coconut shells were used as lamps. The opening day two thousand four hundred persons were present, and the next day a code of laws was adopted and the king's brother was made chief judge of the island. Then Mr. Williams provided honest employment for the people by beginning the cultivation of the sugarcane, which grows on the island, and he also put up a sugar-mill for their use.

It was in the spring of the year 1821 that a pestilence broke out in the Austral Islands, about three hundred miles away, south of the Society Islands. Two chiefs of Rurutu, one of these islands, each built himself a canoe, and then crowding their boats with as many persons as they would hold they set sail upon the broad ocean, not knowing whither they were going. They landed at Raiatea at last, and were much interested in all the new and surprising things that they saw there; and when they thought it safe to venture back to their own country they begged two of the native teachers to go with them and teach them how to live as Christians. "We can not go home to our land of darkness without a light in our hands," they said touchingly, and were made very happy by having their petition granted and being able besides to take with them several copies of the gospel in Tahitian, a language something like their own.

"The priests have deceived us," they told their friends on their return; and in order to prove the truth of their words they made a feast at which they allowed the women to eat some of the things that were usually forbidden to them. As these women did not fall down and die on the spot, or have any other dreadful thing happen to them, the people believed what had been told them, and lost no time in pulling down their temples and burning their altars. In a few weeks Christianity became the religion of the island; the converts sent a load of idols over to Raiatea, to tell their own story, and then hastened to spread the light among the other islands of the same group. These idols were publicly exhibited in the church at Raiatea. The na-

tional god of Rurutu was called Aa, and he was the most interesting of all the images, for he was decked all over outside with little gods, and in his back was a door, which was opened and twenty-four small idols were found hidden away inside of him.

"Ah," said one of the converts at Raiatea, "angels would rejoice to be employed by God to teach the world this gospel of Christ."

The missionary society at Raiatea was so much encouraged by this good piece of work that its contributions grew to the sum of \$9000. "A little property given with the heart becomes big property in the sight of God," one of the members had said, and all the collections of this society must have been especially blessed, because all were offered out of pure love and gratitude.

A Christian church was formed at Raiatea now, and about this time five hundred persons were baptized.

### Of such is the Kingdom.

A little Jewish boy attended a mission school in New York. His mother was glad of the two hours' rest it gave her from the care of the restless, inquiring mind. He became engrossed with the story of Jesus Christ, so surpassing strange and new to him, and never tired of looking at pictures of the "One who seeks the lost." The Bible lesson pictures were of great value to him, and when he was told he could select one for himself, his joy knew no bounds.

"O, I will take the shepherd one. He knows I am His lamb!" And the large, lustrous eyes filled with tears.

The dread diphtheria was in the tenement where he lived. The beloved picture was pinned up by his cot, where he could always see it.

"Mamma, I'm going to die, and go to the Shepherd of Israel; won't you put the picture in the coffin when I'm carried out?"

One night the Good Shepherd gathered this little lamb to His bosom, and little Jacob was at rest.

### The Favorite Text.

A lady had a favorite text which she frequently repeated and which was included in a collection she used for daily help: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." On the morning of the day she died it was repeated at her bedside, with the remark that it was the text for the day, when she looked up amid her pain and said: "Is that the text for to-day?" and on being informed that it was, she replied, "Oh, then, I will just go home on that."



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

THE determination of the Norwegian Lutherans to uphold their mission work on the Island of Madagascar has, to a great extent, overcome the crafty Jesuit in his endeavor to ruin all mission stations not carried on under his jurisdiction. Though persecution has ceased in the populous centers, the missionaries nevertheless report that the more remote provinces are the scenes of considerable lying, robbing, and killing. With the arrival of nineteen additional helpers, the Norwegians are able to maintain their mission and make considerable progress besides.

THE work in the Bechuana field in Africa has yielded a rich harvest. No less than 5318 souls were baptized; of these 3038 were converts from heathenism. The membership of this field is 36,121. The great question confronting the mission is the holding of the second generation. Rev. W. Behrens, the oldest missionary on the field, says it is more difficult to preserve a congregation and build it up in the Lord than to gather it originally from the heathen. The congregations cheerfully contribute to the building and the enlarging of their churches. Aside from the contributions for local purposes, the native Christians gave \$1000 for the maintenance of the seminary and for missions.

A MISSIONARY was urged to send a Christian teacher to an inland town in China. He asked how they had learned about Christ. They replied that a little boy had come home from the mission school and read the Bible to those who would listen. Night after night they came, and now a whole village was ready to serve God. Who would despise the work of the child?

THE great needs of Central Africa are well illustrated by an appeal sent to Scotland by the Rev. Donald Fraser for a hundred thousand new missionaries for Livingstonia. "At present," he says, "we are surrounded with great opportunities for extension. Doors are open on every side, at which we helplessly look, unable to enter. Where, from the arrival of the white man with God's message, there has ever been stolid indifference, or even fierce opposition, to-day there come deputations of old men and young, saying, 'We, too, would learn; send us teachers.' And we sit before them and say, 'Fathers, brothers, would that we were able! But you must wait—and God will send his messengers some day.' And they say, 'We have waited and waited. Why do you despise us?' And our heads are bowed when we reply, 'Brothers, some time you, too, will hear.' And day by day we cry, 'Lord of the harvest, Thou seest the field: Send, Lord, ere it be too late.'"

THE Protestant missions in Spain, superintended by Pastor F. Fliedner, are making

steady progress, in spite of the incessant hostility of the monks and the poverty of the people. They own property valued at \$120,000. The staff consists of 38 persons: Three German pastors, a native pastor, and four evangelists, ten Spanish teachers, eight female teachers, one German teacher, etc. There are 590 pupils attending the schools. The missions also support two orphanages and a hospital.

ALL the missionaries who have translated the Bible wholly or in part into more than seventy African languages, and thus made them literary tongues, were Protestants. Not one of them was a Romanist. If Christian culture and civilization depended upon Rome, we should be to-day as far as our fathers were four hundred years ago.

WHAT does sickness mean to the millions in heathen lands? There they believe (rightly so in many cases) that sickness is the work of demons; particularly is this the case in Africa. In China it is sometimes ascribed to devils and sometimes to the spirits of departed ancestors who have been made unhappy by the lack of respect due to them from the living. In Africa the sick person becomes an object of loathing and horror. He is removed from the dwelling, and placed in some shed or out-house, where he is poorly fed, and seldom visited. The astrologers in many cases, in other the priests, medicine men, or wizards, assemble, beating drums and gongs, blowing horns, and making a frightful din. They kindle huge fires and, dancing around them, perform their unholy incantations. They beat the sick person to drive out the demon. They lay him before a wasting fire until his skin is blistered and then plunge him in cold water. They stuff the nostrils of the dying with mud or aromatic mixtures; or they take him to the shore of a river or mountain-top, placing barley balls and water beside him, and leave him to die alone.

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

THE Swedish Diet passed a law that a penalty of six months' imprisonment be imposed upon a Romish priest, if he tries to secure the promise, by undue influence, that children shall be baptized and educated in the Romish faith, when one of the parents belongs to the Lutheran Church.

"A GODLY man once said to a collector: 'I have to give a little more than my share, because the times are hard, and there are many who can not give much.' Such well-to-do people are few and far between."

### LETTER BOX.

SUBSCRIBER IN A.—The article must be laid back for the May number.

W. L.—We publish what is sent to us from our mission field. What is not sent we can not publish.

### Acknowledgments.

Received for colored missions of Rev. F. J. Lankeau, Missionary, from St. Paul's Congregation, New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem Congregation, New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. J. C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation, Greensboro, N. C., \$12.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation, Concord, N. C., \$10.00. St. Louis, Mo., March 20, 1899.

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 Thalla 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. 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1899.

No. 5.

## Ascension.

Golden harps are sounding,  
Angel voices sing,  
Pearly gates are opened,  
Opened for the King.  
Christ, the King of Glory,  
Jesus, King of Love,  
Is gone up in triumph  
To His throne above.  
All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing;  
Jesus hath ascended!  
Glory to our King!

He who came to save us,  
He who bled and died.  
Now is crowned with gladness  
At His Father's side.  
Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die,  
Jesus, King of Glory,  
Is gone upon high,  
All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing;  
Jesus hath ascended!  
Glory to our King!

Praying for His children  
In that blessed place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace;  
His bright Home preparing,  
Christians, for you;  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.  
All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing;  
Jesus hath ascended!  
Glory to our King!

*Selected.*

## The Ascension of Christ.

Christ's ascension was prophesied in the Old Testament. It is there written: "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises!" Ps. 47, 5. 6. And again it is written: "Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also," Ps. 68, 18. Christ's ascension was also foretold and talked about by Himself. When some murmured at His sayings, He asked them, "What then if ye should behold the Son of man ascending where He was before?"

"Yet a little while I am with you," said He to the Pharisees, "and I go unto Him that sent me." To the disciples He said, "I go unto the Father." The morning of the resurrection He said to Mary, "I am not yet ascended unto the Father; but go unto my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God."

But He did not ascend for forty days after His resurrection. The Bible says of the risen Saviour, "He showed Himself alive after His passion by many proofs, appearing unto them (the disciples) by the space of forty days." During those forty days He spoke to His disciples "the things concerning the kingdom of God." And at the end of those forty days He was for the last time visibly present with His disciples on the Mount of Olives. "As they were looking He was taken up and a cloud received Him out of their sight."

Who was it that thus ascended? It was Jesus Christ, the God-man, the same that was born of the Virgin Mary, the same that lived here on earth and suffered and died for the salvation of sinners, the same that rose again for our justification. The work which He came to do was finished, and so He returned to the Father that sent Him. "IT IS FINISHED!" That is the cry of victory from the cross. "IT IS FINISHED!" That is the cry of triumph from the empty grave on Easter morning. "IT IS FINISHED!" That is the shout of the Conqueror as from the Mount of Olives He returns to the Father on Ascension Day.

Yes, it is finished. Nothing has been left undone for the salvation of sinners. The work of our redemption is finished. Therefore Christ, before His ascension, told His disciples to go into the world and preach the Gospel to all creatures. That Gospel is the glad news of the finished work of our redemption. It is the hand in which the ascended Saviour offers to every sinner the gifts which He "received for men; yea, for the rebellious also." He who rejects this Gospel thereby rejects his only salvation; for outside of that finished work of Christ there is nothing in the universe of God that

can save him. "He that believeth not, shall be damned." But he who accepts this Gospel with a trusting faith, thereby accepts the finished work of the ascended Saviour and enjoys all the gifts which He received for men. He has forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

## A Day of Joy.

Ascension Day is a day of joy. On that day we are reminded of what we confess of Christ in the second article of the Apostles' Creed: "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty."

But it is not a subject of sorrow that Christ left this world and now sits at the right hand of God. No. The right hand of God is not a certain place in heaven, far away. According to Scripture, the right hand of God is His almighty power and majesty. When we are told that Christ sits at the right hand of God, we learn that Christ, according to His human nature, as our Brother, entered into the majesty and glory of God, into the full use of His almighty power. He rules and fills all things. He, also according to His human nature, is with us at all places and at all times, though we see Him not. He is able, as He is willing, to fulfill the promise given to His believers before His ascension: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." In His ascension He withdrew only His visible presence. His children live in this world by faith, not by sight. But at the end of their pilgrimage their faith shall be changed into sight. "Where I am, there shall also my servant be," says the Saviour. We shall see Him whom, having not seen, we love; and in whom, though now we see Him not, we believe. This is our firm hope in this valley of tears. A Christian may live in poverty, bowed down with troubles, sorrow, and care; his home in this world may be a cabin or some miserable hut, still he can rejoice. He knows that he is a pilgrim and a stranger and can tarry but a while. He knows that his true home is above, where his Saviour is gone



to prepare a place in His Father's house where the many mansions are. That will be a day of great joy when we shall see "the King in His beauty."

"There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin,  
There from the rivers of His grace  
Drink endless pleasures in."

### Dedication of Chapel at Salisbury, N. C.

The 19th of February was a day of rejoicing and blessing to our colored Lutheran people at Salisbury, N. C. On that day they dedicated to the service of the Triune God the chapel which they have been enabled to erect by the contributions of the school children of the Synodical Conference.

The chapel had been beautifully decorated by the skillful hands of the missionary and his worthy wife. At each of the three services the chapel was filled with young and old hearers, who listened attentively to the preaching of God's Word. At the morning and afternoon services the choir of the Colored Lutheran church at Concord sang several beautiful

anthems. In the morning service Rev. Bakke, of Charlotte, preached the dedicatory sermon on Psalm 84. In the afternoon the Rev. J. P. Schmidt, of Concord, delivered the sermon. At this service two persons were examined and confirmed, and thus added to the membership of the church. In the evening the Rev. J. C. Schmidt, of Greensboro, preached a mission sermon on John 4, 4-42.

Our colored Lutherans at Salisbury rejoice that they now have a church home where they may assemble to hear the preaching of the pure Gospel and where their children may be instructed in the way of life. May God continue to bless our mission work among the colored people to the glory of His name and to the salvation of many souls! How gladly should we contribute to the carrying on of this mission, since God has so richly blessed the little that we have done! His blessing should fill our hearts with thankfulness and make us more liberal in our contributions, more zealous in our missionary labors.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

### News from Southern Pines, N. C.

After about seven months of continual labor we have at last been able to gather in the first-fruits of our work by organizing a congregation of colored Lutherans. Last September I commenced work here according to orders received from the Hon. Board of Missions, and have since incessantly strewn and sown the Word of God among the colored population of this place. Though the obstructions were many and the opposition was strong, — by God's help we are what we are, namely, a congregation of 7 voting and 13 baptized members. Several others have announced their intention to become members also as soon as they have

looked with sorrow upon the ashes of our school-house. But He has not only warded off danger, but also caused His Word to do its work and bring forth fruits which were mentioned before.

That He may continue to watch and care for us in the future as He did in the past is the sincere prayer of

His and your humble servant

HENRY L. PERSSON.

Southern Pines, N. C.

### "He Redeemed Me."

An incident is related of a man who before the war was traveling in the South, and became much interested in a young colored girl, purchasing her from her master and giving her her liberty.

After the bargain had been completed with her owner, the man found difficulty in getting the girl to realize that she was actually free. At last it did dawn upon her in all its fullness of meaning; but instead of exulting in her newly-gained liberty, she exclaimed: "O, he redeemed me; I will follow him; I can never thank him

enough; I will serve him all my life!" she accompanied him to his Northern home, and as people often remarked her loving attention to every wish of her newly-found friend, it was her gladly-given and ever-sufficient reply: "He redeemed me! He redeemed me!"

So we have, as Christians, One who ransomed us, He is our Redeemer, our Saviour, our Friend. Is it strange, then, that we should find "the love of Christ constraining us?" This is the true motive to consecration.

If we allow this thought to be ever present with us, "He redeemed me!" every sacrifice required in his service will be a joy and delight to us. We shall count nothing too dear to render to Him in view of this great fact of our redemption. This is what made the fires welcome to the holy martyrs. The love of Christ constrained them to go with triumph into the flames. — *Guide to Holiness.*

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



Lutheran Chapel at Salisbury, N. C.

been sufficiently instructed. — If it please God, we shall also, in the near future, commence with the erection of a new house of worship. At present we are located within the corporate limits of the town, but, since it is an "unwritten social law" that the colored man shall not own or possess any property within the town limits, we, in order to avoid friction with our white fellow-men, have been compelled, or rather have concluded, to erect a building outside of town, which will also make it more convenient for our members, who, like all the colored people in this place, aggregate in a place known as "Jimtown." That it is best for us to act as we have concluded can not be doubted. The enmity shown to us by threats and acts which are not worthy of any man, show and prove this sufficiently.

How many times have we been compelled to look with wonder and admiration to the fatherly providence and care which God has exercised for us and in our behalf! Had He not prevented it, we would long ago have



**Directly to Christ.**

Some people think that we poor sinners dare not come to Christ with our desires and cares. The Romish Church will tell you that you must ask the Virgin Mary or some other saint to go to Christ for you and plead your cause. This is a very false and foolish notion. The Lord Jesus says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matthew 18, 28. He does not say that we shall ask some saint to come to Him for us, but that we shall ourselves come.

That you may understand this important lesson, I add the following story translated from the German.

A Roman Catholic nobleman in Scotland employed a Protestant man to farm his lands. It came to pass that the farmer ran largely in debt to his employer. In his distress he went to an inferior officer of the nobleman with the request that he should please speak a good word for him to his master. But in vain. Then the poor farmer went to the superior officer, asking him to plead his cause; but with the same sad result. Then the poor man, not knowing what to do, took courage, and himself went to his lord, the nobleman. He made a clear, honest statement of his circumstances, telling the nobleman how it came about that he was not able to pay his debt. The nobleman, moved with compassion, remitted the whole debt. When the farmer was leaving the mansion his lord, in passing out, showed him quite a collection of pictures representing saints and martyrs.

"Do you know," he inquired of the farmer, "whom these pictures represent?" "No!" "They are the pictures of the saints to whom I pray that they may ask the Lord God for me to forgive me my sins," continued the Romish nobleman. "But why do you not pray to God yourself?" asked the farmer. "That would be presuming too much! It is much better to have mediators, like the saints, whom we can ask to go to God for us, and plead with Him for us." "I do not think that that is the best way, kind master, and I will prove to you that I am right," responded the farmer. "I, in my trouble, first went to your inferior officer, desiring, that he should speak to you for me; but he did not. Then I applied to your superior officer, with the same result. Last of all I came to you myself, and you forgave me all my debt."

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

**From a Pastor's Journal.**

Pastors find much unbelief and indifference in human nature, but there is a silver lining to it all. That brightness is frequently found in the side room. A few days ago I was invited to visit a sick lady, who lives in my neighborhood. The directions led me to a small white frame building, occupied by two families, my patient dwelling in the basement. In response to my rap a sweet, clear voice asked me to "come in." I was greeted by a lady about 70 years of age, seated in an

took and the remaining three are scattered. "But every trial," she said, "made God draw to me and brought Him nearer." I took her well-worn Bible and indicating a few comforting passages, turned to the fourteenth chapter of John. She said, "O yes, read that. I cannot hear it too often. It is such a comfort to me. I daily pray that 'the Lord may open my eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of His law.'" I knelt in prayer and felt inspired by her strong faith, unbounded hope and deep-seated love in God. I told her how much I enjoyed my visit, and how greatly I was benefited; to which she replied that my visit was like that of an angel to her. This woman was in the hospital for six months; she received all the care possible, but was told that she could not live more than a year or two. She is slowly dying of cancer, has intense pain, but comforts herself by saying, "I am willing gladly to endure it, for my Saviour suffered much for me."



The Ascension of Christ.

armchair, amidst modest but scrupulously clean surroundings. I introduced myself, shook hands and was greeted with one of the sweetest smiles that it was my fortune ever to receive. Love and peace and happiness were radiantly blended in it. I inquired after her physical and spiritual condition, and with the same sweetness and hope she said: "This earthly tabernacle of mine will soon be dissolved. I look for a more glorious, an eternal one. I am waiting until my Saviour sees fit to release me. I am happy here. Since I can no longer worship my God in His temple, this room has become his dwelling place. I am happy all the day. For me to live is Christ and to die is gain." I learned from her that her husband died a soldier in the Andersonville prison. She raised seven children by daily toil and a meagre pension; four of whom God

**Be not deceived, God is not mocked.**

When in the year 1872 a certain steamer sailed towards America, one of the sailors was necessitated to climb the mast. While carefully spying about whether there was any danger, suddenly a dreadful storm arose, breaking the mast. While falling, he cried in his distress: "O God, help!" At this moment he grasped one of the ropes on the sail. When, however, he saw that he had a firm hold, and was out of danger, he cried, mockingly: "God, I need your help no longer!" At this instant the rope broke and he fell into the deep.

**Comfort in a Cloud.**

A friend of mine, says a recent writer, told me of a visit he paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble in her little room; but she always seemed cheerful. She knew the Rock. "Why," said she, "Mary, you must have very dark days; they must overcome you with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said, "but then I often find there is comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary?" "Yes," she said, "when I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud I think of those precious words, 'A cloud received Him out of their sight,' and look up and see the clouds sure enough, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides Him, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."



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

AN exchange says of our mission: The experience of the Synodical Conference in its mission work among the colored people of the South is such as to encourage to larger effort in that direction. Seven years ago they had but a single missionary in North Carolina; now there are eight laborers in the field, and their work is carried on in as many different counties of the state. Fourteen congregations and stations have regular services, and in connection with six of these there are parochial schools, taught in some cases by the missionaries and in others by special teachers.

THE mission districts of the Lutheran Missouri Synod in India are threatened with a visitation of the dreaded pest. In the province of Mysore, which adjoins the Missouri territory, 10,559 deaths occurred within a few months. May God graciously protect our missionaries.

THE Lutheran Mission congregations in Persia have four services on Sundays. Two in the morning at 6 and 8 o'clock, given chiefly to singing psalms. At 9 o'clock there is Bible study and Sunday school, attended by old and young. Then in the afternoon there is preaching, and the whole congregation attends.

"ARE not things in a worse condition than before the missionaries came to the Sandwich Islands?" asked an agnostic of Kamehameha, king of the Sandwich Islands. The king answered: "Why, sir, you have done three things since you came in my presence, which, but for the missionaries, would have cost you your life." "What are they?" asked the astonished agnostic. "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 must have been punished with death." The agnostic was silenced.

ALMORA is the capital of the Kumaow district in the north-west province of India, where there is a leper asylum. Ujiala is a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced lassie of nineteen years. She was married, as usual, in her early girlhood. Her husband put her away owing to the disease, and left her to support herself how she could. Was it not terrible to have all life's hopes crushed at that early age? But she was brought to the asylum, and there, through eagerly listening to what some of the inmates had to tell her of the life to come, and of Jesus, the Way, the Truth and the Life, she became inspired with a new hope, and when the missionary asked her why she wanted to be baptized, she said: "I want to be a follower of Jesus, who forgives and helps." So having come to a knowledge of Christ, even her sad lonely life became radiant with joy.

THE dwelling-place of the African is a grass or mud hut of circular shape and fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. The floor is made of hard-pounded mud and in the middle is a mud fire-place from which the smoke curls up through a hole in the roof. He requires very little furniture, for he squats on the floor and rolls himself up in his blanket at night, with his head on a wooden block for a pillow.

IN Armenia 328 Christian churches have been converted into Mohammedan Mosques, and 568 have been destroyed by the Turks.

FIVE hundred and ninety-nine thousand dollars (\$599,000) were contributed last year by native Christians in heathen lands.

IN a recent number of the Leipzig "Missionsblatt," it is stated that the Queen of Nepaul, in North India, recently committed suicide in horror at the disfigurement which an attack of smallpox had caused in her features. The king, who was passionately attached to her, first wreaked his vengeance on the physicians who had attended her in her illness, and cut off their noses and their ears. Then he flew at the higher game and attacked the gods themselves. Out of the great temples he brought the idols, planted loaded cannon before them and bade the gunners fire. In terror at the proposed blasphemy, they refused. Thereupon the king hanged several of them. The survivors then submitted, and the guns were fired and the idols were blown to pieces.

IN speaking of the bitter hostility of the Buddhists to Christianity, and the vigorous assault recently made upon it, Dr. DeForest says, "Every such battle is in reality a victory for Christianity, for it impels a new and wider circle of people to inquire, What, after all, is Christianity?"

A CONVERTED Chinaman on the Pacific coast sold himself to work on a coolie in New Guinea for the sake of working among his own countrymen, and before he died, he personally led to Christ two hundred of his companions. How much zeal should shame our selfishness and indifference!

IN these days, says an exchange, when we hear and read so much about the disorder in Cuba and the Philippines and the difficulties experienced in managing the people, and the discussions necessarily arising as to how to handle this great problem, it may be interesting to know that there is one country in the world which gets along with a single policeman. This is Lutheran Iceland, a land which is remarkable in many ways, but in none more than this. Iceland is peopled by the descendants of Vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are churchly and God fearing people, and so law abiding that they have no need of police-

men. The solitary officer, in spite of his apparently great responsibilities, has a very easy time. He is maintained more for ornament and dignity than for use. The Icelanders think it would not do to have a capital without a policeman, and so they keep one. While we are studying municipal problems it may be interesting to investigate the Police Department of Reykjavik. The Iceland police force is large in one sense. Its single member is six feet high, broad shouldered, and handsomely uniformed. Iceland is an island 39,756 square miles in extent, or but little smaller than the State of Ohio, and has a population of 70,927.

### Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Greensboro, N. C., \$12.00, and from Claudine Dossell 1.00; 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. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem Congregation in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. D. H. Schooff, Missionary, from his congregation in Meherin, Va., 12.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Concord, N. C., 10.00; of Rev. George Shutes, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Gold Hill, N. C., 5.00, and from Concordia Congregation in Rockwell, N. C., 9.07.  
A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.  
St. Louis, Mo., April 22, 1899.

### 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 Friday evening.

EV. LUTH. MOUNT ZION CHURCH.  
Cor. S. Franklin and Thalia Strs.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle and Singing School meet Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
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.



# 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., June, 1899.

No. 6.

## The Missionaries.

Forth went the heralds of the cross,  
No dangers made them pause;  
They counted all the world but dross,  
For their great Master's cause.

Through looks of fire, and words of scorn,  
Serene their path they trod;  
And to the dreary dungeon borne,  
Sang praises unto God.

In all his dark and dread array,  
Death rose upon their sight;  
But calmly still they kept their way,  
And shrank not from the fight.

They knew to whom their trust was given,  
They could not doubt His word;  
Before them beamed the light of heaven,  
The presence of their Lord.

*Selected.*

## You Must be Born Again.

There are many that are content with "a name to live" while dead; many that delude themselves as to their real state before God. They can give no better reason for their hope of entering heaven than the fact that they have "united with a church" and that they "do as well as they can." The Bible speaks of such as "having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof," 2 Tim. 3, 5. They seem not to know the truth that all they do is utterly worthless and that they must be born again if they wish to enter heaven.

The Lord Jesus Christ said to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," John 3, 3. When Nicodemus wondered at this startling statement, Christ said unto him, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." And Christ gives also the reason for this *must be*. He says, "For that which is born of the flesh is flesh." This means that as every man is born of sinful parents, he is sinful. Since the fall of our first parents in Paradise every man by his natural birth gets a sinful and corrupt nature. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." Ps. 51, 5. Man is a *born* sinner, with a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately

wicked; dead in trespasses and sins. And there is here no difference. The flesh, the corrupt nature of the most refined and cultivated is flesh, it is sinful just as well as the flesh of the vilest sinner. Nicodemus was not what the world would call a bad man. He was a strict Pharisee leading an outwardly moral life. Yet to this man Christ said that he must be born again; for that which is born of the flesh is flesh.

The flesh, the corrupt, sinful nature of man cannot see the kingdom of God; it cannot enter into the kingdom of God; it is utterly unfit for the kingdom of God. Hence man must be born again before he can see the kingdom of God. How is he born again? Nicodemus said, "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?" If a man *could* be born a thousand times in the natural way, that would do him no good. He would then be born a thousand times with the same corrupt nature, he would still be born of the flesh, and "that which is born of the flesh is flesh."

Christ therefore said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." We must be born of the *Spirit*; for "that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit." The Spirit does this work of regeneration through the Word of God in the water of Baptism and in the reading and preaching of the Gospel. By the Word of God the Spirit works faith in the sinner's heart. He brings the sinner to trust in Jesus as his only Saviour. Thus a man is born again. Besides the sinful nature which he received by birth from his earthly parents, the believer has a new, sinless nature by his new birth of the Spirit. As by his natural birth he became a sinful child of sinful parents, he by this new birth of the Spirit has become a beloved child of the holy God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," John 1, 12, 13. It is said to believers, "Ye are the children of God by faith in Christ

Jesus," Gal. 3, 26. Those who take Christ as their Saviour, who believe on Him, who trust in Him, are born of the Spirit.

Are you born again? If not, you cannot enter the kingdom of God. You may cultivate your flesh, your sinful, corrupt nature in all the refinements of our age, you may carry your flesh to church and practice all kinds of ceremonies and profess Christianity with your mouth, if you do not as a poor, lost, and condemned sinner believe in Jesus as your Saviour, you are not born again; and if you are not born again, you cannot enter the kingdom of God. Are you born again? If not, then do not resist the Holy Spirit, for of the Spirit only you can be born again. He comes to you in the Gospel of Jesus, to bring you to faith in your Saviour and to make you a happy child of God. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God," 1 John 5, 1.

## We Must Bend—Not God.

If a man lay a crooked stick upon an even, level ground, the stick and ground ill suit together, but the fault is in the stick; and in such a case, a man must not strive to bring the even ground to the crooked stick, but bow the crooked stick even with the ground. So it is between God's will and ours—there is a discrepancy and jarring betwixt them; but where is the fault, or, rather, where is it not? Not in the will of God, but in our crooked and corrupt affections, in which case we must not, like Balaam, seek to bring God's will to ours, but be contented to rectify and order the crookedness of our own will, by the rectitude and sanctity of the will of God, which must be the ruler and moderator of our wills; for which cause we are to cry out with David, "Teach me, O Lord, to do Thy will;" and with the whole Church of God, in that pattern of wholesome words, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;" never forgetting that, too, of Christ Jesus Himself in the midst of His agony and bloody sweat, "Father, not My will, but Thine be done."

*Augustine.*



### Indian Lutheran Congregation.

Our picture represents a number of the members of an Indian Lutheran congregation in front of the house in which they meet for the worship of God. These people have their home 200 miles north of Milwaukee, Wis. They live on a little reservation four miles long and three wide, and are a part of 100 families that occupy it. The Rev. Nickel, pastor of a German Lutheran church not far from the reservation, has for some time preached to these people the pure Gospel of Christ as taught in the Lutheran church and has comforted the sick and the dying. They greatly rejoiced to hear the Word of God and to learn from it the way of salvation. As the pastor can be present only every other Sunday, one of the old members reads a sermon from Luther's Church Postil, when the preacher is absent.

At its recent meeting in St. Louis the Lutheran Missouri Synod resolved to take up the work among these Indians and to send them a pastor. May God richly bless the mission work among the Indians.



Indian Lutheran Congregation.

### Bible Reading.

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

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

### On Persecuting the Pious.

*Bite as you will, you do me no harm.*

You hate and persecute a pious soul. I do not blame you. You are the wolf, the pious one is the lamb; can a wolf kiss a lamb? The pious one is Abel, you are Cain, you are governed by Cain's spirit and the spirit of murder; how can you love, who do not have the spirit of love? It is to no purpose that one seeks figs on thistles or sweetness in the sea, or love in him who is set on fire of hell and burns with hate and malice.

But tell me, whom do you injure? Yourself or the pious one? You have hardly approached his body and possessions to weaken

When God comes and would destroy a country, the pious hasten in confidence before Him and fall into His arms and appease Him. If man persecutes the pious, God conducts them away.

This then is a sure testimony of complete destruction. Sodom persecuted Lot. Lot was led away. Sodom must go to destruction. Israel left Egypt, since it could no longer bear the oppression; but Pharaoh must perish with his army in the Red Sea. Ah, what a blessing and treasure is a pious person in the land! Did not Joseph keep the whole of Egypt during a famine? Did not Moses alone stand in the breach when God, in His wrath, would have destroyed all of Israel for worshiping the golden calf? The pious

one is a treasure hid in the field, whom no one notices since no one knows him; every one tramps upon him with his feet. It is with great blindness that man persecutes the pious who are honored, protected and feared by the irrational.

The Red Sea divided and let the children of Israel pass whom Pharaoh, with his army, terrorized; the lions spared Daniel, whom men in their

him before you have wounded your own soul. He who throws fire or rock upon himself is a fool and harms none but himself; the righteous is surrounded by a wall of fire and founded upon a rock. He who would extinguish a light with his hand, makes it indeed a little dark; but soon it shines forth brighter than before and he only blackens his own hand.

You do not harm the pious one with your persecutions, but simply benefit him; his virtues, humility, gentleness, patience, shine brighter; his renown is spread, his heavenly crown becomes more glorious. You harm yourself, you make yourself restless, gnaw the life out of your heart; in the end you are put to shame, — just as a dog who bites a stone; the stone remains stone, but the teeth wear and break off. We should love the pious; they are God's children; they talk with God very confidentially as a friend to friend; they are mighty with God and stand in the breach.

anger wanted to destroy; the ravens spread the table for Elijah, whom Jezebel would have let perish with hunger; the great fish harbored Jonah, whom the sailors cast into the sea; the fire preserved the young men alive whom Nebuchadnezzar would destroy. I will be careful that I do not persecute the pious, for he who persecutes them persecutes whole States, countries and God Himself. If I am persecuted, I will be patient. The harder Pharaoh oppressed the Israelites, the more they grew and multiplied. Joseph was persecuted by his brothers and passed through it to honor. Persecution brought David such blessed illumination that with prophetic spirit he sang Psalms. What evil can the malice of the world do to me if my heart is right before God? Can the thorns hurt the rose, or the fire the gold? No one is hurt except through his own sin.

*From the German.*



### What He Forgot to Feed.

"The minister's sermon was very good for those who can take it; but as for me, I'm too busy to read the Bible every day as he said."

As he finished this speech, John Marsh happened to glance over his shoulder, and there stood the minister within hearing distance. He expected an immediate reproof, and was somewhat surprised and relieved when Mr. Brown walked away without saying anything.

Next day he was still more surprised at receiving an early call from his pastor.

"Good-morning, Mr. Marsh," was the salutation."

"Good-morning, Mr. Brown," replied the puzzled man.

"I have come on very serious business," began the pastor; "it may seem like meddling interference, but I believe it is my duty. I have been told there is starvation on this farm and I have come to see about it."

"Starvation!" exclaimed John Marsh in amazed tones, "who in the world has been putting you up to such nonsense as that. If there is anything that goes hungry on this farm, I can assure you that I do not know anything about it. Why, even the grasshoppers and potato bugs are well fed."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Brown, "I shall be compelled to believe that the report is true, as I got it at first-hand, unless I am allowed to investigate and satisfy myself to the contrary."

"Oh, certainly, investigate all you please," replied Mr. Marsh. "Come along with me and I will show you."

With long angry strides he led his pastor to the stable where his plump, sleek horses stood with their mangers full of hay and a look of lazy contentment in their eyes. "There," he said, pointing to his row of handsome steeds, "is there anything like a starved look about them? You'll not find brighter, cleaner hay or better oats in the county than they get."

"You are right," replied Mr. Brown, "I am satisfied that whatever else starves on this farm, the horses do not."

"Well, come along and see the cattle, then."

So saying Mr. Marsh led his pastor to the large shed where the cattle stood contentedly chewing the cud over piles of fragrant timothy.

"I see it is not the cows either," said Mr. Brown, with a smile.

"Then we will go and visit the sheep," said Mr. Marsh, a smile of satisfaction beginning to show itself upon his face.

In the sheep-pen as elsewhere the long rack was filled with the very best of fodder, and the sheep were as well-fed and sleek-looking as the cattle and horses had been.

"Now come along and see my hogs," continued Mr. Marsh, "and then we'll go into the house where breakfast is ready, and you shall see how the rest of us fare."

Fatter than any of the stock were the hogs, some of them being hardly able to stand because of their great weight.

"No bones to rattle there," said Mr. Marsh, with a grim smile. "Now come in to breakfast."

The breakfast which Mrs. Marsh brought steaming on the table was bountiful and appetizing. The half a dozen hired men, together with Mr. Marsh and his sons, who partook of it, certainly relished it, and none of them had a sickly or starved look.

"Now, boys, all ready for your day's work!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh, after they had finished their meal. Then turning to his guest he added, "You are satisfied, I suppose, pastor, that somebody has been lying about me."

"Pretty nearly," was the answer, "but wait a moment. I suppose you read a portion of God's Word and had prayers before I came this morning."

"No," acknowledged Mr. Marsh, quite taken by surprise again.

"Then I suppose you intend to do it this evening after your busy day is over," persisted the pastor.

"No," Mr. Marsh was again compelled to answer. "We haven't been in the habit of doing that."

"Then I suppose," resumed the pastor, "that each one has been given an opportunity and encouraged to read and pray for himself."

"Not that I know of," replied the farmer. "It takes considerable hustling to get the chores done up in the morning ready for the day's work."

"Then," said the pastor, the serious look upon his face deepening, "I think I have discovered where the starvation is. You have been feeding your horses, your cattle, your sheep, your hogs, your hired men and your family generously; but you have been starving the most precious thing of all—your own soul and the souls of those under your roof. It was not the slanderous tongue of any of your neighbors that led me to know this, but your own remark which I overheard yesterday, that you were too busy to read the Bible."—*Selected.*

### Plucked out of the Fire.

In a certain town there lived a boasting infidel. He was a mocker of religion; he paid no attention to the Word of God; he cared nothing for judgment and for eternity. Whenever he came in contact with Christians, he tried to entice them into the broad road that leads to hell.

A Lutheran pastor was called upon to hold a service in that place, and for some time after, the folks talked about the sermon. They spoke about it also to the infidel, telling him that, if he had heard the sermon, he would no longer talk so boastfully. This did not disturb the infidel in his godless ways;

he considered himself safe in his infidelity and said, "If that devilish fellow preaches here again, I shall go and hear him, and you will see that I am not afraid of him."

Some time after this, the pastor was again called upon to hold a service in that town. The infidel came to hear the preaching. During the sermon the pastor saw a man pressing forward who was evidently moved by the Word of God; for tears ran down his cheeks as he came nearer the pulpit. After the service the pastor looked around, but the man was gone, and the folks told him that that man was the boasting infidel.

The pastor had to leave for his home on that same day. Some weeks later he received a letter bringing him the glad news that the former infidel had died as a true Christian, confessing on his dying-bed his faith in Christ as his Saviour and Redeemer. He had died as a believing child of God, having found forgiveness of all his sins in the blood of Jesus. As the pastor read the letter, he thought of the words of the prophet: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Zechariah 3, 2.

### A Lesson in Giving.

A minister says that in one of his charges a good man regularly gave, every Sunday, five dollars for the support of the church. A poor widow was also a member of the same church, who supported herself and six children by washing. She was as regular as the rich man in making her offering of five cents per week, which was all she could spare from her scant earnings. One day the rich man came to the minister and said that the poor woman ought not to pay anything, and that he would pay the five cents for her every week. The pastor called to tell her of the offer, which he did in a considerate manner. Tears came to the woman's eyes as she replied: "Do they want to take from me the comfort I experience in giving to the Lord? Think how much I owe to him! My health is good, my children keep well, and I receive so many blessings that I feel I could not live if I did not make my little offering to Jesus each week." How many there are who know nothing of the privilege of regularly giving something to the Lord's work, because they have never tried it!

### My Redeemer.

Christ is made the law of the law, the sin of sin, the death of death, that He might redeem from the curse of the law, justify me and quicken me. While He is the law, He is also liberty; while He is sin, He is righteousness; while He is death, He is life. For in that He suffered the law to accuse Him, sin to condemn Him, and death to devour Him, He abolished the law, He condemned sin, He destroyed death, He justified and saved me.

Luther.



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

THE LUTHERAN MISSOURI SYNOD, at its recent meeting in St. Louis, devoted much time to the discussion of mission work. German Home Mission and English Mission are to be carried on more vigorously than heretofore. As soon as possible mission work is to be taken up in Cuba, Porto Rico, and Hawaii. Two new laborers will be sent to the field in India.

THREE new laborers, graduates of the Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis, will this summer enter our mission field in the South to work among the colored people. As God continues to bless our work, may we not become weary, but grow more zealous in the work entrusted to our hands.

ARAB encampments for carrying on a wholesale trade in slaves are established all over the heart of Africa. They usually are connected with wealthy Arab traders at Zanzibar and other places on the coast, and communication is kept up by caravans which pass at intervals from one to the other. Sometimes these Arab traders actually settle for a year or two in the heart of some quiet community in the remote interior. They pretend perfect friendship. They molest no one and barter honestly. They plant the seeds of their favorite vegetables and fruits—the Arab always carries seeds with him—as if they meant to stay forever. Meantime they buy ivory, tusk after tusk, until great piles of it are buried beneath their huts and all their barter goods are gone. One day, suddenly, the inevitable quarrel is picked. Then follows a wholesale massacre. Only enough natives are spared to carry the ivory to the coast, the grass huts of the villages are set on fire; the Arabs strike camp, and the slave march—worse than death—begins.

ABOUT sixty years ago, a small bundle was picked up in a street in Bristol by the river side, just between the bridges. When it was unwrapped, it was found to contain a forsaken baby, who seemed to belong to nobody in the world. The child received the name of Thomas Bridges, because of the strange circumstances of his discovery. When he grew to be a big lad, he was taken to the Falkland Islands, off Patagonia, in South America, in company with a devoted missionary. Here he soon picked up the Yaghan language, which is spoken along the rocky and desolate coast of Tierra del Fuego—or Land of Fire. After a time he gave his heart to Jesus Christ, and grew to be an earnest and energetic Christian. In a few years he returned to England, pursued a course of study, and was ordained a clergyman. He then went back as a missionary to those Yaghans, who perhaps are the most degraded race on earth. Mr. Bridges devoted thirty years of his life to work among this people, and translated the Scriptures into their barbarous language.

STONE buildings in Fiji are rare, but nowhere in the South Seas is there a building made up of such rare stones as are embedded in the thick walls of the church at Bau. In those old walls are to be found great slabs that were for ages ground into shape by the action of wild waves on the neighboring reefs; stones that were once gods; stones gathered from the ruins of ancient heathen temples; stones taken from old fortifications, over which men once fought and bled and died; grim, hard stones that for ages absorbed the tears and blood of generations of men who walked this green earth without God and without hope in the world. To-day, within the four walls of this strange edifice, stands, where it has stood for many a year, a rough boulder of gray rock that was once the "killing stone," against which scores of poor victims of lust and murder have been dashed to make a feast for the lords of Bau. This grim memorial of darker days has been turned into a baptismal font, from which many hundreds of men, women and children have been baptized into the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

### Letter from Knoxville, Tenn.

Knoxville College, an institution of the United Presbyterian Church for the education of colored people, deeply deploras the loss of the man who by his untiring zeal, his fervent love towards the poor negro and his true Christian tact has succeeded so admirably in building up and bringing up to its present high standard this model school. The Rev. John S. McCulloch, for twenty-seven years president of this institution, has resigned his responsible office, and intends to spend the remainder of his days at Omaha, Nebr., in writing in the interest of the education of the colored people. It is no wonder the reverend gentleman longs for a season of rest from his arduous labors when we remember that he now has reached the age of seventy years and that twenty-seven years of his life have been spent in the exceedingly trying work of managing a school for colored youths, whose attendance ranged as high as 375 scholars during a term.

The Rev. R. W. McGranahan of Alleghany, Pa., has been called to fill his place.

On the evening of May 26th the annual concert of the Music Department of Knoxville College was held in the College Chapel. It was a treat indeed for every lover of true music and demonstrated what gratifying results a careful training is able to produce with colored people. The work of the Choral Class, consisting of 40 voices, deserves special mention. The inspiring anthem "Zion Awake" by Costa was rendered in a truly artistic style. Among the solos Miss Fields' rendition of the beautiful soprano Aria by Gounod, "Sing,

Smile, Slumber," can not be praised too highly. But all of this was overshadowed by the truly wonderful performance on the piano by Miss Gibbs. When it is said that such works as Caprice Le Galop by Graff, Cracorienne Fantastique by Paderewski, Rhapsody Hongroise (No. 12) by Liszt were rendered in an absolutely faultless manner, this will be sufficient to convince every lover of music that the work done at the Music Department of Knoxville College must indeed be of the highest order.—*Note:* In 1890 the United Presbyterian Church had 94,402 members, the Synodical Conference had 357,153 members! *Query:* Are we not able to establish an institution on the order of Knoxville College? If not, why not? Echo says way off in the distance—Yes, why not?

### Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. F. J. Lankeau, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from Mt. Zion Congregation \$25.00, and from St. Paul's Congregation 25.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem Congregation, New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. J. C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation, Greensboro, N. C., 12.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation, Concord, N. C., 10.00.

A. C. BURG DORF, Treas.

St. Louis, Mo., May 20, 1899.

### 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 Friday evening.

#### EV. LUTH. MOUNT ZION CHURCH.

Cor. S. Franklin and Thalia Strs.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle and Singing School meet Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., July, 1899.

No. 7.

## The Invitation.

Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest;  
O, blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts oppressed.  
It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace and peace;  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of life which can not cease.

Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life;  
O, cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife.  
The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But He has made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out;  
O, welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt.  
Which calls us very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be,  
Of life so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

*Selected.*

## Christ's Willingness.

How great was Christ's willingness to help all that were in distress! They brought unto Him great numbers afflicted with all manner of diseases; and "He healed them all," Matt. 12, 15. "All they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto Him, and He laid His hands on every one of them, and healed them," Luke 4, 40. He healed them "all," "every one." When the poor leper came to Him saying, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean,"—me the incurable, me that men look upon with shuddering, even me,—instantly came the gracious reply, "I will; be thou clean." Never did any poor creature, no matter how vile, how undeserving, come for help to our blessed Saviour, when He was on the earth, that He did not grant it.

Now, these were all bodily afflictions, and Christ's willingness to help all that were bodily afflicted is but an image of His great willingness to rescue all from sin and everlasting

death. For that very purpose He came into this world. "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. 1, 15. For the salvation of sinners He died for their sins. He bore poverty, and shame, and agony, and death, to redeem our immortal souls and rescue them from endless damnation. For this, He bore *our sins* in His own body on the tree; for this He drank the bitter cup of the wrath of God to its very dregs, leaving not one drop for us to drink, and think you that He is not willing and anxious to save the souls of sinners, for whom He suffered and died? Why, their salvation is His greatest joy. Therefore He so graciously invites them to come unto Him for rest and salvation. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," Matt. 11, 28. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink," John 7, 37. "Him that cometh"—no matter who he is or what he is—"Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out," John 6, 37. No sinner that came to Jesus for forgiveness and salvation was ever cast out. His enemies called Him the friend of sinners, because He received all, even the greatest sinner. The despised publican, the outcast woman—they found a hearty welcome when they came to Jesus for pardon, rest and peace. Remember the dying thief, nailed to the cross; his feet, while he had the use of them, had trodden the highway of sin; his hands, while he had the use of them, had been stretched forth in deeds of violence; a moment before, he had joined with the rest in their bitter revilings of Christ, yet through the grace and mercy of God, the light of the truth entered his wretched heart in his dying hour, and when he, repenting of his many sins, turned to Jesus with the prayer of faith, "Lord remember me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," he instantly received that gracious reply, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," Luke 23, 43. Blessed Saviour! How willing and how quick to save, even in the midst of His own great agony! But this is Christ, the Lord from heaven, the Redeemer of men, the Saviour of sinners. And He is the same willing Jesus to-day. There is no change in Him. Come unto Him, and do not doubt His willingness

to receive you, even you. For of Him it is written, "Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever," Hebr. 13, 8.

## Christ is Mine.

Happy is the believer who can say in simple faith, "My beloved is mine, and I am His;" for then he can exclaim with the apostle, "Having nothing, and yet possessing all things." In Christ all is ours. The Holy Ghost says to believers, "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's," 1 Cor. 3, 21—23. Again, "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," Rom. 8, 16, 17. Child of God, what more canst thou ask, what more canst thou desire, than to say in simple faith, Christ is mine?

## Faithfulness in Small Things.

A poor lame, weak-minded man worked twelve hours daily in a close hot room as a saddler's apprentice. He had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to God's praise, but he had never understood the meaning of his words.

One day he looked out of the window and saw a runaway horse passing by drawing a wagon in which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A gentleman ran up to it from the pavement, caught and held the bridle till the horse stopped, and mother and child were saved.

Then the poor old cobbler thought: What if the bridle on that horse had not been sewed well or poor thread had been used? The bridle would have broken and three human beings would have been made unhappy. Who knows but what I sewed that bridle!

Filled with this thought he performed his work with special diligence and faithfulness after this time.



### Brave Words Bravely Spoken.

At the recent Commencement of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., President Kilgo, in his baccalaureate address, said: "We have spent \$500,000,000 trying to free the negro in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. We lionize the man who led the charge at San Juan, we build monuments to the memory of Worth Bagley, and young women go wild and kiss Hobson into disgrace and infamy; and Dewey will be met with warmth and gladness and praise for freeing the negro in the Philippines, and yet we ostracize a white man in North Carolina if he preaches the gospel to them, or teaches them in their schools. Why not preach the gospel to a negro in Carolina rice-fields as well as to sit in a school-house in Cuba or in Manila and teach them? Why it is glorious to do so much for negroes in Cuba, to fight for them and pay \$500,000,000 for their liberty, and an eternal disgrace to preach the gospel to them in America, is something I can't understand. . . . If Cuba needs the direct touch of America's best life, if the negro on the plantation of Porto Rico must have the direct instruction of American men and American women, then what are these that live here and serve us by day and night? . . . There is underlying all this a distinction which you and I can not defend before justice and before God, and no man can retain his personal respect with that question unanswered."

### The Holy Gospel.

When the sinner has been crushed by the condemnation of the law and realizes that he is unable to save himself, the Holy Spirit preaches unto him the Gospel, "the gospel of your salvation." Eph. 1, 13.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. 1, 15. That is the Gospel. It saves us, for it tells us of the salvation gained by Jesus. By nature we know nothing of the grace of God which is ready to save to the uttermost. The Gospel reveals it. We can not know that Christ redeemed the world. The Gospel gives the saving information. We need forgiveness of sin, else God will damn us. The Gospel tells us that God is ready to pardon the vilest sinner. He who was in danger of death was saved by the directions which showed him the way to the city of refuge. The Gospel shows us Jesus, our refuge. Outside of the Gospel there can be no salvation.

The Gospel tells us of the salvation gained by Jesus. But more, it gives us this very salvation. "It is the power of God unto salvation." Rom. 1, 16. Through the Gospel God bestows salvation on the sinner. Since Christ

took away the sins of the world and God declared Himself satisfied with His sacrifice, nothing remains to be done but to announce to the sinner, that his sins are forgiven. That is done in the Gospel. Christ sent forth the preachers of the Gospel that they should preach in His name remission of sins. Luke 24, 47. They were not to preach about the remission of sins, but they were to preach, to proclaim the remission, to give it by their preaching. And they did it. They directly told the sinner: Thy sins are forgiven thee. As many as believed it, had forgiveness. God did not require a single thing of them in return. It was the Gospel that saved them, gave them salvation. The Gospel tells us to go to Jesus for forgiveness, or rather Jesus comes to us in the Gospel and grants us forgiveness. The Gospel itself is the city of refuge protecting the fugitive. If a debtor receives a receipt, showing that a friend paid his debts, he is free. Here is a receipt: "Christ

Gospel. It is the power of God to bring you to faith.

They that reach heaven owe it entirely to the Gospel. "Ye are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." 1 Peter 1, 5. And the Gospel is the power of God. "If the Gospel shall remain in you, ye also shall continue in the Son and in the Father." 1 John 2, 24. Daily it forgives our sins and thereby nourishes our faith. It assures us of the love of God and upholds us in affliction. It causes us to love God and hate sin. The Gospel-promise that God will keep us unto salvation for Christ's sake yields divine strength to the weakest Christian. They that cling to the Gospel, can not be lost. And the Gospel grants us the strength to cling to it.

If you reject the Gospel and seek a way to heaven more agreeable to carnal pride, you reject the only means of your salvation. Let us not be ashamed of the Gospel. Let us glory in the truth that we owe our salvation entirely to God. Let us put our sole trust in the sweet tidings: God is merciful to us sinners for Jesus' sake.

Tract.

### Babies in Japan.

Japanese babies are the most comical little mortals imaginable. Hundreds of them are to be seen in the streets of Japan carried on the backs of their child-nurses, some of whom do not appear much larger than the babies, so that the effect is of one child with two heads. These babies, if they are very small, are fastened in the garments of their nurses in such a

way as to leave only their heads exposed, but if they are large enough to make free use of their hands desirable the arms are left free. The little heads are shaved with the exception of small patches of hair, and are often covered with loathsome sores.

The nurses play ball or battledore with apparent unconcern as to the fate of the babies. It is seldom that any accident occurs, but occasionally a child will roll off from the back of its nurse. Then is plainly demonstrated the fact that a Japanese baby can cry as lustily as our American babies.

Yet the Japanese babies have good care taken of them. They are amused by toys when awake, and protected from insects by mosquito-nets when asleep.

A young Japanese mother once showed her baby's wardrobe to a missionary. Its best robes were of crape and silk, all of large figures. For ordinary wear there were short dresses made of bright red and yellow cloth. For ornaments there were square patches of green, red or yellow cloth sewed upon the backs of the dresses.

When the Japanese little ones are old enough to toddle around they have bells fastened to them, so that the mothers may know where they are.



Colored Lutheran Chapel in Southern Pines, N. C.

gave himself a ransom for all." 1 Tim. 2, 6. That is the Gospel and that Gospel saves us. When a man tells you that you must add your own exertions and worthiness before you can be saved, he is not preaching the Gospel of Jesus. For Jesus is the only Saviour. And what He has gained He gives us, freely and fully in the Gospel.

Of course, a man must believe the Gospel. "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. 1, 16. The pardon must be accepted, the gift appropriated, the promise believed, and it is the Gospel that creates faith in us. The Gospel not only offers us forgiveness, but also enables us to accept the salvation. It is not an easy matter to believe. Man's entire nature loathes the Gospel of a free salvation. The sinner hates God. He can not put his trust in the mercy of God and the merit of Jesus. But the Gospel is the word of the Almighty which creates life. "They shall believe on me through their word," through the Gospel. John 17, 20. The message of God's love and Christ's redemption touches and warms the sinner's heart and gives him confidence to appropriate the promised blessing. Building on God's own promise, we believe in our salvation; we are saved. For your salvation, study the



### The Sod Church.

A young minister was on his way to his first field of labor. A few weeks ago he had finished his course at the Seminary and had received his first call to a mission field far out in the West. His heart was restless and full of anxiety as he stepped from the train at the little station which was to be his home. As far as the eye could reach, a dead level stretched away across the country. What a change from the hilly land of his other days! How lonely it made him feel! The houses were few and far between. At the place where the train had left him, only a few small buildings came to view.

"Can you tell me where the church is?" he asked a lad standing near.

"The church? Oh, yes, sir. You follow this lane right out till you come there. It's two miles."

Two miles! Well, he could walk. It would rest his mind to do something; and with his traveling-bag in hand he courageously set out.

Again he stopped to inquire, for no sign of a spire pointing skyward met his gaze. He wanted to be sure he was on the right road.

Yes; he would soon come to it, they said. The road was so straight that he could not be lost; so on he went.

A small structure came into view, but how strange it looked! Gray and so rough! What could it be?

As he drew nearer, the sound of voices fell on his ears from within the queer building. He would look in. Stepping to the door, he peered into the half-darkness. Two boys down on their knees were pounding the naked ground floor with heavy mallets, making it smooth and firm to stand upon. A young girl was pinning papers on a table in place of a spread.

"Can you tell me where I may find the church?" the minister asked. "I have walked out here, thinking all the time I would come to it, but I fear I am on the wrong road."

"This is the church, sir," one of the boys said, coming toward him. "We're getting ready for the services to-morrow. We expect the minister to-night."

"Well," he said, stepping inside, "I'm the minister; and this—this is the church?"

"Yes, sir; don't you think it's a nice one?" His eyes wandered around the dry sods, piled one above another to make the sides of the building.

"It's the very nicest one anywhere in this country. And you're the minister?"

The boy shyly looked up at him. He put his satchel down and reached out his hand. Something in the boy's tone gave him a needed inspiration. Since this was to be his field of labor, he would begin bravely. He remembered the words of his professor, who told him and his fellow-students that they must lay aside all pride and become humble and self-denying laborers in the Lord's vineyard,

joyfully working even in the greatest poverty and amid the most humble circumstances, and thanking God for the high honor of being co-laborers with Him in the salvation of souls.

"Yes, I'm the minister," he said, "and I want to help you, if you'll tell me how." And soon he was holding the corners of the paper, while they were pinned neatly on the rough table. When this was done, he took one of the heavy mallets and began pounding on the floor. It was hard work, and in a little while the perspiration stood out all over his face.

Chattering like birds, the children told him all about the people of that new country.

There were not many people, they said, but they would all be there on Sunday. Everybody was anxious to go to church again. It had been so long since they had heard the preaching of God's Word, they would all be glad that they had a pastor.

As the young minister worked away on the floor, his heart went up in prayer that God would forgive him for being so sorely disappointed when he learned that this poor little sod-house was the only church here, and that this was to be his field of work. It was all so different from what he had expected.

When the work was done and the little room was all ready for the service on the morrow, they all walked home in the twilight, the young minister still crying in spirit for the Master's help in this far prairie field; and when on Sunday the people, who had come from far and near, sat before him on chairs and on benches they had brought themselves, and earnestly listened to the preaching of God's Word, the young minister's heart was filled with joy and he thanked God for calling him to that very place. The rough sides of the sod-house took on a new appearance. It was a very house of God, since therein was proclaimed the Gospel of Jesus for the salvation of sinners.

Not many months afterward the little room became too small, so that at last they built a new church of mud. But when the minister bade farewell to the humble house of sods, his heart clung affectionately to that scene of his first real battle with pride. It was here that he, through the Master's strength, had won the day for Christ.

### Light found in the Bible.

The value of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to an earnest seeker after truth is strikingly illustrated by a story told by Dr. E. P. Dunlap, of Siam, in *The Church at Home and Abroad*. He says:

Having heard of an "aged man who worships Jehovah," I visited his home, and there held several services. The old man gave us a cordial welcome, and told us that many years ago he became convinced that the world had a Creator, and that He is the true God. He then resolved to give up all other gods and

worship Him only. He did not know His name, so addressed Him as the Greatest of All. Four years ago, during our first tour to this side, he received several portions of the Bible—Genesis, Exodus, Matthew, John, Luke, and the Acts. These he not only read, but committed large portions to memory. In his own words, "The Holy Spirit planted the Word in my heart." He committed Paul's sermon to the Athenians, because, he said, "It just suited my case." He had been ignorantly worshiping the unknown God. Through this wonderful sermon he learned about Him, and since then has put his whole trust in Him. He has been bold in declaring this faith to others. Some, he says, have believed, but many have cursed him and called him "a crazy old man." His wife joined him in believing, and they put away all forms of heathen worship from their home. The old man is very familiar with the history of God's people, as recorded in Genesis and Exodus. He grows eloquent over portions of the Acts, particularly the martyrdom of Stephen, the conversion of Paul, and the sermon at Athens. He has compiled from the Scriptures his own confession of faith. He read it to me and I could offer no criticism. Surely this aged man has been taught by the Spirit of God. It was my joy to baptize him and his wife. He is seventy-seven and his wife sixty years of age. He has been a government official during three reigns. We were sorry to say good-bye to these aged disciples, but we go with greater confidence in the willingness of the Holy Spirit to accompany the distribution of God's Word and to make it powerful to salvation.

### A Child's Faith.

Some years ago there was a very hot and dry summer. In a neighborhood in England some Christian farmers were asked by their pastor to meet him at a certain time and they would pray for rain. The pastor was among the first present, and stood in the yard talking over the poor prospects of having a crop. While thus engaged he was surprised to see one of the Sunday school girls lugging into the church a huge family umbrella. "Why, Mary, my child," he said, "what made you bring that great umbrella on such a beautiful morning as this?" The dear child looked up in his face, seemingly much surprised that he should ask such a question, and said: "Why, sir, as we are going to pray to God for rain, and God has promised to hear and answer His people when they pray, I thought I'd be sure to want the umbrella."

The minister felt reproved by the child's simple faith. The meeting was then opened and earnest prayers were offered. Before the meeting was over the wind arose, and a thunderstorm soon burst upon the country. There was a heavy rain, and little Mary's umbrella came in quite handy.



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

THE Rev. Prof. H. Wyneken, who departed this life June 22d, at Springfield, Ill., was a faithful friend and an earnest advocate of our mission work among the colored people. When professor in our Seminary at Springfield, he, with the help of several students, began mission work among the colored people of that city and thus laid the foundation for a Colored Lutheran Congregation. A beautiful wreath of flowers was laid upon his coffin by the members of the colored congregation as a token of their grateful remembrance of his faithful and self-denying labors. A reader of the PIONEER writes to us: "The dear professor loved the colored people. I shall not forget what he did for us colored folks." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

THERE are within the borders of America 277,000 Indians, belonging to 50 different tribes. Of these about 50,000 are Christians. There is accordingly much room for missionary work. From the time of the Lutheran Campanius to the present, Lutheran missionary work was carried on among them, but on such a small scale that the converts were lost almost as fast as they were made. At present, successful work is done by the Wisconsin, Norwegian and Missouri Synod.

IN Madras a native missionary met a Hindu who seemed to be troubled and perplexed. He had come from another town and was carrying on his person a large sum of money which he had collected of a debtor in the city. He was haunted by the fear of being robbed and murdered in the strange city. When he beheld the missionary, he judged from the manner of his dress that he was a Christian, and requested the privilege of passing the night in his house. "My dear sir," replied the missionary, "I am a Christian, and you are a Hindu. There are thousands of Hindus in the city." "Just because you are a Christian," said the Hindu, "I would lodge with you. I can trust a Christian, but I can not trust a Hindu."

A MISSIONARY in Japan writes: "You have probably received some accounts of the terrible floods that occurred here last autumn, and the great loss of life and ruin and distress that accompanied them. One result, however, was that a manifest expression of confidence in the Christians as Christians was shown. The members of the three Protestant congregations in this town combined to make an appeal to the townspeople for gifts of clothing to send to the sufferers in the distressed districts. They gave notice beforehand by advertisements in the newspapers and in other ways, and on a fixed day they went round

with carts to collect what might be given. They had a Christian flag, the red cross, flying so that everybody knew who they were, and they were everywhere greeted with cries of 'Here come the Christians.' The people came out and crammed old clothing into the carts, some even taking off what they were wearing and throwing them in; shopkeepers gave new goods out of their stores, and some gave money as well. We were told that some of the Buddhist priests tried to put a spoke in the wheel, not liking this demonstration in favor of Christianity, but the people only laughed and went on giving, and it was quite clear that they believed they could trust the Christians, that all they gave would reach the persons for whom they were intended. About fifty horse-loads of clothing were collected in this way and forwarded, and a representative from each congregation was sent to superintend the distribution."

"If the Bible is to be circulated in the Philippines, versions will have to be printed in about a dozen languages, Tagalog and Visalayan being the chief, and spoken by 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 respectively."

ONE day an Indian asked Bishop Whipple to give him two one-dollar bills for a two-dollar note. The Bishop asked, "Why?" He said, "One dollar for me to give to Jesus, and one dollar for my wife to give." The Bishop asked him if it was all the money he had. He said, "Yes." The Bishop was about to tell him, "It is too much," when an Indian clergyman, who was standing near, whispered, "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for an Indian who has, this year, heard for the first time of the love of Jesus."

LAST year Missionary Inspector Schreiber, of the Rhenish Society, made a visitation of their mission field in Sumatra, where he had labored as missionary twenty-five years ago. With much emotion he writes of the striking changes that came under his observation. Certain districts, ruled by Mohammedan influence, were not only inaccessible to the Gospel then, but seemed to be impregnable strongholds against the light of divine truth. Those very districts are now made radiant by the light of Christianity, and the reception accorded the visiting inspector was most cordial and enthusiastic. When he reached the central station of his former labors, he was rejoiced to see a number of familiar faces and to be able to call some of his former pupils and parishioners by name. One of them, now a man of influence in the community, came with a wagon to convey his old teacher to his home, and on welcoming the beloved missionary he wept like a child. Thus the work goes on by God's grace. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Let this hope cheer and sustain also our missionaries and pastors amid discouraging toil and conflict.

THE MOONGUES of Africa call thunder the "sky gun," and the morning is with them the "day's child." The Zulus call the twilight the "eyelashes of the sun." An African who came to America was shown some ice, which he had not seen before, and he called it "water fast asleep." When asked to give a name to a railroad car, he said, "Him be one thunder-mill."

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

TRACTS ON THE CREED. American Lutheran Publication Board, Pittsburg, Pa. Price, \$1.00 for 25 of each or 600 Tracts. Special price for large orders.

We gladly recommend these excellent tracts. They are instructive, presenting sound doctrine in plain and simple language. They will prove a valuable help in mission work, making the people acquainted with the Bible doctrines of our church. As a sample we publish on the second page of this issue the tract treating of the Holy Gospel.

### Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. F. J. Lankenau, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from Mt. Zion Congregation \$50.00, and from St. Paul's Congregation 50.00; of Rev. D. H. Schooff, Missionary, from congregation in Meherrin, Va., 16.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem Congregation in New Orleans, La., 25.00; of Rev. J. C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Greensboro, N. C., 12.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Concord, N. C., 10.00. A. C. BURGDOFF, Treas. St. Louis, Mo., June 23, 1899.

### 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 Friday evening.

EV. LUTH. MOUNT ZION CHURCH.  
Cor. S. Franklin and Thalia Sts.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle and Singing School meet Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
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. BUCHOFF, 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., August, 1899.

No. 8.

## "My Lord and I."

[Sung in the rocks and caves of France during the fierce persecution of the Protestants, 300 years ago.]

I have a friend so precious,  
So very dear to me,  
He loves me with such tender love,  
He loves so faithfully.  
I could not live apart from Him,  
I love to feel Him nigh,  
And so we dwell together,  
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,  
He knows that I am weak,  
And as He bids me lean on Him,  
His help I gladly seek;  
He leads me in the paths of light  
Beneath a sunny sky,  
And so we walk together,  
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love Him,  
He knows I love Him well;  
But with what love He loveth me,  
My tongue can never tell;  
It is an everlasting love,  
In ever rich supply,  
And so we love each other,  
My Lord and I.

I tell Him all my sorrows,  
I tell Him all my joys,  
I tell Him all that pleases me,  
I tell Him what annoys;  
He tells me what I ought to do,  
He tells me what to try,  
And so we talk together,  
My Lord and I.

He knows how I am longing,  
Some weary soul to win,  
And so He bids me go and speak  
A loving word for Him.  
He bids me tell His wondrous love,  
And why He came to die,  
And so we work together,  
My Lord and I.

I have His yoke upon me,  
And easy 'tis to bear,  
In the burden which He carries,  
I gladly take a share;  
For then it is my happiness  
To have Him always nigh—  
We bear the yoke together,  
My Lord and I.

## The Water of Life.

Some years ago a ship in the Atlantic was driven from her course by a storm that raged for many days. Heavy clouds darkened the sky from morning till night, and her reckoning was entirely lost. Provisions began to fail, and especially did the crew suffer from want of water.

At last the storm ceased, and they came within hailing distance of a ship. Instantly they sent forth an earnest entreaty for water. The reply was given, "Dip down, and take it; the water is all around you." They were in the mouth of the Amazon River, and did not know that relief may be gotten without asking and without effort. The large river was pouring its great volume of fresh, sweet water just at their feet, while they were perishing.

What a picture of the awakened sinner and the salvation that is so near him! He has turned away dissatisfied and thirsty from the broken cisterns of human hope and worldly joy, and his longing cry is for water of which he may drink, and thirst no more. From the Word of God comes the gracious reply, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." The water of life and salvation flows within easy reach of all who hear the Gospel, and the sinner has nothing to do but to take it, and take it freely, take it for nothing.

Hence salvation is called a gift in the Bible. God is the Giver, and we are the receivers. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God," Eph. 2, 8. We can not give God anything for the water of life. No. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. 6, 23. See the blessed Saviour talking so gently and kindly with the fallen woman at the well of Samaria, and saying, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," John 4, 13, 14. He does not say, the water that I shall sell him, but the

water that I shall give him; and if any are anxious to know how they are to get this water, the Saviour says in another place, "He that believeth on me shall never thirst," John 6, 35.

Jesus procured the water of life and salvation for all sinners. He bought it with his own precious blood and offers it to every sinner in the Gospel. He that believes the Gospel takes the water of life as a free gift. It cost Christ everything; it costs us nothing. God loved and gave; we believe and have. "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. "If any man thirst," says Christ, "let him come unto me and drink."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold, I freely give  
The living water: thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.  
I came to Jesus and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him."

## A Young Christian's Death.

In one of the coal-mines of England a Christian father and his son of fifteen years were working. One day as the father had stepped out for a tool the arch fell down behind him, shutting the son in the mine. The father feared his boy was crushed to death, and hurried back, calling: "William, are you still alive?" "Yes, father," was the reply, "but I am fastened beneath a rock." "Where is your lamp? Is it still burning? What are you doing?" "I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me."

These were the last words of the dear boy; before help could reach him he was suffocated.

What a blessing that that boy had Christian parents! What a comfort to those parents that their son had taken their precepts to heart!



### A Wine-Press in Palestine.

Vine and wine, vineyard and wine-press are words familiar to the reader of Scripture. The Holy Land is not the original home of the grape-vine—Armenia is,—but this plant has made itself completely at home there, and belongs to it as inseparably as the fig-tree and the olive.

We read in Genesis 9 that Noah, the second father of mankind, planted a vine-yard, and the same sacred book speaks of the juice of the grape when it tells the story of Joseph. Of the wine of the Promised Land we hear already when we listen to the story of Abraham's meeting with the priest-king of Salem. The grapes and the wine of Canaan were more famous than those of Egypt and Assyria, and all the hillsides from Lebanon down to Beer-sheba were covered with well-tilled vineyards. The sweetest grapes grew on the vines in the Valley of Grapes (Eshkol), near Hebron.

The vineyards of Hebron, which exist nearly 4000 years, still produce several excellent kinds of grapes. The vines are planted in rows eight feet apart in each direction. The stock is suffered to grow up large to a height of seven feet, and is there fastened in a sloping position to a strong stake, and the shoots suffered to grow and extend from one plant to another, forming a line of festoons. Sometimes two rows are made to slant toward each other, and thus form by their shoots a sort of arch.

The sacred writers allude to wine-presses hewn out of the rock. We must bear in mind that the ancients hewed houses, temples and sepulchres out of the solid rock. Taking advantage of the favorable form of the limestone rock, they hewed an oblong or square excavation in the form of a shallow tank, with a hole in one side near the bottom, through which the juice ran into a smaller basin. The wine-presses in use at present are built of masonry or of wood. The one on the picture is such a one.

The vintage is always a season both of activity and rejoicing (Is. 16, 10). When the grapes are fully ripe, men, women and children being hired for the purpose by the wealthy—while the poor help one another—turn into the vineyards and gather the grapes in baskets, which they carry on their heads to the press, if near by; but, if at some dis-

tance, put them in deep wicker baskets and load them on asses. The grapes are poured into the press, and as soon as it is filled the treading begins. The men who engage in this work, wash their feet in water kept at hand for the purpose, and then vigorously perform the task of trampling. There is always great shouting and singing at the press. The juice, flown into the lower basin, is transferred to jars and skin-bottles with a dipper.

The first juice which is drawn off from the grapes by their own weight as they lie in the press is considered the best, and is usually mixed with fine flour, boiled down to a thick paste, then cut into cakes, flavored with rose-water, and dried in the sun. The other grape-juice is boiled down to a very palatable syrup



Wine-Press in Palestine.

by the Mohammedans, who are forbidden the use of wine by the Koran. This is not only eaten with bread, but enters into the confection of a variety of dishes, taking the place of sugar.

Hundreds of tons of grapes from the vineyards of Palestine are picked apart and dried in the sun to become raisins. They are used at home and sent abroad. Unfortunately, the Mohammedans distil a very strong liquor from grapes and use it all too freely.

Wine from the Holy Land, which tastes much like California Catawba, is shipped to Europe in considerable quantities. The Jews in Palestine will not be without their cup of wine on the table spread for the Sabbath meal, else they could not bless the Lord's holy name for the creation of the vine and the fruit thereof.

*Exchange.*

(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

### Memorial Services in honor of Prof. H. C. Wyneken at Springfield, Ill.

Memorial services were held here, on the 2d of July, in Holy Trinity Colored Lutheran Church in honor of Prof. H. C. Wyneken, who departed this life on the 21st of June. Rev. J. W. F. Kossmann, of New Orleans, La., preached a very instructive and pathetic sermon on 1 Cor. 1, 4. 5. After the sermon the following resolutions were adopted by the congregation:

*Whereas*, It pleased Almighty God in His wise counsel on the 21st of June to call to rest our honored and beloved pastor and organizer of this mission, Prof. H. C. Wyneken; and

*Whereas*, Prof. Wyneken, by his ardent zeal, his earnest diligence, and hard work has been the instrument in the hand of God to lead many to the light of the gospel and a true and blessed knowledge of Jesus Christ, our Saviour; and

*Whereas*, Prof. Wyneken by a Christian life and character has showed us how to lead a life worthy of our profession; be it

*Resolved*, That we herewith extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved and sorrowing relatives of our departed pastor, and unite in praying that God may comfort them with His Word and Holy Spirit; and be it

*Resolved*, That we herewith bear glad tribute

to the zeal and faithfulness of our beloved pastor, and while deeply sensible of the loss sustained by his family, our church, and our beloved Synod, we hope for a blessed reunion hereafter. Be it furthermore

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and published in the local papers, and the PIONEER.

### Our Father.

The best name by which we can think of God is Father. It is a loving, deep, sweet, heart-touching name, for the name of father is in its nature full of inborn sweetness and comfort. Therefore, also, we must confess ourselves children of God, for by this name we deeply touch our God, since there is not a sweeter sound to the Father than the voice of the child.—*Martin Luther.*



### A Colored Woman's Gift.

In the beautiful island of Ceylon, many years ago, the native Christians decided to build a house for divine worship. To the amazement of all, Maria Peabody, a lone orphan girl, who had been a beneficiary in the girl's school, came forward and offered to give the land upon which to build, which was the best site in her native village.

Not only was it all she owned in this world, but it was her marriage portion, and therefore many tried to keep her from giving away the land. "No," said Maria, "I have given it to Jesus, and as He accepted it, you must." And so that Christian house of worship in Ceylon stands upon land given by a poor orphan girl.

Some one in the United States had been for a long time contributing twenty dollars every year for the support of this young native girl, but the giver was unknown. Dr. Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, visiting America about that time longed to find out who was the faithful sower, and to report the wonderful harvest.

One day he happened in conversation to hear some one speak of Mrs. Peabody, and repeated, "Peabody; what Peabody?" "Mrs. Maria Peabody, who resides here in the city," was the answer. "Oh! I must see her before I leave," said the missionary.

The first words after an introduction at her house were: "I have come to bring you a glad report, for I can not but think it is you we in Ceylon owe the opportunity of educating one who has proved as consistent a native convert as we have ever had; and she bears your name."

"Alas!" said the lady, "although the girl bears my name, the honor of educating her belongs not to me, but to Louisa Osborne, my poor colored cook. Some years ago, in Salem, Mass., she came to me, after the evening service, saying: 'I have just heard that if anybody would give twenty dollars a year, he could support and educate a child in Ceylon, and I have decided to do it. They say that along with the money I can send a name, and I have come, mistress, to ask you if you would object to my sending yours.' Her wages were rather low, yet my cook had for a long time been contributing half a dollar each month for foreign missions. There were those who told her that she gave too much for one in her circumstances, and that the time might soon come when she could not earn. 'I have thought it all over,' she would reply, 'and concluded that I would rather give what I can while I am earning, and then if I lose my health, and can not work, why, there is the poor house, and I can go there. You see, they have no poor house in heathen lands, for it is only Christians who care for the poor.'"

The missionary learned that the last known of Louisa Osborne, she was living in Lowell, Mass. In due time his duties called him to that city. At the close of an evening service,

before a crowded house, he related, among missionary incidents, the story of Louisa Osborne and Maria Peabody. After the services he passed down one of the aisles, when he saw a quiet little figure apparently waiting for him. Could it be? Yes, it was a colored woman, and it must be Louisa Osborne. With quickened steps he reached her, exclaiming in tones of suppressed emotion, "I believe this is Louisa Osborne."

"That is my name," was the calm reply.

"Well, God bless you, Louisa; you have heard my report, and know all; but before we part, probably never to meet again in this world, tell me, what made you do it?"

With downcast eyes and in a low, trembling voice she replied, "It was my Lord Jesus."

They parted only to meet in the streets of the New Jerusalem; for the missionary returned to his field of labor, where, ere long, the loving hands of native Christians bore him to an honored grave. The humbled colored woman labored meekly on awhile, until God called her home to her everlasting rest.

### God Hears the Prayer of Faith.

The following incident from the life of Dr. Buechsel, a noted German divine, beautifully illustrates the truth expressed in the heading.

One day Superintendent Buechsel sat at his desk writing, when an aged Christian woman came to him to tell him her troubles. "You know," said she in her dialect, "I have been sick a long time and could not earn anything. Now I am asked to pay six dollars rent, but have nothing. I prayed to my Lord Jesus, that He might present me six dollars, and He has promised to do it."

"But," says the superintendent, "how is that? explain yourself."

"Well," answered she, "He has said: 'Whatever ye shall ask in my name, shall be given you.' I have asked Him in His name, in faith in His merits; therefore my prayer can not fail of being heard. And now I would ask you to write to the government, so that I may get the money."

"But how can I do that?" replied the superintendent. "The government can't send money to every one that needs some."

"Oh!" she rejoined, so many a sexton's wife receives support. Just you write what I tell you, I will get some!"

"But you are not the wife of a sexton, who holds an office."

"Makes no difference," said she, "just write."

There was no use in contradicting her. The superintendent committed to paper what the woman had said; stated that he could not get rid of her and asked for five dollars for her, not thinking that she had said six. He reads to her, what he has written and asks: "Is this correct?"

"No," she replies, "it must be six, Mr. Superintendent."

"Oh," says he, "I forgot; but I can not change it, and to write it again, I have no time. Since you persisted in your request and made me write, I will now also insist upon leaving it as it stands."

"Well, I'll get six anyway!" she says with a smile and leaves.

During the week there is a prayer-meeting at the church. The old lady, as always, sits near the altar steps. After the meeting she goes up to the superintendent and asks him in a low voice: "Has it come?"

She receives a negative reply. But soon after that the superintendent receives a communication from the government and to his astonishment he reads on the envelope:

"Enclosed an order for six dollars upon the treasury!" He opens the envelope, and finds—six dollars. "Upon your request," it said in the letter, "we appropriate once for all six dollars for the support of the poor widow N. N."

"Wonderful God," thinks the superintendent, "how dost Thou so promptly hear the simple prayers of Thy faithful!—But I must try the faith of the woman a little more," he thinks within himself.

Therefore when she came and asked: "Has it come?" he replied: "Yes!" produces five dollars and hands them to her.

"No! Mr. Superintendent," says she, "it must be six; just hand them out!"

And he had to give her the sixth dollar also.—*From the German.*

### "Death, where is thy Sting?"

A chaplain relates the following: I once saw a sailor dying and shall never forget that solemn moment. It was midnight upon the ocean. When I came to the dying sailor to hear his last words, he said to me, "Tell my mother that I depart in the sure hope of everlasting life. I rely upon God's mercy in Christ. Tell my mother how I entered upon my last voyage, and what peace that passeth all understanding I at this moment enjoy."

After a pause he added: "Yes, my end has come. I feel the approach of death. But my living hope sustains me. Oh, what a great and mighty Saviour Jesus Christ is! He is the sinners' Physician."

Then he turned towards the sailor who had nursed him during his sickness and said, "Dear John, we shall meet in heaven."

"Yes, through God's grace," replied his comrade.

Again happy joy beamed upon the dying sailor's face and he said, "Heaven is opened for such sinners as I am. Jesus has entered for me, to prepare a place also for me, and my mother will soon follow."

He then laid his folded hands upon his breast and fell asleep.

"Death, where is thy sting?"



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

A LITTLE five-year-old, who had listened to a sermon on giving to the Lord, was soon thereafter given two pennies, and resolved that one should be the Lord's and that the other should go for candy. She put them in her pocket and went out to play, and in her romps one of the pennies was lost. On her return to the house she exclaimed, "O mamma, I've lost the Lord's penny!" Whose penny do you lose when one is missing?

A FEW weeks ago a poor old woman, so poor as to be barely able to keep out of the workhouse, came to a clergyman, and, taking care not to be observed, put a small packet into his hand. It was a gift for the Mission Fund. "That is between you and me and the Lord," she said. The clergyman thought that the packet probably contained a few coppers, and put it into his pocket unopened. When he got home and unfastened the string and paper in which it had been wrapped, he found to his surprise that it was all in silver. Truly it was a costly gift, for it must have cost much self-sacrifice.

We have often given examples of the liberality of Christian congregations among the heathen, whose members have but lately come from the darkness of heathenism. Another example is that put on record by the Church Mission Society of England. The 200,000 native Christians belonging to congregations gathered by their missionaries have made up a jubilee offering of \$100,000. We can not fully appreciate the largeness and liberality of such an offering because we do not have a true idea of the extreme poverty of very many of these native Christians.

An old Scotch woman used to give a penny a day for missions, and, for the sake of so doing, went without some things that she might otherwise have had. One day a friend handed her a six-pence, so that she might buy herself some meat, as an unusual luxury. "Well, now," thought the old woman, "I've long done very well on porridge, and the Lord shall have the six-pence, too." In some way the story came to the ears of a missionary secretary who told it at a missionary breakfast. The host was much impressed by the simple tale, and saying that he never denied himself a chop for God's Word, subscribed \$2500, on the spot. Several of the guests followed his example, and \$11,000 was raised before the party separated.

DR. WARNECK has compared the missionary statistics of 1898 with those of 1874 and shown what progress has been made during the last quarter of a century. In 1874 there were 1,537,000 gentile Christians, and their number has increased to over 4,000,000. At that time there were 2132 male missionaries,

and there are now more than 6000. The sum total of missionary contributions in 1874 was \$5,625,000, while at the present time it is over \$14,000,000.

ANOTHER illustration of the nefarious character of Roman missionary methods and mission work is afforded by the experience of Protestant missionaries in Cameroon, West Africa. The work of the German missionaries is seriously disturbed and hampered by the contemptible enticements of the Romish priests who have invaded the territory. They offer the natives the rum bottle instead of the Gospel. The people do not hesitate to tell the missionaries, "Your talk is good, but you don't give us anything and want us to walk straight. The priest gives us plenty of rum, and we naturally prefer him to you."

It is now forty years since the Marshall group of islands was first visited by missionaries. At that time all those islands were sunk in the densest heathenism. Sixteen of the islands are now occupied by native missionaries, and there are 75 places where the Gospel is preached, bringing the Word within reach of 11,000 people. There are 26 men employed in preaching the Gospel who receive some remuneration, besides other Christians who assist them without pay. The mission work on the islands is practically self-supporting. The contributions of the people during the last year amounted to \$1208, while the teachers receive but \$1230. There are now over 2500 church members and 1500 in schools.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago David Livingstone died at Chitambo, south of Lake Bangweolo, Central Africa, and it was about six months before the civilized world knew of it. Now a telegram from Lake Nyassa reaches London in two hours. Little did such Christian pioneers and explorers as Moffat, Livingstone and Krapf think that their labors would be followed up so soon and so rapidly both by the sweet sound of the Gospel and the busy hum of civilization.

A TRAVELER writes: "Amongst the memories which we have brought back with us from the islet Funafuti, one of the Society Islands, one of the most enduring, I think, will be the memory of that native chieftain who came next to the king in authority, and who used to lead our expedition when we went about from islet to islet. This chieftain was a very noble man; and when he came with us he used to bring his Bible, which he kept wrapped up very carefully in a silk pocket-handkerchief, and which every morning and evening he took out in order to read a portion from it to his native friends, after which they would join together in singing a hymn with heartfelt and deep religious fervor. The majority of the natives at Funafuti are thoroughly godly and

Christian men, leading good, simple, plain, manly and moral lives, and this happy state of things, I have satisfied myself from personal inspection, is the direct result of the teaching of the missionaries."

In 1810 the London Missionary Society, seeing that the work at Tahiti was fruitless and apparently hopeless, was on the point of abandoning the field where fourteen years brought not a convert. But a few men of faith read the lesson of God rightly, and contended that instead of forsaking the field the prayerfulness of those who had supported the work should be increased, and that instead of letters recalling the devoted missionary band, the directors should write hopeful and joyful messages to their discouraged workers. This was done, and the vessel that bore these messages from the London directors passed in mid-ocean another sailing from Tahiti, which bore the news of the entire overthrow of idolatry, and carried to London the idols themselves as trophies of the triumph of the Gospel. The Church of Christ instead of retreating, prayed, and made a new advance and before they called God answered, and while they were yet speaking, He heard. The work began thousands of miles away at the same time that the prayer was ascending.

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

**EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.**  
1625 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Derbigay.  
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 Friday evening.

**EV. LUTH. MOUNT ZION CHURCH.**  
Cor. S. Franklin and Thalia Strs.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle and Singing School meet Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
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.



# 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., September, 1899.

No. 9.

## Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled.

JOHN 14, 1.

"Let not your heart be troubled":

These precious words divine  
Come like a balm of healing  
To this poor heart of mine;  
When anxious for the morrow,  
Or crushed with sudden grief,  
This saying of the Master  
Brings sure and sweet relief.

"Let not your heart be troubled":

The loving Saviour's voice  
Bids me in gloom and sorrow  
To hope, and e'en rejoice;  
In tenderness, He's saying:  
"I seek a place for thee,  
While yet in God believing,  
Believe also in me."

And trusting in His promise,  
With all my fears allayed,  
Through each days round of duties,  
My soul on peace is stayed;  
And looking toward the mansions,  
In heaven prepared for me,  
I answer: "Blessed Jesus,  
I do believe in Thee."

Selected.

## The Sinner's Warrant for Coming to Christ.

The sinner is *invited* to come. Christ says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11, 28). He does not say that He will sell the rest, nor does He say that He will give it in exchange for our tears and vows and works, but He gives it freely to all that come to Him.

The sinner is *entreated* to come. "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech by us: we pray in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5, 20). Through His servants God Himself beseeches sinners in all their darkness and enmity and guilt to be reconciled to Him. Should this not melt the sinner's heart?

The sinner is *commanded* to come. "This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ" (1 John 3, 23). It surely can not be wrong to obey God's commandment, and none can doubt that they have the clearest and fullest warrant for trusting in Christ, when they read that God commands them to believe.

The sinner is *assured* of a present and certain salvation if he come. "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). "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6, 37). "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John 6, 47). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16, 31). "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4, 5).

The sinner *will be lost* forever, if he does not come. "He that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16, 16). "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3, 18). "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life" (John 5, 40). "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (2 Thess. 1, 7, 8). "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" (Hebr. 2, 3.)

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the sinner has full warrant in the Word of God for coming to the Saviour, and it is equally certain that his eternal welfare turns upon his accepting or rejecting Him who died upon the cross for his sins. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3, 36).

## True and False Christians.

There are two kinds of Israelites and Christians. He is a true Israelite who has the promise and faith of Abraham, and without deceit and in simplicity believes the teaching of the prophets, and cleaves to the promise of Abraham, like Nathaniel (John 1, 47), and as all Christians still do; when they are baptized, they hear the Gospel, read the Holy

Scriptures, receive the Sacrament, love their neighbor. These use the Christian name rightly, and are true Christians. But there are also false Christians, who indeed use Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and can speak of the Holy Scriptures as much as true Christians; and both they and we have the Word of God before us, but they are Christians only as to the outward form and in name. For they do not believe, and are inwardly full of unbelief, envy and hatred, full of vices, given to adultery, avarice and anger, also to all manner of sins of which the world is now full, and live like Turks and Tartars. So then it is the will of our Lord Jesus, that no one should boast that he is an Israelite or a Christian; or say (boastingly): I am baptized, I am a bishop, a priest, a preacher. This is not sufficient; you must take care that you believe, and live like a Christian, that it be right with you both in your heart and in your outward conduct, and that you can glory in your Lord Jesus and in the true faith. But if this be wanting you are not a true Christian.

False Christians, claiming to be evangelical and yet bringing forth no fruit, are like clouds without rain, with which the whole sky is overcast, becomes dark and lowering, and yet no rain falls to make the earth fruitful. So many Christians boast of great holiness, but they have no faith in God, nor love for their neighbor.—*Luther*.

## Luther's Argument with Satan.

Luther says: "Once upon a time the devil said to me, 'Martin Luther, you are a great sinner, and you will be damned!' 'Stop! stop!' said I; 'one thing at a time; I am a great sinner; it is true, though you have no right to tell me of it; I confess it. What next?' 'Therefore, you will be damned.' 'That is not good reasoning. It is true, I am a great sinner, but it is written, 'Jesus Christ came to save sinners;' therefore *I shall be saved*. Now go your way.' So I cut the devil off with his own sword, and he went away mourning because he could not cast me down by calling me a sinner."



### The Sea of Galilee.

This is a beautiful lake. It is situated in the northern part of Palestine. Frequently mentioned in the New Testament, it is familiar to readers of the Bible. It is also known as the lake of Gennesaret and the sea of Tiberias. It is twelve or thirteen miles in length and about six miles wide.

On the beautiful shores of this lake Jesus frequently taught the people. Sometimes He would enter into a boat and teach the multitude which stood on the beach. Here He spoke the parables of the sower and of the tares. These parables, it has been remarked, "were taken from the commonest details of daily life. The Lord's hearers might see them any day at sowing-time. Perhaps they were to be seen at that very moment. It may well be that the Lord, sitting on the raised prow of the boat, could see the corn-land descending, as we are told it does, to the water's edge. He saw, it may be, the sower as he went forth to sow. He could see the hard-trodden pathway running through the midst, with no fence to prevent the seed from falling on it. He could see the countless birds hovering over the rich plain of Gennesaret. He could see the rocky ground of the hillside protruding here and there through the cornfield. He could see the large bushes of thorns springing up, as they do now, in the midst of the wheat. He could see the good rich soil, which distinguishes the whole of that plain and its neighborhood from the bare hills elsewhere descending into the lake, and which, where there is no inter-

ruption, produces one vast mass of corn. And He saw in these common sights a happy illustration of the varied effects of that Word of everlasting life which He came to preach."

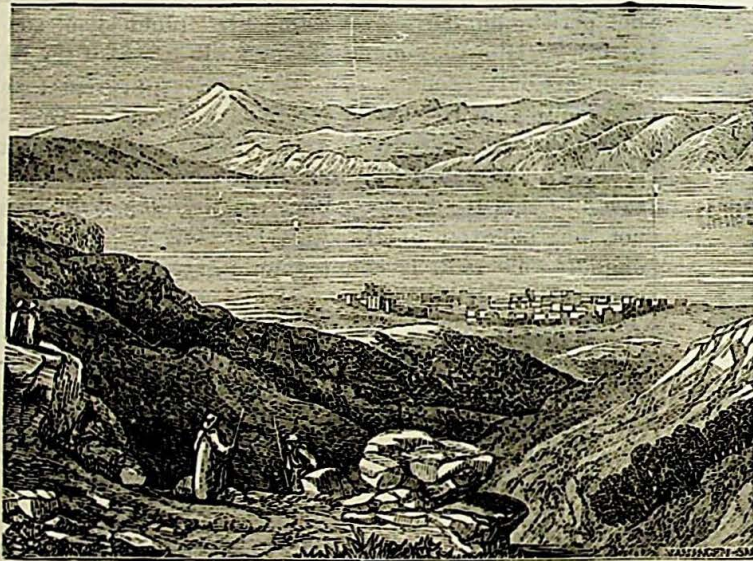
The water of the sea of Galilee is very clear and sweet and contains in great abundance various kinds of excellent fish. Several of the apostles were fishermen of this lake. Here Jesus saw Simon and his brother Andrew, casting a net into the sea. And He said unto them, "Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men." And straightway they left the nets and followed Him. Passing on farther along the lake, Jesus saw two other brethren, James and John, the sons of Zebedee, in the boat with their father, mending their nets. And He called them; and straightway they left the boat and their father and followed Him. After His resurrection Jesus manifested Himself to some of His disciples who were fishing on the lake. On that occasion He questioned Peter, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?"

The sea of Galilee is remarkable for the suddenness and violence of its storms. On

one occasion Jesus entered into a boat with His disciples. And there arose a great storm in the sea, and the boat was covered with the waves; but Jesus was asleep. Then they came to Him and awoke Him, saying, "Save, Lord, we perish." And Jesus arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm. On another occasion the disciples were toiling hard, rowing against the wind; and Jesus was not with them in the boat. But when they were in the midst of the sea in great distress, Jesus came to them walking upon the waters. When He entered into the boat, the winds ceased, and the disciples were safe. — *Olive Leaf.*

### Lodgery.

By this I mean the whole movement which bands men, and also sometimes women, to-



The Sea of Galilee.

gether for social, financial and moral purposes. The number of orders or lodges is almost innumerable. They claim to aim at the moral elevation of its members. Their aim is to give man a religion. It is true, some members deny this. It is, however, equally true that the constitutions and rituals, as well as the names of their officers, plainly show this fact. If they have no religion, why have a chaplain? Why have prayers? Why have a burial service?

But what religion have they? Is it the religion of Jesus? No, it is not. It is a religion taught by nature, not by revelation. It is a religion which Jew and Mohammedan can well accept, though the one would to-day yet crucify Jesus, if he had the opportunity, and the other will acknowledge Jesus only as a mere man, a teacher and nothing more.

These orders are making efforts to gain as many young men as possible. They show their pretty swords and feathers. They send their missionaries to young and inexperienced persons. They paint in glowing terms the advantages of belonging to such an order.

They coax and urge and promise until they have gained consent. Now, what? They have gained a member. Yes, they have, and, in only too many cases, the Church has lost a member and heaven has lost a soul. Why? Because the lodges are the church, and the principles of the lodge the creed of very, very many.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear people say: "The lodge is as good as the Church." Others declare: "If a man lives up to our rules, he is all right." If this means anything at all, it means that they find in the teachings of the lodge a way of salvation. Just here is the danger. Everyone of you knows that there is salvation in Christ alone.

No amount of good works will be sufficient to merit eternal life for us. Anything and everything, therefore, which leads away from Christ, or which may have a tendency to lead away is dangerous. As you value heaven, hold fast to Jesus. As you rejoice in the forgiveness of sins, hold fast to Jesus. To this end I must urge you to a prayerful study of God's Word. — *Christian Youth.*

### Three Wishes.

I asked a scholar which three things he loved best, and he replied: "Give me books, health, and rest; that is all I desire."

I asked a miser, and he exclaimed: "Money, money, money!"

I asked a beggar, and he whispered; "Bread, bread, bread!"

I asked a drunkard, and he desired only strong drink.

I asked many others, and they cried out: "Wealth, honor, and pleasure!"

I asked a poor man, who, however, was a tried and true Christian, and he replied: "Three things I most earnestly desire; first, to be found in Jesus; secondly, to be like Jesus; and thirdly, to be with Jesus. In Jesus all my wishes are fulfilled!" What are your wishes, dear reader? — *L. R.*

### A Strong Congregation.

"Is there a strong congregation here?" asked a man in passing a certain church. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "How many members has it?" "Seventy-six." "Are they rich?" "No, they are poor." "How then can you call it a strong congregation?" "I call it strong," was the answer, "because its members are in earnest about their profession of Christianity, regular in attending worship, manifesting true piety and godliness; they are bound together in love and peace, and endeavor harmoniously to carry on the work of the Lord. Such a congregation is strong, whether it contains five members or five hundred."



**An Indian's Advice.**

An American Indian gave the following advice to missionaries, by one of whom he was led to Christ and converted:

"Brethren," said he, "I have grown old among the heathen; therefore I know how the heathen think. Once a preacher came and began to explain to us that there is a God. We answered, 'Dost thou think us so ignorant as not to know that? Go back to the place whence thou camest.'

"Then again another preacher came and began to teach us, and to say, 'You must not steal, nor lie, nor get drunk.' We answered, 'Thou fool! dost thou think we don't know that? Learn first thyself, and then teach the people to whom thou belongest, to leave off these things; for who steals, or lies, or is more drunken than thine own people?' And thus we dismissed him.

"After some time Brother Christian Henry Rauch came into my hut and sat down by me. He spoke to me nearly as follows: 'I come to you in the name of the God of heaven and earth. He wants to let you know that He will make you happy, and deliver you from the misery in which you lie at present. To this end He became a man, gave His life a ransom for man, and shed His blood for him on the cross!' When he had finished his discourse, he lay down upon a board, fatigued by the journey, and fell into a sound sleep. I then thought: 'See how he lies and sleeps! I might kill him and throw him out into the woods, and who would regard it? But this gives him no concern.'

"However, I could not forget his words. They constantly recurred to my mind. Even when I was asleep, I dreamed of the blood of Christ shed for us. I found this to be different from what I had ever heard, and I interpreted Christian Henry's words to the other Indians. Thus, through the grace of God, an awakening took place among us.

"I say, therefore, brethren, preach Christ, our Saviour, and His sufferings and death, if you would have your words gain entrance among the heathen." — *Ex.*

**A Young Missionary.**

The following story, which is a true one, is told by Cyrus Hamlin, a Christian missionary in Syria, and shows how in early life he showed a missionary spirit.

"In my boyhood days the greatest event of the season was the autumn muster. Every boy who went to the muster had his money to buy gingerbread on that great day.

"It was a bright September morning. My mother gave me seven cents to buy gingerbread, and a cent then would buy a pretty large piece. I was thinking how I could spend all that money in one day, when my mother said, 'Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a

cent or two in Mrs. Farris' contribution box as you go by.'

"As I went along I kept thinking; my mother said a cent or two. I wished she had told me to put in one cent or two cents, but there it was: 'Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put in a cent or two.' As I turned it over in my mind during the first mile of my walk, I thought, 'Well, I will put in two cents.' Then I began to reason with myself, 'How would that look? Two cents for the heathen and five cents for gingerbread.' It did not satisfy my ideas very well, because we always read the missionary news at our house and my conscience was tender on the subject. Two cents did not look right, and so I thought I would put three cents into the box.

"I went along for a time very comfortably after I had come to this decision. But by-and-by the old reasoning came back to me, 'Four cents for gingerbread and three cents for the souls of the heathen.' How was I to get rid of that? I thought I would change it for four for the heathen and three for gingerbread. Nobody could complain of that. Then I thought of the other boys who would be sure to ask: 'How many cents have you got to spend?' and I should be ashamed if I only had three cents. I wished mother had given me six cents or eight cents. Then I could have divided it evenly, but now I did not know what to do.

"I got to Mrs. Farris' house and went in. I remember just how I felt. I got hold of my seven cents and thought, 'I might as well drop them all in and then there will be no trouble,' and so I did.

"After that I was well satisfied with what I had done, but about noon I began to be hungry. I kept shy of the gingerbread stand. I went off where the soldiers were having their dinner, and wished somebody would throw me a bone.

"I stood it without a mouthful till four o'clock, and then started for home. As I reached home I cried, 'I am as hungry as a bear; I have not eaten a mouthful all day.'

"'Why Cyrus, where is the money I gave you?'

"'Mother, you did not give it to me right. If you had given me six cents or eight cents, I could have divided it; but I could not divide seven cents and so I put it all in the missionary box.'"

**Ground To Powder.**

A gentleman once told me of an incident that happened on the St. Lawrence River. Among the passengers on the boat was a loud and fluent talker who set up for an atheist. He cared more for disseminating his opinions than for viewing the scenery; but especially broke forth at dinner and occupied the time, to the disgust of most of his hearers, asserting, among other things, that religion was an exploded superstition that men had outgrown;

that in another fifty years, Bibles, churches, and piety, would be things of the wornout past. "They say," he said fiercely, "that their Christianity shall become a mountain, and fill the whole earth. A stone growing. Yes, it will grow as much as any other stone," and so on. He looked about for the effect of his words and met the eyes of a lady whose whole face expressed horror. He said flip-pantly: "Miss, I seem to have alarmed you; you look frightened."

"I am," she responded promptly, "for you." "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."

She did not wait for the effect of her words. They were spoken, not too loud, but with terrible intensity. With the last syllable, she sauntered out of the saloon. A profound silence fell on the company, and during this our loud blasphemer slipped into his state-room.

Later in the evening I heard one gentleman say to another: "'Grind him to powder!' what a fearful expression! And how true! All history confirms it. Where are Egypt, Assyria, Chaldea, Greece, Rome—all the nations that forgot God?

"Where are the bold blasphemers, from Pharaoh and Sennacherib to Julian and Judas, the apostates; and down to Voltaire and Tom Paine?

"'Ground to powder!' And yet men dare to follow in their steps." — *Selected.*

**Postscript to a Prayer.**

On the banks of the Illinois River lived little Emma Kay, with her widowed mother, and two brothers, Alfred and Albert. In the course of time, Alfred, who was lame, went to New England, to learn a trade, leaving only three at home.

Every evening before retiring to rest, and every morning before going to the work of the day, this little girl would kneel down and repeat her prayer, in which she remembered her absent brother, and asked God to watch over him also.

One morning after breakfast she suddenly left her play, and came to her mother with this question:

"Mother, would it be wrong to add a postscript to a prayer?"

"Why, Emma, dear, what makes you ask such a question?"

"Because, mother, in my prayer this morning, I forgot to pray for Alfred."

"Then, my child, it will be perfectly proper to do so."

And off the little girl ran to add her postscript to her prayer for her brother.

Are all the children who read this paper as conscientious, and do they pray to their heavenly father every night and morning, as did this little Illinois girl?



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

A GREAT SORROW has come to the home of one of our missionaries in North Carolina. The devoted and beloved wife of the Rev. Schuetz, of Salisbury, N. C., departed this life after having for only one year shared with her husband the joys and the hardships of the mission field. By her Christian character and devoted life she won the esteem and love of those among whom she lived. With their beloved missionary they now mourn her early departure. But our loss is her gain. Her soul is at home with the Lord. Her weary body has been laid to rest in the Lutheran cemetery at Ft. Wayne, Ind., her former home, in "the sure and certain hope" of a resurrection in glory at the coming of Christ. The funeral services were held in St. Paul's Lutheran Church, the Rev. J. Miller delivering a comforting sermon on the words of the Lord's Prayer: "Thy will be done." May God comfort the mourning and strengthen their faith, that they may rise above the darkness of the grave and find rest in His will, which is at all times a good and gracious will.

A LADY had a favorite text which she frequently repeated and which was included in a collection she used for daily help: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." On the morning of the day she died it was repeated at her bedside, with the remark that it was the text for the day, when she looked up amid her pain and said: "Is that the text for to-day?" and on being informed that it was, she replied, "Oh, then, I will just go home on that."

THE Norwegian 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.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many hindrances lately in the Samoan Islands, caused by warfare, the Samoans are heroic missionaries. They have been the pioneers in evangelizing the savages on the New Hebrides and Loyalty Islands, of New Guinea, of sixteen islands of the Tokelan, Ellice and Gilbert groups, and of the Niue or Savage Islands. The missionary work in behalf of the Samoans was undertaken by Rev. John Williams in 1830. He began the work with eight Christian Tahitians. The Samoans gladly heard the message, and they not only accepted it themselves, but are also engaged in bearing it to their neighbors.

THE pastor of the Protestant Church of the Saviour in Madrid received into communication lately Don Pascual Pubiete, a native of

the Philippines, a man of influence among his own countrymen. The story of his conversion is remarkable, and is given as follows: Although entirely innocent of any connection with political movements, he was suspected by the Spaniards, dragged to Spain as a criminal, and then banished to a fort in Africa, where he was very ill-treated. When, however, his innocence was established, he was permitted to return to Madrid. Here he began to attend Protestant meetings, with the result that he saw the errors of Romanism, in which he had been brought up. He has been working at a translation of the New Testament into the Tagal language, under the direction of an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and has completed three Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. He is going back to his own country as a Protestant evangelist.

AN American lady missionary among the Armenians writes: "It is not the loneliness, nor the constant drain on heart and mind and strength, nor the many difficulties in the way, that is hard to bear in this land; it is the fact that our sisters at home put the Lord and His neglected children after other things—trivial, luxurious things—while precious souls are left to go down to eternity without a thought." Ah, yes, if all that is expended for "trivial, luxurious things" by the professed Christians of America were given to the Lord's cause, how the missionary treasuries would overflow with an abundance of money to send the Gospel to all the world!

AN old Buddhist, bent with age, nearly blind, scarcely able to walk, spoke thus to a missionary in Ceylon of his hope for the future: "I am ninety-six. I have climbed Adam's Peak (where Buddha is said to have left his foot-prints) twenty-six times; I have visited the 'Temple of the Tooth,' in Kandy, seven times; I had a number of Buddhist books copied and given to Buddhist priests; I have never killed an animal, only on a few occasions have I caught some fish. So you see I have plenty of merit, and shall be born well in my next life." To such the Gospel is foolishness.

THE Berlin missionaries who are working on the end of Lake Nyassa, have been able to advance in the country of the much-dreaded Wahehe, those warriors in whose country no Protestant missions ever have been established. Among the Koude tribe the missionaries have established four stations, one on the shore of the lake, the others in the interior. The dialect of the tribe has been reduced to writing, and a grammar of it was published in Berlin. The Gospels of Matthew and Luke have been translated, and have been printed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society. At every station the work has borne fruit, and on each place a small congregation has been gathered. Two other sta-

tions have been opened on the Livingstone Mountains. The Society had at the end of last year nine stations in East Africa.

### God is Watching.

When Hans Christian Andersen was a little boy, he was attacked by a wicked man, who often beat the children who came near him. When the man was about to strike him, Hans turned and said, "O sir, how can you be so wicked as to strike me while God is looking on?"

These words so awed the cruel man that he lowered his club and did not strike. Would it not keep us from many a sinful act to remember that God is watching all we do? We would do well to always bear in mind this text, "Thou, God, seest me."

### 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., 50.00; of Rev. D. H. Schooff, Missionary, from his congregation in Meherrin, Va., 10.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Concord, N. C., 20.00. *A. C. BURG DORF, Treas.* St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 21, 1899.

### 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 Friday evening.

**EV. LUTH. MOUNT ZION CHURCH.**  
Cor. S. Franklin and Thalia Strs.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle and Singing School meet Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
*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.



# 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., October, 1899.

No. 10.

## The Church.

Great is the Lord our God,  
And let His praise be great;  
He makes the church His own abode,  
His most delightful seat.

In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress:  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces!

When kings against her joined,  
And saw the Lord was there,  
In wild confusion of the mind,  
They fled with hasty fear.

Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where His own sheep have been.

In ev'ry new distress  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll call to mind His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliv'rance there.

*Selected.*

## Reformation Day.

The 31st of October is called Reformation Day. On that day, in the year 1517, Dr. Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses against the church door at Wittenberg. That was the beginning of the Reformation, through which God restored to His Church the pure Gospel of man's salvation. Reformation Day is the Festival of the restored Gospel.

The Gospel is plainly revealed in the Bible. There we are told that Jesus, who suffered and died for the sins of the world, is the only way to heaven, and that by faith in Him the sinner is pardoned and saved. This Gospel the apostles proclaimed as the only remedy for sin. In this Gospel thousands believed and found salvation. For the truth of this Gospel many shed their blood and died a martyr's death. But when the Romish church ruled supreme, this Gospel, the sinner's only comfort, was taken away from the people. It was hidden under the rubbish of soul-destroying doctrines. Sinners were not told of Christ's work of a complete redemption, but they were told to redeem themselves by their own works. They were directed, not to Jesus as the only Saviour, but to the virgin Mary and to other saints. Jesus was pictured

to the people as a terrible judge to whom sinners dare not come with a trusting heart. Luther tells us that before God opened to him the Gospel, he trembled and was terrified whenever he heard the name of Jesus. No man can fully describe the darkness in which the poor people groped, seeking in vain for comfort, and peace, and rest, and salvation.

Great was the joy of thousands when the bright light of the Gospel shone into this darkness, bringing comfort to their troubled souls. It was through Dr. Luther, that God restored the pure Gospel to His church. Anxiously seeking salvation, Luther went the way which the Romish church pointed out to him. He became a monk and a priest and tried hard to find peace for his troubled soul in all the false services of the Romish sect. But peace and salvation can never be found in the false doctrines taught by the pope and his priests. Peace and salvation can be found only in the pure Gospel of Christ as it is revealed in the Word of God. Luther found no peace until God opened to him the Bible. From this precious Book he learned the Gospel of Jesus, and by faith in this Gospel he found peace, and rest, and salvation.

Having experienced the saving power of the Gospel in his own heart, Luther made known this Gospel for the salvation of sinners and defended it against the attacks of all its enemies. Thus he became the Reformer of the church. By the preaching of the Gospel God Himself carried out the work of the Reformation through his servant Dr. Martin Luther. Luther says, "I did nothing but teach and preach the pure doctrine of Christ and translate the Gospels, and then laid me down and slept and rose again. The Holy Spirit did the rest through the Gospel."

Thus the victory was won. We still enjoy its fruits and its blessings. Let us thankfully celebrate Reformation Day. That day is the Festival of a restored Gospel. Let us also remember that the Gospel which God restored to us must be preached to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." The Lutheran Church must be a mission church. If we are true children of the Reformation, if we prize the pure Gospel which God has gra-

ciously committed to us, then let us devote our prayers and our money to the support and to the spread of that Gospel.

## The Bread of Life.

An Arab once lost his way in a desert. His provisions were soon exhausted. For two days and two nights he had not a morsel to eat. He began to fear that he should die of hunger. He looked eagerly, but in vain, along the level sand for some caravan of travelers from whom he might beg some bread. At last he came to a place where there was a little water in a well, and around the well's mouth the marks of an encampment. Some people had lately pitched their tents there, and gathered them up and gone away again. The starving Arab looked around in the hope of finding some food that the travelers might have left behind. After searching a while he came upon a little bag tied at the mouth, and full of something that felt hard and round. He opened the bag with great joy, thinking it contained either dates or nuts, and expecting that with them he should be able to satisfy his hunger. But as soon as he saw what it contained he threw it on the ground and cried out in despair, "It is only pearls!" He lay down in the desert to die.

Pearls are very precious. If the man had been at home this bagful of pearls would have made his fortune. Bread is more precious to a hungry man than pearls, and the Bread of Life is more precious still. Christ is the Bread of Life.

## The Happy Christian.

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

"Have you any darkness?"

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

"Are you afraid to die?"

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



### Climbing the "Sacred Stair."

Near the church of St. John de Lateran at Rome is the famous "Sacred Stair," said to have been brought from Jerusalem, and to be the same steps down which our Saviour walked from Pilate's hall of judgment. The steps are twenty-eight in number, made of solid marble, and covered with wood to keep them from being worn away by the knees of the climbing pilgrims. And why do they climb these stairs? They expect thereby to get forgiveness of sins. In our picture you see Luther and others climbing those stairs. When Luther came to Rome, in the year 1511, he was still anxiously seeking salvation in the way pointed out to him in the Romish church. He also climbed the so-called Sacred Stair. But while he was creeping up those marble steps, hoping thereby to calm his troubled conscience and to work his way to heaven, the words which he had read in the Bible came to his mind: "The just shall live by faith." In despair and disgust he left the city of Rome. God had mercy upon him. He led him into the full knowledge of the Gospel and through him restored the Gospel to His Church.

Yes, Luther found the way to heaven, not by climbing that "Sacred Stair," not by any work of his own, but by simple faith in Jesus, who says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." If you would ever enter heaven, you must do it by the same way.

### Luther at the Death-bed of his Daughter Magdalena.

When the sweet little daughter was very sick Luther said: "I love her dearly, but if it is Thy will, O Lord, to take her from us, I will be glad to know that she is with Thee." Thus the pious father quiets his troubled heart, and then says to his beloved child: "Dear little Magdalena, my daughter, you would gladly stay here with your father, and yet you are glad to go to your Father in heaven, are you not?" She said: "Yes, my dearly beloved father, as God will." "Then," said the father, "you dear little daughter, the

spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," and, turning away, he said, "O but I do love her. If the flesh is so strong, what must the spirit be?" "Dear daughter," said he again after a little while, "you have another Father in heaven, you are going to Him." As the final struggle drew near and she was just at the point of death, the father fell upon his knees before her bed, wept bitterly, and prayed that God might release her. She died thus falling asleep in her father's arms. Her mother was also in the same room farther from the bed, overcome with grief. This occurred a little while after nine o'clock on the Wednesday following the 17th Sunday after Trinity (Sep-



Climbing the "Sacred Stair."

tember 20), 1542. Observing that his wife was now overwhelmed with grief, weeping and crying, Luther said to her: "Dear Katie, remember whither she has gone! She has gone to a better world! It is but natural that flesh and blood should weep and groan; but the spirit bows submissively. Children do not dispute. They believe what is said to them. To them everything is plain and simple. They die without anxiety or regret, without murmuring, without any fear of death, without bodily pain, just as though they were falling asleep." When the friends came to assist in preparing the body for burial, and addressed the Doctor in the customary way, assuring him that they sympathized with him in his affliction, he said: "You ought to rejoice with me! I have sent a saint to heaven, yes, a living saint. O that we might have such a death! Such a death I would welcome this very hour."

could not settle. One day Franz came to Casper and said:

"I have got the judges to meet here to-morrow, and decide between us. Be ready to go before them with me, and present your side of the case."

"Well, Franz," said Casper, "I have mowed all this hay you see. I must get it in to-morrow. I can not possibly leave it. You go before the judge to-morrow, and tell them both your reasons and mine, and then there'll be no need of my going."

Franz actually did so, and pleaded faithfully both for himself and against himself—and lost his case. Returning to Casper, he said:

"The meadow is yours. I am glad the affair is finished." And the two men were friends ever afterwards.

*From the German.*

### Obituary.

It has pleased the Lord to take unto Himself the little daughter of Pastor J. C. Schmidt, of Greensboro, N. C. Little Elsie, as she was called, had spread sunshine in the missionary's home for eleven months, and it was a severe trial to her parents to give her up. But when the will of God was manifest they did not complain, being assured that their treasure was safe among the angels in heaven.

It was on Sept. 16, that the child died, after a short but painful illness; the funeral took place on Sunday afternoon at half past three o'clock, Pastor J. F. Pfeiffer, of Winston, N. C., officiating at the house, the undersigned at church and at the grave. The text for the occasion was Jer. 29, 11. A large number of friends of the missionary's family attended, both white and colored; the floral offerings were beautiful and appropriate.

May the Lord comfort and sustain the parents in their hour of grief with the hope of a glad reunion in heaven.

C. A. WEISS.

Conover, N. C., Sept. 19, 1899.

### The Righteous Judgment.

Two German farmers had a difference about a piece of meadow which they



### Story of a Bulgarian Boy.

While up in the Balkan Mountains caring for his sheep, a poor Bulgarian boy in some way heard of Robert College and the education that was given there, and he resolved to go and ask for admittance.

He traveled alone on foot all the distance, and at last appeared before the gates of that institution. He stated what he had come for, but was refused admittance, as the college was already full.

He could not have presented a very encouraging appearance as he stood there, that ignorant boy of fifteen. His dress consisted of trousers and vest of sheepskin, with a large garment of the same material which was worn over the head, forming a peaked cap, which also came down over his shoulders and served as a cloak. He looked very much like an Esquimaux. Do you think their refusal to admit him satisfied him? By no means. He said he must come to the college and he would work for them.

They told him they had no place for him to sleep; but, as that did not discourage him, the faculty came together to consider the case.

Finally, it was decided to give him the care of the thirty-two stoves in the building, saying this would soon test him, believing that some morning they would wake to find the boy gone to his mountains and his sheep. They led him into the basement, where was a perfectly cold room, with no furniture in it; this, they told him, was the best they could do for him.

He appeared delighted, and said that it was better than he had been accustomed to at home. Even the prospect of the thirty-two stoves did not discourage him, and he set to work at once to fit up his quarters. He dragged into his room a large empty box. This he filled with saw-dust, of which he found an abundance near the wood pile over which he was to preside. This furnished him his bed.

As he went about his work, he attracted the attention and sympathy of the young men of the college, and one gave him a pair of shoes, another a coat, and so on, until he began to look more like a human being, and, best of all, the students, between them, found time to teach him his letters; and it was a curious sight to see this poor boy, every evening after his work was finished, sitting in his box of saw-dust to avoid the dampness of the stone floor, his little piece of candle fastened to a nail on another box, poring over his book.

At last, it was decided that his fidelity to his work deserved wages; and he was regularly hired, and told that, if he could find time to fit himself for the "preparatory course," he might enter college the following year. This was much doubted. However, with the assistance of the young men, he so fitted himself that the question was not, Can he keep

up with the class? but, Can his class keep up with him?

A benevolent lady in Massachusetts furnished a scholarship for him; and he finished the course with credit, and is now a Christian worker among his own people.

### Song of Praise in the Night.

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

### How Freddy's Prayer was Answered.

Some years ago a poor widow woman was sitting by the window of her little cottage of a warm summer evening. Her little boy Freddy stood by her, leaning against the window-frame. This poor widow loved her cottage home very much. It had been purchased by her husband, who had but recently died. He had planted choice fruit trees about it, and added other comforts and conveniences, that made it a pleasant home.

But on this evening the widow was very sad. The next day her home was to be sold. Her husband had borrowed five hundred dollars from a rich neighbor with which to purchase the cottage. The agreement was that fifty dollars was to be returned each year, until all was paid back. This had been done, and but fifty dollars remained unpaid. But the rich neighbor had just died, and his son, on looking through his father's papers, had found the agreement, but there was nothing said on the paper about any payments having been

made. So he went to the widow and asked for the five hundred dollars. She told him that all had been paid except fifty dollars, but she could not find the receipts. She searched the cottage for her husband's receipt-book, but all in vain. Then the young man said: "I don't believe any of this five hundred dollars has been paid, and so I will sell your cottage in order to get the money."

And now it was the evening before the sale. You see the woman had good cause for being sad. But Freddy said:

"Mother, don't you think that if we pray to Jesus in our trouble, He will help us?"

"Yes, my child," she said. So they knelt down and little Freddy asked the good Lord to help them to keep their home, or, if they must leave it, to find them another one.

When Freddy was risen from his knees the first thing he saw was a large firefly, which had just come in at the window. He tried to catch it. Around the room he ran, the fly dodging this way and that until it dropped to the floor and crept under a chest. Freddy got down on his knees, and tried to get hold of it, but he could not reach far enough. He asked his mother to please pull the chest away. She did so; and, in doing it, heard something fall to the floor. She stooped and picked it up. What do you think it was? It was the lost receipt-book. There were all the receipts of the nine payments. She hastened to the rich man's son and showed him the receipts. When he heard how the book was found, he was so surprised at God's wonderful ways in taking care of the poor widow, that he also wrote out a receipt for the remaining fifty dollars and gave it to her. Thus Jesus heard little Freddy's prayer, and answered it by means of a firefly.

### Could Not Be Taxed.

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

"I am a rich man," answered the minister.

The official quickly sharpened his pencil and asked intently, "Well, what do you own?"

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

"What else?"

"Healthy and obedient children."

"What else?"

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

"What else?"

"That is all," replied the minister.

The official closed his book, arose, took his hat, and said, "You are indeed a rich man, sir, but your property is not subject to taxation."—*Selected.*



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

AN American lady, traveling in Japan, visited the empress' school for girls in Tokyo, and gives this amusing description of her reception:—"A Japanese servant bowed politely as he received my card in his lacquer tray, but left me standing outside until the name had passed from one servant to another into the hand of the teacher who invited me, and who soon came to my relief. As she knew but little English, her welcome was, 'I been vely glad,' with any quantity of Japanese bows and a volley of unintelligible sentences. Had I understood them, I should have been quite overcome, for my little mission girl, who accompanied me, afterwards gave the exact idioms, one of which was, 'Now, my dear lady, this is the beginning of my hanging on your honorable eyes;' and when she asked me to sit down in the parlor, the question was, 'Will you condescend to hang your thighs upon this chair?'" Describing the music at this school, the writer says, "They called it music. Three of the lady teachers stood behind a long-stringed instrument called a koto, which lay flat on the top of the box in which it was kept. One played an accompaniment and all three sang, the school joining in the chorus. Such doleful sounds! Tread on your cat's tail firmly, and you get the first note; then sing through your nose in a half-minor wailing tone all around that first sound, and with a sudden jerk into your throat. This substitute has never been tried in Japan, for the cats have no tails."

SOME years ago, when terrible rain storms occurred in Japan, making the rivers overflow, sweeping away houses and devastating the fields, there was a lad who was suddenly aroused to the sense of his peril and bethought himself of what he must do. He must be quick in order to save his life. Was there anything that he could carry away to a place of safety? His first thought was for his Bible. He seized a string, wound it around the precious book, and then tied it firmly to his neck, and so waded through the water up to his waist and reached a place of safety. He saved himself and his Bible, and that was all.

THE biography of women in Eastern heathen lands is thus given in five words by Dr. Pierson: "*Unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, uncherished in widowhood, unprotected in old age, and unlamented when dead.*" Surely there is a great work yet for the gospel to accomplish in those benighted lands. But when it is known that, according to the most reliable advices, there are to-day 198,000,000 more heathen than at the beginning of a century of Christian missions, the outlook is not very encouraging.

TEN years ago some pupils of a young ladies' seminary at Stettin found an uncom-

monly large ear of rye, which they resolved to devote to a charitable object. The grains were sown and reaped, and as this process was repeated for several years, they at last cleared a sufficient sum for having a bell cast for a mission church in South Africa, with an appropriate inscription.

"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.'"

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

Boys and girls who go to Sunday-school in Japan wear the same kind of dress, cut and made in the same way; but the girls always have some red about them, while boys never wear this color. All go bareheaded, and some of the boys and girls have their hair cut in very odd ways. Many shave off all the hair except a little patch on the top of the head, while others have hair all over except on top. They wear low white socks with a different place for the big toe, just as American children have a separate place for the thumb in the mittens worn in winter. Over these socks, when on the street, the Japanese children put on straw or wooden shoes. The straw ones have nothing but soles, held to the feet by strings passing between the big toe and the other toes. The wooden shoes are on stilts, and are used in muddy weather. When the children reach the Sunday-school they all step out of their shoes and leave them at the door until they are ready to start home again. The floor is covered with straw mats about two inches thick. The children sit on these mats

with their feet under them. They can sit there for hours at a time without growing tired. The teacher sits on the floor too. The children are very quiet and well-behaved, and give very little trouble. They seem to like the Sunday-school and to be glad to learn, and are faithful in their attendance.

THE Alaskans have a peculiar way of disposing of the bodies of their dead children. A basket is made, shaped like a papoose cradle, with a board at the back. The little body is packed in dried moss or grass, laid on the board and secured by a matting or wicker front. It is then suspended by a handle at the top. Sometimes the bodies of dead babies are put into a little canoe; this little canoe the poor mother pushes out into the stream, and the stream gives it to the river, and the river to the sea. Possibly she dreams that the spirits watch the floating casket and somewhere on the journey receive the child.

### Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. F. J. Lankeau, Missionary, New Orleans, La., from his Zion Congregation \$50.00 and from his St. Paul's Congregation 50.00; of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from his Bethlehem Congregation in New Orleans, La., 25.00. A. C. BURGDORF, Treas. St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 20, 1899.

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

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.  
1625 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Derbigay.  
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 Friday evening.

EV. LUTH. MOUNT ZION CHURCH.  
Cor. S. Franklin and Thalia Strs.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle and Singing School meet Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
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.



# 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1899.

No. 11.

## Judgment.

The last long note has sounded,  
The dead from dust to call;  
The sinner stands confounded,  
With fear on fear surrounded,  
As by a sea unbounded,  
Before the Judge of all.

No longer now delaying  
The hour of dreaded doom;  
No more the sentence staying,  
No more the cross displaying,  
In wrath His throne arraying,  
The Judge, the Judge has come!

Cease, man, thy God-defying;  
Cease thy best Friend to grieve;  
Cease, man, thy self-relying;  
Flee from the endless dying;  
Swiftly thy time is flying;  
EMBRACE THE SON AND LIVE!

*Selected.*

## Are You Ready?

The last lessons of the church year remind us of the coming of Christ to judge the quick and the dead. He that comes to us in every Gospel sermon throughout the church year shall come in the clouds of heaven to judge the world. Are you ready to meet Him?

How many there are, who, like the foolish virgins, have not faith! The foolish virgins thought the Bridegroom would not come for a long time. So they did not prepare for His coming. They had not oil in their lamps. Suddenly the cry was heard, "The Bridegroom cometh!" They were not ready to meet Him and were shut out from the marriage supper.

Thus many go on from Sunday to Sunday, putting off their conversion. Again and again they hear the call to repentance. Again and again they hear the sweet invitation of Jesus to come to Him and find rest. But they choose sin and the world and reject their only salvation. Suddenly, when they think it not, the Lord may come to judgment, and they are not ready to meet Him. It will then be too late to prepare for His coming. They will hear the awful words, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

Ah, it is a terrible thing for a sinner to appear before God in his sins on the day of judgment! Has the solemn question of sin been settled between you and God? If not, listen to the voice of mercy: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man (Jesus) is preached unto you the FORGIVENESS OF SINS, and by Him all that believe ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS" (Acts 13, 38). God offers to you in the Gospel the greatest blessing, the most precious gift, even the *forgiveness of sins*, through Jesus, who suffered, the just for the unjust; who for the sinner's sake was forsaken by God upon the cross; whose solemn cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" tells you what a horrible thing sin is in the sight of the holy God and also how unspeakably great His love and grace and mercy are towards the sinner. Will you receive the message of mercy, accept the offer made to you, and so be saved and ready to meet the Lord when He comes in His glory? Or will you, by turning away, bring upon your soul the awful guilt of *grace despised, mercy trampled under foot, forgiveness refused, and Christ rejected*? One or the other you must do in this time of grace. Clearly, you either receive or you do not receive the salvation God offers you in the Gospel. If you accept it by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, you ARE saved, you ARE ready to meet Him at His coming. If you accept it not, you are "condemned ALREADY, because you have not believed in the name of the only-begotten Son of God" (John 3, 18). Take, then, to heart the message of love ere it is too late. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. 6, 3). As the church year comes to an end, so the time of grace will also come to an end. The Lord will come in glory to judge the quick and the dead. Are you ready to meet Him?

## Pray Without Ceasing.

An humble servant girl told how she obeyed this injunction in the following words: "When I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing, I pray that I may

be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and as I begin to work, I pray that I may have strength to work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day. When I begin to kindle the fire I pray that God's work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep the house I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and while preparing and partaking of breakfast I desire to be fed with the hidden manna, and the sincere milk of the Word; and as I am busy with the little children I look up to God as my Father and pray for the Spirit of adoption, that I may be His child. Everything I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer."

## Blotted Out.

A little boy was once much puzzled about his sins being blotted out, and said: "I can not think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

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

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

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

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

"As far as the East is from the West, so far has He removed our transgressions from us."

## Two Sacrifices.

The Scriptures point out two sacrifices which are well-pleasing to God. The first they call the sacrifice of praise, when we teach or hear God's Word with faith, and confess and spread it, and thank Him from our hearts for all the unspeakable gifts so richly given us in Christ. "He who offereth praise, honoreth me." The other sacrifice is when an agonized, troubled heart takes refuge with God, seeks help from Him and patiently waits for it. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." — *Luther.*



(For the LUTHERAN PIONEER.)

**Milwaukee Congregation of Deaf-Mutes.**

Our picture shows most of the members of our "Evangelical Lutheran Immanuel Congregation of Deaf-Mutes at Milwaukee, Wis.," and part of the school house in which they meet for divine service.

In the year 1896, upon urgent request of Rev. Reinke sen., of Chicago, the Missouri Synod, then convening at Fort Wayne, Ind., resolved to take up the work among the deaf of this country, in consequence of which three missionaries are now laboring among these unfortunates, residing respectively at Milwaukee, Chicago, and Cincinnati.

The following cities are being attended to by these missionaries: Chicago and the neighboring cities, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Evansville, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Racine, and Oshkosh. Here it may be said that Rev. T. Claus of Elkhart, Ind., who has become proficient in the sign-language, has also taken up mission work among the deaf in Elkhart, Goshen, and South Bend, Ind.

In the autumn of the year 1896, Rev. T. Wangerin was installed among the deaf of Milwaukee, and his work has been visibly blessed by our Lord. In the summer of 1898, after public confirmation of eight grown deaf persons, steps were taken towards the organization of a deaf congregation.

A constitution has been accepted and a congregation established, numbering at the present time 18 voting and 35 communicating members with a prospective increase of about five or six members in the near future. This congregation is now partly supporting its pastor, besides raising moneys to cover local expenses.

At the recent meeting of the Missouri Synod at St. Louis this congregation applied to the Synod for membership and was admitted with great joy. This is the first Evangelical Lutheran congregation of deaf-mutes in Wisconsin and the first of its kind connected with the Missouri Synod.

Through solicitations by Rev. Wangerin 47 deaf-mutes have subscribed to and are eager readers of the PIONEER. It must be said that the deaf are very grateful for the Word of Salvation and acknowledge the good done them by the Synod.

Undoubtedly every reader will be glad to learn that this young mission is gradually growing larger through God's grace. May

God, from whom all blessings flow, hold His gracious hand over it, that many be saved from destruction, many be crowned with lovingkindness and tender mercies, many be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of the Lord's house, and many be made to drink of the river of the Lord's pleasures, through Christ. X.

**Children in Japan.**

Before nearly every house in Japan stands an immense mast, taller than the roof, and on it float huge fishes, red or green, made of cloth, which the wind fills out so that they are quite life-like. These fishes indicate the number of boys in each family—a son to each

be found there, and many others besides. In Tokyo, the capital, there is one quarter of the city, consisting of three or four streets, in whose bazars nothing is sold but children's toys. Christmas and New Year are unknown as holidays, but once each year there is a great children's festival. On that day the bazar quarter is beautifully illuminated; the toy-shops are filled with pretty things, and the children gather there and are laden down by their parents with all the toys that their arms can carry.

Japanese boys are extremely brave and patriotic; they love their country with all their heart, and would willingly give their lives to defend it. When the late war between Japan and China was raging, all the

boys of fifteen and sixteen who thought themselves strong enough to carry a gun and fight, offered to enlist. Their services, however, were not needed, as Japan already had an army larger than was necessary to vanquish the Chinese. There are in Japan several military schools and a great naval academy, where young men are prepared to become officers in the army or navy. *Pleasant Hours.*

**The Lodge Member.**

A Lutheran pastor, was recently invited to call upon a sick man. The man had been confirmed a Lutheran, but shortly after his marriage he took to a lodge and was gradually weaned away from his

church. He was taught to believe that if he "lived up" to what his lodge taught him, he would be safe.

The pastor did his best to convince him that his only hope of salvation was in Christ; but every time he preached Christ to him, the sick man would talk about his always having been a "sober" man, honest in all his dealings, and so on to the end of the Pharisee's chapter.

The pastor tried to show him that to be honest and "sober" did not go far, as some very respectable heathen were what the world calls honest and sober men. The point was whether he had kept the whole law of God in all his thoughts and words and deeds. If he were honest, he must admit that he had transgressed the law of God, and that he therefore was a sinner who could find salvation, not in his own works, but only in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. But say what he might, the man would fall back on what his lodge taught him.

Oh, how many lose the pure light of the Gospel in the darkness of secret societies!



Lutheran Congregation of Deaf-Mutes at Milwaukee, Wis.

fish. The Japanese are great fishermen and fish fanciers, and the carp, which always swims up stream, is much admired by them for its courage and perseverance. It has, therefore, become the emblem of the boys. But, when there are only girls in the family, nothing is put upon the mast—they do not count at all!

Since we are speaking of fishes, let me tell you that the Japanese children eat a great deal of fish, and eat it entirely raw, too. The fishes are kept alive in the kitchen, either in sea water or river water, and, when meal-time comes, they are cut up in small pieces and eaten without salt, pepper, or seasoning of any kind. In Japan, knives and forks are unknown, so two little sticks, called chop-sticks, are used to eat the fish. At first thought, the idea of eating raw fish is unpleasant; but do we not eat oysters and clams raw, in America, sometimes?

There are many toys made in Japan for the children. All the games known here are to



### God Seen in All His Works.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side above the grove of trees about as old as itself.

About ninety years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we will call Baron —. The Baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that, this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the castle, who began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the Baron reproved him, saying: "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "Whoever drew that picture knows very well how to use his pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

The Baron then went with his visitor into the garden, showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron. "He knows every plant, I may say."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so happy that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron, "What a happy man you are, to have so good a son!"

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be good and clever, if he has done all that you have showed me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; but I know him very well, because I judge him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and this is the way I judge of the character of our heavenly Father. I know from His works that He is a being of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the Baron any more by his remarks.

*From the German.*

### My Bible.

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

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

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

### Moved by a Song.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told he must die. He had a contempt for death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it.

A rough and wicked life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibilities and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak one would have thought he had no piously nurtured childhood to re-

member, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid no attention or respect. He bluntly told him that he did not want any religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will you not?" said the man at length. "No; I know how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence he began to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland:

"Oh, mother dear Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sung them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again, but its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he said when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her." And there were tears in the man's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The words of Jesus entered in where the hymn had opened the door. Weeping and with a hungry heart he listened to the Christian's thoughts of death, and in his last moments turned to his mother's God and sinner's Friend. — *The Welcome.*

### The Lame Take The Prey.

One of the earliest missionaries of the China Inland Mission was a lame man, George Stott. When he offered himself for the work, Hudson Taylor hesitated.

"Are you really prepared to face China?" he asked. "It might go hardly with you in a riot—you couldn't run away."

"Oh, running away wasn't in my thoughts, I had quite expected that 'the lame should take the prey.'"

"He's just the man for China," thought Taylor.

He went to China. A mob broke into his house and ordered him to leave the city. He faced them calmly, and said: "You see I am lame, I can not run away. If you kill me you will probably be called to account. If you let me alone, you will find me harmless. I have come here only for your good."

Astonished and perplexed the crowd retired and let him go on with his Master's work.

After twenty-three years of devoted service he died, and hundreds of Chinese converts mourned his loss as that of a father.

*Story of China Inland Mission.*



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

THREE new laborers have recently entered our mission field among the colored people of the South. On the 3d of September the Rev. J. F. Pfeiffer was installed as missionary at Winston, N. C., and in the same month the Rev. P. Engelbert was installed at Mount Pleasant, N. C. On the 8th of October the Rev. W. Pretzsch was installed at Mansura, La. May God richly bless the work of these young laborers to the glory of His name and to the salvation of many souls.

THE 3d of September was a day of rejoicing for our Lutheran Indians in Shawano County, Wis. On that day the Rev. David Larsen was ordained and installed as their pastor. For almost two years the Rev. Th. Nickel served these Indians, and the Master graciously blessed his labors; 21 persons were baptized, two of whom have already entered the heavenly mansions. May God continue to bless the preaching of His Gospel.

OUR Mission Board has called the Rev. Bakke to take charge of the Mount Zion's congregation in New Orleans, La. The Rev. A. Burgdorf is to take his place in the mission field in North Carolina. Rev. Burgdorf formerly served as a faithful missionary for several years. On account of sickness he reluctantly left the field and took charge of a German Lutheran congregation in Illinois. He is now restored to health and will, we hope, be also restored to our important mission work among the colored people, in which work he labored so successfully.

WE ought not forget that there are numerous Lutheran missionaries in Transvaal, Natal, Bechuana Land and other parts of South Africa in danger of being devastated by the furies of war, and that there are also more than 100,000 native Lutherans in South Africa, who have a just claim on our prayerful sympathy.

THE *Sunday at Home* gives a curious account of Roman Catholic baptisms in the Argentines. The Indians were obliged to kneel between two long rows of soldiers. An officer obliged one candidate after the other to open his mouth, and a second functionary threw a quantity of salt into the opened mouths. This happened amidst the laughter of the onlookers and the grimaces of the Indians. Then followed a Franciscan monk with a vessel of holy water, and sprinkled the kneeling Indians, who were now bidden to rise. Each Indian received a scrap of paper, on which his new name was inscribed, a sort of cape or mantle, and a glass of rum. The conversion of the Indian was then complete. Such are the mission methods of the Romish church!

THE sale of the Caroline Islands, sold by Spain to Germany, is an event not only of

civil, but also of religious import. In years gone by, the American Board planted missions in those islands, and made much progress there. About 1884, Spain asserted her old claim to the islands as against Germany; the matter was referred to the pope, who decided in favor of Spain. In 1887 the Spaniards drove out the missionaries, sent Rev. Doane in chains to Manila, and handed over their churches to Roman Catholic priests. The religious work that had been done there seemed to be lost. But now comes this recent sale to the Germans and with it, of course, will come liberty again to preach the Gospel in the islands.

A MR. ELLIOTT, when hunting in a Western forest, came to a running stream, and, being very thirsty, he knelt down to take a drink. While in the act of drinking he was startled by "queer cooing, snuffling sounds," which led him to peer curiously around. At last he saw five Indian babies, or papooses, slung to the trees, winking and staring at one another. But they no sooner caught sight of his pale face than they began howling most alarmingly. Six or seven squaws came rushing through the underbrush. They thought it must be a bear that had caused their papooses to utter such screams. The Indian girls are early taught to share the toilsome life of their mothers—to carry wood for the fire, to bring water from the spring, to plant and hoe the corn; and the Indian girls do their drudgery more cheerfully than many white girls do the lighter and more pleasing household tasks which are laid upon them. The Indian boys, like their sisters, are early put in training for their future place in the tribe, yet they are not taught to do anything that could be properly called work. That they may become famous hunters and warriors, they learn to swim, to run, to jump, to wrestle and to shoot. If a boy does not obey, he is ducked in the lake or river.

A MISSIONARY, who had labored faithfully for a season among the heathen, once gathered the people together and asked each one, calling him by name, for a contribution towards the erection of a house for the Lord. The name of Fitzgerald Matthew was reached—"Here am I," was the reply, and he at once arose from his seat, and hobbled with his wooden leg to the table where the missionary sat, recording the names of the contributors, and the amounts given. Having reached the table, he inserted his hand into one of his pockets, drew forth some silver, and with deep fervor, said: "Massa, this is for me." When he was told by the missionary that no money was needed at the time, he replied: "Massa, the work of the Lord must be done, and I might die." And thereupon he thrust his hand into another pocket, drew forth a package of silver, with the remark, "And this, Massa, is for my wife." Having so said,

he placed his hand into a third pocket, drew forth a smaller sum, saying: "And this, Massa, is for my child." When counted, the amount reached almost fifteen dollars, a large sum for a poor, one-legged day laborer.

THERE are 500,000 lepers in India alone; 200,000 in Japan, and with those in China, very probably one million lepers waiting to hear the Gospel. There are a number of institutions for them. One has 610 inmates, 70 being children. The disease is not hereditary. Children may be saved by taking them away from their parents. There are fourteen homes for untainted children of lepers. The disease is not infectious, but is contagious, that is, can be communicated in the close relations of family life. The missionaries do not suffer if they strictly observe sanitary requirements.

### Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem Congregation, New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. John C. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation, Greensboro, N. C. 12.00; of Rev. D. H. Schoof, Missionary, from his Congregation in Meherrin, Va., 11.00.

A. C. BURGDORF, Treas.  
St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 20, 1899.

### 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 Friday evening.

EV. LUTH. MOUNT ZION CHURCH.  
Cor. S. Franklin and Thalia Strs.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle and Singing School meet Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
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.



# 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. XXI.

St. Louis, Mo., December, 1899.

No. 12.

## Christmas.

Hearken to the angels singing,  
News of joyful gladness bringing  
To the weary earth!  
On one theme with rapture dwelling,  
To the startled shepherds telling  
Of the Saviour's birth.

Who is He, this Infant lowly?  
Can He be the Saviour holy  
Come from realms on high?  
This the Christ? This lowly Stranger  
Lying helpless in the manger,  
With the cattle nigh?

Yes, 'tis He, the long expected,  
Come to be by man rejected,  
Come for man to die;  
Thus to work His great salvation,  
And by His humiliation  
Justice satisfy.

And the song of angel-gladness,  
Bidding men arouse from sadness,  
Was the song of love,  
To the human heart appealing,  
By the Babe on earth revealing  
Love of God above.

Mighty love, O melt and win us,  
Rouse responsive love within us,  
Even as we gaze  
On Thy wondrous incarnation,  
And with grateful adoration  
Swell the angel's praise.

*Selected.*

## Christmas Joy.

The true Christmas joy is a great joy, the greatest, the most blessed joy that can fill the heart of man. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord." This is the message brought by an angel in the holy Christmas night. The tidings are tidings of great joy, for they make known the birth of a Saviour. True Christmas joy is joy over this birth. And what greater joy can there be? A Saviour is born! That is just what we need. We are sinners, and therefore subject to God's wrath and everlasting punishment. "There is none righteous, no, not one," says the Bible. And again it says, "The wages of sin is death." With-

out a Saviour there is no ray of joy to gladden our lives, no star of hope to brighten the hour of death. Without a Saviour we are lost forever. What a great joy it is to hear that a Saviour is born! "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." To him who knows himself to be a sinner there can be no greater joy than the joy over the Saviour born at Bethlehem. In that Saviour he has the Redeemer from all sins, from death, and from the power of the devil. Sin is mighty; death is mighty, the devil is mighty; but mightier than all is this Saviour. He takes away sin, He conquers death, He destroys the power of Satan. He that believes in that Saviour has nothing to fear. He shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life. He need not grope in darkness to find the way to heaven. In the Saviour he has the way that leads to the mansions of heavenly joy in our Father's house. His heart, therefore, knows no greater joy than the Christmas joy over the birth of the Saviour.

This Christmas joy is intended for all. The angel said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." No one has any ground for thinking that this joy is only for better and holier people than he. It is the Saviour of sinners that is born at Bethlehem; and as He is the Saviour of all sinners, so the Christmas joy is for all. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of which I am chief," says the apostle. The Saviour came to save sinners, even the chief of sinners. There is none excepted, no, not one. Man may shut himself out from this Christmas joy by his unbelief, but God does not shut him out. He has sent His Son into the world to be the Saviour of all sinners, and He offers this joy to all. The young and the old, the high and the low, the colored and the white, the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, the merry and the weeping—they all may share this Christmas joy and give glory to God in the highest, as there is now peace on earth and good will to all men.

The Christmas joy is not for a certain time only; it is for all time. During the time of the Old Testament the saints of old looked forward with joyful longing to the birth of the promised Saviour. In this they found their consolation, on this they based their hopes of deliverance from all evil. And when in the fulness of time the Saviour was born the tidings of His birth were made known as tidings of great joy and gladdened the hearts of all that owned Him as their Saviour. More than eighteen hundred years have passed since that first Christmas night; but amid all the changes that have occurred the Christmas joy has remained the same. The world has at all times needed and the world still to-day needs the Saviour born at Bethlehem. The sweet story of His birth is the old, but ever new story which at all times fills the hearts of sinners with joy. And as the Christian grows older and looks with delight upon the joy of the children in the blessed Christmas season, he thinks of his own childhood days and of the many changes that have occurred since then, but amid all the changes, in days of sorrow and of mirth, the Saviour's birth has been and still is for him the never failing spring of Christmas joy.

"Rejoice, rejoice, ye Christians,  
With all your hearts this morn!  
Oh, hear the blessed tidings,  
'The Lord, the Christ is born,'  
Now brought us by the angels  
That stand about God's throne;  
Oh, lovely are the voices  
That make such tidings known."

"Unto you, therefore, who believe, He is Precious."

If we have Christ, we have all: without Christ, we have nothing. You can be happy without money, without liberty, without parents, without friends, if Christ is yours. If you have not Christ, neither money, nor liberty, nor parents, nor friends can make you happy. Christ with a chain is liberty: liberty without Christ is a chain. Christ without any thing is riches: all things without Christ is poverty indeed.



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

On the 18th of November the Rev. A. Reinke, of Chicago, Ill., departed this life to be with the Lord forever. In his death our Church has lost an earnest and most eloquent advocate of mission work. He was a truly evangelical preacher, filled with missionary zeal. It was through his efforts that Lutheran mission work was begun and carried on among the deaf-mutes of our country, and for every branch of mission work he at all times had a warm heart and an eloquent voice.

"Servant of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ:  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy."

An aged missionary writes: "The feet of them that publish the Gospel of peace traverse the roads from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, from Burmah to the Yellow Sea. A survey of missions has become a survey of the world. And what obstacles have been overcome to reach this result! Within our generation China was inaccessible to the Gospel; Japan was impregnable; the heart of Africa was untrodden and unknown. Now, look a little deeper into the figures. It may be only a handful of missionaries at a single point; but they are translating the Bible, pouring Christian thought into the literature of a whole race. These hundred years of modern missions have placed the Bible within intelligible reach of perhaps 500,000,000 of the race. Their light is gone out through all the earth, their words to the world's end."

A LITTLE girl in Philadelphia, on her death-bed bequeathed \$4.11, the savings of her short life-time, to the erection of a church. It was a small sum for such a large object, but it was seed destined to grow and bring fruit. Others heard of this child's bequest and added their dimes, dollars, and hundreds to the sum; and in that city to-day stands a beautiful church, the literal harvest of that \$4.11.

A MISSIONARY in India writes: "I have never seen such self-sacrifice for the Gospel as among our people. Many of our workers are giving one sixteenth of their pay. Others give one tenth. I know of many young men who receive only \$1.50 a month who give 10 cents a month for the work. They have one full meal a day of the coarsest food, and for the other eat a handful of parched grain. Our orphans ate dry bread for a week, and gave the pulse and rice for the work. Their gift bought 500 Hindi gospels for free distribution. They regularly give a portion of their daily food. Thousands of our people are giving in this way out of their deep poverty. Most of them are very poor, their entire income for the family being not more than \$2.00 a month. Yet they give cheerfully."

A CLERGYMAN was annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason. Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the services a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in chapel, lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

At a missionary meeting on the Island of Rarotonga, one of the Hervey group in the Pacific ocean, an old man, a candidate for church fellowship, said: "I have lived during the reign of four kings; in the first we were continually at war, and a fearful season it was; watching and hiding with fear were all our engagements. During the reign of the second we were overtaken with a famine, and all expected to perish; then we ate rats and grass, and this wood and that wood. During the third we were conquered, and became the peck and prey of the two other settlements of the island; then if a man went to fish he rarely ever returned, or if a woman went any distance to fetch food she was rarely ever seen again. But during the reign of this third king we were visited by another King, a great King, a good King, a powerful King, a King of love, Jesus, the Lord from heaven. He has gained the victory, He has conquered our hearts; therefore we now have peace and plenty in this world, and hope soon to dwell with Him in heaven."

DR. G. H. HEPPORTH, in his volume, "Through Armenia on Horseback," says: Americans do not appreciate their missionary service. In a far-off way we may admire these men and women whose lives are full of self-sacrifice, but if we could once look into their homes and get a glimpse of the awful isolation in which they live so cheerfully, we should see to it that they wanted no comforts which money could buy. They have too small salaries, and yet the world is full of gold. They spend themselves, and also what they can spare from their slender incomes—more than they can spare—for the relief of the poor who are all around them. No man can resist the impulse to empty his purse when he sees such depths of misery as even I, in my short sojourn, have beheld; and I can only say that the Western world ought to double its generous gifts to those whose lives are saddened by their ceaseless ministrations to the wretched creatures, widowed and orphaned, who knock at their doors for a word of encouragement or a crust of bread.

### OUR BOOK TABLE.

GOSPEL SERMONS. By Rev. F. Kuegele. Price, \$1.00. Order from Augusta Publ. Co., Kolner's Store, Va. (Money order office: Crimora, Va.), or from: American Lutheran Publ. Board, Pittsburg, Pa.

This book is a welcome and valuable addition to the homiletical literature of our English Lutheran Church. It contains sermons on the Gospel lessons of the church year from the first Sunday in Advent to Pentecost Day. Most of the sermons had been published in the first volumes of the "LUTHERAN WITNESS," and there was a general desire to have them in book form. The author is well known as the writer of two volumes of Country Sermons. In the present volume of sermons we find the same plain, simple, vigorous language for which the "country parson" is noted; but we also find the same pure Gospel truths. He knows nothing but Christ and Him crucified. His sermons, therefore, are thoroughly scriptural and truly Lutheran. May many make use of these valuable sermons, and may God bless them to the salvation of sinners and to the edification of His children.

### Acknowledgment.

Received for colored missions of Rev. J. Kossmann, Missionary, from Bethlehem Congregation in New Orleans, La., \$25.00; of Rev. J. Ph. Schmidt, Missionary, from Grace Congregation in Concord, N. C., 10.00; of Rev. D. H. Schooff, Missionary, from the Congregation in Meherrin, Va., 9.00; of Rev. Geo. Schutes, Missionary, from the congregation in Gold Hill, N. C., 4.15.

A. C. BURGENDORF, Treas.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 21, 1899.

### 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 Friday evening.

#### EV. LUTH. MOUNT ZION CHURCH.

Cor. S. Franklin and Thalia Strs.  
Divine services: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
Sunday School: Sunday morning at 9½ o'clock.  
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ o'clock Friday evening.  
Young Peoples' Concordia Circle and Singing School meet Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.  
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.